

VOL. VIII.
BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



DRAWING ROOM COMPANION
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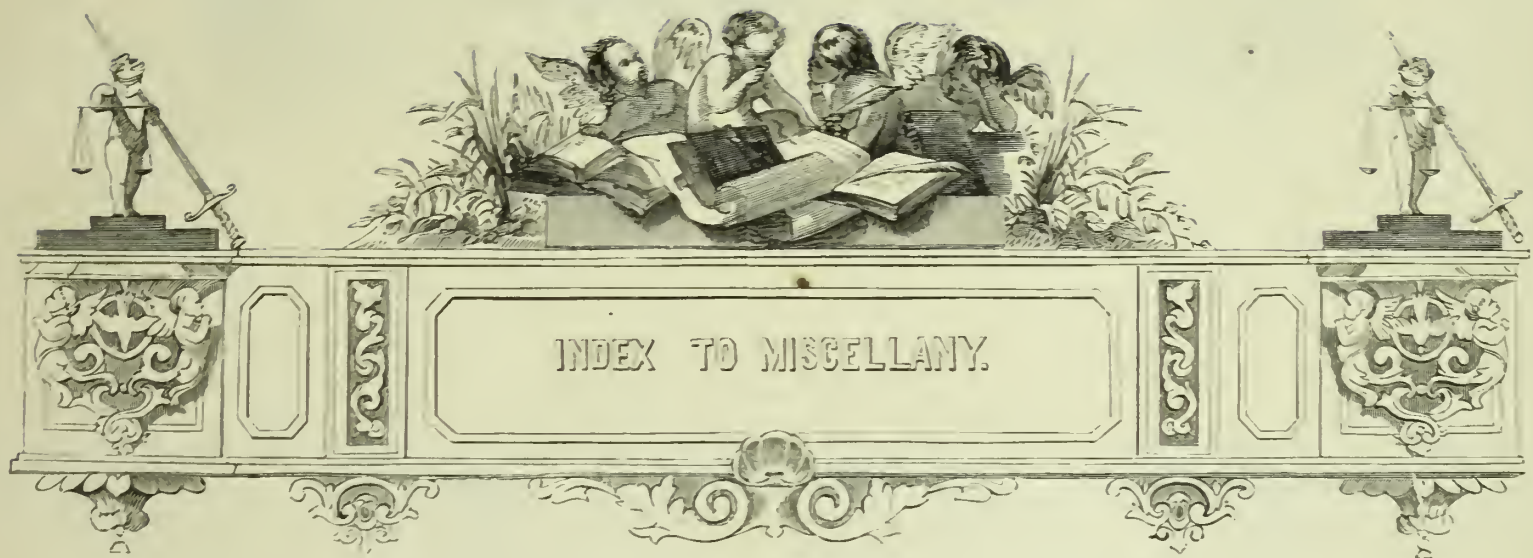


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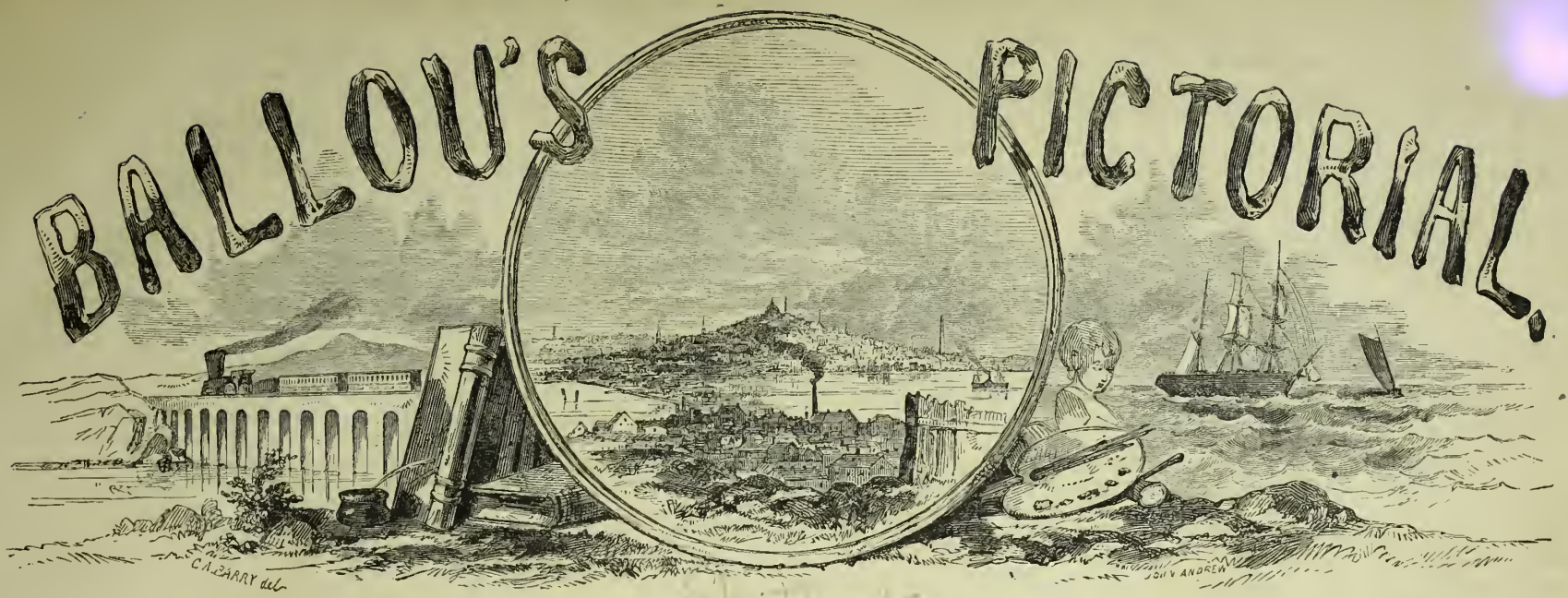
M. M. BALLOU,
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JANUARY.

The scene presented by our artist is an admirable illustration of the rugged month of January. In its spirit and fidelity to nature it is worthy of the pencil of Bewick. Night is closing, and a regular old-fashioned snow-storm setting in. The coach has stopped to change horses at a stage-house; one ostler is taking off the leaders, and another unfastening the traces of the wheeler. The coachman does not leave his seat; he cannot spare time to gossip for a moment with the landlord, for he has ten miles further to go to-night, and by the way the snow is collecting, he may find drifts for his cattle to wallow through before he reaches his journey's end. A lady, more fortunate than her fellow-passengers, is alighting at the comfortable inn. Round this winter scene are branches of the holly, with its sharp, thorny-pointed leaves and clustered berries. In these days of railroads, stage-coaches have disappeared from the main routes of travel; but there are numerous localities where they still ply, where the

coachman is still a great man, the mercury of lovers and tradesmen, the favorite of landlords, the oracle of ostlers, and the idol of aspiring youths, the height of whose ambition is one day to handle the ribbons and wield the whistling lash of some dashing team. January is a starting-point in life's journey, where, like the travellers in our engraving, we take fresh horses for our onward trip. Here we may part with some of our companions, but the hope of meeting them again enables us to bear their loss. Adversity may close upon us like the thickening snow-storm, but with brave hearts and unflinching will we shall reach our journey's end in safety. There is something not unpleasant in an old-fashioned January snow-storm, when

"The verdure of the plain lies buried deep
Beneath the dazzling deluge."

These spotless masses, will, before many moons have waxed and waned, be transmuted by the alchemy of nature into foliage, grass and flowers. January and June are in partnership in the

horticultural business. This white garment of the fields nurtures the roots of the herbaceous plants and saves them from annihilation. But apart from these considerations, there is something picturesque and interesting in the masquerade that familiar objects assume. On the morning after a January snow-storm, one must take an observation to ascertain his latitude and longitude, for fences disappeared, landmarks obliterated, architecture changed, make us almost believe the days of witchcraft and magic have returned. But even were nature tenfold more unkind, still would we thank her for the additional warmth this mid-winter season gives to home feeling and home enjoyments. The fireside circle, the social gathering, the gay dance, the instructive lecture, the long evening study—these are enjoyments the more dearly prized because old Boreas is roaring out of doors, and we are ready to drown his rude voice with a gay carol, or the cheering salutation, which we now utter to our patrons and readers, one and all,—wishing them "A happy New Year!"



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

STEEL AND GOLD:

—OR—

THE HEIR OF GLENVILLE.

A DOMESTIC TALE OF REVOLUTIONARY DAYS.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

CHAPTER I.

A. D. 1770.—THE BAPTISM OF BLOOD.

Remember March.—Shakspeare.

THE early darkness of an evening in the first dreary month of a New England spring had set in, and candles were already lighted in the bar-room of a small inn in the town of Charlestown, province of Massachusetts Bay. The date at which our story commences is not unimportant. It was the fifth of March, in the year 1770.

The day had been blustering, but night had closed still and clear. A glance from the window showed the hills, streets and house-tops white with snow and reflecting the steady rays of a crescent moon. It was just such a night when the blaze of a good fire of hickory is peculiarly grateful, and when it thaws out not merely the frost from men's limbs, but that icy reserve of manner which is a bar to good fellowship, and promotes sociability within the wide circle of its influence. And nine host of the Black Bull—that was the name of the hostelry—entertaining the same philosophical opinion we have expressed of the virtues of a good fire, and wood being at that time both plentiful and cheap, faithfully obeyed, though he had probably never read it, the Horatian mandate:

Dissolve frigus, igna super focos
Largè reponens,

which meaneth, liberally interpreted, "pile on the logs without regard to cost." Indeed, one Julius Caesar ("to such base uses must we come at last!"), an involuntary exile from the warmer climate of Africa, had been employed diligently all the afternoon in accumulating material for the prodigious blaze that now roared up the yawning chimney, in the corner of which, with his curved shins almost charred by the intense heat, he now sat, "with short pipe ruminant," the picture of content—a human salamander.

But the ebony visage of honest Caesar was the only happy one on which the firelight glanced that evening. There were perhaps a dozen men in the room, including the landlord and the black, most of them smoking, but all wearing moody brows under their slouched three-cornered hats, and muttering to each other in the low deep tones of indignation. It seemed as if a spell had fallen on the company, nor did Elnathan Strong, the landlord, a dry joker in his way, make an effort to dispel it.

As they sat in this manner, the jingle of bells was heard as a sleigh drove up to the door. Ordinarily, an arrival like this, though no uncommon event, would have drawn one or two curious people to the window and occasioned some bustle in the bar-room, but now the landlord even did not move—he merely motioned to Caesar, and the black arose rather reluctantly and shuffled out of the room to look to the new-comer's horse. A moment afterwards two persons, muffled in buffalo coats, came in. The landlord nodded and the circle of moody smokers, after a keen glance or two, silently made room for the travellers to approach the fire. There was indeed nothing remarkable in their appearance to attract attention. One of them was a hale, ruddy looking man, whose vigorous frame betokened a laborious occupation, as the silvered hairs that streamed over his coat collar gave evidence of years. His companion was a handsome lad of sixteen, with blue eyes, a frank, fearless expression of countenance, and clustering curls of rich brown that relieved and set off the florid bloom of his complexion.

"Cool night, I reckon, Cap'n Stanley," said the landlord.

"Yes—sharp for the season," was the reply.

"Drive down from Lexington this afternoon?"

"Yes. I came down to learn the news, as much as for anything else. I s'pose we're all right here," he added, glancing round the room.

"You can take your oath of that, cap'n," said the landlord. "There's no lobster back here—and the government spies never venture their noses inside the Black Bull."

"Yah! yah!" said the negro, who had re-entered the room and assumed his accustomed corner. "Massa Strong keep two bar'ls ob tar in de sink-room, and dar's spar feather beds in de garret, Cap'n Stanley."

"Caesar!" said the landlord, solemnly. "How often have I requested you to keep that ere box of dominoes shut when we're discussin' the affairs of the Province. But the nigger is right, cap'n," he added, "I do keep a lot of tar and feathers—and—another groceries too," he said significantly. "There's good shootin' on the bay, you know—and you don't know how I've improved since I was out with you duckin' last. Why, cap'n, I can hit the bigness of a man with a single ball at two hundred yards, off hand."

"Good!" said the captain. "And now, neighbors—tell me what's going on? I've heard nothing for a week."

Before any one else could reply, the loquacious negro had again taken up the word.

"De pot's a bilin' massa—furiously. De red coats 'buse de people 'bominably. Dar was a big fight lass Friday dat ebber was ober in Massa Gray's rope-walk. De twenty-ninth and de fourcenfth am gettin' so sarcey—O, lordy! De sogers an' de people

can't exist prematurely in de same place wif dat harmonious co-operation dat is preferable—dat's my opinion."

"Your opinion!" said the landlord, in huge disdain. "Have you been swallerin' a dictionary?"

"No, Massa Strong. I hab not been swallerin' a dictionary. But dem's de berry words I heard Mass Jim Otis say in old Fimnel toddler night. Golly! how we make de ole cradle rock when he say 'um."

"The black is right," said a deep, startling voice. "The town is in a ferment—and the insolence of the soldiers can no longer be borne. To submit to it were base and cowardly."

"Father," whispered the lad to the old man the landlord had addressed as Captain Stanley, "isn't that Mr. Forrester, the strange man who lives all by himself in the lone house in the oak woods back of us?"

The old man nodded.

"Where this is to end," continued the stranger, as if to himself, for his wild, dark eyes were fixed upon the floor, and he seemed to pursue his own train of thought, without reference to others, "God knows. But we have hoped and hoped for a pacific issue from the labyrinth in which we are involved, till hope has become a mockery. The king and his ministers have temporized—have receded—but it was only the recoil of the tiger that precedes his spring. They have not bated one iota of the tyrannous principle that lies at the bottom of our troubles. We are to be enslaved or crushed. We are treated already as rebels—let us deserve the name! Think ye that two or three regiments are all that will be quartered upon us? I tell you you will yet see the streets of Boston blazing with scarlet and bristling with bayonets—every height crowned with royal batteries. But a spirit is abroad that will shake the throne itself, if its guardians go too far. There was an array at the funeral of the murdered boy the other day that foreshadowed what the minions of tyranny must look for when the muster-roll of vengeance is read."

"Were you in Boston, then?" asked young Stanley, with breathless interest.

"Ay—then and before," continued the speaker. "I was not further from young Snider than I am from you when the cowardly miscreant Richardson fired his musket on the unarmed crowd, and the first martyr to the cause of liberty fell, and his young blood bubbled forth on the pavement. It yet stains the stones, and cries aloud for vengeance. And be ye sure the innocent blood will be avenged—and redder stains yet crimson the streets of Boston."

As he uttered these words, the stranger rose, and wrapping his cloak about him, strode towards the door. Captain Stanley rose at the same time and approached him as his hand touched the lock.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Forrester," said he. "But are you going over to town?"

"I am," replied Forrester, in a low tone. "I have to meet some friends there on public business. Did you think of crossing?"

"Yes."

"Do so—and see for yourself the condition of things I have described."

Captain Stanley called his son, and the three went together to the ferry. In a few minutes they landed, and passing through Prince's Street, struck into Middle Street, as a part of Hanover Street was then called, whence, through Union Street, they reached Dock Square. Though it was now getting late, there were many people abroad. But it was no holiday attraction that called out the mechanics of the North End—the men from the ship-yards, the cankers, gravers, riggers and ship-builders—the bone and muscle of the town, on that chilly evening. A sort of inexplicable, feverish excitement—a premonition of something vague and startling—seemed to have driven men from their firesides. Groups collected talking over public matters in a wild, excited way. Now and then some one more angry or more eloquent than his fellows would gather quite an auditory about him, and give utterance to what in after years was called a stump speech. Popular sentiments and denunciations of tyranny were loudly applauded. The crowd, purposeless but excited, gradually increased. They were in that state when a man approached Forrester, and hurriedly whispered something in his ear.

"Again!" cried Forrester, starting.

"I saw it myself," said the man.

"Fellow-citizens," said Forrester, raising his voice, and addressing those around him. "The soldiers are again at their bloody work. Another citizen has been wounded by a butcher of the 29th in Boylston's Alley. Can you endure this?"

"No! no!" shouted a dozen voices.

"Beware!" said Stanley, grasping his companion by the cloak. "They are excited enough already. If you do anything, seek to allay their fever."

"It is too late," said Forrester, shaking off his hand. "I tell you the hour has arrived. Tell me!" he shouted to the crowd, "are these minions of the crown to trample us to earth, and are we to kiss the armed heels that destroy us?"

"No! no!" shouted the infuriated crowd. "To the main guard! to the main guard!" And dividing into three streams, the people poured out of the square.

Stanley, in his anxiety not to be separated from his boy, lost sight of the man who had accompanied them from Charlestown, and holding fast to his son's hand, was swept through Royal Exchange Lane into King Street.

"Down with the red-coats!" shouted a stalwart fellow in a frieze coat.

A single sentry at the custom house, alarmed at the demonstration, called for help. In a moment half a dozen men in scarlet, with fixed bayonets, accompanied by a sergeant and an officer in

uniform, forced their way through the crowd, and joining their comrade, formed a line round the steps of the custom house, facing the infuriated populace.

Young Stanley, fearless, though excited, clung to his father's hand, and gazed with intense interest on the scene passing before his eyes. The crowd thickened with astonishing rapidity. The bells rang a fire alarm, and people came pouring into King Street from all quarters.

"Cowards! slaves!" shouted a gigantic negro, directly in front of the soldiers, and brandishing a club in their faces. "Why don't you fire?"

"They dare not," cried another. "Redcoats are below par on 'Change."

"Henry," said Captain Stanley, "let us go. That officer cannot control his men. We are in danger here."

But it was easier to speak of retiring than to effect a retreat. The crowd was so dense in the rear that a retrograde movement was impossible. The father and son were tossed to and fro by the waves of the multitude like skiffs upon a stormy sea. Occasionally through openings in front they caught glimpses of the musket barrels in the hands of the soldiers, and the channelled bayonets gleaming cold in the moonlight. All of a sudden a flash and a stunning report—another! and another! and another! With wild cries the crowd surged away from the fatal spot. There lay on the trampled snow five men writhing in the agonies of death.

"Now is our time," gasped Stanley, and he hurried down the Royal Exchange Lane with his darling boy. "Are you sure you are not hurt, Henry?" he asked, as they reached Hanover Street. "What would my poor wife say, if you went home with a death wound?"

"I am unhurt, dear father. And you?"

"Something—some one struck me in the crowd. I am faint. But push on—the streets are full of these men of blood."

"O God, father—you are failing!"

"A glass of water will revive me," said the old man, feebly.

"Let us stop at this house," said the boy; and he knocked at a door opposite which they had halted—it bore the name of "Margaret Williams, Dressmaker," engraved on the brass plate.

His knock was answered by a pale, middle-aged woman, decently attired, who came to the door with a candle, and inquired their business.

"There has been a disturbance in King Street," said the lad. "The king's troops have fired on the people. My dear father is hurt—how or how badly I know not. O, dear madam—help me to get him in, and let him lie down till I procure a surgeon."

The lady of the house set down her light and aided the distracted boy in bringing his now sinking father into the sitting-room that opened from the entry, where they laid him on a couch and propped up his head with pillows. The lady now informed the lad that a surgeon lived directly opposite. Young Stanley flew across the street and returned with the surgeon. As they entered the room he saw a beautiful girl of his own age, kneeling and supporting his father's head, while her mother, the person who had admitted them, was bathing his temples with water. The surgeon opened the sufferer's vest and shirt. A slight stain was on the latter. After a moment's examination he turned to the boy with tears in his eyes.

"Your father wants to speak to you," he said.

Young Stanley knelt down beside him.

"My dear boy," said the old man, faintly, laying his hand upon the lad's shining curls, "you must go home without me. I am going. Bear my best love to your dear mother—be to her as you have been to me, darling, a blessing and a joy. Be true to her and—to your country!"

The poor boy bowed his head in an agony of grief. But the hand he held in his grew colder and colder—till he grasped the fingers of a corpse. With a wild cry, as if his heart-strings snapped in the agony, he fell upon the body.

CHAPTER II.

THE RURAL HOMESTEAD.

A LITTLE more than four years have elapsed since the tragic scene depicted in our last chapter. It is now summer. The foliage of June, in all its plenitude of beauty, clothes the broad woodlands, here hanging over splintered precipices, there skirting smooth pastures, where cattle and sheep are peacefully browsing. The young corn, refreshed by a recent rain, gives promise of a bountiful harvest. Over all bends one of those unrivalled skies, which not even Italy can parallel.

A little removed from the pleasant village of Lexington, on the side of a private road that lost itself in the verdant depths of an ancestral forest, stood an old-fashioned one-story cottage, on the roof of which the green mosses had gathered, their bright patches contrasting with the dusky hue of the weather-beaten shingles. The little door-yard in front of the house, neatly enclosed by a paling, was appropriated to the culture of flowers, shrubs and sweet-scented herbs. A broad-leaved vine was trained over its rustic porch. A row of cherry-trees stood sentinel by the roadside. In the rear of the cottage was a large barn; and midway between the barn and house rose the gigantic sweep of a well, the "old oaken bucket" resting on the curb. To the right extended a noble orchard; to the left, a wide tract of mowing-land, now almost ready for the scythe. In a word, the little cottage and its surroundings wore an aspect of thrift and comfort, and were proofs that the inmates were far removed from the approach of want.

Just inside the doorway sat a neatly-clad female, advanced in

years, plying a spinning-wheel, while on the step a young man was reclining, his back resting on the door-frame. The aged lady was Widow Stanley; the vigorous and athletic young man at her feet, her son, the boy whom the fire of the British in King Street had deprived of a father.

"Then, mother," said the young man, "you are not displeased that I have joined Captain Parker's company of minute-men."

"Your father was a soldier," said the widow. "He did his duty nobly at Louisburg for that ungrateful king whose minions slew him."

"Ay, mother; and his sword bears the legend—'never draw me without cause, nor sheathe me with dishonor.'"

"Would that every sword bore that motto!" said the widow; "or rather would that every sword were turned into a pruning-hook, and that war should utterly cease out of the earth. But alas! my son, when wicked men bear sway, when cruel men arm for oppression and spoliation, the good must gird on the weapons of the flesh, and smite even as they are smitten."

"Then," said the young man, "if, to defend our rights, the drum calls us to arms, I shall go forth with your blessing."

"My son," said the widow, suspending her employment, and gazing earnestly on the handsome face of the youthful yeoman, "you are the last of seven children. One by one my blossoms were taken from me to bloom in a better world. He who was a kind and good husband, through good report and evil report, through sunshine and storm, has been taken. I have bowed my heart, and said, 'God's will be done! the Lord giveth and he taketh away!' You are the last of my earthly treasures: but in the good cause, I can see even you go forth to battle, yea, even to die for your country!"

"God bless you, mother, for the word; it inspires me with new resolution."

"But I pray to Heaven nightly," resumed the aged woman, "that I may be spared this last sacrifice. I pray that God will avert the storm that is brooding over the colony."

"I fear there is little hope of that, mother," said the young man. "There must be war before there is peace. And we are prepared for it. What is the king doing? He is sending troops to Boston by the ship-load. They march through the streets with fixed bayonets, with drums beating and colors flying, like a besieging army into a conquered town. The ships are lying idle at the wharves; mechanics are out of employ; many of the merchants have closed their stores. On one side, mother, the king's friends are insolent and arrogant; on the other, the people silent, determined and united. There must be a collision, and a fearful one, soon."

"I pity our poor friends in Boston," said the widow. "Here, with fertile fields, yielding liberal returns, we are beyond want, but commerce is the life-blood of a seaport."

"I was thinking of that, mother; and, as I spoke, I thought of the widow lady and her daughter, in Hanover Street, they who were so kind to my poor father in his last moments. We are, as you say, comfortably off here, and probably safe, in this lonely spot, from annoyance, should matters come to the worst. I should like very much to offer Mrs. Williams and her daughter a shelter under our roof."

"The very thing I was about suggesting," said Mrs. Stanley. "I highly approve the plan. The first time you go to town, I wish you would see them, and urge them to come here."

"With your approval," said young Stanley, "I will go immediately. I have some purchases to make, and I will drive down to Charlestown in the wagon, and either bring them back with me, or appoint a day to do so."

"Well, Henry; promise me that you will not expose yourself. I know your high spirit; but your life must not be endangered in a broil. Remember the fifth of March."

"It is engraven too deeply on my memory for me to forget it. I never lose sight one moment of your great loss. You have my word, mother, that I will avoid contest with the enemies of my country, at least till the hour arrives for an effective meeting. I will but speak a word with Cæsar, and make a call in the neighborhood, and shall then be ready to start."

Julius Cæsar had resigned his post of ostler to the Black Bull, in Charlestown, and had engaged to work on the widow Stanley's farm in Lexington; he and young Stanley performing all the labor. His employer found him a vigorous and faithful coadjutor, though the black was somewhat advanced in years, for his age, like Adam Winterton's, and, for the same reason, was "frosty, though kindly." The only "small vice" Cæsar had was an inordinate love of tobacco, which he cherished through the medium of a pipe.

As Stanley approached the cornfield, the view of which a short piece of board fence hid from him, he heard certain words in the deep voice of the black, very different from those required in any of the directions of field culture.

"By de leff flank! leff face! file march! Halt! front face! Eyes right! I shoulder firelock!"

"Why Cæsar?" cried Stanley, opening the gate, "what are you doing here?"

The black was standing solemnly erect, in his hat and blue frock, shouldering his hoe with the precision of a veteran.

"Present arms!" cried the black; and instantly suiting the action to the word, he brought his implement to a "present."

"You haven't answered my question, Mr. Cæsar," said young Stanley, smiling.

"Tan' at ease," said the black, resting his chin on his hoe-handle, and standing in a most uneasy attitude. "Beg pardon, massa: but I'm studying military tactics, on de Norfolk plan, as recommended by Dr. Warren, de first physician in de colony—de same gentleman dat proscribes blue pills for de scarlet fever."

"And in the meantime the rag-weed and witch-grass is overrunning my cornfield."

"No, massa, no. I call de witch-grass de British light infantry, 'cause it runs so fast, and de ragweeds de grannydears—and den you ought to see what licks I foteh 'em."

"Very well; you must work double tides to-day, for I'm going down to Boston."

"Take me 'long, massa, take me 'long," cried the black. "I want to see de parade on de common. I don't 'zactly understand de employment from column into line."

"You must remain here, Cæsar, like a good soldier, at your post. But tell me—think you I shall find Forrester up yonder, if I call; I don't wish to take the walk for nothing."

"I tink you will, massa. I see 'um skulking along in dat direction not ober half an hour since."

"Very well. See that you harness the horse to the wagon against I come back. And don't you leave home till I return from Boston."

"Bery well, massa."

Leaving the cornfield, Stanley struck into the wood-path, and a few minutes' walk through the oak trees brought him to a little clearing, where there stood a rude log hut, built partly against a ledge of rock that rose perpendicularly to the height of some forty feet. Hard by, a spring of water bubbled from the ledge, and after filling a rude trough, trickled down and was lost in the greensward. Through an opening in the trees there was a glimpse of a couple of acres of land planted with Indian corn, beans and potatoes. A knock at the rude door produced an invitation to enter, pronounced in a deep voice, and Stanley, availing himself of the permission, stood in the presence of the recluse, as Forrester was termed by the neighboring villagers.

A few stools and benches, rudely fashioned, some shelves containing books, a rough pine bedstead and table, a dresser with a few of the most indispensable articles, composed the entire furniture of this rustic hut.

Forrester, clad in a very coarse suit of gray, was employed in cleaning a rifle, the barrel of which he had removed from the stock. He silently motioned Stanley to take a seat, and then resumed his occupation.

"You don't find much game in the woods now, I fancy," said Stanley.

"It will be plentier by-and-by," said the recluse, significantly, "and we shall all be hunters then."

"I should be dull if I did not take your allusion," said Stanley. "But is it your opinion that the signs of the time indicate—"

"A deadly collision, and that before long."

"Yet they tell me that the people of Boston were never more quiet than now."

"They tell you no more than the truth. Just before the tornado of the tropics, the air is hushed: the broad leaves of the palu hang like idle flags; the dark sea is smooth as glass; there is a hush upon the face of nature. All of a sudden the hurricane springs up and carries destruction in its path. In the vineyards on the flank of Mt. Vesuvius, you might think you could dwell in peace forever; but the volcano is all the while gathering its might beneath your feet."

"But surely, our friends cannot dream of successful resistance to the king's troops."

"The king has scant three thousand men in Boston at this hour, nor will his reinforcements amount to half as many more. While the ministry believe that five thousand men can sweep the colonies from north to south, it is unlikely they will concentrate much more than two-thirds of that number, even in the very focus of the rebellion. Yet they are resolved to enforce their lawless acts; the patriots are equally resolved to oppose their execution. Will either party recede?"

"Not our party, certainly. We stand upon the inalienable rights of humanity."

"And they are supported by pride and honor."

"Then, Mr. Forrester, why do you not join our enrolled militia?"

"Because I will not hamper myself—because I am a waif on the waters of existence—because my heart fails me at the thought of commerce with mankind."

"These are the feelings of a misanthrope."

"Pardon me, young man, but I am no misanthrope. I am simply one whom society—but no, not even to you, friendly, generous, candid as you seem, dare I ubosom myself. You, yes, even you, would shun me. There are those on whom society sets its mark and proscribes; and I—" he paused abruptly and was silent.

"I am sorry to hear you speak in this strain, Mr. Forrester," said Stanley, "for I should infer that in the coming strife you would hold yourself aloof from us."

"Did I say aught that could authorize you to draw that inference?" said the strange man, quickly, raising his head, his falcon eyes flashing fire, as he looked at Stanley. "Do you suppose this weapon is prepared for the harmless tenants of the wood? I eat no flesh of beast or bird. The labor of my hands affords me sustenance—the spring that bubbles from yon rock quenches my thirst. No, no," he added, more gently. "The man whom Hancock and the Adamses and Warren trust, is not the man to be idle in a contest like the one before us. I have suffered too much from the arrogance and perfidy of the great, to stand aside when they advance to the oppression of the poor and humble. Believe me, the provinces have not a truer friend among their sons than Mark Forrester, the British born. And in the hour of battle, if that hour come, as I firmly believe it will, wherever America needs an arm or a life, there will I be found."

"I am glad to hear it, Mr. Forrester, for I believe you are true."

"For my truth, you do me no more than justice: for my courage, let them put me to the proof."

"Well," said Stanley, "I must now bid you good morning. I am going to Boston. Can I serve you there in any way?"

"I thank you," said the recluse; "but I returned from town, myself only this morning. I attended, last night, a meeting of the 'sons.' All is well. A spirit is abroad that will yet shake King George on his throne. Therefore, I say, be prepared for the hour. You are the only son of a widowed mother; but for that even I will not bid you keep back from the strife when the drum beats. I tell you the hour is approaching when the bride shall be forsaken at the altar, the mother at the fireside—yea, the dead in the coffin; when gray hairs, no more than young hearts, shall be withheld from the tide of battle. None shall be exempt—but woman in her weakness, and dotage in its palsy; and woe! woe! to the recreant who, in that hour, shall turn a deaf ear to the summons of his country."

He grasped Stanley's hand as he uttered the last words, and while they thrilled in his ear, the young man left the lonely hut and thoughtfully wended his way to the homestead.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUR NAVY.

We feel pride in referring to the splendid engraving on pages 8, 9, in which our artist, Mr. Wade, unrivalled as a marine draughtsman, has grouped together all the vessels of our gallant little navy, from the small steamer to the towering line-of-battle ship, the triumph of naval architecture. The names of the vessels are given in connection with the engraving. We have eleven ships of the line, one of one hundred twenty guns, eight of eighty-four guns, one of eighty and one of seventy-four guns; thirteen frigates, twelve of fifty guns and one of fifty-six; twenty-two sloops-of-war, eight of twenty-two guns, nine of twenty guns, four of sixteen and one of eight guns. There are six steam frigates now building; six steam frigates afloat, mounting one hundred guns in all; four first-class steamers, mounting twenty-six guns in all; four smaller ones, carrying a total of four guns; four frigates, mounting ten guns each, and seven storeships, with an aggregate of twenty-seven guns. Total number of guns two thousand two hundred twenty-eight. Condensed into a paragraph, this force does not seem very formidable, nor do we consider it at all consistent with the greatness or future of this country. Congress is very slow to supply our naval deficiencies. But yet the existing force, as a nucleus for a great navy, is invaluable. And what thrilling memories are associated with the names of these gallant vessels—memories of heroes—

"Whose march was o'er the mountain wave,

Whose home was on the deep."

What American heart does not leap at mention of the Constitution, "Old Ironsides?" and who does not recall her bloody and victorious encounter with the Guerriere? The laurels of our navy have been nobly earned. In 1812, Great Britain, with her "famed thousand ships" threatened to sweep us from the ocean, proudly arrogating the empire of the seas. The war of the ocean between the East and West was a portentous struggle, but the American navy came out of it with their colors floating in triumph at the mast-head. The mistress of the seas had met a master. Our frigates have been acknowledged as the models of naval architecture. We have an advantage over other nations in the building material we possess—live oak; the staple wood of England being white oak, and that of Russia yellow pine. The visitor who steps on board one of our noble frigates or line-of-battle ships, cannot fail to be struck both with the beauty of the craft, and the neatness, system and quiet which prevail on board.

"White is the glassy deck without a stain,

Where on the watch the staid lieutenant walks."

Nothing of this is observable under the flag of any other nation but the British. The French have of late years built some very fine frigates and ships-of-the-line, but the French have no national fitness for the sea, and their naval discipline and system are not at all comparable to ours. Whether the British, in the present war, will earn as many laurels afloat as on land remains yet to be seen; the magnificent fleet sent to the Baltic accomplished nothing. The navy of the United States has accomplished wonders. It began to make itself felt as far back as the revolution. That of 1812 was a series of splendid triumphs. It had previously made its mark on the coast of Africa. Since 1812 our gallant tars have had few opportunities to distinguish themselves. In the war with Mexico there was little active service cut out for them; but the daring display of the mosquito fleet under the guns of San Juan d'Ulloa showed that the old heroic spirit was not extinct, and that, should, unhappily, a war break out with a maritime power, there would be found officers to command and men to serve the guns as efficiently as in the old times of fierce battle and brilliant victory.

GIPISES' FEAR OF DEATH.

If a funeral procession happens to pass before their house, if twelve o'clock has not yet struck, the family will go out upon the threshold of the door and say the usual prayers; but if it is afternoon they make haste to shut the doors and windows, and no one will go out until the next morning. The sight of a drop of blood draws from the gipsy horrible cries, as if he were being assassinated. If, while he is preparing a meal, a malevolent hand lays beside him a dead dog or cat, he will immediately throw his dinner on the dunghill, through fear of witchcraft. As soon as a gipsy feels his death pangs begin, he asks to be carried into the open air; for if it happens that he dies in his home, his family must put all the furniture into the street before they can carry the corpse. In short, the dread they have of the dead is such, that a corregidor of Cordova, wishing to rid the city of the gipsies of the Sierra Morena, gave orders that they should be employed at internments. "Rather robbers than grave-diggers!" was the cry of the gipsies, and they all returned to their mountains.—Baron Denbinski.

LOVE.—Mrs. Child, in one of her late pleasant fictions, has this truly poetic sentiment: "Two souls that are sufficient to each other—sentiments, affections, passions, thoughts, all blending in love's harmony—are earth's most perfect medium of heaven. Through them the angels come and go continually, on missions of love to all the lower forms of creation. It is the halo of those heavenly visitors that veils the earth to such a golden glory, and makes every little flower smile its blessings upon lovers."

There happen sometimes accidents in life from which it requires a degree of madness to extricate ourselves well.—Roche foucauld.

SCENES IN THE ORKNEYS.

If you glance your eyes at the map of Scotland, you conjecture at a glance that the group of the Orkneys formerly made a part of the continent of Great Britain, which itself was doubtless joined to Europe at a yet earlier date. The shallowness of the currents which separate these islands, the similar nature of the soil, the same productions, seem to be so many irrefutable arguments in favor of a communion which at the same time separated Sicily from Italy, and Jersey and Guernsey from France. Still the climate of the Orkneys differs from that of Scotland and England, because they are placed as a barrier against the force of the north wind; thus the month of June, which is the period of the breaking up of the ice in Greenland, and is generally hot in England, is here often accompanied by hail and snow. The soil, almost constantly scourged by sweeping winds, produces few or no trees, and these are of very diminutive size. These islands, interesting in themselves, are rendered more so from being the chosen scene of the Pirate, one of the most thrilling of Sir Walter Scott's romances. We have selected some of the most picturesque features of these islands for illustration. Our first engraving represents a group of the amphibious islanders, in their rough boating costume. The Orcadians, notwithstanding a mixture of Scotch blood, have retained the energetic type and vigorous constitution of the Scandinavian race. Like most northern people, they are endowed with great physical activity. In intellect they hardly equal the Scotch. They are quite superstitious, and are fond of poetry and fictitious narrative. They believe in all sorts of fabulous animals, and place implicit credence in the sea serpent. They are industrious, brave and hospitable, and a traveller without resources is sure to be made welcome at every house where he stops. Stromness, represented in our second engraving, is situated on a romantic bay, which, after narrowing for some miles, expands into a magnificent sheet of water, called by the natives Loch Stennis. A stone causeway, pierced at intervals by large openings which afford a passage for the tide, unites the opposite shores of the lake, and divides it into two nearly equal parts. At the eastern extremity of this port you perceive enormous blocks of soft stone, partly standing, and ranged in a semicircle (see engraving). Some of these stones are twenty feet high, six feet broad and one foot thick. Many are whole-



COSTUMES OF THE INHABITANTS OF THE ORKNEYS.

authority in these matters, alleges, on the other hand, that there is reason to think that no part of the Orkneys ever shared the Druidical faith, and the use of the monuments, commonly called Druidical, was common to the religion of Odin. From Stromness to Kirkwall (see engraving) the distance is nine miles, through a rough country, bristling with rigid hills, intersected by marshes and verdant plains; no trees, but only a few plants, among which the juniper bush and lichen are the most frequent. The parts which have not yet been reclaimed by agriculture are covered with thick furze or heath; yet on the whole, an intelligent culture has developed a certain fertility in the island of Pomona. Agriculture is not very well seconded by the tastes of the inhabitants, whom an invincible attraction summons to the sea side and prompts to embark in maritime pursuits. Kirkwall is, in some sort, the metropolis of the Orkneys. It is built on a little isthmus, to the northeast of the island, and ranks as a royal burgh, that is, it is the seat of a jurisdiction. Remains of fortifications recall its ancient military importance. But since the incorporation of the Orkneys and Shetland Islands with the United Kingdom, Kirkwall has singularly lost in this respect. It is now the general depot of the industry and commerce of the archipelago. From this place are exported many of the horses of the country, known by the name of ponies and shelties, rough, long-bodied, short-legged animals, but full of fire, speed and bottom. In fact they are nattering. Formerly the seat of the power of the ancient earls of the Orkneys, it still presents to the study of tourists the ruins of their palace as well as the bishop's castle. But it owes its celebrity and its name (kirk signifying, in the Scotch dialect, church), to its cathedral, the oldest and finest in Scotland, after that of Mungo, in Glasgow. It is of the 12th century, and in the Roman style, mixed in parts of a more recent construction, with some traces of the transition and Gothic styles. It is placed under the guardianship of St. Magnus, the patron of the Orkneys. Some idea may be formed of the respect of the Orcadians for St. Magnus by the following fact, very early in the history of the times, viz., that at the epoch of the Reformation, the church suffered no injury. The credulity of the preceding centuries attributed such a reputation of sanctity to the tomb of the saint, that the Orcadians, according to Barry, used to throw dice, to decide whether, in pressing emergencies, they



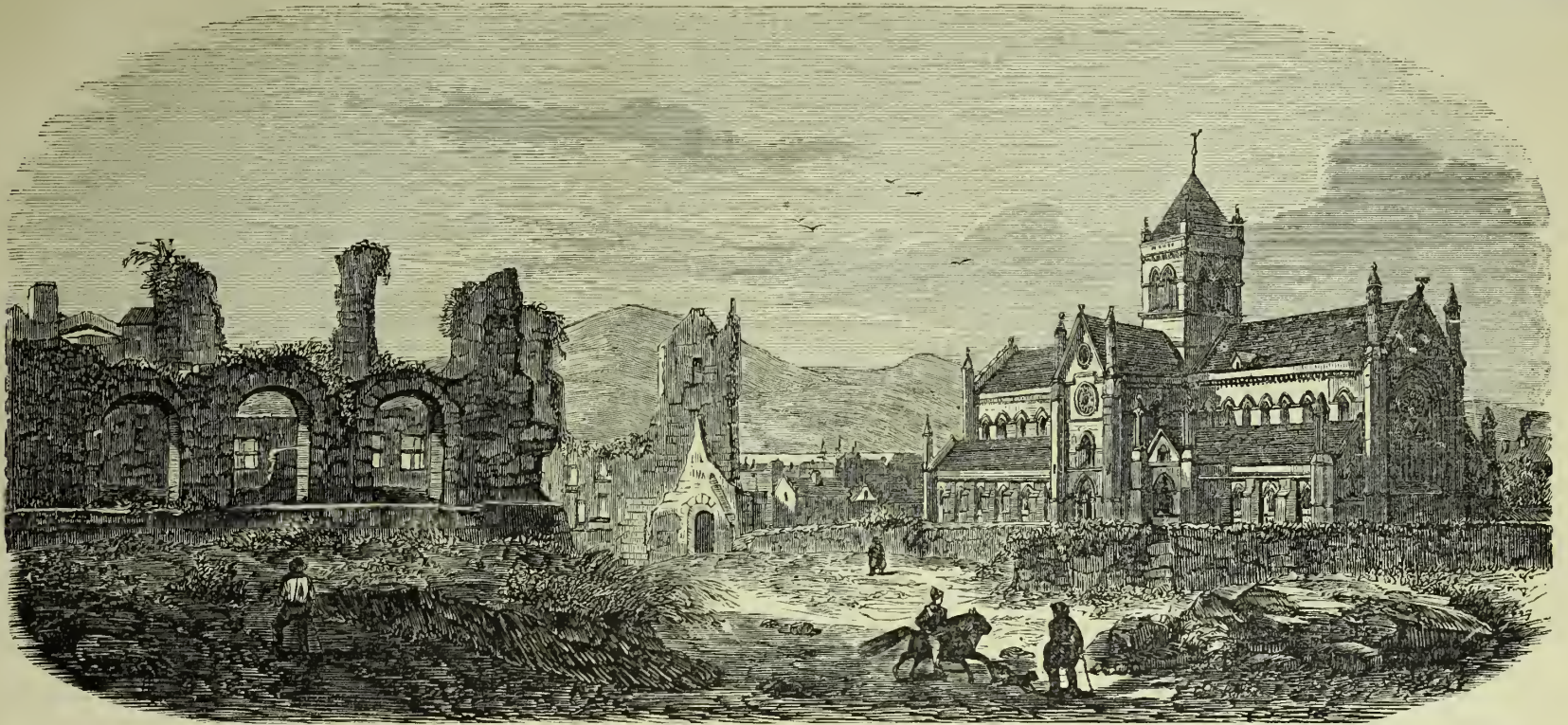
STROMNESS, IN THE ORKNEYS.

ly and some partially overthrown. In the centre of the area comprised in the half circle is found a stone of the same dimensions as the preceding, and pierced with a hole in the centre. The inhabitants give this group the name of the Standing Stones of Stennis. On the opposite isthmus, after having crossed the bridge, you see another monument of the same nature, but wholly circular. The stones are smaller, and the highest do not exceed fifteen feet. The circle which they form has a diameter of twenty-five or thirty feet. It is surrounded by a ditch, and flanked, to the east and west, by two artificial eminences, a circumstance which has led to the supposition that the circle was an ancient military entrenchment, an opinion which is not sufficiently justified, either by the remains found there, or the position of the places. It is more probable that the existence of this circle is connected with some civil and religious custom of the ancient Scandinavian families. There are also found in the country a great number of similar stones, isolated, whose purpose is no better known. We have been told, but without sufficient proof, that these different monuments were Runic. Sir Walter Scott, who may be quoted as



LAKE STENNIS AND THE STANDING STONES, ORKNEYS.

should make offerings at Rome or on the tomb of St. Magnus. In 1110 it is asserted that a luminous aureola frequently showed itself over the sepulchre. The earl's castle is of more modern origin; it does not appear to date farther back than the beginning of the seventeenth century; at least this is the conjecture prompted by the great round towers which garnish the angles, and the ranges of pilasters of a half-classic style, which flank each side of the principal doorway. The church and the earl's castle symbolize the two great ideas which agitated the world at this epoch—the types of two social branches, whose struggles for predominance shook society to its base. These buildings have followed the fate of the ideas they represented—feudality has disappeared, the religious idea remains—the palace of the earl is in ruins, while the church is yet standing, having braved the storms of the Reformation and of time. Lerwick (see engraving), the capital of the Shetland Islands, is a little town of three or four thousand souls, extending in an arc of a circle, on the beach of the excellent little harbor, called Bressa Sound. Its houses rise in an amphitheatrical form, above each other, to the summit of a table-land,



BISHOP'S PALACE AND CATHEDRAL AT KIRKWALL.

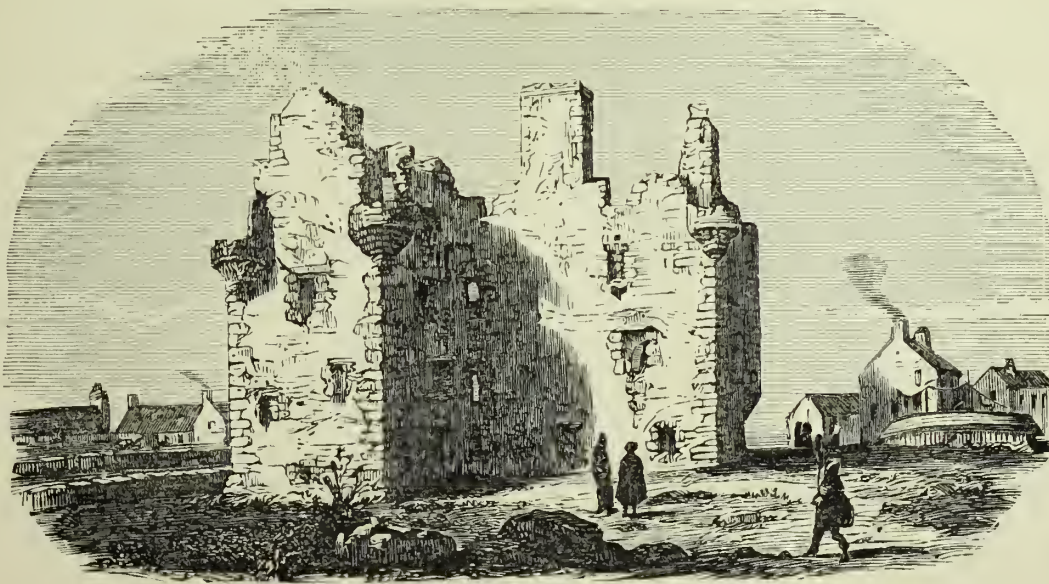
of considerable extent, the site of the official Presbyterian and the Dissenting Church. From this position the eye embraces the harbor of Lerwick, an anchorage completely shut in, where the sea never enters. To the east, the island of Bressa shows its black hills, with rounded summits, some of which are crowned by Dolmen, Pictish or Scandinavian memorials, which are relieved by the sky.

You perceive in the valleys some spots of verdure, where little ponies, full of nerve and fire, rough as bears, with big heads, from which their eyes, bright as carbuncles, are flashing out from a mass of hair, are pasturing pell-mell. Pretty little cows, without horns, are to be seen also, with sheep of extremely fine fleece, and long spiral horns, tapering majestically, as if to make up for the deficiencies of the kine. Here and there a few houses are sheltered from the north wind, in some fold of earth, and along the walls a few shrubs, such as currant bushes, are trained with care. To the north the eye follows the sinuous gulf, which extends between the island of Bressa and the main land to form the southern pass of the harbor; and to the left, in a little creek, you see the modest yard, pompously called Queen's Dock, where a few fishing vessels are repaired. Nearer at hand, but in the same direction, are the old walls of Fort Charlotte, armed with eleven pieces of rusty cannon, built by Cromwell, probably, on the spot, where, at the end of the 14th century, the celebrated traveller, Nicolo Zeno, a patrician of Venice, constructed a fortress, where he lodged his troops for a whole winter. This navigator, who had sailed from Venice to make a commercial expedition to England, was east by the tempest on the Orkneys, and became afterwards admiral of the fleet of Count Zichmni of the Orkneys. On the right, that is to the south, you discover, over the houses that form the left of the town, the entrance of the harbor, the high hills of Bressa, then the open sea, which frames the picture, whose sad and wild aspect wants neither grandeur nor harmony. At the foot

of the table, finally, extends the town, whose narrow lanes descend steeply to the principal avenue, Commercial Street, which is built in a half circle along the shore, and of which the houses nearest the sea have their walls washed by the tide, so that vessels can easily touch them. This street contains all the animation and life of the little population, which lives by the fisheries of the coast

find the warm houses, almost buried in the earth and sodded on the interior. You cannot leave Lerwick without visiting the castle of Scalloway (see engraving), which is a short way off. This edifice, an important relic of the sixteenth century, partakes at once of the feudal mansion and the strong castle. It is constructed of hard stone, regularly hewn, and its walls are of great thickness. The

body of the base, which is rectangular, and supported at two of its angles by elegant exterior turrets, is flanked by a high square donjon keep, which has also two little pepper-box turrets on its summit. The entrance-gate is elegantly ornamented. Long windows in the form of loop-holes give light in front, but on the principal part of the building the openings are large. The interior of the castle is a perfect wreck, all the balustrades, chimney-pieces, and staircases have been carried off by the natives, to be employed in building their dwellings. The castle of Scalloway was built in 1600 by Patrick Stewart, earl of the Orkney and Shetland Islands. It is situated on a tongue of land covered with verdure, which projects into the sea, and its military position was well selected, as it commands at once the open sea and the access by the gorge of the valley. The people of these remote islands being of Scandinavian and not of Celtic origin, neither the Gaelic dress nor language has ever prevailed among them. All of them now speak English; but of old, Norse was the prevalent language. The cottages of the poorer ranks are in general miserable hovels, affording accommodation in winter to cows and fowls, as well as to the family. Owing to the scarcity or exhaustion of moss, the want of fuel



CASTLE OF SCALLOWAY, ORKNEYS.

and of Greenland. Here also are sold the fabrics of the country, so industriously spun by the women during the long winter nights. Differing from all other northern towns, which have their houses of wood, with immense and sharp-angled roofs, in Lerwick all the houses are built of a kind of greenish stone, abounding in the country and easily quarried. It is only in the country that you

is in some islands very severely felt. On the whole, however, the inhabitants are decidedly better off than those of the Outer Hebrides, being comparatively industrious, civilized and well fed. Kirkwall in Orkney, and Lerwick in Shetland—the only towns of consequence in the islands—have each a population of about three thousand. The society is good.



PORT OF LERWICK, ORKNEYS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE OLD TAVERN SIGN.

BY GEORGE W. DEWEY.

Within those early days which led
Me captive in the leash of story,
How oft I paused and proudly read
That legend of our nation's glory!

It told of Yorktown—when the flash
Of victory had crowned with laurel
Those arms which since have sent the blush
To teach that foe a second moral.

The artist well had there portrayed
Those heroes in their regimentals—
The redcoats vanquished and dismayed
Before the rebel continentals!

My boyish fancy heard the shout
Of triumph loud above me ringing,
And saw the flag of freedom flout
The azure while the sign was swinging!

It was our road on market days,
And uncle Ben, who drove the wagon,
Would always halt, and let me gaze
While he went in and quaffed his flagon.

Since then no masterpiece of paint
To me has ever been so speaking,
As that old turnpike sign, so quaint,
Above me at the roadside creaking!

The sign is gone! The post alone
Stands guard—bereft of paint and gilding,
The name of tavern they disown,
And "Temperance House" is on the building!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LADY DOROTHEA.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"You have heard me speak of Lord Rivington, Mary, a gentleman I became acquainted with a few years since, when I was in Europe," said Mr. Annesley, addressing his wife, as he entered the room with an open letter in his hand.

"Frequently; you first met with him in Paris, I believe."

"Yes; and we travelled in company several weeks. He invited me to accompany him to England, where he has a fine estate, and spend several weeks with him, and I had concluded to accept his invitation, when a letter from Virginia, informing me of my uncle's death, made it necessary for me to hasten home."

"Lady Rivington is a distant relation of yours, I think I've heard you say."

"She is my second cousin. I never saw her, but have been told that she is a beautiful and accomplished woman. This letter is from Lord Rivington, in which he tells me that his niece, Lady Dorothea Blandon, in company with a distinguished American family, by the name of Berresford, took passage for this country in the same vessel by which he wrote; and though he did not, in so many words, request us to invite her to make us a visit, we cannot hesitate to do so for a single moment."

"Certainly not. To neglect doing so would be a blot on your well-earned reputation for hospitality."

"Let me see—the mail-coach starts early to-morrow morning: I will have a letter ready to send to her."

"Will it not be proper for you to offer to go to Boston and accompany her hither, in case she should be unprovided with a suitable escort?"

"Nothing can be more so; I was stupid not to think of it. I will mention it in my letter, and she can accept or decline my offered services, as she may think proper."

Mr. Annesley was in possession of a fine estate, and maintained that generous style of living and practised that wide-extended hospitality common at that time in the Old Dominion—a style which approached more nearly to what might be found in the old manor houses of England, than that adopted by either of the sister states.

In all this, Mrs. Annesley went with him heart and hand, and when she found that there was a prospect of their having a connection of Lord Rivington for a guest, a nobleman famed for his liberality and munificence, she caused every arrangement to be made which was suitable for the accommodation and entertainment of one whose social position was so elevated.

As soon as could be reasonably expected, an answer came to Mr. Annesley's letter. Lady Dorothea accepted the invitation with great frankness and much apparent pleasure. She thanked him for his politeness in offering to come for her, but as she was so fortunate as to have a remarkably intelligent and faithful servant, it would be unnecessary. Mr. Annesley was glad to find the lady so well provided for, as he could not, at that time, conveniently leave home. The Annesley mansion was large and commodious, and a suite of rooms was fitted up with much taste and elegance for the expected guest, under the immediate direction of Mrs. Annesley.

Autumn was far advanced, and it was at the close of one of its most golden days, that Lady Dorothea arrived. Mrs. Annesley had pictured to herself a beautiful girl, with deep blue eyes, hair of a golden brown, and a complexion in which was blended the delicacy of the lily and the bloom of the rose; such being the characteristics which most commonly, as she imagined, belonged to the ladies of the English aristocracy. She was therefore somewhat disappointed, though not disagreeably so, when she found

that Lady Dorothea's beauty was of an entirely different style. She was above the medium size, with hair black as night, eyes of the same hue, and a complexion of an almost dazzling radiance. She was what some would have termed a magnificent woman; but her large brilliant eyes had at times a bold expression, which if it did not destroy, certainly impaired the charm of her beauty. On the evening of her arrival, however, this drawback to true feminine loveliness was not manifest. The white and deeply fringed lids of the dark eyes were becomingly downcast, so as to soften, not hide, their flashing lustre.

Her servant, whom she called Dennis, was dressed in what Mr. Annesley at once recognized as the Rivington livery, and was certainly, as she had represented him, remarkably intelligent. What Mrs. Annesley thought a singular coincidence, there was something in his countenance which, though she would have found it difficult to describe it, bore a strong resemblance to that of his mistress.

The magnificence of Lady Dorothea's wardrobe astonished even Mrs. Annesley, though she had always been accustomed to dress with taste and elegance. There were costly silks, satins and brocades, an abundance of Mechlin lace, and a profusion of jewelry. It was just the season for balls and parties, so that she had ample opportunity to display the superior richness and splendor of her apparel. She succeeded in making herself very popular, and it so happened that from caprice, or some necessary cause, she now and then declined one of the invitations which she received almost daily. Those by whom it was given were disappointed, and even felt themselves aggrieved.

Several weeks had passed away in this manner, when Philip Melmoth, Mrs. Annesley's only brother, arrived. He had been absent four years, which he had spent in England and on the continent. He was a gentleman about thirty years of age, of great refinement, and highly educated. In addition to these advantages, he possessed a fine, manly figure, and a handsome, intellectual countenance. His demeanor, when introduced to the Lady Dorothea, was that of high-bred courtesy, in which, if not too narrowly observed, she might have been thought to fully equal him. Mrs. Annesley, however, did narrowly observe them both, for, feeling justly proud of her brother, she wished to see if he acquitted himself in a manner which would not call the derisive smile to the lips of the lady, which sometimes visited them, at the expense of those who were considered mirrors of fashion and elegance. She might be mistaken, but she imagined that, for the first time, Lady Dorothea manifested some embarrassment.

The next day, when alone with her brother, Mrs. Annesley inquired of him how he was pleased with the appearance of their distinguished guest.

"I've hardly had time to form an opinion concerning her," he replied. "She is certainly a fascinating woman—wonderfully so—yet while you yield to the spells which she throws around you, are you not conscious of an uneasiness which makes you desire to escape from their influence?"

"At first," said Mrs. Annesley, "I experienced something of the feeling which you describe; it soon wore off, however, and I now like her so well, that I could not help thinking, when I saw you sitting side by side, last evening, engaged in conversation, that you would make a fine match."

"As I have already said, I have not had time enough to form an opinion of her. I must have opportunity to study her character before I should be willing even to consider her as a friend. There is something about her which I cannot fathom—something evil, as it appears to me."

"Her social position is such," said his sister, "that what you say must be a mere phantasy. Banish it, if you can."

"At any rate," said Melmoth, "she can never be more to me than a friend. With all her fascinations, she can never make me forget sweet Clarice May."

"Are you and Clarice really engaged?"

"No, not a word has ever passed between us, which might not have passed between a brother and sister; yet she knows that I love her, and I know that she returns my love."

"Be on your guard, then, as respects Lady Dorothea. A tacit promise should be as much respected as a spoken one."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Lady Dorothea. Mrs. Annesley thought that she had never seen her look so beautiful, while there was a charming diffidence in her demeanor, which was as new as it was enchanting. Philip Melmoth was sensible that he was becoming more and more enthralled by the bewitching spells she was weaving around him, though at the same time his desire to resist them was in no degree diminished.

"I've concluded not to attend the party at Mrs. Stafford's this evening," said Mrs. Annesley to Lady Dorothea, who, after looking at her watch, remarked that it was time for her to retire to her dressing-room.

"I, for one, shall not consent to excuse you," said Lady Dorothea.

"My going would neither add to your enjoyment nor mine," remarked Mrs. Annesley, "for by some means, I've taken cold, and have a bad headache."

"If that's the case, I must excuse you," said Lady Dorothea, opening the door. She, however, immediately closed it again, and approached Mrs. Annesley.

"As you are unable to attend the party," said she, "I am tempted to ask a favor of you. Do you imagine you shall be willing to grant it?"

"How can you ask? But let me hear what it is."

"Unfortunately I have broken the clasp of my diamond bracelet, and diamonds are the only kind of jewelry which will compare well with the dress I wish to wear this evening."

"And you would like to borrow mine?"

"I confess that if you would be so obliging as to lend it to me, I should consider it a favor."

"It is quite at your service," said Mrs. Annesley, and she went to her room to procure it."

Lady Dorothea said she would accompany her, and take it with her to her dressing-room.

"This bracelet," said Mrs. Annesley, as she took it from the jewel-case, "is of a style so different from yours, it will seem out of place. You had better take the whole set. They will not be recognized, as I have not worn them since I lived in this place."

"I should not have presumed to ask for them, but I cannot refuse your obliging offer."

"Take them to your room and retain them till you get your bracelet mended. You may wish to wear them again."

Lady Dorothea proved to be very negligent about getting her bracelet repaired, and though she did not again wear Mrs. Annesley's diamonds, she did not return them. One day Flora, a pretty mulatto girl, Mrs. Annesley's personal attendant, entered the presence of her mistress with eyes dilated with astonishment.

"I never saw such a sancy fellow as that Dennis is, in all my life," said she. "Just now I heard Lady Dorothea ask him to do something—she spoke so low I didn't hear what it was—and he told her he wouldn't stir a step unless she would give him a whole heap of gold guineas."

"It is wrong for you to listen to what it is not intended you shall hear," said Mrs. Annesley.

"I didn't listen, ma'am. I never thought of doing such a mean thing. I was so near them I couldn't help hearing; they didn't see me, though."

Mrs. Annesley might have considered what the girl had told her of less importance, had she not herself, in the course of the last three or four weeks, noticed that the manner in which Dennis treated his mistress, when he imagined he was not observed, was by no means respectful. Had Lady Dorothea been less haughty and overbearing when she had occasion to employ the servants of the household, this would not so much have surprised her; as it was, she was not a little perplexed, though she forbore to mention the subject, either to her husband or brother. Dennis had likewise, on several occasions, been absent two or three days at a time. She now began to regard Lady Dorothea with as much distrust as her brother had done, on his first arrival, while he had become so infatuated as to almost forget the sweet Clarice May, and had nearly come to the conclusion to offer her his hand. Lady Dorothea had acuteness enough to divine the state of his feelings, and in order to overcome his hesitation, began to talk of visiting some friends, who, she said, lived in Georgia.

Things were in this state when Mrs. Annesley received a letter from Richmond. No one was present when the letter was handed her, the contents of which not a little puzzled her. On reference to the signature, she found it was from a jeweller, with whom she had formerly had some dealings.

"Finding some difficulty," it said, "in procuring paste which would compare in brilliancy with real diamonds, I find it impossible to complete the set of imitation jewelry at the time I promised. I must therefore beg the delay of a week or ten days—a delay which I hope will cause you no inconvenience."

Mr. Annesley being absent, her brother was the only one whom she could consult. She knew that he was in the drawing-room, and believed him to be alone, but on opening the door, she saw him sitting on the sofa by the side of Lady Dorothea, engaged in such earnest conversation that neither of them was aware of her presence till she spoke.

"Philip," said she, "I wish to speak with you."

"In a few minutes, Mary, I will be at your service."

"I cannot wait; you must come now."

He rose with evident reluctance, and had Mrs. Annesley's thoughts been less pre-occupied, she would have noticed that the bold eyes of Lady Dorothea flashed with an angry and lurid light.

"Excuse me, Lady Dorothea," said Philip; "in two minutes I'll rejoin you."

It was marvellous, the power she had of controlling her countenance. Her eyes, which a moment before flashed so angrily, beamed with a sweet, pensive light, as with a confiding look she raised them to his, as he addressed her. She had waited two, even fifteen minutes, yet Philip Melmoth did not return. Impatient at his delay, she rose and went to a window, just in time to see him mount his horse and ride swiftly away. He had started for Richmond, which was a day's journey distant, to inquire into the meaning of the letter sent to his sister by Mr. Justin, the jeweller. All that Lady Dorothea's most artfully framed inquiries could elicit from Mrs. Annesley, concerning the abrupt departure of her brother, was, that unexpected business required his immediate attention. Lady Dorothea was so restless and uneasy, that it was with difficulty she preserved the appearance of composure, and most of the day secluded herself in her own apartment. About dark, she stole out to a grove of pines, some distance from the house, where she was soon joined by Dennis. The last vestige of day had long faded from the west when she returned to the house. Meeting Mrs. Annesley in the hall, she remarked that she had been to walk, and that the softness of the air and the fine moonlight had seduced her into going much farther than she had intended.

In the morning, as Lady Dorothea did not, as usual, make her appearance at the breakfast-table, Mrs. Annesley sent Flora to know if she were ill. The girl soon returned, saying that she was not in her room. It was found that Dennis was also missing, and no one could remember having seen him during the morning. Mr. Annesley, who had returned home the preceding evening, inune-

diately went to the stage-office, where he was informed that Lady Dorothea and her servant had taken passage in the mail-coach, which left about an hour after midnight.

A short time afterward, while Mr. Annesley was deliberating what course it was best to pursue, a stranger rode up to the door, who, having ascertained that Mr. Annesley was the gentleman of the house, informed him that he had a warrant for the apprehension of two persons, who, he had reason to believe, were at that moment beneath his roof. One of them, he said, was a lady who had been known in this country as Lady Dorothea Blandon, but whose real name was Cicily Kelson. The other was a man, of twenty-five or six years of age, who had passed for her servant, but was her own brother.

Cicily Kelson, he told them, in answer to the inquiries of Mr. and Mrs. Annesley, had been the real Lady Dorothea's waiting-maid for several years, her brother, at the same time, being in the lady's service, as her coachman. Lady Dorothea had unbounded confidence in her handsome maid, who succeeded in getting possession of her jewelry, piece by piece, for which her brother, by the aid of some of his confederates in vice, substituted false gems, that so well imitated the original as to make it difficult, except to a lapidary, to detect the difference between them and the true.

Thinking it unsafe to longer risk the discovery of the fraud, a passage for each of them having previously been secured on board of a vessel bound for America, the brother and sister absconded in the night.

A trifling circumstance led to the detection of the fraud which they had so successfully practised. Lady Dorothea, a short time previous to her marriage, had marked the initials of her betrothed on the setting of a diamond pin. This little circumstance occurred to her one day when she was going to wear the pin, but on examining it, much to her surprise, no trace of the letters was to be seen. She mentioned the circumstance to her husband, who, after intently looking at it for a few moments, put it into his pocket, and called on a skilful jeweller. He at once pronounced the diamond spurious, and the setting nothing more than gilded pinchbeck. The whole of Lady Dorothea's jewelry was then submitted to his inspection, every article of which proved to be counterfeit. The waiting-maid and her brother, who had, without giving warning, left some two or three months previously, were suspected, and an investigation took place, during which circumstances transpired which left no room to doubt their guilt. The consequence was, they were followed to America, and finally traced to Virginia. Although they had left Mr. Annesley's in season to escape being arrested, they were overtaken in the course of the ensuing day. They were conveyed back to England, and were doomed to be transported in expiation of their offence.

Philip Melmoth returned from Richmond on the day subsequent to his departure. Rumor had already made him acquainted with most of what had taken place during his absence.

"You came near losing your jewels, Mary," said he to his sister, "while I came near losing, or rather throwing away, Clarice, a jewel of greater value than all of yours. When you entered the drawing-room yesterday morning, the spell was upon me, and I was so perfectly infatuated, that in a moment more I should have offered my hand and fortune to the pretended Lady Dorothea."

"She must, at least, have been tolerably well educated, or she could never have written the letter which we imagined was from Lord Rivington," said Mrs. Annesley.

"Yes," replied Mr. Annesley, "she must have some book-learning, and must be a keen observer, or she never would have made so accomplished an impostor."

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Wretched men (said St. Clement to the Gentiles), you believe that your god speaks to you by the voice of a bird, and you refuse to hear him in the voice of a man. You honor a croaking crow as the organ of divinity, and you persecute a messenger of heaven, who, in a sweet and human voice, speaks to you the language of reason, to bring you back to the path of justice.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

DEAD.

BY ALICE CAREY.

He has been dead since early May,
Three dreary months it is away;
And yet it seems as yesterday.

We saw the moon rise round and red—
He lying sickly on his bed—
The sweetest poem ever read,

Reading to me—my spirit took
The heavenly meaning from his look—
The poem was not in a book.

The maple with the stem so slim,
Made many shadows wild and dim,
That fell on me, not over him.

They laid him by a thicket, bright
With flowery briars—my window light
Reaches his grave almost, at night.

Loving the right, his course he ran
With honor, as became a man—
I must be silent all I can;

And hide my mourning womanhood
The best I may by actions good,
As green moss covers the dead wood.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE WIFE'S DEVICE.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

TALL, bold, dark and frowning was the outline of the old castle, as looming up against the gray sky of a winter twilight, it first met the gaze of the illustrious man who had been condemned to a fettered life. And as the drawbridge was lowered behind his slow and weary steps, and the massive doors swung to again when he had crossed the threshold, he felt that he was indeed immured forever, that it was idle to cherish the painful hope of escape, that his dungeon was a living grave.

The first night spent in his lonely cell seemed an eternity in length. In vain did he toss upon his stone-like bed, and strive to sleep; while his passionate paces between his narrow walls only tore and bruised his feet and fatigued his limbs, without bringing on aught of that wholesome weariness which dims the eye and numbs the feelings. Never seemed sunlight so beautiful to him, not even when abroad of a summer's morn he had watched its golden tides flood the broad landscape that lay like pictured beauty before his vision, as did that first faint ray that streamed in through the grated window, and played amid the furrows which anxiety had drawn upon his brow as with the rude touch of the torturing iron. Like the finger of Divinity writing there a choice and beautiful blessing, seemed that sunbeam, that one, stray, gold-colored ray from the arching sky, from the fetterless world without. The pride and the majesty of his manhood came back to the captive, his soul grew large and strong within him, his dungeon walls seemed to expand, its roof bore not down with that suffocating weight that had been such an agony to bear, his pallet had a feathery lightness, his pitcher of water seemed a crystal spring, his crust of bread the marrow of life. God was with him still. His mind and heart, all that makes the true man, was free as the singing bird of the forest, and though the door that had closed so harshly upon him should never swing open again, though the bolt that had grated so wildly should never be withdrawn, he was a captive only in name. More like royalty, sitting in purple robes, to be ministered unto, than aught else, seemed he to the jailor, when a few hours later he appeared to replenish the scanty table. He could not divine the cause of the sudden and mighty change; he could hardly realize that the lofty and commanding form which now seemed so proudly to tower above him, was the same bowed and trembling one that he had half dragged thither a weary burden but the night before. He did not know that God had spoken to the soul that stood enshrined in that human form, and that the breath which clung to every word was the breath of life. Nay, he knew naught of this; but he felt that there was a majesty about him as new as it was strange, as sublime as it was new.

Well was it for the illustrious prisoner that his soul had grown so strong. Never else could he have endured the severe and rigorous treatment which was continually imposed upon him. Never else could he have endured the separation from his young and beautiful wife, the fair, delicate creature that had slept in his bosom like a flower on a sun-lit bank, or a bird in a hidden nest, filling his heart with the fragrance and music of summer. Little thought he of the many dangers and toils to which she had subjected herself, in pleading with his stern judges for a home in that old, stern castle. Little thought he that she was perilling life to gain access to him, not only that she might cheer his lonely hours with the sweet companionship of her loving heart, but devise some stratagem that should carry him once again out into the rude world, out under the blue sky, and to freedom of limb as well as freedom of soul.

But never yet did iron bolts or oaken doors or grated windows resist forever woman's will. Never yet was heart so stern, but that at some moment it would have a kindly mood. And though months passed on ere she gained her way, her patient daily and nightly toil was at length successful, and one sunny morn in spring-time, when the greeting sunbeam had showed a broader, brighter light, the door of the dungeon swung open, and the com-

panion of his life and labors, pale and thin with weariness and care, but with a spiritual loveliness that made her seem almost angelic in appearance, appeared before his astonished sight, and ere he could press his brow to know whether it were not the fantasy of a rapturous dream, she fell on his bosom, wound her soft arms about him, and whispered, "thine, thine,—they could not keep me from thee."

Once immured beside him, the same love that had sued so long and truly for that sad yet blessed privilege, became earnest in endeavors to set him free. They had friends enough outside the castle walls to bear him at once to a place of safety, but within there were none but cold, callous-hearted guards, whom she dared not attempt to bribe, lest a discovery should sentence them to a deeper and darker cell.

But one day, when months of weary waiting had gone by, she obtained permission of the jailor to examine a large chest of books and linen belonging to themselves, the key of which had been entrusted to his care. He tarried by her side as she drew from it one and another article, till he was satisfied that nothing had been smuggled into it, that could either aid to soothe or liberate them, and then went his way, without the least idea that through her mind had flashed a thought of freedom.

At night-fall, when he drew the bolt, with matron-like anxiety upon her brow, she begged he would obtain leave for her to send to a friend just outside the castle gates, and have her take charge for a while of her chest of linen, for though, and she sadly smiled as she spoke the words, its owner grew white shut up within a dungeon, that grew gray and yellow, and would soon be ruined. It was so simple a request, so womanly a one, that it was granted without the least ado, and early the next morn, the oaken chest was borne away,—borne away, not with linen in it to whiten in the dew and sunshine, not with mouldering volumes, but with a human form, crouched almost out of shape, its thin white hands pressing convulsively its beating heart, lest its wild, loud pulses should echo forth, its pale lips pressed with frantic motion to the tiny breathing apertures which had been drilled with painful toil.

Who may picture forth the weary hours of that long, lonely day, as the captive wife on bended knees and with streaming eyes poured forth to Heaven her prayers of love, or who may tell how anxiously her bosom throbbled lest the jailor should discern her falsehood, and ascertain that the roll of linen covered up so carefully on the couch and called her sick and almost dying husband, was but a ruse to hide his flight till she could feel that he was safe. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness;" hers had a gall, no drop of which can be expressed in words.

Yet proudly did she demean herself, when at length the story came to light, so proudly and yet so womanly, that the stern judges, who, when first they heard the tale, condemned her without a trial to an imprisonment for life in the same dungeon from which she had freed her husband, relented of their harsh decree, and gave her not only the freedom which she craved, but a laurel wreath, which will be fresh and green so long as the name of wife is a cherished and a holy word.

NATURAL HISTORY. QUADRUPEDS.

The splendid group of animals we present on page 16 needs no eulogy from us. The correctness and spirit of the design, and elegance of execution, will be readily recognized and appreciated. Nos. 1, 2, 4 and 8, the cervel, panther, ocelot and leopard, present many points of resemblance, and are all beautiful animals. The ocelot, one of the tiger cats, a native of Mexico and Peru, is about three feet in length. It is easily tamed, but as its exclusive diet in a wild state is monkeys, we know not how it could be supported in a domestic condition, unless allowed a free range of the hand-organs. The leopard and the panther, natives of Africa and India, are also easily domesticated. A beautiful leopard in Wombwell's menagerie, London, used to play with the tuft of a lion's tail, and from the familiar manner in which he patted and bit, evidently considered it as manufactured for his own particular amusement. No. 12, our royal Bengal tiger, is a splendid but terrible fellow, found only in Asia and Hindostan. Its height is from three to four feet, and its length eight. Tiger-hunting is pursued with great zest in India, but could not be carried on without the help of our bulky friend, the elephant (No. 10), who displays the greatest courage and sagacity in his encounters with the tiger. No. 3 is our pet, the great African lion, his vast bulk and dignity contrasting with the diminutive proportions and mean appearance of No. 5, the long-armed ape. No. 7, the American black bear, is a harmless animal compared with his kinsman the ursus horribilis, or polar bear. The lynx, No. 9, is chiefly valuable for its fur. No. 6 is a truly admirable representation of the giraffe, of which fine specimens have been exhibited in this country. This beautiful and singular animal seems to combine the characteristics of the antelope and camel. In the opinion of modern naturalists it holds a place between the deer and antelope. The projections on the head are not horns, but thickenings of the bone of the skull. Gordon Cumming saw as many as forty of these animals in one herd in South Africa. The males attain generally a stature of eighteen feet. No. 11, is a portrait of that curious and ungainly animal, the Rhinoceros, of which there are six species—some of them having two horns. The horns are not connected with the skull, being attached merely by the skin. No. 13 is an animal peculiar to the New World, and unpleasantly common in some parts of it—the alligator or cayman. It subsists on fish, but has no objection to pigs, dogs, birds, and even human flesh, if they can be obtained. It lays its eggs in the sand of the river banks, but fortunately birds and beasts of prey destroy great numbers of them. Audubon gives a very interesting account of the capture of a wounded ibis by one of these loathsome monsters. The bird had one of its wings broken, and hence was compelled to trust to swimming. The alligator pursued it closely, and came very near overtaking the bird; but just as it opened its ponderous jaws, the naturalist and his friends gave it a volley, when it plunged down into the mud, lashing its tail, and covering the surface with blood and foam. The wounded bird came directly up to the gunners and surrendered itself as if to friends. We have but glanced at the specimens composing our menagerie, as they are all familiar objects. We shall probably enlarge our collection, by the addition of other specimens, executed in the same style of artistic beauty.



DALE.
SARATOGA. WARREN

PENNSYLVANIA

FULTON.
MICHIGAN.
COLUMBIA. CONGRESS.

ST. LAWRENCE.
CUMBERLAND.

POTOMAC.



DRAWN BY WADE

PRINCETON.

FRANKLIN.

SAVANNAH.

INDEPENDENCE

BRANDYWINE.

ALBANY.

SARANAC.

CONSTITUTION (IRONSIDES).

ST. LOUIS.
DOLPHIN.

UNITED STATES (OLD)



BAINBRIDGE. VANDALIA. GERMANTOWN. RARITAN. MISSISSIPPI. NORTH CAROLINA. JOHN HANCOCK. OHIO. MACEDONIAN.
VINCENNES. LEVANT. MARION. CYANE. JOHN ADAMS. DELAWARE



ISE. ALL-GHANY. SUSQUEHANNA. POWHATAN. VERMONT.
UR. PREBLE. PLYMOUTH. SAN JACINTO. CONSTELLATION.
ONTARIO. JAMESTOWN. ST. MARY'S. PORTSMOUTH. FALMOUTH.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE ESQUIMAUX AND THE MIRROR.

BY MRS. L. B. SIGOURNEY.

[Sir John Franklin, in one of his earlier arctic expeditions, mentions the terror of an aged Esquimaux, at the first view of his face in a mirror.]

Untutored wanderer—old and gray,
Why flies the warm blood from thy heart,—
As that mysterious, graphic ray
Plays o'er thy features' wrinkled chart?

See'st thou the steps of years gone by?—
Dark years of penury, toil and care?—
Their robberies in thy sunken eye?
Their snow-flakes mid thy scattered hair?

Thou see'st, alas! what all must trace,
Who struggle long o'er time's rough steep,—
The wreck of vigor, health and grace,—
Which youth had fondly dreamed to keep.

And have thy subterranean cell
Where frost half quenches the power to feel,—
Thy reindeer robes,—of want that tell,
The miseries of thy famished meal:

Stern rocks on rocks incessant piled,
The howling storm's impetuous strife,—
Thy sunless,—shrubless,—pathless wild,—
A spell to bind thy heart to life?

One glass there is, poor withered crone,—
That shows with radiance strong and free,
Man's victory o'er the deathful groan,—
But who shall hold that glass to thee?

Say,—who shall bid those eyes that stream
With tears, to mark the wasting clay,—
Behold each chasm and loophole gleam
With lustre of eternal day?

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

RUNNING A SLAVE CARGO.

BY MATURIN M. BALLOU.

It was on one of those deliciously fragrant tropical mornings which render the early day so incomparably beautiful in Cuba, that I found myself awakened from a refreshing night's slumber upon the plantation of Dr. Finley, near Alquízar. My host was abroad before me, early as it was, and I reached the broad shaded piazza, just in time to see the slaves file past it, directed by the overseer, towards their field labor. They were a cheerful, thoughtless set of beings, chattering and laughing among themselves, and in their various native dialects, the doctor now and then calling some favorite one by name, who would stop and pleasantly answer him.

At my host's suggestion, we took an early cup of coffee before the ladies were prepared to breakfast, and mounting a couple of his little ambling Cuban horses, we dashed off down the long alley of palm trees which formed the entrance to the plantation, and soon turned our faces towards the south shore of the island over a finely made road, lined for miles with fragrant lime hedges in full bloom. It would be impossible not to grow enthusiastic, surrounded by such delicious fragrance, such richness of foliage, such abundance of fruits, and such tropical grandeur of vegetation. I breathed in of the soft beauty of the scene, and cantered by my friend's side, elated and happy.

I was aware of the purpose of our ride. The doctor had already told me that a cargo of "boys" (all male slaves are called boys) was to be landed during the day on the south coast, and if I was desirous I could witness the scene. A smart ride of a couple of leagues or more brought us to a gentle rise of ground, which opened to our view the ocean and a line of coast extending for miles. The mist of the morning yet hung over the still waters, but a gentle breeze just then began to disperse it and to lift the veil from the face of the waters. For a long time we could discern nothing; but my companion was sure that this was the spot chosen, and that by exercising a little patience we should be witnesses to the scene.

Directly the indistinct outline of a graceful tracery of spars met the eye through the misty gauze, and gradually grew more and more distinct, commencing at the top hamper and descending towards the deck, until at last there lay, with a look of treacherous tranquillity, the beautiful outline of a three-masted brigantine. She was perfect in model, but the rig was new to our eye, and novel in the extreme. Her deck was flush fore and aft, not so much as a rise of an inch was visible for her quarter deck, leaving great capacity below decks, the line of which came up to within two feet of the bulwark caps. A single glance sufficed to identify the rakish craft as a Baltimore clipper, of a couple of hundred tons, and a slaver.

But see! hereaway to windward there looms up over the mist, which holds to the surface of the sea, three topmasts, the stately set of which, with their firm rig, an experienced eye would at once detect, betrayed the fact that there floated beneath the hull of an English or French man-of-war, such as cruise in these waters to intercept the traders from the coast of Africa. But there are watchful eyes in the brigantine, for ere our gaze was withdrawn from the caps of the three top-gallant-masts, a drapery of snow white canvass had fallen like magic from the spars of the slaver, ready to catch the first breath of the northerly breeze which the stranger was bringing down with him, as he crowded a bank of fog before him.

"Why did not the slaver effect a landing under cover of the night?" we asked.

"She has been kept back by the fog," said the doctor, "and after running in as near as she dared to do, has dropped her anchor, and waited for daylight and a breeze to clear away the mist."

"But the slaver is off without raising her anchor," we suggested, as she commenced to move gracefully southward.

"She has slipped her cable, but will be back to pick up the buoy attached before many hours. Nothing on the coast except a steamer can hold speed with those fly-aways. She will leave yonder cruiser a wild goose chase, double on her track and land her cargo before midnight, depend upon it. See, it is a Frenchman, and you can make her out to her flag dangling at her peak. She must scent the game, for she cannot see the slaver."

But the wind now fast cleared the waters of the Caribbean Sea, and both the cruiser and the brigantine rose in full view of each other. The stranger had come down under an easy press of canvass, simply wearing jib, three main-topsails and spanker; but as a view was gained of the slaver, at a signal which we could not hear, a throng of dark objects peopled the shrouds and spars of the Frenchman, and sheet after sheet of heavy duck was lowered and sheeted home, until the mountain of canvass propelled the dark hull of the vessel at a rapid rate through the water. In the meantime the brigantine had not been idle; in addition to the regular squaresails of a brig, she had a short mizzen-mast stepped well aft, not four feet from her taffrail, upon which she now hoisted a spanker and a gaff-topsail, completing a most graceful and effective rig.

The cruiser got her bow chasers to bear upon the slaver, and attempted to cripple her by a few shots, firing first from the larboard and then from the starboard port, but the distance was at least long range, and the shot flew wide. Though it would have seemed that the immense spread of canvass the brigantine carried might have afforded a good mark, yet she was untouched, and evidently, in the steady, but light wind that prevailed, was creeping gradually away from the ship. Everything was packed upon the Frenchman, but he did not gain a ship's length upon the chase with all his effort.

"She steers due south," said the doctor, pointing to the slaver, "and will lead the Frenchman away among the Caymen isles, where he will get aground in spite of fate, with his big hull and heavy draft of water."

In half an hour both were out of sight, the breeze having freshened, and with my companion I was soon after seated at a cheerful repast in the village inn of Lenoir. We ate with huge appetites after our long ride, and never did any home dishes, with which I am familiar, taste more palatable than the fried plantains, fresh eggs and Yankee ham, which, with a bottle of sour wine, formed our meal. We passed the afternoon in strolling through the flower begirt aisles and fragrant paths of a neighboring coffee estate, and at sunset were quietly partaking of goat's milk and cassava bread, when our host rushed in, and with a significant remark to the doctor as quickly disappeared.

I understood the pantomime better than the rolling Spanish which the landlord uttered, and hastened to prepare and follow the doctor, who was all impatience to reach the shore as soon as the slaver should anchor; for it was to announce her return that the landlord had so suddenly darted in upon us. As we came out and gained a view, we saw the slaver just rounding a small promontory, and entering a tiny bay with scarce water enough to float her. All was at once bustle on board and on shore. The spot was comparatively a lonely one, and not two score of people were in the vicinity, but these were persons who understood their business, and who were interested parties.

The brigantine was now as close in shore as possible, and a broad plank shipped from her gangway to a projecting rock, over which a line of dark naked objects at once poured like a flock of sheep in single file. Mostly they were full grown men, but occasionally a woman or a boy came out and hurried forward like the rest. We approached the spot of disembarkation. Scarcely a word was uttered by any one, the Spaniards worked understandingly, with despatch, not a moment being lost, and ere an hour had passed, the whole cargo, of which I counted two hundred and eleven souls, were marching inland in gangs of twenty or more, by different routes, and guarded only by two or three armed Spaniards to each gang.

As the various parties filed past us, the doctor, who was well versed in African nationality, described to us the tribe of each, and the striking characteristics of the people to which they belonged.

"Yonder go a couple of Congos," said he, "they are small, but agile and good laborers; 'twould amuse you to hear the fellows sing, they never whistle, but are humming constantly. That woman and the half-dozen men behind her are Fantee; you see they are a larger race than the rest, but they are revengeful and apt to be uneasy."

"But here comes one larger than the Fantee."

"Ah, yes, that fellow is from the Gold Coast, he will bring a heavy sum in doubloons, and will be sold in Havana for a domestic servant, a calisero perhaps, they are a favorite tribe, too, with the planters."

"Here comes a squad that must have white blood in their veins," we suggested.

"No, they belong to the Ebro tribe and are mulatto. They too are very faithful, but slow, and somewhat stupid. See these three shackled together, with surly looks and gaunt forms, those are Ashantees, and have thrived but poorly on their small allowance of rice water. They are a powerful inland tribe in Africa, and are rarely captured and sold to the factories on the coast. They are sturdy and serviceable fellows, but they must be humored, the lash will not subdue them."

"Of what tribe are those slim and quiet-looking men who are standing behind the palm trees?"

"Those," said the doctor, "are Carobellees, a singular and superstitious tribe; they are highly esteemed by the planters, but not when first landed. They must be first domesticated, for they believe that after death they will return to their native land, and consequently they are prone to commit suicide."

As the doctor spoke, the last of the human freight which had been lauded was put in marching trim, and moved inland, while at the same moment there boomed over the sea a report of a gun, which called our attention to the distant sea. A change had taken place since we had last turned that way. The moon at intervals now lighted up the waters, but was often obscured by clouds. Off in the southern board there was seen the French cruiser, which had returned just in time to be too late.

The brigantine was standing seaward with every sail, and we could discern her quarter boat now leaving her side with a couple of hands, and pull for the shore, while at the same time a bright blaze sprang up amidsthips, and in a moment more crept like a living serpent from shroud to shroud, and from spar to spar, until the graceful brigantine was one brilliant sheet of flame. She had performed her mission, had made a fortune by her ill-gotten freight, and, as is the custom now when escape is hardly possible, was thus destroyed.

We watched the brilliant bonfire, and saw the cruiser cautiously haul her wind and bear away, for fire was an enemy she could not contend with, and anon there rose a shower of broken and blazing matter heavenward, and a confusing shock and thunder-like report filled the atmosphere, as the beautiful but guilty brigantine was blown to atoms.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LAMPLIGHTER. Illustrated Edition, by Thwaites. Engraved by Baker & Andrews. Seventy-third thousand. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 523.

This charming book is destined to run a new career in the beautiful garb with which the publishers have decked it. It is quite too late in the day to eulogize or criticize it; but we would call attention to Mr. Thwaites's designs, which are exceedingly graceful and pretty, and admirably rendered by Messrs. Baker & Andrews, in the spirit of the artist. These gentlemen have enriched our Pictorial with their productions. We must protest, however, against the shocking design which disfigures the cover.

LIFE OF P. T. BARNUM. Written by himself. Illustrated. New York: Leedfield. 1855. 12mo. pp. 404.

Not to have heard of Barnum is not to have lived, but to have vegetated. "All the world and his wife" have heard of him, but very few know anything positive about his antecedents. Mr. Barnum here tells us frankly the story of his chequered life, which has been full of ups and downs, and adventures, that no romance-writer would have dared to invent. The book is intensely readable, and we no longer wonder at the astounding prices offered by rival publishers for the copyright. It will have a greater run than "Joice Heath," the "Feggie Mermaid," the "Woolly Horse," or even Tom Thumb.

THE MOTHERS OF THE BIBLE. By Mrs. S. G. ASHTON. With an Introductory Essay, by A. L. STONE. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 344.

The author has searched the Scriptures for her material, and her delineations of the mothers of the Sacred Record are accompanied by reflections addressed to the matrons of the present age. An admirable work.

LIFE IN THE CLEARINGS vs. THE BUSH. By Mrs. MOODIE. New York: Dewitt & Davenport. 12mo. pp. 249.

Mrs. Moodie is a capital writer, and well deserves the popularity she earned by "Roughing it in the Bush." Lively pictures of society, pleasant homes, graphic descriptions of natural scenery, the whole leavened with good old-fashioned common sense, make up a highly attractive volume. It will infallibly be popular.

LIFE-SCENES OF THE MESSIAH. By REV. RUFUS W. CLARK. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 330.

A passage in the author's introductory note gives the following as the plan of the work: "This volume goes forth as a messenger to those who believe 'the truth as it is in Jesus.' It invites them to meditate upon the virtues and mission of their illustrious Redeemer, and mingle in those scenes of thrilling interest which constitute a prominent part of his history and labors." The volume is embellished by a steel engraving of the Crucifixion, from an original design by Billings.

THE BOAT CLUB; or, The Bunkers of Rippleton. A Tale for Boys. By OLIVER OPTIC. Illustrated. Boston: Brown, Bazu & Co. 1855. 18mo. pp. 252.

"Oliver Optic" (W. F. Adams) is a very natural and pleasant writer, and has evinced in this book a faculty for addressing young people—farer gift, by the way, than those who have never tried it imagine. His story is well told and interesting.

NOTHING VENTURE NOTHING HAVE. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 108.

A little work, by "Cousin Alice," written to illustrate the quiet heroism of private life. The success of the heroine is not a forced conclusion, dashed in simply to make a happy ending, but is the legitimate result of preceding acts and events. For sale by Redding & Co.

CLOVERNOOK CHILDREN. By ALICE CAREY. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1855. 18mo. pp. 231.

Our contributor, Alice Carey, always writes agreeably. Stories and legends of a place hallowed by old memories and associations, are here narrated in a very pleasant way. The book must be a favorite with children. The illustrations are from the pencil of Barry, and engraved by Baker, with whose skill, as exhibited in our columns, our readers are familiar.

THE LANDS OF THE SARACEN; or, Pictures of Palestine, Asia Minor, Sicily and Spain. By BAYARD TAYLOR. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 451.

Bayard Taylor is just now riding the top wave of popularity. His daring spirit of adventure, his perseverance under difficulties, what is known of his person, his literary talent, combine to secure him brilliant success. The names alone of the places treated of in the present volume (Jerusalem, Constantinople, Cadix, Seville) are thrilling. Described by a minute and yet poetical observer, they take hold of the imagination and fascinate the reader. We wonder no longer at the insatiate thirst for travel which every now and then sweeps off our author to the further corners of the globe. For sale by Redding & Co.

LITTLE FOLKS OWN. By Mrs. L. S. GOODWIN. Illustrated. Boston: W. P. Fittidge & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 139.

An unpretending little volume, consisting of prose and poetry, designed to amuse and benefit the young. The moral tone of the book is unexceptionable, and we should think the stories would prove quite interesting to the class of readers for whom it is designed.

HYPATIA; or, New Foes with an Old Face. By CHARLES KINGSLEY, JR., author of "Alton Locke." Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 487.

Mr. Kingsley, one of the most original and emphatic writers of the present century, has here given us a brilliant picture of life in the fifth century, depicting, in a narrative of vivid interest, the struggle between the young Christian Church and the Old World. He shows that the perils of to-day are but repetitions of the dangers of the past; he presents us with our own likenesses in toga and tunie, instead of coat and bonnet." A book that will make its mark.

DICTATION EXERCISES. By CHARLES NORTREND, A. M. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 118.

The author is favorably known by several educational works; he is also superintendent of schools in Danvers, in this State. The object is to give the pupils practice in words of common use and difficult orthography. These are embraced in exercises to be dictated by the teacher, and written by the pupil. It contains also a list of Latin and French phrases. We would not, however, have the pupil rely upon the pronunciation of the latter. No Frenchman would know that *koo-de-mang* and *zhang-darm* were intended as the true pronunciation of *coup-de-main* and *gens-d'armes*, or that *mo-sen* meant *mon-sieur*. However, these are minor blemishes, and the book is a good one. For sale by R. S. Davis & Co.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.
LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

OUR OWN MATTERS.

We may be excused for calling the attention of our readers and the public to the appearance of the present number of Ballou's (late Gleason's) Pictorial. It will be observed that we have vastly beautified and improved this illumined journal, rendering it far more valuable and interesting than heretofore. It is printed on the finest of satin-surfaced paper, much heavier and more durable than we have ever before used, while one whole page of illustrations per week has also been added. We leave our readers to judge of the character of our engravings, in which department we have engaged the services of the best artists and engravers in this country.

The fine quality of paper upon which the present number appears will be *continued without change*; and we have on hand a series of illustrations and designs which will enhance the intrinsic value of the current volume of the Pictorial beyond any previous one yet issued. The same spirit of enterprise and liberality evinced in the number now before the reader will be found to characterize every issue during the year. Thus the proprietor is resolved to more than redeem the promises already made to the public and to his patrons, whose names have poured in upon us from all parts of the land, within the past few weeks, at a rate far exceeding any previous experience of this favored establishment.

The propriety of the change in the title of the paper from Gleason's to Ballou's Pictorial will at once be obvious to the most casual observer, as the sole proprietorship of the Pictorial is now vested in the undersigned.

M. M. BALLOU.

GUNNERY.

Some experiments in gunnery have been made recently at the Washington Navy Yard. The object is to test the metal (cast iron), of which a heavy piece of ordnance is constructed, with a view to its adaptation to the navy. The gun is the largest in the country, with a bore of eleven inches, and weighing sixteen thousand pounds. Upwards of one thousand and forty rounds have been fired thus far—generally thirty a day. Fifteen pounds of powder serves for a single charge, and the shot average one hundred and sixty-eight pounds. Twelve men are required to work this mammoth piece of artillery. The effects of each discharge on the metal are carefully noted. Such a shot in the side of a vessel must make it feel as if it were kicked by an earthquake.

MLE. GABRIELLE DE LAMOTTE.—This brilliant young pianist is earning an enviable reputation among us, both as a performer and a teacher. Her monthly concerts at the Messrs. Chickering's rooms are attended by the *élite* of our society. Her third concert for the season will take place in a few days.

FRAGRANT AND BEAUTIFUL.—We have to thank some kind and thoughtful friend for a deliciously fragrant bouquet. Flowers are said to be the alphabet of angels—who will interpret for us this floral epistle?

FORTHCOMING.—We have some superb illustrations for our forthcoming numbers, and intend to surprise and delight our patrons by a succession of novelties.

SPLINTERS.

.... General Bosquet, who behaved so gallantly in the Crimea, was born at Pau, in France, in 1810.

.... Willis says of Ticknor & Fields's bookstore, that it is the "Parnassus corner of our country."

.... A vessel laden with timber for a meeting-house was wrecked on Plum Island lately—the first church ever cast away.

.... A lad was fined in the police office in Halifax five pounds, for tying a kettle and basket to a dog's tail.

.... The First Baptist Church in Hartford has been sold to an importing house for \$28,000.

.... He who learns, and makes no use of his learning, is a beast of burden with a load of books hitched to him.

.... Hon. James Guthrie, Secretary of the Treasury, is taxed in one district of Louisville for \$501,205.

.... It cost £35,000 to entertain Queen Victoria at Hull, England. That was going the *hull* figure.

.... A mine of block tin has been discovered in Virginia. She will have tin miners instead of being minus the tin.

.... There are two or three thousand Americans now residing in Paris, and they mean to get up a Yankee weekly.

.... Fourteen million dollars worth of grain, hops and apples are made into cider, beer and liquor in the U. States each year.

.... It passes for an ornament to borrow from other tongues, when we may be better furnished in our own.

.... The last Indian inhabitant of Nantucket is dead. He was named Abraham Quady.

.... George Washington Dixon, the negro melodist, is said to have married a beautiful Creole, worth \$80,000.

.... A negro in Alabama is spotted like the leopard—but unlike the leopard, the spots change place.

.... President Pierce completed his 50th year, on Thanksgiving day. He may escape the fatality of the White House.

.... Miss Moore who lately disappeared from Rochester, N. Y., is supposed to have been murdered; it causes great excitement.

NOVELS AND NOVEL-READING.

Gray thought it the height of earthly felicity to lie on a sofa all day long and read French novels, and there are few persons who can plead not guilty to the "soft impeachment" of having, at some time of their lives, devoured novels with more eagerness than any other works of literature. We are afraid to guess how many mathematicians have been beguiled from the problems of Euclid by the romances of Scott; and as for enumerating the boarding-school misses who have wept themselves blind over the "Sorrows of Werther," it would be like attempting to count the sands on the seashore. Presses have groaned, pulpits have flamed against this passion for fiction; but all to no purpose: novelists have found, and will continue to find, twenty times as many readers as historians or essayists. The love of fictitious tales is not a local or temporary passion; the oldest nations had their fables and parables, and centuries ago the bearded Oriental listened with grave delight to the romance of the itinerant storyteller, as he does at this day in the coffee-houses of Stamboul. The troubadour amused the illiterate knights of the age of chivalry, as Scott delighted their descendants in the nineteenth century. But it is only of late years that novels have exerted a potential influence—that sound moralists, instead of uselessly arguing against a popular taste, have wisely turned it to account.

It is somewhat curious to remark the changes of style and character that novels have undergone in modern days. The ponderous, long-winded, interminable romances of chivalry, with their violations of all the "unities," their contempt for geography, history, probability and nature, having ceased to find readers, a school of witty, reckless and coarse delineators of life sprang up, transferring the spirit of comedy from the stage to the pages of romance. Then came the weighty moral novel—such as Richardson constructed; then the sickly sentimental—the Radcliffe school of thrilling mystery, and the pseudo-historical school, such as the "Scottish Chiefs," and "Thaddeus of Warsaw."

Some very excellent stories—among them Miss Edgeworth's—had been written, when the genius of Scott flashed upon the literary world like an Aurora Borealis. There are very many living who remember the thrilling sensation produced by the Waverley novels. The height of popularity which he attained induced writers of all opinions and classes to adopt the novel as the best means of securing the popular ear, and we have had novels historical, philosophical, polemical, didactic, military, nautical; in a word, every theme that human intellect pursues has been treated of in a novel form. And we have new schools springing up like mushrooms; such as the Uncle Tom school, the Fanny Fern school, and the Lamplighter school. We cannot but think, however, that the prodigious success of some of the later celebrities will prove evanescent, and that, though the popularity of such writers as Scott may be diminished for the time being, their fame is established beyond the power of caprice to injure it.

OUR NEW HEADING.

The reader will observe that with the present number we not only don an entire new suit of type, from top to toe, but that we have also entirely changed the heading of the Pictorial, adding the new proprietor's, in place of the former owner's, name. We cannot refrain from calling the attention to the improvement manifested in the present, over the old upright, unmeaning heading. The new one was designed for us by Mr. C. A. Barry, a young artist of this city, whose pencil chronicles more effectually his genius and artistic taste than our pen can do. The design was cut by that finished engraver, Mr. John Andrew, also of this city.

The scene within the circle will be readily recognized by our citizens as a view of Boston and part of Charlestown from Dorchester Heights. On the left of the centre-piece we have a viaduct over which a train of cars is running; on the right, a ship, emblematic of commerce; while in the foreground, a statue, a palette, books and writing implements, tastefully typify sculpture, painting and literature. The whole is grouped with skill and effect, and finished carefully.

We desire in this connection to refer to the font of type, furnished us by Messrs. PHELPS & DALTON, type founders of this city; its clear and beautiful face, legibility, and excellence of finish, are all manifest in the paper before the reader. The card of this well known and long established house will be found in our advertising columns.

GOLD FOR RUSSIA.—According to the Journal de Petersburg, there passed, on September 2, 1854, through Nijnii-Novgorod (celebrated for its great annual fairs), a transport of gold from the mines of Altai, on its way to the capital. The transport contained about 17,000 pounds of pure gold—worth \$5,000,000, if we estimate a pound of gold at \$300.

PORTRAIT OF FORREST.—We have received from Messrs. Masury & Silsbee, daguerrotypists, No. 299 1-2 Washington Street, a beautiful photographic portrait of the distinguished American tragedian, which is an admirable specimen of art. It has all the effect of a fine mezzotint engraving.

WIT AND HUMOR.—Our neighbor of the Yankee Blade is still whittling off his jokes at No. 12 School Street. His bump of mirthfulness is so prominent that *Aborn* had considerable difficulty in fitting him to a beaver, a few days since.

CIRCULATION.—A late number of the London Illustrated News boasts that its circulation is 104,000 weekly. This is less than the circulation of Ballou's Pictorial by seven thousand!

THE WAR.—Hard fighting and little progress mark the war operations between Russia and the allies.

THE NEW CAMBRIDGE BRIDGE.

The view we give on page 12 is an accurate delineation of the new bridge which connects Boston with Cambridgeport, built upon the site of the old bridge, and recently thrown open to the public. The houses of Cambridgeport are seen in the distance at the end of the bridge. This is a great thoroughfare, and our artist has not exaggerated the amount of travel by crowding the bridge with omnibusses, carriages and pedestrians. The interruption of travel caused by the building of this bridge was a serious inconvenience to the public, as they had to make a long *detour* to reach Cambridgeport, or Cambridge, by way of Craigie's Bridge, or the Mill Dam and the bridge thence to Cambridgeport. The first bridging of the Charles River, nearly half a century ago, was regarded as an astounding event, and the opening of Charlestown Bridge was celebrated by the ringing of bells, the firing of cannon, by a banquet, speeches and other appropriate demonstrations. The muses were invoked to honor the occasion, and all Suffolk and Middlesex were agog. Nor was this first step in the path of enterprise unworthy of such a celebration. Inestimable advantages flowed from it, and property on the main land rapidly advanced in value from that moment. The building of Charlestown Bridge was then what the opening of the Worcester Railroad was much later. Now-a-days even the opening of a new bridge is only a day's wonder—the new avenue is silently accepted as a matter of course.

BINDING THE PICTORIAL.

This being the first number of a new volume, it is an appropriate time to remind the readers of the Pictorial of the importance of preserving the numbers of the paper for binding, and thus keeping by them constantly an illumined record of the times. We are now binding the numbers of the past volume, being vol. VII., for those persons who send them in. They are done in gilt edges and backs, illumined covers, with elegant title-page, and an elaborate index, at a charge of *one dollar each*. We can supply any and all back numbers, even to the very commencement of the work, for the purpose of completing sets, or supplying torn, injured or missing numbers, at a charge of six cents each. Few persons who have been regularly in receipt of the Pictorial but must desire to preserve it in a durable form.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Robert L. Wardle to Miss Mary C. Simpson; by Rev. Mr. Blagden, Dr. Joseph W. Feagley, of Providence, R. I., to Miss Matilda Pickens; by Rev. Bishop Eastburn, John Wallace, Esq., to Miss Anna A. Bridgeman, of Hardwick, Vt.; by Rev. Mr. Huntington, Mr. Henry E. Knapp to Miss Mary A. H. Whiton—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Cilley, Mr. John R. Cushman to Miss Pamela A. Rich—At Roxbury, by Rev. Mr. Putnam, Mr. William B. Bacon to Miss Emily C. Low, both of Jamaica Plain—At Cambridgeport, by Rev. Mr. Daves, George Minot, Esq., of Reading, to Miss Elizabeth Dawes—At Brighton, by Rev. Mr. Whitney, Mr. E. St. Clair Hutchins, of Newton, to Miss Mary E. D. Morse—At Ipswich, by Rev. Mr. Fitz, Mr. Daniel E. Safford, of Hamilton, to Miss Mary E. Smith—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Carleton, Mr. Philip Bennett to Miss Mary Welch—At Essex, Mr. Nathan Low to Miss Mary W. Burnham—At Beverly, by Rev. Mr. Eddy, Mr. David M. Carter to Miss Louisa S. Burpee—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Woodbury, Mr. Henry E. Adams, of Cleveland, Ohio, to Miss Sarah J. Coburn—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Vernilye, Capt. Ebenezer Ames to Miss Catherine B. Hutchins, of Rockland, Me.—At Nantucket, by Rev. Mr. Philbrook, Mr. Benjamin F. Folger, 2d, to Miss Sarah H. Swain—At Winchester, by Rev. Mr. Marsters, of Woburn, Mr. Thomas P. Ayres to Miss Lydia M. Symmes—At Greenland, Mr. Waynes N. Potter to Miss Frances A. Dickinson.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Frederick W. Davis, 30; Mr. Frederick J. Tutin, 58; Mr. George W. Smith, formerly of Wuxbury, 24; Mrs. Elizabeth, widow of the late Mr. Joshua Davis, 76; Mr. Samuel Beals, 75—At Charlestown, Mrs. Margaret Durell, 61; Mrs. Hannah Quinlan, 55; Widow Harriet Adams, 54—At Roxbury, Widow Mary Ann Blasland, late of Boston, 55; Mrs. Susan B., wife of Mr. Jeremiah Gore—At East Cambridge, Mr. James M. Lassell, 37—At Dorchester, Mr. Joseph Stevens, 49—At Brookline, Mrs. Clarissa, wife of Samuel Hills, Esq., 51—At Watertown, Mrs. Eliza Bacon, 69—At Waltham, Mrs. Eliza H., wife of Mr. Henry Timmins—At Salem, Mr. Daniel Kimball, 36; Charles H. Stoddard, 18—At Danvers, Mrs. Lydia Ann Wilson, 26—At Amesbury, Rev. Benjamin Austin, 29—At Braintree, Charles Miller Fogg, Esq., 49—At South Dedham, Mr. Robert K. Leach, 57—At Groton, Mrs. Abbie R. Spalter, 34—At Tewksbury, Rev. Jacob Coggin, 74—At Worcester, Mr. Rodna A. Mills, 22—At West Brookfield, Miss Mary Ann Rice, 34—At New Bedford, Mrs. Phoebe, wife of Mr. Jethro D. Daggett, 45—At Newburyport, Mrs. Mary W. Laneey, 46—At Georgetown, Mrs. Sarah J. S. Ordway, 38—At Upton, Mrs. Hannah Johnson, 74—At Kingston, Mr. Charles Burgess, 70—At Providence, R. I., Widow Mary Field, 93—At Old Warwick, R. I., Mrs. Barbara, widow of the late Thomas W. Greene, Esq., 85—At New London, Conn., Mrs. Euclie, widow of the late Capt. John Prentiss, 81.

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MEN OF THE TIMES.

DONALD MCKAY.

In America, rank, in the highest sense, does not depend upon one's family or place of birth—upon wealth or place alone, upon mere show or pretence—but rather upon what one has really done to distinguish himself as an American citizen, that has brought honor to his country and that has conferred benefits upon mankind. Such men are our nobles, our lords, our dukes and our earls, our kings and our princes, whom the people delight to honor for their works. No matter what blood courses through their veins, or where they were born, or how few titles they have received. With this view, we commence a series of papers on the living genius of America in all departments of human effort, in science, art, literature and in the learned professions. The great American inventor, discoverer, mechanic, traveller, merchant, manufacturer, agriculturist, and indeed, the foremost men in every department of human industry, will find their places in this series of articles. We know of no American who can be indifferent to such information aided by the beautiful illustrations of the artist; and wherever our language is spoken around the globe, there is an interest in the distinguished men of America. Though we may not, in every instance, select an eminent man to represent a department of business, that all, either in his own or in other professions, shall regard as foremost, yet we hope to present one that all shall agree is one of the first, and not an unfit representative of his class. Donald McKay, whose portrait we here-with give, engraved from an accurate daguerrotype by Southworth & Hawes, is a fit representative of the American ship-building interest. He is our great ship-builder at the present time, and, as every one knows, has built the greatest clipper ship that ever sailed upon any waters. His name in connection with the ship has become a household word, both at home and abroad. Mr. McKay was not American born, but he has spent the largest portion of his life in this country. Here he has built up his character; here he has established his fame. He was born in Shelburne, Nova Scotia, in 1809, so that he is now in the meridian of his life. The town of his birth is, as we might expect, a seaport, and one of the finest in the world. It is laid out as beautifully as Philadelphia, and there many born on our own soil have found their pleasant home. As a boy, young McKay was full of life and activity, giving promise of becoming the man he is. Living upon a farm he found too little excitement, and so sought it in pursuing the moose and deer with which the neighborhood abounded; or else in riding upon the waters of the fine bay of Shelburne. He early showed a taste for that which was to be his future profession, and it is stated that at the early age of nineteen, he built a fishing smack in connection with his brother, now Captain Laughlin McKay. It is a curious fact in the history of the McKay family, that the grandfather of the subject of this notice was an officer in a Scotch Highland regiment at the battle of Bunker Hill, hated the rebel Yankees, and fought against them with all his might, little dreaming that his own son was to be one of them, and that his grand-children, both numerous and influential, were to dwell among us. McKay is a Scotch name, known by its spelling to those familiar with the names of old Scotia. The name has figured for at least eight centuries among the Highlands of that



DONALD MCKAY.

land, during much of which period the people represented by it were in a wild and warlike condition. The name Donald McKay can be fairly traced to the fifteenth century. Mr. McKay, after trying his powers at ship-building near his native home, sought, at the age of twenty-two, a wider sphere of action in the city of New York. Here he began to learn his trade under wise master-builders of ships, and spared no pains to perfectly understand it. After a few years in so good a school, he commenced business for himself on the banks the Merrimack, at Newburyport. He built there several of the finest ships ever constructed upon that river, for New York and Boston houses, and finally removed to East Boston in 1845, from whence his fame as a ship-builder has travelled round the world. Mr. McKay has built at East Boston some fifty vessels, quite a proportion of which were of the largest size. The first of these was the Washington Irving, after which glided into the water, from his yard, the New World, the Ocean Mon-

proud position. He is a leading man of a great class, without which there can be no merchants, no commerce, no sailors—for what are all these without ships, swift ships to traverse all waters? He has not attained his present position without a long struggle. He has been the architect of his own fortune. He has met and conquered difficulties under which ordinary men would have sunk. When the keel of the Great Republic was laid, some of his friends remarked that "she was too large, and that she would hankrupt him before she was finished." Yet he persevered, remarking by way of reply, "Let friends and foes talk, I'll work." Such is the man, and by such a spirit is he actuated. He has proved himself worthy of success; he has brought honor to this country, that he now claims as his own—and also to this city, which is his adopted, and, as we most sincerely trust, permanent home. Long may the trophies of his genius and skill ride on the topmost wave of the ocean and of fortune!

arch, the Daniel Webster, the Staffordshire (of melancholy memory), the Sovereign of the Seas, and the Great Republic of 4500 tons register, and of 6000 tons stowage capacity! The last ship, unequalled in size, attracted universal attention, and it is supposed that full 60,000 people assembled to witness its launch. The Great Republic found its watery home October 4, 1853, and in thirteen months from that date, Mr. McKay had launched eleven vessels, ten of which were ships, with an aggregate of 24,600 tons. Estimating these ships at eighty dollars a ton, they are worth very nearly two millions of dollars. If this is not a good year's work, it will be difficult to find the ship-builder in the world that has done one. Six of these ships were built for James Baines & Co., of Liverpool, a house more extensively engaged in Australian navigation than any other in the world. The first of these was the Lightning, which was launched January 2, of 1854. This is a ship of 2100 tons, was built for speed and was named for the same, and it has proved itself to be worthy both of its name and origin by lately sailing round the world ten or twelve days quicker than any other ship. The Lightning is also remarkable as having been the first ship built for England by any other nation. Indeed, it was only four years since, that British law permitted Englishmen to buy foreign vessels. The other ships built by Mr. McKay for James Baines & Co., for their Australian line of clipper ships, are the Champion of the Seas, the James Baines, the Commodore Perry, the Japan and the Donald McKay. The James Baines performed the feat of sailing from Boston to Liverpool in twelve days and six hours, or quicker than any other sailing vessel that ever crossed the Atlantic. Mr. McKay is a man of mark in his personal appearance, which betrays his Scotch origin and his iron energy. He might be selected on 'Change as the author of the Great Republic. He is of the average height, and far beyond the average in his stoutness and weight; with his full face, ruddy complexion, piercing eyes and muscular limbs, he might be taken for a descendant of the wild inhabitants of the Highlands of Scotland eight hundred years ago. Mr. McKay is the representative of a large American interest. East Boston, that was nothing twenty years ago, has been much advanced by the building of ships. The same is true of many other places in the Commonwealth. Mr. McKay, then, as a foremost representative of this interest, occupies a



THE NEW CAMBRIDGE BRIDGE, BOSTON, MASS.

[For description, see page 11.]



HARVARD UNIVERSITY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

We present our readers with two excellent engravings, depicting the college buildings at Cambridge, the most ancient seat of learning in the United States. The first represents a group which will be readily recognized. Massachusetts, Hollis, Stoughton and Halworthy Halls being conspicuous. In the fine Gothic church on the right the exercises of commencement day take place. Gore Hall, which stands in the rear of these buildings, is the subject of the second illustration. It is of recent construction, built entirely of granite, and contains a choice library of about 90,000 volumes. This building has been much admired for its architectural elegance. The foundation of Harvard University is one of the most honorable events in the history of Massachusetts. In 1630, six years only after the settlement of Boston, the General Court appropriated four hundred pounds for the establishment of a school or college at Cambridge, then called Newtown. When we consider the scantiness of the colonial resources, and the value of money at that time, the allowance appears no less than munificent. The colonial records mention this appropriation in the following terms: "The court agreed to give four hundred pounds towards a school or college, whereof two hundred pounds be paid the next year, and two hundred pounds when the work is finished, and the next court to appoint where and what building." The colonists were then involved in the Pequot war. Savage says the sum was "equal to a year's rate of the whole colony." But the college owes its existence, in fact—for it is doubtful whether the legislature would have carried their plans beyond the establishment of a grammar-school—to the liberality of an English clergyman, the Rev. John Harvard, and who died in Charlestown in 1638. Very little is known respecting this benefactor of learning. His birthplace, even, cannot be ascertained. He was, however, a man of education, having graduated at Cambridge University, England, and he preached in Newtown, afterwards Cambridge, Massachusetts. Harvard left by will one half his estate, about eight hundred pounds sterling, to the school which the legislature had established in Newtown. His bequest gave a vigorous impetus to the new establishment, and the General Court at once determined to erect it into a college, to be called Harvard, in commemoration of its benefactor; while in honor of the classic seat of learning in the mother country, where so many of the colonists had been educated, the name of Newtown was changed to that of Cambridge. "It pleased God," says a contemporary writer, "to stir up the heart of one Mr. Harvard (a godly gentleman and lover of learning then living among us), to give one half of his estate towards the erection of a college, and all his library." "When," says Edward Everett, in his address delivered at the erection of a monument to John Harvard, in the graveyard at Charlestown,

Sept. 26, 1828, "we think of the mighty importance, in our community, of the system of public instruction, and regard the venerable man whom we commemorate, as the first to set the example of contributing liberally for the endowment of places of education (an example faithfully imitated in this region in almost every succeeding age), we cannot, as patriots, admit that any honor which it is in our power to pay to his memory, is beyond his desert." The impulse given by John Harvard's generosity placed the permanence of the college out of danger. Four years after Harvard's death, a class graduated, whose finished education reflected the highest credit on their alma mater. The university became the pride of the colony. English youths were sent hither to receive their education. The legislature continued its guardianship and care, and aided it by timely donations, while private individuals, animated by the spirit and example of Harvard, poured their contributions and bequests into its treasury. It was richly endowed, and in resources, buildings, library, and professorships, it takes precedence of all other institutions of

learning in the country. In 1850, its alumni numbered 6272. The annual commencement still attracts crowds, and is regarded with interest, and for two centuries it was, to Cambridge, Boston and its environs, the great event of the year. It gathered together all the dignitaries, all the learning, and all the beauty and fashion of the land. The university comprises a department for under-graduates and schools of theology, law and medicine. A most important addition to the educational advantages of Cambridge was the founding of the Scientific School, founded in 1848, by Hon. Abbott Lawrence, with a fund of \$50,000, which has since been largely increased. In this school, young men, who have not received a classical education, can be fitted for various departments of business, as chemists, civil engineers, navigators, etc. Of the college buildings, University Hall, not seen in our engraving, is a handsome granite edifice, and contains the chapel, lecture rooms, etc. Besides the large halls occupied by the under-graduates, there are Divinity Hall, appropriated to theological students, and Holden Chapel, which contains the anatomical museum, etc. A large observatory is furnished with one of the largest and finest telescopes in the world. The legislative government is vested in a corporation, which consists of the president and six fellows, and a board of overseers, composed of the president, the governor and lieutenant-governor of the State, the members of the executive council, and the Senate, and the speaker of the House of Representatives, *ex-officio*, together with thirty others, fifteen clergymen and fifteen laymen, elected for the purpose. The faculty of instruction, embracing the professional and scientific schools, consists of the president, twenty-eight professors, five tutors and several teachers. The degree of Bachelor of Arts is conferred at the close of a course of four years' study. The term of study for the divinity school is three years. That of the law school three years for graduates of any college, and five for students who have not received a classical education. There are very liberal funds appropriated to the support of students who require assistance in the prosecution of their studies. The law school, which enjoys a high repute, was established in 1817. The lectures to the medical students are delivered at the Massachusetts Medical College, in Boston. A degree of M. D. is conferred only upon those students who have attended the courses of lectures, and spent three years under the tuition of a regular physician. The succession of presidents has embraced nineteen individuals, the first being the Rev. Henry Dunster, and the present Rev. James D. Walker, a ripe and accomplished scholar. Recent presidents preceding were Jared Sparks, Edward Everett, and Josiah Quincy. In fact, the succession of presidents is a catalogue of some of the most brilliant names in our State records; and thousands in our land look with pride upon Harvard as their cherished Alma Mater.



GORE HALL, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

A Yankee proposes to build a spiral staircase down the maelstrom, to rescue treasures. — It has recently been ascertained that ordinary tin plates, or plates of thin sheet iron, coated with an alloy of tin and lead, with a small proportion of antimony, form a native element for galvanic batteries, so stern as scarcely to be affected by the sulphuric acid. They answer the purpose as well as platinized silver. — The Patriotic Fund (for the relief of the widows and orphans of the British army and navy engaged in the war with Russia), in New York, now amounts to \$8041. To increase it a public meeting is talked of. — Mr. Finney, a dentist, of London, it is said, has found a filled tooth in the jaw of a mummy. — One thousand and sixty dollars have been received at the pension office, on account of moneys fraudulently obtained from that bureau by Jacob Singerland, who is now in the penitentiary of Vermont, having been convicted of forging pension cases. — The London (Eng.) Builder says: "Does it not strike you that vast quantities of the light produced by gas is wasted in the streets by the want of a reflector from the top of the lamp? Why not paint the outside of the upper panes of glass with white paint, so as to throw down a greater part of the light now wasted on the clouds and stars. — The Florida and South Carolina Legislatures are engaged in propositions to improve the common school systems of the two States. The plans proposed in South Carolina are much contested, but in Florida there is hope of establishing a good system of common school education. — A singular marriage contract was a few days since entered into in Tennessee. The wife is worth a cool fifty thousand. The husband is the rightful owner of a magnificent goat. The contract provided that the husband is to have no interest in his wife's estate, shall collect none of her debts and chastise none of her servants, and that he shall pay her one hundred and fifty dollars per annum for board. — The Cunard line has conveyed 100,000 passengers without injury to any one. — The Cooperstown (N. Y.) Times says there is a Yankee in that town selling rights to manufacture honey. The editor has tried the honey, and pronounces it "beautiful in appearance and delightful to the taste." It is made principally from sugar, and can be afforded at one shilling per pound. What shall we have next? — A young man by the name of Eben Davis, left the town of Franklin, Me., for Ellsworth, on the 28th ult., on foot, intending to return the same day, and has not been heard of since. It is feared he was devoured by wolves. He was a resident of Brooksville, in that State, and had been married but a few days before. — The Thames Tunnel doesn't pay expenses. — The Collins steamers are receiving their new metallic life-boats. Each ship is to have five, in addition to the old boats, of an average capacity of eighty persons. The first has already been put on the Baltic, and the India-rubber floats have been removed from the old boats as worthless, and powerful cork fenders put on in their places. — We have now thirty insane hospitals, with six thousand patients. — The Louisville (Ky.) Times says the little town of New Albany, Indiana, directly across the river, when they wanted a railroad, appointed a committee to obtain subscriptions, and in three or four days had obtained \$290,000. Louisville in one week managed to get \$90,000. Here is a striking contrast. — A Chinese newspaper published in California is called *Kin-chan-chi-ji-sin-lou*, which signifies *The Gold-mine Journal*. — Loufty Effendi, the Turko-Egyptian commissioner at the New York Exhibition, married a New York lady. — The Washington monument has now attained a height of one hundred sixty-six feet. — Two small towns in Germany make yearly 151,320 violins, 31,716 guitars, 600 double basses, 3000 violoncellos, and 45,000 dollars worth of strings. — The loss by the burning of Placide's Theatre, New Orleans, is estimated at 90,000 dollars. — Col. Woodfield, killed in a duel in California, was accompanied to the field by his wife.

THE CROWN OF ENGLAND.

The following is estimated as the value of the jewels in this magnificent diadem: Twenty diamonds round the circle, £1500 each, £30,000; two large centre diamonds, £2000 each, £4000; fifty-four smaller diamonds, placed at the angles of the smaller, £100; four crosses, each composed of twenty-five diamonds, £12,000; four large diamonds on the top of the crosses, £4000; twelve diamonds contained in fleur-de-lis, £10,000; eighteen smaller diamonds contained in the same, £2000; pearls, diamonds, etc., upon the arches and crosses, £10,000; also one hundred and forty-one smaller diamonds, £3000; twenty-six diamonds in the upper cross, £300; two circles of pearls about the rim, £3000. Cost of the stones in the crown, exclusive of the metal, £111,900.

NEAT STOCK.—The first horned cattle brought to America were imported by Columbus in 1492. In 1750, the best dairy farms in Rhode Island contained upwards of one hundred cows, and sold 13,000 pounds of cheese, besides butter, bullocks and calves. On one farm, seventy-three cows made 10,000 pounds of butter in five months. Two acres of good land sustained one cow. The present number of cattle in the United States may be estimated at 20,000,000.

DISTINGUISHED FARMERS.—Cyrus the Great claimed that he was a Persian farmer (he had a pretty large farm). Frederick the Great amused himself by raising melons; Washington, Jefferson, Madison and Webster were all good farmers.

LUXURY.—In spite of the hard times in New York a large dealer in laces says he has never before sold so many or such expensive laces as during this season.

Wayside Gatherings.

A fever of a malignant type is sweeping off large numbers of children at Esopus, N. Y.

Clark Mills, who erected the bronze equestrian statue of Jackson, it is said, has a contract with the city of New Orleans to furnish a duplicate of the statue for \$30,000.

The New York Association for the benefit of colored orphans in the city, have expended in their labors of charity, during the past year, \$15,355.

A Spanish passenger by the Pacific was detected in attempting to smuggle jewelry, etc., to the extent of about \$2000. The goods were seized by the custom authorities.

A very large number of church edifices are being erected in Texas. Four religious newspapers are well sustained in the State, and there are prospectuses issued for three more.

The Italian republicans of New York propose to celebrate the anniversary of the formal deposition of the pope, by the Constituent Assembly in Rome, on the 9th of February, 1849.

The Hamilton Gazette, the Montreal Pilot, and other Canadian papers, are earnestly inviting Queen Victoria to visit her dominions in Canada. She will not probably accept the invitation at present.

Minnesota is about four times as large as the State of Ohio, comprising an area of about 166,000 square miles, or 105,000,000 acres of land, the most of which is fine rolling prairies of rich land, a sandy loam adapted to the short summers of the climate.

It is stated that upwards of three thousand mechanics are now without employment in the city of Newark, and the greatest destitution prevails among them. A benevolent association has been formed for their relief.

The sales of the agent appointed in Bridgeport, Ct., to dispose of spirituous liquors, amounted in three months to \$4718, of which \$4621 was for medicinal purposes—and this in a place of 7560 inhabitants! Bridgeport must be a very sickly locality.

The coal beds of East Tennessee are beginning to excite attention and interest. They are located on the line of the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad. The coal is bituminous and of a soft texture.

Rev. Franklin A. Spencer, pastor of the Presbyterian church, in Hanover, N. Y., has been compelled to pay \$2500 in a suit brought against him by a young lady whom he had accused of unchaste conduct.

Ten lives were lost by the burning of the steamboat Gipsev, running on the Mississippi River. The vessel was also an entire loss, with a valuable freight. Fifty bales of cotton, on the landing, were also consumed.

It is stated that Mr. Vanderbilt will shortly start a new line of first class steamships between New York and Liverpool. Two vessels are to be ready in the course of the coming spring, and six or eight others will be added in the course of the next twelve or eighteen months.

The Great Republic has come out of the Brooklyn dry dock, and is as serviceable a vessel as ever, in some respects. Her keel, lines, etc., remain unaltered. She is 304 feet in length, 48 feet in breadth, and will register 3386 tons, having one deck less than before.

The Vergennes Vermonter says that Dr. Huntington of that city has just parted with the old gray horse which for thirty-six years has been a member of his family. It is a ripe old age for a horse, and shows that he has been kindly treated and well cared for.

The New Orleans papers announce the death of John Randolph Grymes, Esq., an eminent member of the New Orleans bar, well known throughout the Union as an able and learned counsellor, and as an eloquent and successful pleader. He died December 3d, at the age of 68.

Since the first of May last, there has been sent from the Warren, Mass., depot to Boston, 218,604 pounds of cheese, and of milk during the same period, 289,994 gallons. During the month of November, the same city received 73,128 pounds of pork from Warren and vicinity.

A complimentary dinner was given at Paterson, New Jersey, a few days ago, to M. Lafayette, a grandson of the marquis, who is on a visit to the United States, in behalf of a suit, now before the Supreme Court, relative to the lands given to his grandfather by Congress, for services rendered during the revolutionary war.

The annual amount of the lead produce of the United States is estimated at from 18,000 to 20,000 tons, which is supplied by the States of Illinois, Wisconsin, Arkansas, Virginia, Pennsylvania and New York. Besides this, about 20,000 tons are annually imported from foreign countries.

The State of Vermont is intersected by four hundred ninety miles of railroad, which have probably cost, up to the present time, \$24,000,000, or \$50,000 a mile. Their construction has doubled, within the last ten years, the value of the taxable property of the State. The capital was mostly supplied by Boston.

At the Bay State Mill, in Lawrence, Mass., there are manufactured, annually, four hundred thousand shawls, valued at upwards of a million and a half of dollars. The mills consume forty thousand pounds of wool in a day, or upwards of twelve millions a year. The fleeces of at least three million sheep are annually required to supply their demand.

On the 23d November, the town of Marion, in Mississippi, was visited by one of the most violent tornadoes ever experienced in that section of the country. Every house in the village, with a single exception, was levelled to the ground by the fury of the storm, and a number of persons were severely injured by falling fragments.

An interesting case, involving the rights of boarding-house keepers, was decided in the New York Courts recently. The landlady of a large establishment recovered \$2000 damages, with costs, for losses sustained by the repair of a building next door. The house was rendered untenable and some of the boarders left, hence the suit.

At Columbus, Miss., a short time since, an outrageous murder was committed in a ball-room. It appears that a young man, a son of Judge Whitfield, was conversing with a young lady in the room. This excited the anger of Joseph Nash, one of the company, who caught young Whitfield by the hair, and cut his throat, killing him almost immediately.

Robert Chambers remarks, that a person accustomed to visit among the middle classes in Great Britain, is astounded at the profusion at table in all quarters of America. "There is," he says, "no stinting as to food. It was often pressed on my notice in the United States, that the hired laborers in the field are provided with better fare than falls to the lot of thousands of the 'gentle' classes of England."

Foreign Items.

Thirty-two English transports were lost in the Black Sea on the 14th ult. The Prince and the Sea Nymph foundered with all on board. Three mail steamers have been stranded.

Constantinople dates of the 20th ult. state that during the previous ten days at least 15,000 men, to reinforce the allies had sailed for the Crimea, and passed the Bosphorus on their way thither.

A new plastic composition has been invented in London—formed of clean washed river sand, blue lias lime and common cement, in about equal proportions. This composition is moulded into the form of bricks or slabs, and without firing it, dries quickly and resists the action of the atmosphere.

Mr. James Anderson, of Edinburgh, proposes a system of railways along the coasts presenting no natural means of defence, and placing upon these railways trains of carriages, each bearing a gun, so arranged as to be very readily available. Such a railway train would be a flying train of artillery.

It is said that when the Britannia bridge, in England, was built, it was thought a marvel to get rolled iron plates twelve feet long. Now, however, one of the triumphs of machinery is shown in the fact that plates are rolled 17 feet six inches long, 5 feet wide and 1 1/2 inches thick; making a superficies of 87 1/2 feet, and weighing thirty-five hundred weight.

The despatch of troops for the reinforcement of the allies in the Crimea, continues without intermission. Every available steamship had been taken up by the government for that purpose, and it is stated in the London Times that the British government is now paying at the rate of three millions of pounds sterling per annum for the charter of steamers alone, besides furnishing them with fuel.

A letter from Constantinople states that a considerable number of Tartars have made their submission to the allies. They requested to be allowed to settle down as colonists in Turkey, and a promise has been made to them that they should be transported to the province of Brouss, or to the neighborhood of Sinope. Since the commencement of the siege, nearly four thousand Tartars, with two hundred and fifty cars, have been employed at the entrenchments of the allies, for wages of one franc per day.

Sands of Gold.

.... Let pleasure be ever so innocent, the excess is always criminal.—*St. Evremont*.

.... If you want enemies, excel others; if you want friends, let others excel you.—*Colton*.

.... There is no vice which so covers a man with shame, as to be found false and perfidious.—*Lord Bacon*.

.... He that in company only studies men's diversion, may be sure, at the same time, to lose their respect.—*Epictetus*.

.... Love is of the nature of a burning glass, which kept still in one place, fireth; changed often, it doth nothing.—*Sir T. Suckledge*.

.... Whenever you see a man spending his time in lounging about the streets, talking politics, you need not expect that he has any money to lend.—*Gundison*.

.... There is a natural and necessary progression, from the extreme of anarchy to that of tyranny; arbitrary power is easily established on the ruins of liberty abused to licentiousness.—*Washington*.

.... Such as, having heard a disobliging discourse, repeat it again to the persons concerned, are much mistaken, if they think to oblige them by such indiscreet confidence.—*Penn*.

.... All see, and most admire, the glare which hovers round the external happiness of elevated office. To me, there is nothing in it beyond the lustre which may be reflected from its connection with the power of promoting human felicity.—*Washington*.

.... Honors are in this world under no regulation; true quality is neglected, virtue is oppressed, and vice triumphant. The last day will rectify this disorder, and assign to every one a station suitable to the dignity of his character; ranks will then be adjusted, and precedence set right.—*Addison*.

.... Human life is often likened to a voyage. It is a voyage to eternity, attended with great danger, as well as much hardship and toil. The sea we have to navigate, viewed in prospect, looks smooth and inviting; but beneath, it conceals shoals, quicksands and rocks; and great multitudes in attempting to reach the distant shores, are shipwrecked and lost.—*Hawes*.

Joker's Budget.

"Time is money." Of course it is, or else how could you spend it?

A modern fireman—two and a half cords of noise in three and a half yards of red flannel.

If your wife runs away, don't run after her; if you do, there will be two fools in the race.

An opponent of Pope's theory, that "whatever is right," wants to know how it can be when every person has a left hand!

The following toast was recently drunk at a social gathering in Baltimore: "In ascending the hill of prosperity, may we never meet a friend."

"I can marry any girl I please," said a young fellow, boasting. "Very true," replied his waggish companion, "for you can't please any."

A noted miser having relented so much as to give a beggar a sixpence, suddenly dying soon after, the attendant physician gave it as his opinion it was from *enlargement of the heart*!

"Miss, will you take my arm?" "Yes, sir, and you too." "Can't spare but the arm, miss," replied the bachelor. Then said she, "I can't take it, as my motto is, 'Go the whole hog or nothing.'"

"Ah, you don't know what mythical enthusiasm it!" said a music-mad miss to Tom Hood. "Excuse me, madam," replied the wit, "but I do; musical enthusiasm is like turtle soup; for every quart of real there are ninety-nine gallons of mock, and calves' head in proportion."

The Post says it is not true that the body of a member of the old board of commissioners has been found imbedded in the peat meadow that the water from Dug Pond flows over on its way to Lake Couchituate—so that the singular taste of the pure element is not to be accounted for in that way.

A little girl, five years of age, came home from school the other day, and being asked by a member of the family if she was at the head of the class, she replied, "No, I am at the foot." Being asked the reason for her being there, she very naively replied: "Father says the know nothings are the best."

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A hasty glance over it did not suffice—we have perused it leisurely, as we seldom do ordinary books handed us for notice. Fanny Fern's novel is a complete success, and will be more widely read than either volume of her sketches.—*Utica Daily Observer*.

As everybody will read Ruth Hall, we will not say more than that we read it through last night—every page of it, and feel well repaid for the time.—*Baltimore Patriot*.

Never did a tale abound in so many beautiful images, and so skillfully drawn pictures of the heart. It is one of the most popular books ever published.—*Phil. Mercury*.

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Neither with the conception nor the composition of this book has Mr. Greeley had anything to do. The author says in his preface: "I undertook the task simply and solely because I liked the man, because I had taken an interest in his career, because I thought the story of his life ought to be told." It is further stated in the preface (and the publishers believe with perfect truth), that "nothing has been told or suppressed for the purpose of making out a case." "The book," says the author, "is as true as I could make it."

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Beneath November showers;
"Wah! hurry, man!" Quoth he, "I go
For ye Balme of Thousand Flowers."
[TO BE CONTINUED.] Jan 6

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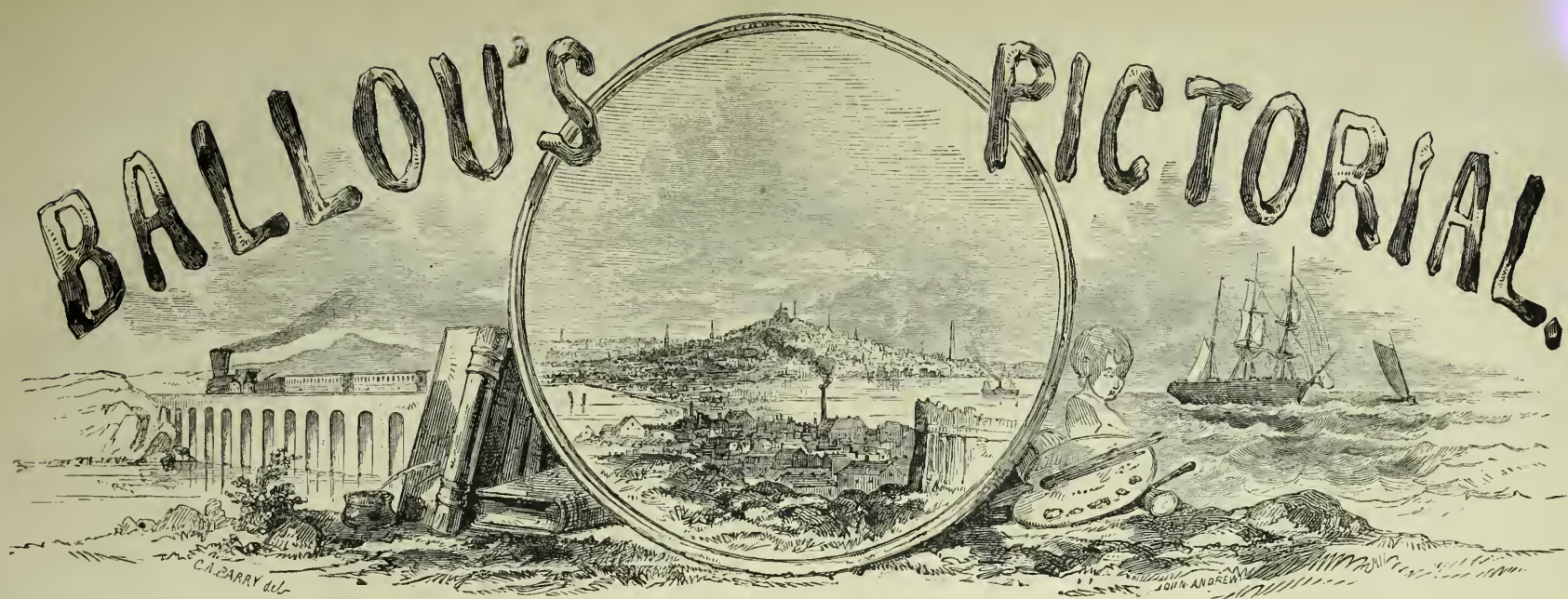
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6 CENTS SINGLE.

THE STATE OF MAINE.

Maine, from its geographical position, is the initial State of the Union, and proudly does it rank with the others in point of extent, of population, of industry and of refinement. In the olden time it was the home of the Abenakis, a confederacy of Indians, whose domestic life approached civilization, and who were valiant in war. In the summer, their squaws cultivated corn in the fertile valleys of the interior, or the young men fished among the beautiful islets encircling the coast, but when winter covered the ground with a deep snowy pall, the warriors hunted the moose with bow and spear. Wearing snow-shoes (as our engraving represents them), they easily overtook the floundering animals, whose flesh afforded them food, whilst from the skin, well prepared, were made hoods, tunics and leggins. Early in the seventeenth century the Europeans came, and the derivation of the name may be found in the tale on page 23. England was not undisturbed in her possession, and for many a long year Maine was a "border-

land," where the flags of France and of England were borne in hostile array by forces raised at Quebec or at Boston. The French lost their authority, but soon the sturdy patriots of '76 were in arms against the new occupants of Canada, and the frontier feuds were thus perpetuated until the last treaty with Great Britain. For many years a "province" of Massachusetts, Maine did not attain the rank of an independent State until 1820. Progressing steadily, she numbered, at the last census, 583,169 inhabitants; 945 churches; 95,802 dwelling-houses; 49 newspapers; 3 colleges; 131 academies, and 4042 common schools; 77,016 of the male inhabitants are farmers; 21,000 laborers; 13,123 mariners; 2192 fishermen; 3111 lumber sawyers; 1330 lumbermen; 2238 ship-carpenters; and 2780 blacksmiths. The axe, as these statistics show, is well wielded in Maine, especially at this season, when large "gangs" of lumbermen are in the woods, and the farmers are "chopping" nearer home. Our artist has sketched a yeoman who is felling a giant oak, wherewith to load his sled with brush

for home consumption, while the trunk will be hauled to the saw-mill in the back-ground, where it will be converted into plank for some of the shipyards on the Kennebec, so famed wherever our starry flag floats—and on what sea does it not proudly wave? A lover of piscatorial sport has cut a hole through the ice, and is spearing eels from their warm bed; while a lad on skates is performing mazy evolutions on the glistening surface. In the back-ground there is a "down-east" tavern, towards which a sleigh-load of merry-makers are on their way. The sawmill is a modest structure compared with those at Oldtown and other places, where scores of glittering blades divide huge logs in a twinkling. The cities of Maine are very prosperous, especially Portland, where transatlantic steamers, at any season, can come directly to the spacious wharves, and there discharge their cargoes into railroad cars. One of the lines of railroads which diverge from Portland runs through Canada, and it is thus the seaport of that flourishing agricultural community, especially in winter.



THE STATE OF MAINE.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

STEEL AND GOLD:

—OR—

THE HEIR OF GLENVILLE.

A DOMESTIC TALE OF REVOLUTIONARY DAYS.

BY FRANCIS A. PERIVAGE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER III.

A STARTLING REVELATION.

YOUNG Stanley's ride to Boston, in spite of the fineness of the weather, and the elastic movement of the healthy blood in his young veins, was far from being an agreeable excursion. Every house, every garden by the roadside, reminded him of some remark of his father, with whom he had so often made the little journey, and recalled to him his loss. As he came within view of Boston, there were sights which diverted him from personal interests to those associated with his native land. He looked in vain for the spectacle of arriving and departing vessels. No white-winged barks, bearing the treasures of other lands, swept over the light ripples of the roadstead; no ships freighted with the produce of the province, stood out from the shore; only a few row-boats moved lazily along, while, riding at anchor, a huge man-of-war, bearing the blood-red cross of St. George, reared her massive bulk on high, her batteries frowning through the open ports.

Crossing the ferry from Charlestown, where he left his horse and wagon, he ascended, through the waste lands at the west part of the town, to the summit of Beacon Hill, and there, pausing at the foot of the beacon, he looked down on the Common. He had often, from that eminence, witnessed the parade of the governor's life-guard, the Independent Company of Cadets, under the command of Colonel Hancock, who lived in the fine mansion-house to the right of the beacon. But the company was now virtually disbanded, the colonel had thrown up his commission, and, instead of the movement of a body of colonial troops on their ancient training-field, the young provincial now saw a regiment of British grenadiers, parading for drill and inspection. Though they moved with the precision of veterans inured to war, though their arms shone like polished silver, sending back the rays of the sun, while their ranks blazed with scarlet and gold, and the band poured forth the finest strains of martial music, the yeoman derived no pleasure from the spectacle. He thought of the motive which brought those men together; of the fell purpose which the transfer of the troops from Castle William to town quarters indicated, and his heart swelled with indignation within him. The very air of the town seemed infected and stifling, and he hastened from the sound of the drum, resolved to accomplish his errand as speedily as possible, and return to the country, where at least the evidences of tyranny were not so apparent.

He was soon in Hanover Street, seated in Mrs. Williams's little parlor. There was an air of extreme neatness in the room, though the furniture was very plain and indicated straitened circumstances, if not poverty. The only ornaments were a few pictures on the walls, the products of the gifted pencil of the widow's daughter. The young lady gave lessons in drawing, as well as some other feminine accomplishments, and though little known, and consequently receiving but little patronage, still her earnings were an important contribution to the support of the establishment.

Since the fatal fifth of March, Stanley had called here whenever he came to Boston, and was always received on a friendly footing. Still both the mother and daughter treated him with a reserve, which did not certainly spring from haughtiness, for they were both very plain people, and which was somewhat strange, when his youth and station were taken into consideration. It appeared as if they were extremely reluctant to form acquaintances. They evidently lived in great isolation, though in the heart of the town, and Stanley never met any gossip at Mrs. Williams's fireside.

Another peculiarity struck young Stanley—though not very curious in the matter of female dress: Mrs. Williams was always attired in deep black; and, though her language was at times cheerful, her features, when in repose, always wore an air of settled melancholy.

After making and answering a few inquiries, young Stanley broached the object of his call, and tendered the widow, on behalf of his mother, an invitation to make them a visit. She thanked him for the offer, but declined, without a moment's hesitation.

"We are poor," she said, "and we cannot afford to leave the place which yields us employment."

"But," urged the young man, "if what I hear be true, the business of the town is declining so rapidly, retrenchment becomes so necessary to every family, that soon your modest resources will be cut off."

"It is true," replied the lady. "But if the worst come to the worst, I can yet hold absolute want at defiance for a long time. Beside, I cannot consent to be a burthen on any one."

"My mother is quite alone," said Stanley. "You and your daughter would confer an obligation by sharing our humble fare."

"I thank you again, young man," said the widow, with an embarrassed air; "but I am getting old—I am a person of very peculiar habits, and, in short, must have a house of my own—must live by myself."

"You will be perfectly at liberty to do just as you like with us. But perhaps you do not like the country!"

"Not like the country! Young man, the happiest days of my life were passed in the country. How well I remember the lovely

spot I used to dwell in: it was far away from here. The old park, with its aged oaks, the barn, with the antlered deer, the old ivy-grown church-tower in the distance. My sweetest, saddest memories are of the country. But my lot is now cast here. I cannot keep ringing and changing; and with many, many thanks for the offer, and the kind motives which prompted you and your mother in making it, I decline positively."

"Well, madam," said Stanley, rising and taking her hand, "remember that we shall be at all times happy to receive you. I am quite sure that you will have my mother here to argue the point with, for she is quite as tenacious as myself. Pray, give my respects to your daughter; I cannot wait for her return, for I have a long way to ride."

Leaving the house, Stanley went towards the water, through Middle and North Streets, turning into Lynn Street, towards the ferry, pondering on the peculiarities of the old lady he had just left, and trying to conjecture why she gave so positive a refusal to his invitation. He was so wrapped up in his own thoughts, that, until he had nearly passed a lady and gentleman engaged in deep conversation and coming towards him from an opposite direction, he did not notice that the former was Eleanor Williams. He hastily raised his hat, and was about to address her; but the couple were so earnestly engaged, that he was suffered to pass by unnoticed. He could not help turning and looking after them as they slowly climbed the ascent to Copp's Hill.

The gentleman, towards whom Miss Eleanor leaned so lovingly and confidently, was young, strongly and lightly built, and had the unmistakable air and movement of a gentleman.

"He is not at all ill-looking," thought Stanley. "Who can he be? I'm very glad I never turned my eyes in that direction, for I shouldn't like to have such a rival. I shouldn't wonder if he were a successful wooer. Perhaps that is the reason why the widow was so positive about not coming to our house: she knew that Eleanor would be loath to leave her suitor. I don't wonder; I'm sure I couldn't abide the idea of absenting myself from Lexington while Lucy Maywood lives there."

Fully satisfied that he had possessed himself of the key to the widow's mysterious conduct, the young man hastened on board the ferry-boat, which was just on the point of crossing to Charlestown, and was soon once more upon the road to Lexington.

Let us follow the youthful couple we left ascending the slope of Copp's Hill. They halted when they reached the summit, and stood among the gravestones of that ancient cemetery.

"I used to shun this spot," said the young woman; "but you have made it pleasant to me."

"I sought it because it was retired, and I had my reasons for avoiding prying eyes," replied the young man. "Beside, the sanctity of the place suited the purity and the depth of the sentiments with which you had inspired me. But tell me, dearest, have you never regretted the confidence you have reposed in me?"

"Never for one moment, Clarence," replied the young woman, looking up in his face, with candor and sincerity beaming in hers.

"Alas!" said the young man, "that such generous natures have not always the power of disarming evil purposes."

"Is the world so very bad, Clarence?"

The young man shook his head, mournfully. "I have seen the brighter side of it, I am told, thus far; and yet, God knows, enough of evil. I might have encountered more, perhaps, if I had not met you—perhaps been a participator in acts, the memory of which would have haunted me at my dying day."

"No, no!" cried Eleanor, earnestly. "You wrong yourself; you are all goodness."

"We are all the creatures of circumstance," answered the young man; "and the circumstances which surrounded me were not of a nature to make my path sure. But enough of that. You will one day, and before long, I hope, know all. Your curiosity will soon be satisfied."

"I know that you love me, Clarence; and that is enough."

"I fear that even in avowing that love I have done wrong. But I obeyed an uncontrollable impulse. We are not always masters of our words and acts. To see you was to love you; to love you was to confess it."

"It was an hour of rapture," said the artless girl.

"The custom of this province, where young girls are the sole arbiters of their destiny, emboldened me to address you. But I shall soon be in a position to acquaint your mother with my hopes. Will she be disposed to give me her darling?"

"I do not know, Clarence," answered Eleanor. "My mother is, in some respects, a strange, inscrutable person. The words of love and marriage, in reference to myself, never passed her lips. I have had no young companions, and till I met you I never looked forward to anything beyond a life of toil."

"That, I trust, will be spared you," replied Clarence Grey. "In the meantime you might sound her sentiments, and pave the way for my declaration. But see! the sun is declining. We have lingered together too long. I will walk part of the way with you, and then I must leave you."

As they were descending from the hill, a soldier, in passing, scrutinized Clarence so closely as to attract his notice. Turning, when he had passed, he saw the fellow standing and gazing after him. A little irritated at this conduct, Grey turned back and addressed him: "Do you want anything of me?"

"No, your honor," answered the man, saluting him. "I thought you were a gentleman I was acquainted with."

"My name is Grey; does that satisfy you?"

"I was mistaken, your honor. I humbly ask your pardon."

"No offence, my man. Good afternoon to you."

Mr. Grey hastened after his companion, and waited upon her as far as the corner of North Street, where they parted, the young man going towards Ship Street, and Eleanor hastening home.

Mrs. Williams informed her daughter of Stanley's visit and her refusal to accept his invitation.

"I am glad of it," said the daughter. "Our ways are not their ways; and besides, we could never think, in times like these, of trespassing on any one's hospitality."

"And yet you are hard worked here, my child. You have no companions—"

"And no beaux," said the young girl, archly. "Isn't it a shame, mother, when I know I'm not an absolute frigh, that no young gentleman comes to see poor me? Heigho!"

"Nobly coming to marry me—
Nobly coming to woo!"

"Thank Heaven!" said the widow, "that trial is spared you."

"I really think I could bear it with becoming fortitude," replied Eleanor, gaily.

"Do not jest, my poor, poor child," said the widow, trembling with emotion: "you wring my heart."

"Dear mother," said the daughter, alarmed and surprised at the deep emotion manifested by her parent, "what can you mean? What is there so alarming in the idea of a young man's paying his addresses to me—even of my marrying him?"

"O, dearest! banish such thoughts from your mind; frown upon them, or your peace is gone forever. This is the first time I have heard you breathe a word upon the subject. Yet, young, beautiful, loving—it is a hard fate to live and die alone. But I conjure you, shun every man who is more than polite to you—before your heart and happiness are involved."

"I am prepared to obey you in everything, my dear mother. But surely you will not condemn me to what you yourself acknowledge to be a hard fate, without a reason. Why should I shun the addresses of a lover?"

"Because you can never marry, Eleanor."

"O, you think we are so poor that no one will contract an alliance with us."

"Poorer girls than you have married well, darling."

"Then what is it, mother, that should keep me single?"

"Poverty is no disgrace; poverty is a remediable evil—but dishonor—"

"Hush, mother! do not hint at that. I know that dishonor cannot live where you do."

"But eternal grief may," said the mother, wringing her hands. "You know—you must know that I am wretched. You must know, Eleanor, that more than poverty—more than age—drew these deep lines on my face."

"Yes, yes, dear mother—you have a secret grief that consumes your heart. I know it. Unbosom yourself to me, dear mother."

"If you love me alone, my child—if you can promise to abandon all hopes of love and marriage, that secret may die with me."

"I cannot promise," replied the daughter, hanging her head. "I have my hopes, like other girls."

"Renounce them! renounce them!" cried the widow, clasping her daughter's hand. "For, when they know our story, every one will shun you."

"You wring my very soul, mother," cried the agitated girl. "There must be some fatal secret in your heart. I must and will learn what it is. My father! I never knew him—you have never spoken to me of him. It must be something connected with him."

"Your father, Eleanor," cried the widow, wildly, "your father—"

"Speak, mother; I can bear all."

"Your father died on the scaffold!"

Eleanor uttered a de-pairing shriek that rang through the narrow room, and sank upon the floor.

"My child! my child!" cried the widow. "Woe is me! I have killed her."

And she raised her in her arms and strove to restore her to consciousness. At last Eleanor opened her eyes.

"The scaffold! the scaffold!" were her first words. "O, mother, did I dream that my father died upon the scaffold?"

"They were my words," replied the widow, mournfully. "I repeat them. He was tried by a jury of his peers for murder—found guilty of murder—sentenced for murder—punished for the crime. But I believe him innocent. O, he was good, and kind, and true. He would not have harmed a living creature; he would not have committed murder for gold—we were not so poor as that. We were so happy in our English home—just married—"

"Died on a scaffold, mother; and you live to tell me of it!"

"I lived only for you. For a time it was a struggle between life and death. But I lived for you, and the hope that time and the righteousness of Heaven would vindicate his memory—would once more enable us to bear his name. Now my poor, unfortunate child, you know why a lover would shrink even from you."

"The dream is over!" said Eleanor, with a deep sigh. "I was happy while it lasted. I can say, I, too, have been happy. Poor, murdered father! Yes, dear mother; no one could have been your partner and guilty of a crime of blood."

CHAPTER IV.

AN UNEXPECTED CONFIDANT.

WHEN Clarence Grey left his companion, he proceeded along the water side through Ship Street, Fish Street and Ann Street to Dock Square, whence, passing through Cornhill, he halted finally in Marlborough Street, nearly opposite the old South Church, yet sacred to religion and patriotism—not yet, though soon to be, prostituted to the uses of a foreign cavalry.

Close before him rose the tall brick mass of the Province House, an imposing structure, crowned by a cupola, and surmounted by the golden figure of an Indian armed with a bow and arrow. A

little formal garden-plot interposed between the building and the street, fenced with an iron railing. Through the open windows of the large room on the right of the great entrance were seen the forms of several British staff officers in their rich scarlet and gold uniforms. The peal of the heavy carved brass knocker brought to the door a servant in rich livery, who admitted the visitor the moment he recognized his face.

"The general is engaged just now, sir," said the servant. "Wont you walk into this room, if you please?"

The young man nodded, and was shown into a room on the left, wainscotted with oak, and furnished in a rich but antique style.

"Take my card to the general," said Clarence, "and tell him I will wait his leisure."

The servant retired, leaving the door open behind him, for the evening was oppressively sultry, and little air was stirring. The young man threw himself into a high-backed arm-chair and patiently waited the return of the valet to usher him into the presence of General Gage.

He had not long to wait. In a few minutes the officers whom he had seen through the windows from the street began to pass out through the hall, their spurs and sabres jingling as they strode down the free-stone steps into the court-yard. They were conversing earnestly together, but in so low a tone that the listener could not catch the purport of their discourse.

The servant who had admitted him now re-appeared and informed him that the general was at leisure to receive him. Clarence rose, and crossing the broad hall, entered the large reception room and found himself in the presence of the British commander.

Gage was standing near the large empty fire-place, but advanced toward the door, with extended hand, as the servant left them.

"Mr. Grey," said the general, "I am very happy to see you. It is a long while since you have favored the Province House with your presence. I missed you from my entertainment last week, I assure you. Your name was mentioned often. Pray be seated. A glass of wine, Mr. Grey?"

Clarence made a suitable reply and took the proffered seat.

"Well, Mr. Grey," said the general, drawing his chair closer to that of his guest, "I suppose you have been pretty busy, eh?"

"I have been much occupied of late, general."

"That is well. It is a time when every loyal subject of his majesty should be occupied. You have not remained in Boston all this time?"

"No, sir; I have made numerous excursions into the surrounding country."

"Well; and how do matters look?"

"I confess that I am astonished, general, at the intelligence of the people. They are worthy of the stock they spring from."

"I am glad to hear that. We may conclude, therefore, that the wild doctrines of Hancock and Adams and Dr. Warren will obtain no permanent control of their minds."

"That does not follow, general."

"How, sir? pray explain yourself."

"The British constitution, general, has no firmer supporters than these provincials of the Massachusetts Bay. I said they were worthy of the stock they sprang from; and it is because they perfectly understand their constitutional rights, and knowing, have the courage to maintain them. They know that taxation without representation is a violation of the great charter of our liberties, and they will never submit to it."

"What! have they infected you, too? On my honor, you hold the same language as the demagogues of Faneuil Hall."

"It is the English language, general—the mother tongue of my own land."

"Tut, tut! you are a young man," replied Gage. "But tell me, have you heard from Lord Ratcliff lately?"

"Not for months. You are of course aware that I am deeply indebted to his lordship; that he gave me education, employment—all that I possess. I was for a long time his lordship's private secretary. Becoming acquainted with my longing to visit the new world, he gave me leave of absence for a year, with the understanding that I was at liberty to settle in this country if I found employment here, and a residence congenial to my tastes. In the meantime, he solicited, as a favor, that I would communicate to him whatever information I collected on the spot respecting these distant colonies, so interesting to a statesman. I have done so, and for a long time I was in the habit of receiving letters couched in the most friendly language. Latterly, however, the correspondence on his part has ceased. Perhaps he is too busy to find time to write to so humble an individual as myself."

"Perhaps," replied Gage, smiling; "or perhaps your letters, tinged with the prevalent sentiments of the province, may have displeased so warm a partizan of the crown as his lordship."

"I should be sorry to learn that the truth could be displeasing to any supporter of the British crown," replied Clarence, gravely.

"The truth is not to be spoken at all times," said the general.

"A dangerous axiom, general," replied the young man, "and of limited application. But in times like these truth should be spoken fearlessly. Distortion or suppression of the truth would produce incalculable evils."

"We will not discuss the point, Mr. Grey," said the general, carelessly. "Let us pass from general to personal matters. Do you like the country as well as you like the people?"

"I am enchanted with the scenery."

"And you could live here contentedly, far from London and the court circle?"

"I have no other wish. But the times are not very propitious for the establishment of a stranger possessed of limited resources."

"Perhaps a friend could aid you, Mr. Grey," said the general, smiling. "I have received to-day despatches and letters from home," and he pointed to a mass of envelopes lying on the table, with the huge seals broken. "Your name occurred more than once in them."

"Indeed?" said Clarence, surprised and pleased.

"Yes, my dear sir. Your letters to Lord Ratcliff have been read in a very elevated circle. I may tell you that even royalty itself is not unacquainted with, or unmindful of, the talents and energies of Mr. Clarence Grey. In a word, the road to fortune lies before you—a shorter one than that which a soldier like me must carve out with his sword."

It would be idle to deny that Clarence Grey was flattered by the vague prospects thus skilfully indicated; visions of wealth, happiness, honor, floated before him. A flush of pleasure suffused his cheek, and his soft, dark eyes lighted up with animation.

"If you aspire to military glory," pursued the general, "I can give you a commission and a place in my military family. You shake your head; well, you are wise. A laced hat does not shield the head it covers from a cannon ball, and there may be one eyelet-hole too many in a scarlet coat. You have talents for something better. The senate is your sphere. Well, do but aid us as you can, and I can assure you of civic honors."

"I must first hear what you require of me," replied the young man, hesitatingly, though still under the influence of the hopes his companion had excited.

"It is briefly this. I need not say to a gentleman like yourself that I address you in perfect confidence. It is well known that you have made many friends and acquaintances among the provincials, both here and in the country—that you are not suspected of being a warm supporter of the British ministry. Now what is easier than for you to secure the entire confidence of the so-called patriots? I know that they are mining beneath our very feet; that they are plotting in the dark; that they have their secret meetings. Now it is very easy for me to secure vulgar spies, but it is difficult to procure a man of intelligence, nerve and character, who will penetrate into the very heart of their mystery. I must know what are their plans; if they have arms and ammunition, where they are stored; what is the numerical strength they rely upon; what men in the colonies sustain them. In a word, I must be able to lay my hand on their entire programme. Hush—do not interrupt me; hear me out. This is a difficult task. I have pitched on you to perform it. One word. If republics be ungrateful, ingratitude is not the vice of monarchies. You shall have gold and honor for your services. Take time—and answer me."

"I will answer you on the moment, General Gage," replied the young man, springing to his feet.

"No," replied the general, rising also, "I insist on your deliberating. I will leave you alone to reflect on my offer. In ten minutes' time I will be here to receive your answer."

Bowing as he spoke, the general passed out of the apartment, leaving Clarence Grey in a paroxysm of excitement. The first feeling was that of indignation—for, though trained in the school of politics, his preceptor had been a high-minded nobleman, and all his views were generous and lofty. But Clarence was poor and a lover. The temptation to realize his hopes of bliss, to secure his happiness at once, to raise his beloved to the rank her beauty and intellect so well fitted her to adorn, was powerful indeed. Beside, might he not be the means of preventing a hopeless effusion of blood—a rebellion strange and unnatural? Was he quite sure that the Sons of Liberty were adopting the wisest and justest policy? Sophistry wooed self-interest witchingly. In an agony of perplexity he paced the room to and fro in its entire length. Looming out of the obscurity of the deepening twilight, the full-length portrait of some old colonial worthy of Puritan times, that hung upon the wall, seemed gazing at him with watchful vigilance, the stern eyes following him as he moved restlessly about. There seemed a singular spell in that glance that attracted and riveted his own, and chilled the fever of his blood. He sat down in the stately chair that the general had just vacated, and pondered. By-and-by the blood flowed more slowly through his veins; his pulses beat evenly and temperately. The fever flush of passion and excitement passed away. The film was removed from his mental vision. He saw objects in their true light. When the general returned, Clarence rose to meet him with dignity and firmness.

"Have you reflected on my offer, Mr. Grey?" asked the general.

"I have, sir."

"And your answer?"

"I reject your offer."

"Have you weighed well my words?"

"I have, sir. I understand you fully, and my mind is made up. You spoke without equivocation, and I thank you for your candor. Understand, in turn, the motive of my refusal. It is because I will not play the spy. You offered me gold for foul play, and I reject it."

"Foul play, Mr. Grey?"

"They are my words, sir."

"Mr. Grey, I congratulate you on your prospects; they must be very flattering, if you can afford to reject the fortune I placed at your disposal."

"That fortune, General Gage, neither you nor your masters had a right to offer. That fortune would have been wrung out of burthens imposed on a suffering people. I am a poor man, sir, but the king is not rich enough to buy my honor."

An angry flush crossed the brow of the British general. "Your answer is a reflection upon me, sir," said he.

"Your zealous loyalty excuses the part you have played in this transaction, General Gage. But I cannot so readily pardon your employers."

"Enough, sir," said Gage, stamping his foot impatiently. "I will detain you no longer. Pardon the error that made me address you as a loyal subject of the king."

"I am still loyal, general—though I confess that my confidence is shaken in the integrity of the king's advisers."

"Go, sir—go to the first rebel meeting you can find, and tell the plotters in the dark how Thomas Gage tempted your immaculate honor."

"I understand your insinuation, sir," replied Clarence, sternly, "and I scorn it. Were I not bound in honor to conceal what has passed between us, for the honor of human nature I would bury it forever."

"Very well, sir," said the general. "But remember that from this moment you are a marked man. Who is not for us is against us. My faith in you is shaken; and I know that it will take but little to change the wavering loyalist into the confirmed rebel. But I shall watch you closely. I, at least, am faithful to my trust, as the king's enemies shall feel to their cost."

"I hold your menaces as lightly as your bribes," replied Clarence, proudly; and with these words he left the presence of the British general.

It was quite dark as he reached the street. Heavy clouds shut out the light of day, and the angry mutterings of the thunder pre-
saged the outbreak of one of those sudden storms so common to the summer months. Clarence Grey heeded not these heralds of the tempest, as, completely occupied with reflections on the ordeal through which he had passed, he strode along through the gathering darkness towards the Neck. The imminence of a heavy rain had driven all the citizens to the shelter of their houses, and the street was entirely deserted. Glancing round, however, after a few minutes' walk, to ascertain his position, the young man perceived a tall figure moving in the same direction, and keeping close to the wall, and pausing when he halted. When he resumed his walk the man advanced; when he quickened his pace the stranger did the same; his own shadow could not have imitated his movements more closely. In this way they reached the Neck, where the houses rose at long intervals in the midst of gardens and waste patches of land.

"Can it be," thought Clarence, "that Gage's threatened surveillance over me has already commenced? If it be so, the skulking hireling will hardly dare to confront me."

Pursuant to this notion, Grey turned suddenly and retraced his steps. The unknown immediately halted and awaited his approach. When very near, Clarence attempted to scrutinize his person, but a cloak was thrown around it, and the flap of a beaver hat drawn down over his face would have effectually concealed it, if the darkness, becoming momentarily deeper, had not accomplished the same purpose.

"Good evening, Mr. Clarence Grey," said the stranger.

"You have the advantage of me, sir," replied Grey; "I do not recognize your voice, and your face is doubly hidden."

"We cannot divine a speaker whose voice we have never heard, nor recognize a countenance we have never seen," answered the unknown.

"You speak very oracularly, sir," said Clarence; "but you would seem to intimate that you are unknown to me, while my person is familiar to you."

"Right, sir. I have not known you long—but yet long enough to respect you."

"I am flattered even by the good opinion of a stranger," said Clarence. "But will you have the goodness to inform me how I have managed to secure your good graces?"

"Manliness and honesty always command my respect. I pay that homage to integrity I have learned to refuse to rank."

"I will thank you to explain yourself more clearly, sir."

"Come nearer, then. Nay, there are no robbers or assassins here—those are luxuries reserved for the cities of the old world. Are there no eavesdroppers near? No, none. We are here man and man. Listen," continued the stranger: "I am a poor man, sir, but the king is not rich enough to buy my honor."

Clarence started back in amazement. They were the very words he had used to Gage.

"In God's name—speak!" he exclaimed. "Is it you, general?"

"You are liberal with your titles of honor," said the stranger. "General Gage is safe in the Province House, unless the thunder rattles down the old roof above his head. I am not even a friend of Gage; but I am the friend of every man who spurns British gold when it is offered as the price of his honor."

"You have surprised a secret that belonged to me," said the young man; "I must know how you became the master of it."

"Young man, I have my secrets, too. But ponder this—when tyrants plot the ruin of freemen, the very walls have ears."

"I believe you."

"Clarence Grey," said the stranger, "Gage did not over-estimate your qualities. He did well in seeking to secure you. He failed. Now answer me—are you for the ministry or the province?"

"I came here a loyalist," replied Grey, "but my faith is sadly shaken. Yet I must learn more before I decide upon my course."

"You shall learn more. To-night the Sons of Liberty hold a meeting. If you will follow the guidance of Mark Forrester, an honest man, he will lead you to their council. My pledge will secure your admission; and I know that I can trust you, and that whether you join us or not, you will never betray us."

"Mr. Forrester, there is my hand on it. I thank you for your confidence, and embrace your offer gratefully."

"Come on. The thunder is pealing already, as the guns will rattle before long in this fated province. Come on; the rain is falling; we shall soon reach shelter. Faster!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BURMAH AND ITS INHABITANTS.

Our readers are perhaps aware that at the last dates from the East, the empire of Burmah was much agitated; that war had passed to the condition of a guerilla struggle, and that General Orgoni, a French officer, who drilled the Burman troops, was to leave for Paris, after having been created, at the court of Ava, a *bogie*, that is to say, cousin of the emperor. This officer has arrived, and gives to the public some details concerning the curious country he knows so well, and which, with these designs, we hope will not prove uninteresting to our readers. Meadoh-men, emperor of the Burmans, whose portrait is given here, ascended the throne the 20th December, 1852, at the age of thirty-three years. He succeeded the emperor Pagham, his older brother, who was forced to abdicate because of incapacity; incapacity which had



AYEI-MEN, HEREDITARY PRINCE.

avored the invasion of Pegu by the East India Company. The emperor, Meadoh-men, is descended in a direct line from the grand Alompra, or Aloung P'Houra, founder, in 1753, of the present dynasty, which, since that time, has reigned without interruption in this great Indo-Chinese empire. The characteristic traits which General Orgoni attributes to Meadoh-men are: high intelligence, a truly royal liberality, great justice, mild temper, courteousness, sincere piety, and even a tendency towards Catholicism. The prince, Ayei-men, whom we give directly above, is his younger brother, two years younger; and although the emperor has thirty-eight children, it is this prince who is heir-presumptive to the crown, in virtue of a nearly general custom which prevails in Asia, which wills that the succession belongs to the oldest of the family. The character of this imperial prince, writes General Orgoni, is distinguished by very great energy, a marked taste for military operations; and he promises, the opportunity offering, to show himself a great and terribly resolute and enterprising man. His enemies will find him indomitable in adversity. Everywhere is reproduced the spectacle which the war in the East gives us; everywhere Asia is forced to bow before the civilization of the West; everywhere is she calling upon the Europeans to aid her to defend herself against the Europeans. It is to this fatal law that General Orgoni owes the brilliant fortune which he had at the court of Meadoh-men, in spite of the traditions of national pride, which until then had excluded strangers. The East is still a country of adventure, and the history of Orgoni is more romantic than many fictions. At twenty-two he had already been a captain of cavalry and knight of two military orders. He was seized one day with a curiosity to study the military and political organization of that gigantic house of commerce, which, under the name of the East India Company, governed a hundred thousand souls; and for this secret end he travelled, during many years, over Hindostan, thus preparing himself for the struggle which, at a later period, he was obliged



MENDO-H-MEN, EMPEROR OF BURMAH.

to sustain with his counsels and his sword, against the invasion of India, under the standard of the emperor of Burmah. It was to this perseverance—this fatiguing and dangerous work—that the "daring Frenchman," as he was called by the Anglo-Indian journals, owes all the honor he now enjoys. It was thus that he rose, at the age of forty-three years, from captain to general of forty thousand men and prince of the Burman empire. The "Yangonn Chronicle," of the 28th of January, noticing the last promotion of General Orgoni, contains an account, from which we give a few extracts, which will give some idea of their court customs. "The fourth of January, 1854, before noon, General Orgoni, or rather, as he ought to be called now, Neh-myoti-hi-zeh-ah, went to the palace of the hereditary prince, and presented himself with all the formalities required by the etiquette of great occasions. As soon as he arrived, after having exchanged some ceremonious compliments with him, the prince gave the royal signal to set out for the golden palace, and was accompanied by a cortege which advanced in the following order: immediately after the prince marched the four secretaries of state, in the midst of whom marched General Orgoni, in full uniform; then came the president and fifteen counsellors of the *lotto*, or supreme judicial court; at last, behind them, pressed a great number of courtiers and imperial secretaries of all ranks. When the cortege had reached the first hall of the golden palace, the general, with only his people and interpreters, waited, according to etiquette, a quarter of an hour, until he was summoned to the emperor's presence by the grand master of ceremonies. There was stationed upon his way, in the numerous apartments which lead to the throne hall, a double line of officers, whose dress and golden swords formed a brilliant spectacle. His

majesty was seated upon a kind of throne, of the most magnificent appearance; he was surrounded by the princes of blood, ministers and grandees of the kingdom. After having punctually acquitted himself of the salutes and testimonies of respect, usual on such an occasion, the general took possession of the place assigned to him, immediately behind the hereditary prince. There was a solemn silence of five minutes. Then the emperor, addressing the general in the most complimentary terms, informed him that he was to be invested with a title which had never yet been invested upon an European. Then an imperial secretary read, in a loud voice, an edict, showing in full the different motives which determined his majesty upon this promotion, and made known in detail what were the honors and authority attached to this dignity. The reading finished, a herald advanced into the middle of the



GENERAL ORGONI, PRINCE OF THE EMPIRE.

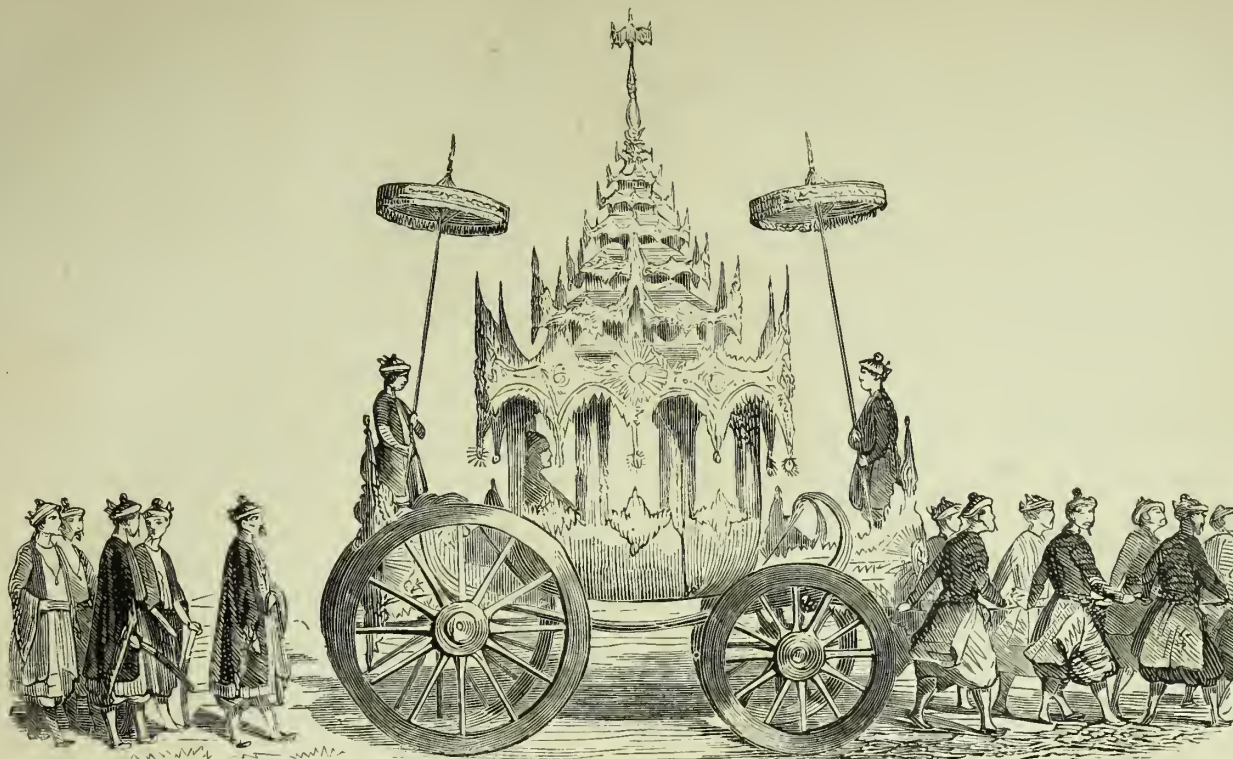
hall, pronouncing, with all the strength of his lungs, the following words: 'Orgoni, Neh-myoti-hi-zeh-ah!' which in *pali*, or classical language, signifies, 'Orgoni, cousin of the emperor, man of fine appearance, general of victory!' These words of the herald were immediately repeated in chorus by all present, and from hall to hall, by all the officers, till the echo reached the great court of the palace, where were assembled a numerous body of troops. Three cups of gold, filled with pure silver, symbolical of grandeur and richness, were presented to the general, and there the ceremonies terminated. The emperor retired, and his new cousin left, accompanied by an immense number of courtiers and officers of all ranks. There was still another formality to be attended to. In conformity with an ancient custom, the new member of the imperial family must proceed with the cortege to the palace of the White Elephant. It appears that this august personage is far

from being so much venerated as those who have never had the honor of approaching him would have us believe. But probably it is a question of dates. The influence of the gods has been decreasing for a long time. Happily, if faith is lost in them, the institution will remain for a long time: there is always something. Thus, however little venerated he is in reality, the elephant had been clothed in more magnificent caparisons to receive the new prince. The intelligent animal did not play his part with less dignity; and it was with a perfect seriousness and majestic condescension that he terminated the audience by passing to the prince, with his trunk, his statuette in silver. On the next page is the emperor's state carriage. The elephants in the last design are those equipped for the transport of armed men and artillery, according to the plan and under the direction of general Orgoni. The tower and defensive armor of the elephant in the foreground of the picture are mounted with iron, covered with double pieces of buffalo hide, and ball-proof at a very short distance. The four musketeers who are in the tower get there by the means of a rope ladder



BURMAN DANCERS AND MUSICIANS.

which is seen hanging at the flank of the animal. The men at their post, the ladder is drawn up to the highest hook. The lances fixed horizontally at each side of the tower are used only in a melee, and take the place of a carbine when a line has been broken through by the elephants. The other part of our plan shows how artillery of great calibre is put on the back and transported. This artillery can reach any ground and be placed in battery in a few moments. One elephant carries the necessary implements for limbering and unlimbering a battery of eight pieces. The sixth design represents the village of Rangoon, or rather Yangoun, formerly a place of interest, but which exists no longer. This great and populous city, founded by Alompra, in the year 1755, was fired and completely destroyed in the month of June, 1852, by order of Moh-Noh, governor and viceroy of the province. Like Moscow, it was voluntarily given to the flames, in sight of the English army, who had arrived to seize it. Now Rangoon is only a desert. Its inhabitants, to the number of eighty thousand, have retired to



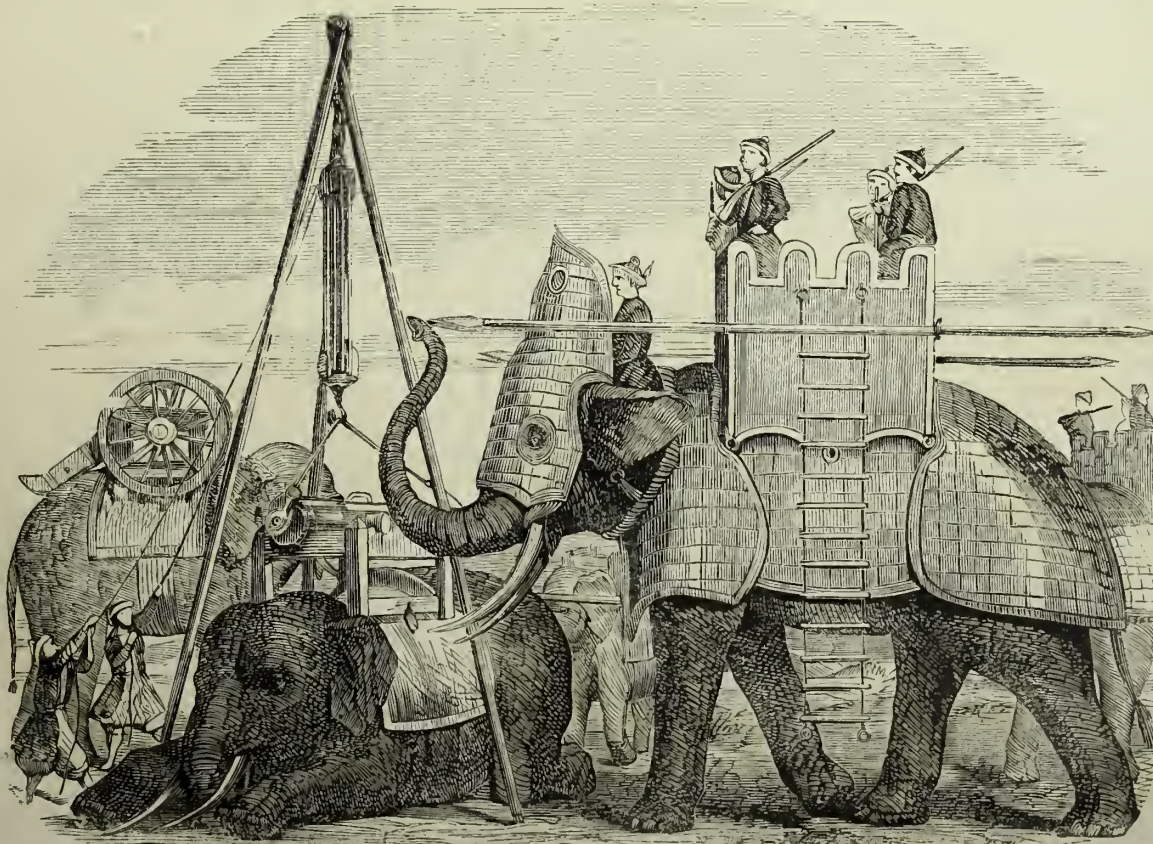
STATE CARRIAGE OF THE EMPEROR.

several ranks are determined by their dresses, coronets, and number of gold chains; the monarch himself only being privileged to wear twenty-four. The whole nation is divided into the royal family, nobles and commonalty, and none dare assume the dress of a superior grade. The Burmese have no farther distinction of caste, as in India, nor any hereditary distinctions; although in other respects a kind of feudal system prevails; and the king can command the appearance of his nobles in the field, with their quota of vassals. The religion is Buddhism, believed to have been introduced by Godama, the chief deity himself, in the sixth century B. C. This faith is universal here, except among foreigners, individuals who have been converted to Christianity, a few Zodi, believed by Sangermano to be Jews, some hill tribes, as the Khyens, Karyens, and Cassays, in the lowest stage of idolatry. Those who are curious in religious creeds may find that of Boodh at full length in the translation of Sangermano. The priests, called rhahaans, are much respected; they are bred up, like monks, to their call-



VILLAGE OF RANGOON.

the interior of the empire, resolved never to recognize any authority save that of their native chiefs. In the distance is seen the ancient and celebrated pagoda of Shoe-dagon, the most venerated of all the pagodas of Chin-India. The Burmans date its origin from the time of the first transmigration of the god Godama, or Gantamas, worshipped in the island of Ceylon under the name of Bouddha, chief founder of the Bouddhist religion, which is preserved pure in the empire of Burmah as in that lovely island, justly called the Pearl of Manar. The music scene explains itself. The instruments are tombones, flutes, and long hautbois; the harp is in the form of the Egyptian harps. As for the dancers, they dance, as everywhere in India, with the feet and arms, and not with the body.—The government is an hereditary and absolute despotism, the sovereign being "lord of life and limb" over his subjects, who style him "golden," speak of informing "the golden ear," throwing themselves at the "golden feet," etc. They approach him with their hands joined above their heads, and even make obeisance to the palace walls, before which all must dismount and take off their shoes. The sovereign is assisted by four woongees, or chief public ministers; four atween-woons, or private counsellors; four woon-docks, ministers of the interior; four state secretaries; four reporters; four officers to regulate ceremonies; nine to read petitions, etc. Their



WAR ELEPHANTS PREPARED FOR BATTLE.

ing from an early age, and observe celibacy; but may at any time renounce their vows and marry. They are voluntarily maintained by the population, and not suffered to engage in manual labor; their chief occupation being the instruction of youth. All foreigners are allowed the fullest exercise of their religion, and may build places of worship anywhere, and have their public festivals and processions without molestation. But, though thus tolerant to strangers, they are most intolerant to their own people. No Burman dare join any of these religions, under the severest penalties; and the most rigorous measures are adopted for suppressing all religious innovations. The habits and customs of the Burmese are somewhat peculiar. Chewing betel is common, and smoking universal, even with children. The Burmese eat twice a day, viz., early in the morning, and in the evening; their food is served up on trays, in red lacquered plates, and small cups; spoons are used, but not so much as fingers; knives and forks are unknown. The people are very superstitious, consult the stars, believe in fortunate or evil times, wear talismans, practise alchemy, etc. If any member of their small communities of four or five houses chance to die, the Khyens believe the evil spirit has taken possession of the place, break up their settlement, and move away; when an earthquake occurs they shout and beat their houses to expel the fiend.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SONG.

BY F. GEYVITTS.

I see afar the hills,
And the soft vale that lies between;
That vale is thine—thine its bright rills,
And all the enamored scene.

There thy young dove-heart beat
Its first reply to my own,
How smiled the dale! each bloom how sweet!—
Earth had an Eden zone.

In thought I roam away
To the loved spot which blooms for me;
Bathe in the sunshine of its day,
And constant dwell with thee.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE FAT FAMILY OF BROCK.

BY DR. A. V. C. SMITH.

WHILE some persons are distinguished for their high intellectual developments, others, looking quite as well in their external appearance, are contemptible on account of the frivolity of their minds, or become a by-word for stupidity. As it is with the brain so it is with the bodies of people. Although essentially alike, as far as may be necessary for carrying on the functions of life, no two have the same identical expression, except in instances so extremely rare as to become items of physiological wonder.

These sentiments, however, have nothing to do with the following narrative, beyond answering the purpose of a preface, till the reader is fixed in an easy position for giving his exclusive attention to certain incidents in the earthly career of a Fat Family.

About eight miles from Amsterdam is the little town of Brock, celebrated for the cleanest place in Holland. Everybody, according to ancient report, went in their stocking feet in making calls. Even at this late period, a reputation for extraordinary cleanliness induces strangers to visit the renowned locality, which has enjoyed an enviable character among housekeepers abroad and butter-making wives at home, for centuries upon centuries, till the inhabitants really imagined themselves as neat as falsely represented in the note books of travellers.

On the margin of a canal always festering with filth, into which the sweepings of Brock were perpetually being consigned by an army of old women in tall caps, there was a comfortable one story house, the roof of which, commonly elongated, was carried up towards the heavens vastly out of all rules of architectural proportion. Its owner, Peter Van Hoget, a man of fifty, short, stout, robust, with a prodigiously broad red face, as pleasant as a great countenance could be, considering that when he laughed, it was so amazingly large, only one section could grin at a time, resided there. He was born exactly on the premises he had always occupied, and smoked the same pipe the first Hoget smoked when the ancestral Hoget of all Hogets came into existence.

There were certain articles in the catalogue of his possession that Peter prized more than others—a white mare inherited from a kind father; a scow, on which vegetables were floated to market; his knee buckles and his wife were objects of especial regard, and for as many reasons as there were articles.

Wilhelmina Hoget, the wife, did not differ much in height from her husband. Either of them alone, was a marvel on account of their obesity; but when contemplated together, spectators involuntarily raised their eyes with astonishment. In conformity to custom, she wore red stockings, short petticoats, a string of gold beads, a heavy ring, took snuff, and wore a cap distinguished for the quantity of material introduced into its structure. She had small eyes, a pug nose and fat fingers.

Peter Van Hoget had something else besides a house and a fat wife. He had three daughters, either of whom weighed as much as their mother; two sons, Hans and Sproder, and lastly, the terminus of the family in one direction, was a bouncing fat baby, of such exceeding rotundity that it would roll on an inclined plane like an empty keg.

Gertrude Van Hoget was evidently her father's child. All she required to be a fac simile, was a beard, a flapped hat, huge boots, a long tailed coat, and, lastly, be converted into a man. She was amiable, as all fat people are, proverbially. In domestic economy, that is, making pine-apple cheeses, skimming the milk and preparing kront, she had no competitor in Brock. With such accomplishments, her charms had been early discovered by Jacob Van Freeze.

Female education varies in different countries, according to the prevailing public sentiment upon matters and things in general. Among agriculturists, like those of the upper peasantry of Holland, knowing how to go to market, weed cabbages, conduct domestic affairs within doors and save the gilders, are considered very eminent accomplishments. Tradesmen and manufacturers take a more elevated survey of the world. Their daughters know how to dance, play on instruments, work cruel, and at an early age learn to turn up their little noses with an expression of ineffable contempt at those who are so ungenteel as to labor in any capacity. But on arriving at brass knockers, the houses of distinction, clergymen, advocates and magistrates, the planets are nearer, the fashionable atmosphere is apparent, and the whole organic structure of society in that stratum is above and beyond the comprehension of wooden shoe wearers. These last are the producers, who dig riches out of the ground by patient labor, and lend on good security to their betters.

There are many Jacob Van Freezes on the globe, but in Brock

there never was but one, the man who figures in this story. He was short, broad-chested, weighed nearly two hundred, avoirdupois, wore a round hat, smoked the same pipe his grandfather did one hundred years before, and bore the reputation of not only being well to do, but something more—for all the marriageable girls considered him a great prize.

If fat was ever estimated, in a living subject, to be precious, Jacob was above rubies. Besides the amount of animal ponderosity attached to his person, Jacob owned extensive tracts of land, and everybody talked about the immensity of money that would fall to him exclusively, whenever a certain old uncle popped off in Batavia, where he had made a fortune, and got an enlarged liver at the same time. However, present possessions gave Jacob no offensive airs; nor did the treasury bonds in expectancy from General Freeze's estate excite him beyond the ordinary everyday appearance of other young men of thirty-five, at Brock.

Jacob had a mother, as other people have, who was advanced in years, oppressed with rheumatism, wore glasses and smoked. This is the privilege of age, even among those who were once among the fair sex. With the experience she had had from youth to threescore and ten, she could see as far into a mill-stone as any one in Brock. It was very apparent to her discerning optics that Jacob was looked upon with partiality by husbandless women, as no ordinary body. Consequently, knowing the sensibility as well as inflammability of the human heart, when regularly besieged by such a fortress as a comely female of twenty brings to bear upon a man whom she is resolved to subdue, vrow Van Freeze cautioned Jacob repeatedly to resist the advances of the bold, the designing aspirants to wealth, and related how she had been similarly circumstanced and beset by bold adventurers in early life, who knew her to be an heiress. Her firmness prevented a dozen folks from being his father.

That kind of virtue which enables people to make good bargains, keep what they have, and get more, was always held in admiration at Brock. There were some excellent townspeople in that little place, who worshiped the golden calf, but then they had a noble share of discretion and therefore passed for Christians, by paying parish tithes, going to church in fair weather and staying at home on foul Sabbaths on account of a severe cold. Vrow Van Freeze had not been on this unstable planet five and sixty years for nothing—not she. It was one of her motherly traits to look well to the windward for Jacob, because his future position as a capitalist depended essentially on two things, viz., whether he got all his uncle's property, and married a rich wife. She watched him, and she kept a sharp eye through her great moon-sized spectacles, to the maids and widow-women of Brock, for she knew what was in the hearts of both.

Human foresight, however, is no match for nature. She quietly pursues her onward course, regardless of the wishes or antipathies of man. In the instance under consideration, we might say women—also. While vrow Van Freeze was congratulating herself on the success of the policy she had adopted to keep Jacob from falling in love, till a prize turned up in the shape of stocks and mortgages, there arrived in the immediate neighborhood, a fascinating creature from Amsterdam—the widow Van Spiel. She was a cousin of the Van Hogets, and consequently was warmly received by the family. There was no perceptible difference in size between her and Gertrude. The loss of a devoted husband three months before, had worn upon her, it is true; but a widow's sorrow, like a summer shower, is violent for a short period only, when the clouds of hope flit before their dim vision, and they sometimes become in their weeds more lovely than ever.

It is susceptible of demonstration that the only essential difference in widows, is in their physical dimensions. Their ambition, hopes, antipathies and flirtations are as near alike as two peas. Now widow Van Spiel had actually set out on a husband-hunting excursion. She had an inkling in regard to Jacob, from some of her friends when last at Amsterdam. No sooner was she fairly in quarters, than a regular series of scientific operations were commenced for securing the special object of her mission. There is nothing like property in the possession of a widow, which is entirely unenumerated. It is the first bait thrown out for a nibble. Even half a dozen young children are no impediment to success, provided the approacher is satisfied that he can officiate as guardian. At once they are converted into cherubs, and the mother is an angel, all but the wings.

Every branch of the Van Hogets took especial pains to circulate the story that their afflicted cousin had enormous property—quite free and at her own disposal, without a child or chick to heir it, in the contingency of her death. By this abominable falsehood, their own importance was augmented. Neighbors who had never treated them with civility, began to cultivate an intimacy—thinking, no doubt, in case the widow should happen to pop off, it would be well enough to have an acquaintance with the to-be richest people of Brock.

No one took more pains to be on good terms with the Van Hogets than Jacob's managing mother. To her infinite joy, the widow was all condescension—she even shook hands cordially with vrow Van Freeze, which won her esteem. In one of her moralizing moods upon the vanities of the world and the deceitfulness of appearances, especially in young flirts of the present day, who knew neither the value of money nor a single art to get it, she adverted to the unpretending widow Van Spiel, who, Amsterdam lady as she was, neither put on airs nor jewels, notwithstanding she had a right to do both without asking permission. Then again, with all her wealth, no one would suspect she owned a single kruitser, from anything said or done by the discreet creature. Jacob, however, bore some resemblance to a snow-bank. It took a great amount of heat to warm him through,

but when he began to melt there was actually a danger that he would wholly disappear.

His mother, in commendable season, while the impression was on his mind that had been thus parentally impressed, took Jacob over to the Van Hogets. Being once within the charmed circle of widowhood influence, he was left to his fate. Vrow Van Freeze was ambitious to have Jacob win the widow; while she, on the other hand, had resolved from the beginning to conquer or die in the attempt upon Jacob's heart.

As historians say of a period between the death of a king and the assumption of power by the heir of the throne, there was an interregnum. From the first interview of the parties, to a certain interesting announcement, no one has chronicled the billing and cooing that the traditions of Brock refer to, in alluding to this the greatest event of the town. In due season, to the infinite satisfaction of Jacob's mother, widow Van Spiel was rendered happy.

In short, as naturally as some people contract small-pox, Jacob entered upon the solemn responsibilities of matrimony. At this point an episode might reasonably find a place, on the principle of shifting the scenery at theatre, both to rest and surprise the audience.

In due time, as they say in a love story, the Batavia uncle died out with his last pipe of tobacco, and being gathered to his fathers, Jacob had his property about the same period that widow Van Spiel brought her lord an heir. This last addition to Jacob's worldly possessions was not received with as much grace as some of the parties interested had anticipated. Jacob found fault with the size of its head, which he compared to a Flanders cabbage; and besides, the feet were too petite for a Van Freeze.

Of course, every lady in Brock said that Jacob was unreasonable, since no baby strictly resembled its father. He, on the contrary, insisted that the children of Brock invariably resembled those whom they ought to resemble. This had been particularly the case with all the Van Freezes.

How curious it is in the history of families not so far off as Holland, that great events from little causes rise. Happily, as the infant grew perceptibly from day to day, the fat began to lay in rolls here and there and everywhere, to the immense delight of vrow Van Freeze, who thereby imparted comfort to the husband of the widow, by assuring him that he ought not to expect the child to talk, smoke, or outweigh an Antwerp calf before it was a month old.

The reader must not imagine that Wilhelmina Hoget is lost sight of, because sundry events have occurred since her name was first introduced. Gertrude, however, her daughter, has most importance in this connection, and therefore must necessarily be again introduced upon the stage. Of her great qualities in line of size, mention has heretofore been had.

While the widow Van Spiel was ensnaring Jacob, Gertrude felt a rising swell of indignation, as young girls always do when supplanted by a rival, whatever their dimensions. She knew by instinct that Jacob loved her, yet he never revealed the fact, if it were so. Women have a singular tact for discovering the sentiments of men, or at least they think so, which amounts to about the same thing in the end. The marriage took her by surprise, and for a while she indulged revengeful feelings, alike dishonorable to a Dutch girl and to the good name of Van Hogets. Certain it was that the reputed substance of the widow outweighed her own charms. That Jacob was mercenary no one in his senses could doubt. It has always happened that some people love money more than a sweet-heart. Indeed many a blooming flower has died upon the stalk that would have been admired in a drawing-room; and thousands of pretty young ladies, far superior to Gertrude Van Hoget, have withered away into old maidism, who would have been affectionate wives. Such is destiny, but there is no accounting for it, hence the impossibility of determining why Jacob should have preferred a widow to a maid.

Sproder and Hans, her brothers, at the end of one year, when the baby was three months old to a day, turned up their noses in utter contempt of Jacob—intimated more than they said, and that was not all—they actually exhibited prodigious wrath by the way they smoked, at the slight their sister had received from the man of all others they intended should have been her husband. Matters began to assume a complicated aspect just as intelligence came to Brock that the Van Freezes had been taken in—in other words, Jacob's wife was poor instead of being rich. Envy feeds on small crumbs, and takes pleasure in the disappointments and miseries of those who are imagined to have wronged or otherwise crossed the path of the envious.

No one would have suspected, from the habitual mildness of the Van Hogets, beginning with Peter, the head of the family, down to the heart of Gertrude, that there was anything but the milk of human kindness in their breasts. Mortifying as it is to chronicle new and disreputable emotions in localities where benevolence ought to be in the ascendant, it must go down to coming generations, to the discredit of this family, that the whole of them, individually, indulged in hard sayings and even rejoiced that Jacob's wife, after all, had nothing but an heir. Feuds began to break out at Brock. Hospitalities were interrupted, and on one occasion Peter Hoget's wife threw a Dutch cheese at Jacob, as he was passing her window. Finally, a civil war was declared—and Brock became a wonder to itself.

Here the manuscript which furnished the foregoing particulars, came suddenly to an end. Nothing more, therefore, can be known of the fat people who have figured in this narrative, thus far, till further explorations are made among the papers of the extinct family of Jacob Van Freeze, which promise exciting themes for the future prelections of an antiquary, and may be expected within a reasonable time.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ROMANCE AND ROYALTY:

—OR,—

THE QUEEN OF MAINE.*

BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.

"By my spurs of knighthood, this is a lovely road," exclaimed a young cavalier, who, with his companion, was approaching the city of Laval. "I have not, in all France, seen such a luxurious interchange of foliage, or so many fertile valleys, each with its clear, bright water-course."

"So thought our gallant countryman, the Earl of Shrewsbury, in 1449," replied the other, "when he captured this same city of Laval, and declared that the province of Maine was the only place in France fit for an Englishman to live in. But see—here comes a merry party of demoiselles, the fair Henrietta at their head."

Over two hundred years have passed and gone since this dialogue took place. It was then the golden era of the troubadours, so that no one thought strange that the proud Henrietta, Duchess of Maine, checked her palfrey when she saw the horsemen, exclaiming: "Welcome, welcome to our province."

A deep blush suffused her pleasant features as she spoke, nor had her words fairly ceased, ere the younger of the horsemen had sprung to the ground, and hastened to kiss her hand.

"I could not be happy elsewhere," said he, in a deep, low voice, "if you were not there."

"Nay, noble minstrel. But you must need repose. Mount, and we will escort you to our castle."

A few moments more, and the two were riding side by side, conversing of love and song in the high-flown language of those times, while his companion was equally engaged with her principal tire-woman. The other demoiselles, with a few attendant archers, followed at a respectful distance.

Henrietta, Duchess of Maine, and sister of the King of France, was a young and happy girl, who had been educated in the charming province whose name she bore. Warmer than Normandy, and within a convenient distance of Paris, Maine was the chosen summer-home of many French nobles, so that the royal young heiress had enjoyed every advantage of society, in addition to her highly cultivated natural accomplishments. Well versed in history, a splendid musician, a graceful dancer, and a lovely person withal, no one who knew her, wondered that King Charles of England sought her hand. Yet it was whispered that she did not favor the royal alliance, and when, as they rode along, her present companion jestingly alluded to it, she replied:

"Nay, sir, I would rather be Queen of Maine than Queen of England."

"Ah," was his answer, "I am an Englishman, fair duchess, and fain would I like to live under your sway. Ay," and as he spoke, he looked back, "I see, too, that my attendant is equally willing to swear allegiance to your tire-woman."

"Alice is a silly girl," said the duchess, with a sigh that plainly showed her own interest in her companion. By this time they had reached the antique castle, where the old Count de Rougefield came forth to greet his ward, and welcome the strangers.

The evening meal was speedily served, and the strangers soon won all hearts, the knight entertaining those with whom he sat, under the dias, with many a tale of chivalry; while his attendant, sedulously attentive to the fair Alice, had many a jest palatable to the men-at-arms and maidens who sat at the long table below. Never had such entertainment been afforded by any guests, nor could even the Count de Rougefield refrain from expressing loud thanks, mingled with regrets that they were to leave early the next morning.

No sooner had the attendant maidens removed the day-attire of the young duchess, than she threw a cashmere shawl around herself and retired into her inner boudoir, making a sign to Alice.

"Who, I wonder, can this knight be?" she asked, throwing herself upon a velvet ottoman. "Do you know, Alice?"

"Noble duchess, I know not. But he must be a knight of high degree, for he hath a marvellously pleasant spoken squire, with whom I have held a brief converse this evening. Perchance I might ascertain from him."

"Should you meet him, Alice, question him as to the knight's rank, but you need not mention who willed you to do so."

"No, my lady. But as I promised to listen to a few words from him to-night, I will question him, I warrant you."

"Be wary, Alice."

"My lady, I will only question him of his master; surely that will not be wrong?" said Alice, her bright eyes dancing with mischief under her raised brows, speaking truths themselves, and drawing truths from the now blushing duchess.

"Romantic girl, touch thy lute, and do not give place to such silly thoughts in thy head."

Alice instantly swept the strings of her lute to a merry tune of chivalry and love, but her fair mistress's mind was not attuned to mirth, and she turned pettishly to her, saying:

"Cease thy trifling. I like not such childish ways." Then quickly recovering her usual urbanity of manner, she smilingly continued: "But go, thy mirthful strains and witching eyes are sadly wasted on our presence. Verily, I must arraign this said squire for depriving me of my minstrel."

"Then good night, royal lady, and if I mistake not my abilities in cross-questioning, I can enlighten you on the morrow."

"Good night. Summon my tire-women again, and I will to my couch, for I feel fatigued."

Alice, casting one more laughing glance on her loved mistress,

disappeared through a side door leading into the garden, where she began to hum the tune which she had been singing. Soon it was answered, only in a gruffer strain, and on turning a corner of the walk, she encountered the English squire.

"Here, by Cheapside bells!" he exclaimed. "I began to chide my believing heart, when the promised hour struck, that had made me vain enough to think those mischievous eyes had told truth, when they looked on me with favor."

"Looked on you, sir, with favor—on a stranger! Nay, sir, if you would be looked on with favor in this province of Maine, I must know your name."

"And so you shall—but I must breathe it on those ripe lips;" and he proceeded to put his promise in practice, but Alice, with one bound, was some yards from his outstretched arms, saying:

"Come not nearer me! Keep thy distance, or as this is our first meeting, it shall be our last. One step nearer, and I am gone!"

The esquire's almost contemptuous curl of the lip, and licentious glare of the eye, did not bespeak him to be the humble character his first speech would have made him. But the curled lip and glaring eye were quickly repressed, as he again spoke:

"Nearer I must come, for my name is not to be proclaimed in this place, but must be whispered even in thy ear, nor go beyond it—yet glance not again such lightning, by'r lady, it hath seared my heart. Stay, tell me first, hast thou a name?"

"I need not fear to tell thee mine, since shame has never yet touched it. 'Tis Alice d'Orne."

It would have been difficult for a close observer to define, by the moonlight, the expression of the esquire's features, as she concluded this last sentence—but it seemed to be a compound of triumph, and doubt if she might be able to say this long. However, be it as it may, his voice had still the same insinuating tone as before, when he exclaimed:

"Now, by the rood, I know not if I ought to tell you, but—" The remainder of the sentence was in a low whisper, but it made Alice start and draw her cloak around her, as if with the intention of departing. Yet she still lingered, and asked, with a trembling voice: "Then who is it you call master?"

"That, sweetest, it is not mine to tell."

"Farewell, then. We meet not again—if I had known to whom I had given my word to meet at this hour, we had not met."

"Nay, we do not part thus. The fairest of England's dames do not scorn me—yet there is not one of them to whom I would reveal his name. Yet if you must have it, question for question. Is it for your fair mistress or your fair self that you ask?"

"I will not tell thee."

"Yet 'tis said a woman cannot keep a secret; if 'twere not dark, I would read it in thy eyes. But I will tell thee his name, to convince thee how I love thee." And again he drew near her, and again she started, exclaiming: "Ah!"

"'Tis even so," he replied to her exclamation. "And now wilt thou not let me press thy sweet cheek? and I will tell thee, love, that the duchess is loved as well as thee."

"There, bless thee for that news," replied the affectionate French girl, and she held towards him "the prettiest hand," as he said, "that he had ever pressed to his lips."

"And now, monsieur, we part."

"To meet again—when?"

"I know not,"—and away she bounded into the castle.

"By the rood, this girl has befuddled me. Why, what a poltroon I am turning to—a blabber, too; but I am deceived if those bright eyes do not love mischief too well to tell Henrietta what she knows, and if she does, 'twill only mar the romantic boy's plans. Well, better fortune next time." With this cheering soliloquy, he retired into the castle.

Morn had scarce lifted her dusky eyelid, ere Alice was summoned to the side of the couch of the duchess. She entered with the same sweet laugh dancing in her eyes and dimpling her cheeks, but she did not speak.

"Alice, girl. What did you learn?"

"Royal Henrietta, I grieve to refuse you—but—"

"But! Can it be, Alice, that your own romantic love has turned your head? You had better find another mistress."

"O, no, lady," replied Alice, as she stood weeping at her mistress's side. "No—you took me because I was an orphan; keep me for the same cause. Whither should I go, were I to leave you?"

"Pshaw, Alice, I did not mean it. But tell me."

"I cannot tell you more than that he is of noble birth."

"Dost thou know his name?"

"I cannot reveal it. But he is a true knight."

"What care I? Of course thou know'st the squire's name?"

"Yes," exclaimed Alice, her face blushing scarlet that seemed to deny her tears, for her eyes were again flashing mirth. "Yes, and by my troth, he might be Prince Charles himself," she continued, casting a keen glance at her mistress's countenance, but she read nothing there.

"What makes you dream of such a silly idea? Prince Charles is betrothed to me, and would not come here to woo my maiden."

"Nay, but the esquire's master might."

"Nay, nay, girl. Royal marriages are not based on affection, nor do royal lovers pass the time so agreeably to their affianced." She paused a moment, and then continued: "Are they gone, Alice?"

"I saw them cross the moat, as I traversed the hall, my lady, when you summoned me."

Months had passed away, and one morning, as Henrietta was sitting with her favorite Alice, listening to her music, a servant announced the arrival of the duke of Richelieu, with a message to the lady duchess.

"I come," said she. But ere she repaired to the presence cham-

ber, she requested Alice to await her return. In about an hour she came back, and throwing herself upon her ottoman, burst into a passionate fit of tears.

"Ah, my lady, what has happened? Let me weep with thee," said the tearful maiden.

"O, Alice, I have been deceiving myself—fancying I loved not the stranger I met at Paris and again here—hoping that Prince Charles would break his faith with me, as he did with the infanta of Spain. But no. The duke of Richelieu tells me that my royal brother has fixed the wedding-day. What! do you smile?"

"No, good lady, not at your grief. But you may be queen of England yet."

"Ah, Alice, I told the stranger I would rather be queen of Maine. Yet, could I but live with him, I would rather be a peasant-woman than either."

"Cheer up, my lady; all may yet be aright!" Day after day did Alice use this consolation, but it was of little avail, although the proud duchess would not avow her love for one who had scorned her affections by remaining absent.

The wedding-day arrived, and the trembling Henrietta, surrounded by her maidens, stood before the cathedral altar of Laval. Her royal brother, Louis XIII. of France, graced the nuptials, attended by the beauty and chivalry of his court. At length the proxy of the English prince entered—it was the famed Duke of Buckingham.

Alice changed color as she saw him, and rejoiced when the ceremonies were completed. When in her room again, the duchess, or rather the princess, said:

"I do not like the looks of my royal husband's proxy, and yet methinks I have seen him before."

"He's a bold man," quietly answered Alice, "but report says he does not always dazzle young maidens, as a lighted candle does the poor moths."

That night Henrietta slept but little, nor did she feel greatly rejoiced the next morning, when Buckingham brought her despatches from London, stating that James I., her father-in-law, was dead, and that she would therefore land in England as its queen. Retiring to her closet, she knelt, and prayed that "God would make her love her royal husband with her whole heart."

Soon afterwards, she landed in England, amidst the cheers of her subjects, who were charmed by her pale yet sweet face. Curiously enough, she wore the dress in which, at Paris, she had first seen the stranger knight, but he was not in the gay throng which awaited her at the palace. Trembling violently, her veil fell over her face as she entered the throne-room—her limbs refused to support her, and she sank into outstretched arms. They were the arms of King Charles!

"Henrietta, our queen, look up!" said a voice that seemed to act as magic upon her, for she opened her eyes and fixed them upon him. Then, looking back upon Alice, and next at Buckingham, she sank her head upon the monarch's breast, and shed tears of joy.

"We will be crowned to-morrow," said her once disguised lover, now England's proud king. "Ah, Alice!" murmured Henrietta. "But was Buckingham thy lover? I thought I had seen him."

"He might have been, my lady, but I preferred to serve you."

"Thou art a good lass," said the proud earl, the usual haughty smile curling his lip. "When thou find'st a husband, I will add a goodly purse to thy portion."

Henrietta was no less beloved in her new station than she had been in her quiet French home, and the nobility were ever devising some new amusement to gratify her. Among her most devoted subjects was Sir Ferdinando Gorges, who had sunk an immense fortune in his endeavors to colonize the northern portion of New England, where he had vainly endeavored to establish provinces under the names of "Laconia," and "New Somerset." The queen took a great liking to the old gentleman, and it came about that his kinsman, Thomas Gorges, won the heart of Alice.

One winter's day, Sir Ferdinando visited the royal palace with two Alcuaguis Indians, brought home from Agamentiens by his nephew, William Gorges. The queen was much interested in them, especially when they put on their snow-shoes, and ran over the snow in the park as if in chase of the moose.

"And so, Alice, you are thinking of going among these heathen?"

"Yes, your majesty, thanks to your royal consort, who is to sign the royal charter under which Thomas goes out."

"By the way, Sir Ferdinando," said the king, "have you thought of a name for your new province yet? The parchment is else ready."

"Let Alice name it," remarked Buckingham, "and I will pay the christening fee, as a reward for her discretion, or as a penalty for my impertinence in days past."

"You must have a rare name," exclaimed the old knight, "for it is a rare land. There are mountains towering towards the sun, large lakes, fertile hills, and many a broad river intersecting the heavy timber land—"

"Why," interrupted the queen, "it must resemble my dear province of Maine."

"Call it Maine, then, my dear sovereign," said Alice. "I shall then be reminded of the old castle where my youthful days were so happily passed, even although an ocean rolls between."

"*Car tel est nostre plaisir!*" responded the king, in the legal Norman French of the court. "For such is our pleasure. Maine let it be called, from the New Hampshire on the one hand to Acadia on the other." Then turning to his queen, with an affectionate look, he added: "And now, dear Henrietta, while monarch of my heart, and wearer of an English crown, you are what you once told your disguised and delighted lover you wished to be—QUEEN OF MAINE."

* The reader should understand that the sketch herewith given is intimately connected with the illustration on the first page of the present number.

THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS, A. D. 1492.

More than three centuries and a half ago, the poor Genoese navigator, who had travelled from court to court in the old world, with his strange theory of the spherical conformation of the earth, at one time reduced to the extremity of destitution in his pilgrimage, having at length been fitted out on his adventurous expedition by royal patronage, saw his hopes more than crowned by the discovery of a new world. The voyager, after weeks of tossing on the rude Atlantic, hails with delight the tokens of the expected shore. But what must have been the lofty raptures of

ery. The present was his; and that present so glorious as to atone for past discouragement and penury—a future of unrequited toil and ingratitude. The most daring maritime adventurer of our days would hesitate to embark in such a craft as that over which the pennon of Columbus floated. But that bark had its mission—it carried more than “Caesar and his fortunes!” it was freighted with the destiny of unborn millions. The long and stormy, and seemingly desperate voyage, protracted until hope died in every breast, save that of the heroic commander, was ended—a little while longer and the keel of the admiral

by whose aid he had been enabled to realize the dream of a lifetime. It is this scene which the skilful pencil of Rowse, obedient to his fancy, has portrayed. The face and figure of Columbus has an historical value; his features indicate his “sombre inflexibility of purpose, his deep religious enthusiasm, and the disinterested magnanimity of his character.” Over him flutters that proud emblazoned banner, the token of a sovereignty grander than that claimed by any other flag. Around him are grouped the men-at-arms who have followed his fortunes—late doubting followers, almost mutineers, but now the reverent admirers of the



LANDING OF COLUMBUS.

Columbus when the first tokens of the world of which he was the discoverer, greeted his senses! The land-birds, wheeling on rapid wing, the soft land-breeze impregnated with a thousand odors, the weeds, no longer worthless, that trailed on the surface of the ebb, these spoke to his soul in a language than which no music could be more entrancing. If in that hour of triumph, the veil which hides the future from all human eyes, could have been withdrawn—if he could have seen ingratitude and envy dogging his footsteps and impugning his motives, if he could have heard the clank of the chains forged for his noble hands, that vision could not have darkened the joys of the golden moment of the discov-

would grate upon the sand, if indeed the land before them was not some delusive mirage, like the Fata Morgana of the Sicilian straits, or a lure of evil “spirits from the vasty deep,” conjured up to wile the Genoese and his crews to their destruction. But it is no dream. The land becomes brighter and clearer as the adventurers approach—they can hear the foliage of the trees rustling in the breeze, they can catch the song of the tropic birds, the water becomes shallower, the keel grates upon the sand, and first of all, Columbus steps his foot on the new found realm. He hastens to plant the proud banner of Castile upon the shore of St. Salvador, and thus to endow with a new world the sovereigns

master-mind, the witnesses and participators of his triumph. In that moment, after thanksgiving to the Almighty Power which had protected him, the thoughts of Columbus must have turned to that sovereign lady, who declared herself ready to pawn her jewels to defray the expenses of the voyage, if the resources of the Castilian treasury proved inadequate. “In the midst of the general incredulity,” writes Columbus himself, “the Almighty infused into the queen, my lady, the spirit of intelligence and energy; and whilst every one else, in his ignorance, was expatiating only on the inconvenience and cost, her highness approved it, on the contrary, and gave it all the support in her power.”

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS, A. D. 1620.

The two hundred thirty-fourth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrim fathers—the true founders of our republic—has recently been celebrated at the scene of its occurrence and elsewhere, by their descendants, in a spirit worthy of the great event. It was at this inclement season that the exiles, men, women, children and infants, landed on the shores of an untrodden wilderness. A talented English poetess says of them:

"What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels from the mine?"

monopoly of the strong men who composed a portion of the colonists. The feeblest woman in the little group had as brave a heart as that which beat beneath the iron corslet of Miles Standish. The fear of the Lord and the trust in his mercy was with them all. They heeded not the wrath of the howling tempest, nor the biting cold of December, nor the savage stealing through the wintry pines, for their faith looked above and beyond all these. "Every enterprise of the Pilgrims began from God." Prayer sanctified the beginning and the ending of their days. In sickness and peril—on the inhospitable shore as on the stormy deep—from

In the middle distance rise the gloomy pines that form the vanguard of the wild forest, piled with the snows of December; afar off the little Mayflower, scarce larger than one of our pilot boats, is riding at anchor, while the sky that arches overhead coldly presages the coming tempest. No state was ever founded under auspices so discouraging and gloomy. No feeble colony ever landed on a shore so barren and forbidding. But for imperishable records that prove each step of the colony, after ages might regard its incipient incidents as mythic. But the story rests on something more than popular tradition. Plymouth Rock yet stands—



LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

The wealth of seas? the spoils of war?—
They sought for faith's pure shrine."

Their frail bark, the Mayflower, of only one hundred eighty tons burthen, was crowded with one hundred souls. "Men who emigrate," says Bancroft, "even in well-inhabited districts, pray that their journey may not be in winter." Wasted by the rough and wearisome voyage, ill-supplied with provisions, the English fugitives found themselves, at the opening of winter, on a barren and bleak coast, in a severe climate, with the ocean on one side and the wilderness on the other. There were none to show them kindness or do them welcome. But stout hearts were not the

Plymouth Rock as from the deck of the Mayflower at Delfthaven, went up their fervent supplications for help, comfort and guidance. The momentous event that forms the subject of these brief comments has been illustrated by Rowse as a pendant to the landing of Columbus. We think he has been fortunate in catching the spirit of the scene. In the foreground are two bold figures, one of whom, Miles Standish, is pointing to the wintry ocean, from whose perils they have just escaped. In the centre are grouped the leaders of the colony, with their heads uncovered, in the act of prayer. A woman is clasping her Bible in one hand, while the other holds that of her boy—the hope here and the hope hereafter.

the gravestones of the colonists yet defy the hand of time—art has preserved their features—their manuscript records exist—their very household furniture is sacredly preserved, and for their monument they have all New England, while hundreds of thousands of descendants, scattered over the Union, never weary of repeating their praises. They were far beyond the times in which they lived in their views of civil policy, of the rights of man, and of the aims of life; while in their errors only they shared some few of the prejudices of the age. Their errors only exerted a temporary influence—their virtues will affect all future time, and always serve as an example.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

BURNING THE LETTERS.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

Fragile records of the past,
Memories frail of joy and woe,
As ye to the flames are cast,
I will scan ye as ye go,
Winnowing the hoarded pile;
All are not to perish here;
Mixed with words of fraud and guile,
Lines of golden truth appear.

Here is plighted friendship's scroll,
"Ever faithful" on the seal—
Time! that prov'et the honest soul,
Treason dark didst thou reveal.
Gracefully the letters flow,
Yet 'twas but the serpent's trail—
Perish in the fiery glow!
Be the ashes on the gale!

Black as was the writer's heart,
'Turns his letter in the grate;
But 'tis gone, and thus depart
Both the record and the hate.
Here is flattery's polished phrase—
Vanity's emblazoned line—
Feed ye both the fanning blaze—
For another instant shine.

Other scrawls to feed the flame!
Bridges to a clouded past—
Memories sad of grief and shame—
Perish all, and perish fast!
"Please destroy," four pages end,
Showing how a knave can creep,
Crawl, deceive, and eringe, and bend—
This I bide my time, and keep!

From the camp! the hand that traced
Those few friendly lines is dust;
Ne'er were war's wild legions graced
By a leader worthier trust.
When the field was almost won,
Proudly, bravely didst thou fall—
Thy farewell the pealing gun,
And the flag thy funeral pall.

Rest thee safe with treasures dear,
Words of fond maternal love;
I've no store of gold—but here
Gems I cherish far above
Glittering dross;—here shine serene
Thoughts the coinage of a soul
Still to me as it hath been,
Light no tempest could control.

Friendship, love and truth! ye shlow
Brighter as the records pale,
And the eyes that scan each line
Through fond tears of pleasure, fall.
And even should time obliterate
Every letter of the chart,
These would still escape his hate—
They are written on my heart.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

DISCIPLINE AT SEA.

BY DUNCAN MCLEAN.

THE appalling loss of life, which so often forms the tragic part of disasters at sea, may be traced to defective discipline, and defective discipline in all cases, to carelessness on the part of commanders. A captain who cannot command five hundred men, cannot command twenty; for the same general rule—strict attention to duty—is applicable to both cases. A commander, who fails to reason out in his own mind every conceivable circumstance to which a ship is liable, no matter how personally brave he may be, is liable to commit a blunder in the hour of peril. Perfect command of his crew is the first requisite; and the second, a perfect knowledge of the resources of his ship. I will relate a few incidents which have occurred under my own observation, that will illustrate what I mean more clearly than if I were to write a column of general remarks.

About seventeen years ago I belonged to the packet ship *Europe*, Captain Marshall, then on her way from New York to Liverpool. She was under double-reefed topsails, reefed courses, jib and spanker, running at the rate of twelve knots, with the wind abeam. One of the men, while attempting to put the lee fore-tack in the becket, fell overboard, and as the ship passed him, the life-buoys were cut adrift, the after-booby-hatch thrown overboard, and the captain sung out, "Don't be afraid, Bill, I'll pick you up." Bill reached the hatch, and taking his comforter from his neck, made himself fast. A man was immediately sent to the mast-head to keep the run of the hatch, all hands were called, the yards braced sharp up, and the ship brought close by the wind; but before this was accomplished, Bill was nearly two miles dead to windward of the ship, which had drifted to leeward. The sea was too rough to lower a boat; the only chance, therefore, of saving the man, was to work the ship to windward of him, and this was accomplished in beautiful style. Before the ship was hove about, Bill was on the weather quarter, three miles distant, yet she could not fetch him on the next tack by a hundred yards. We could see him still clinging to the hatch, and as we passed, he took his southwester off, and amid the breaking spray, waved it around his head. Another tack of three miles and we weathered him handsomely, and when opposite to him, the mainsail was hauled up, the maintop-sail thrown to the mast, and gradual-

ly the gallant ship drifted down upon him. A dozen men were ranged along the lee side, with lines and hooks to grapple the hatch; and before it reached the side, three men were overboard, and had Bill encircled in a running bowline, and even recovered the hatch also. He was immediately taken to the cabin, for he was almost covered with frost about the head, and doctored by the captain, and in two or three days was performing his duty again. "Why, captain," said one of the passengers, "what extraordinary presence of mind you displayed." "Presence of mind, indeed," replied the captain, drily, "why, my dear sir, everything you have seen me do was arranged in my mind twenty years ago. It is my duty to be always prepared for every emergency. Look at my sailors. I have only been out of port a week, and yet they act as if they were one man; I have confidence in them and they have confidence in me; but this mutual confidence is not the result of accident or presence of mind, but is caused by the rigid enforcement of certain regulations, which have taken me years of thought to mature."

Another instance of the effect of discipline.—I belonged to H. B. M. ship *Gloucester*, of seventy-four guns, Captain Coffin, in 1830. We left Gibraltar early in the morning, with a light breeze from the eastward, and hugged the Spanish shore to avoid as much as possible the strength of the current. About noon the wind died away suddenly, and before the boats could be lowered and sent ahead to cant the ship's bows off shore, she struck on a smoken rock off Caparito Point, and as there was considerable swell setting up the straits, every thump she gave made her vibrate fore and aft. Commander Mapleton had charge of the deck. All eyes were turned to him—not a word was spoken, even the captain, who was walking across the poop, was silent. Mapleton paused a few seconds, as if collecting himself, and then deliberately gave his orders. The chain-pumps were rigged, the launch and cutters were hoisted out and sent ahead to tow, guns were thrown overboard, top-gallant-masts and yards were sent on deck, the captain's gig was despatched to sound around the ship, and all this was performed with as much order and regularity as if we had been carrying out the details of a previously arranged plan.

Indeed, so completely had our commander's mind grasped every circumstance of our position, that he ordered buoys to be attached to the guns before they were thrown overboard, that they might be recovered again. Stream cables were run out, and after two hours hard labor the ship was hove off, but had seven feet of water in her hold. Fortunately a light breeze from the westward sprang up, and the ship gathered steerage way; but the boats were still kept ahead, towing. It was then dark, and still the water gained on the pumps, although a large gang of men were employed at the same time baling from the main hatchway. Others were employed lining spare sails with oakum, arranging the spars for rafts, to be buoyed with empty casks in case of the ship going down, to save the crew. By midnight the ship's bottom was covered with sails, and not before time, for she had then ten and a half feet of water in her hold. As was expected, the oakum partially stopped the leak, and in three hours we reduced the water to eight feet. About seven o'clock the next morning we arrived in Gibraltar, with six feet of water still in the hold, and shortly afterwards received valuable aid from the troops of the garrison. These pumped her out by noon, for the sails and oakum had effectually stopped the holes. She was afterwards hove down, and then was discovered the damage she had sustained. Eighty-four feet of her main keel and part of the garboards had been literally torn away, and a large hole stove in her starboard side, as well as several butts started. As there was no dry dock in Gibraltar, the ship, as already stated, had to be hove down, and after three months of hard work she was again ready for sea, with all the guns and stores on board. A few cases of loose powder in the magazines was the only part of her stores which had been damaged.

And what saved this goodly ship and her gallant crew of over five hundred souls? Discipline. The captain had confidence in his officers and crew, and never once interfered with a single order issued by the commander. It may not be amiss to state that in a ship of the line there is an officer with the title of commander, a grade above the first lieutenant, and that the lieutenants rank first, second, etc., according to the dates of their commissions.

Commander Mapleton, when the ship was moored in Gibraltar, in the presence of the officers and crew, received the thanks of Captain Coffin, and was also, contrary to the rules of the service, honored with three cheers by the sailors. He afterwards stated in my hearing, that almost every circumstance connected with our disaster had been matured in his mind many years before. In the event of the ship going down, he said, there would have been no difficulty in saving every soul. He had the men detailed for every raft, with provisions and water ready at a moment's notice. In short, his arrangements were perfect in every particular. Now if this had been a merchant vessel, with the ordinary discipline, I do not hesitate to state that she would have been lost, and perhaps more than half her crew.

A few weeks since, the steamer *Ocean*, in our own harbor, furnished a sad example of disorder. Her captain was doubtless brave and humane; but it is evident to any sailor that he had never contemplated such a disaster, and therefore, when it occurred, had to rely entirely upon his presence of mind. The captain of a ship at anchor near the scene, went himself with four men in his gig, and saved fourteen lives; but he afterwards acknowledged to his owners that he did not know how he either got in or out of his boat. Is it not evident that he, too, had never thought of such a disaster? Prompted by humanity, and guided by the common skill of a sailor, he did well; but if he had been mentally prepared for such a scene, he would probably have sent all his boats instead of one, and not have left the ship at all himself.

I wish to impress deeply upon the minds of seamen the necessity of preparing themselves for every emergency that skill can suggest to grapple with disasters. There are, alas, too many conditions afloat that defy all forethought, skill or daring; but there are also others where the exercise of ordinary measures would be the means of saving life and property. Every sailor of experience knows what might have been done by a little forethought and discipline for the ill-fated *Arctic* and her helpless passengers.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SKETCHES OF PLACES AND PEOPLE ABROAD. By M. WELLS BROWN. With a Memoir and Portrait of the Author. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 12mo. pp. 315.

Mr. Brown is a person of color—a fugitive slave; and his volume of impressions of men and things abroad is a reprint from the London edition. Without much originality, his book is fairly written and readable. Mr. Brown, as might be expected, bitterly contrasts the social condition of colored persons in England with that of the same race in the United States. He was much lionized in the former country. He gives a very amusing account in one of his chapters, of another colored gentleman, a native of Africa, who was by turns a street-sweeper, bill-distributor, play-actor and parson, and who was a good deal patronized by the British negro-philists.

MR. RUTHERFORD'S CHILDREN. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co.

This is a very pretty child's book, forming a part of the series called "Ellen Montgomery's Book-Shelf." It is pleasantly written, and very neatly printed and illustrated. For sale by Redding & Co.

THE POETS AND POETRY OF EUROPE. By HENRY W. LONGFELLOW. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. 8vo. pp. 776.

We have received from Redding & Co. this fine work, to the value of which, though it has been before the public ten years, time is constantly adding. Our readers need hardly be told that in this compact form specimens are given of all the prominent continental poets, ancient and modern, since the classic times, together with many who deserved fame without achieving it. Biographical and historical notices accompany the specimens. For sale by Redding & Co.

ALICE CAREY'S POEMS.

We have received from Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, their elegant edition of Alice Carey's poems. Miss Carey has fairly won her way to a high rank in American literature. Her poems are marked by no spasmodic efforts at effect; they are quiet expressions of poetic sentiment, charming from their simplicity and native melody. We are glad to see them presented in this elegant form.

BREKESWOOD PICKED UP ON THE CONTINENT: or, Last Summer's Trip to the Old World. By ORVILLE HORWITZ. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 308.

Though books of continental travels multiply upon our shelves, they are always welcome. The treasures of European art, and the phases of European society are inexhaustible. We like to compare the opinions of travellers on the wonders of the world, and each new wayfarer is sure to add some new ideas to the old stock. The present volume is the work of a sensible, well-read man, written in a spirited and graceful style. It is sure to be popular.

HAGAR THE MARTYR. Boston: Fetridge & Co.

A work thus entitled, from the graceful pen of Mrs. H. M. STEPHENS, will be found advertised in our columns, and we desire to directly commend it to our readers. Mrs. Stephens has a distinguished reputation as a poetess, and the work referred to establishes her claim to rank as one of our best female prose writers. Without any sickly sentimentality, the book abounds in pathetic and passages of exquisite beauty. Mrs. Stephens first originated that peculiar sort of slap-dash, Lady Gay Spanker style, which Fanny Fern afterwards made so popular. We believe one of the city papers charged her with stealing from Fanny, to which she retorted in a spicy card, we very well remember. Fanny Fern may never have read a line of Mrs. Stephens at the time she began to write; but certainly Mrs. Stephens was first in the field with her piquant sketches.

AN ILLUSTRATED DESCRIPTION OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE. By ROBERT SEARS. Numerous engravings and maps. New York: Robert Sears. 1855. 8vo. pp. 672.

A very timely work, got up with the usual taste of the popular editor and publisher. We have here brought together within reasonable limits a vast amount of information respecting the origin, history, religion, manners, customs, etc. of the vast nation whose increasing magnitude and power has at length appalled the other nations of the globe, and produced the most momentous struggle of modern times. Hitherto the popular knowledge of Russia in this country has been quite vague and limited; the handsome volume before us supplies data that will be eagerly caught up.

THOUGHTS TO HELP AND CHEER. Second Series. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1855. 18mo. pp. 229.

A quotation from Scripture for each day of the year, accompanied by an appropriate commentary, calculated to aid devotional feelings, and to strengthen the struggling spirit.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF CHINA AND INDIA. Edited by ROBERT SEARS. Illustrated by 200 engravings. New York: Robert Sears. 1854. 8vo. pp. 592.

A full history of China and India would fill the shelves of a library. Burke employed tales of books, pamphlets and reports, in preparing for his plea against Warren Hastings. Yet that it is possible to epitomize and present at once a general view, and yet give many salient points in detail, within a moderate compass, Mr. Sears has fully demonstrated in this work. The engravings are neatly executed, and the book attractively bound.

THE CHEERFUL HEART: or, A "Silver Lining to every Cloud." Illustrated. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1854.

A delightful story for young people, by "Estella," the moral of which is the inculcation of a cheerful spirit and active virtues under every exigency. It is illustrated by spirited etchings.

THE TEACHER AND THE PARENT, a Treatise upon Common School Education. By CHARLES NORTHEND, A. M., Superintendent of Public Schools, Danvers, Mass. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 5th Edition. 1855. pp. 325.

Mr. Northend is a gentleman of large experience as a teacher, and is one of those who have carefully investigated the philosophy of mind and the various theories of education. The object of his highly successful work is to aid teachers to form a high and true estimate of their calling, its capabilities and its responsibilities, and to aid them in their glorious and difficult career. A great variety of topics are handled with perspicuity and sound judgment, while the opinions of various writers on kindred themes are happily introduced to illustrate and strengthen the author's positions. The present edition has a fine engraving of Mr. Peabody, the great London banker, and benefactor of Danvers, his native town.

OLD KARL THE COOPER, and HIS WONDERFUL BOOK. By ELBERT PRICE. New York: Charles Scribner. 1855. 18mo. pp. 227.

We plead guilty to having read this legendary volume with a revival of the pleasure real fairy stories gave us in the days of "lang syne." It is deeply interesting, and well suited for a Christmas gift. For sale by Redding & Co.

POEMS OF THE ORIENT. By BAYARD TAYLOR. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 263.

A work with the imprint of our celebrated belles-lettres publishers is sure to possess merit, and the present volume has it in a high degree. If Mr. Taylor does not produce lines and stanzas that instantly degenerate type themselves upon the memory, he is still an elegant writer of polished and pleasing verses. There is a fine local color in these poems; the languid fire of the East pervades them, and the thoughts are tastefully illustrated with images suggested by the scenes that gave them birth. They are truly "Orient pearls at random strung."

PROVIDE A HOME.

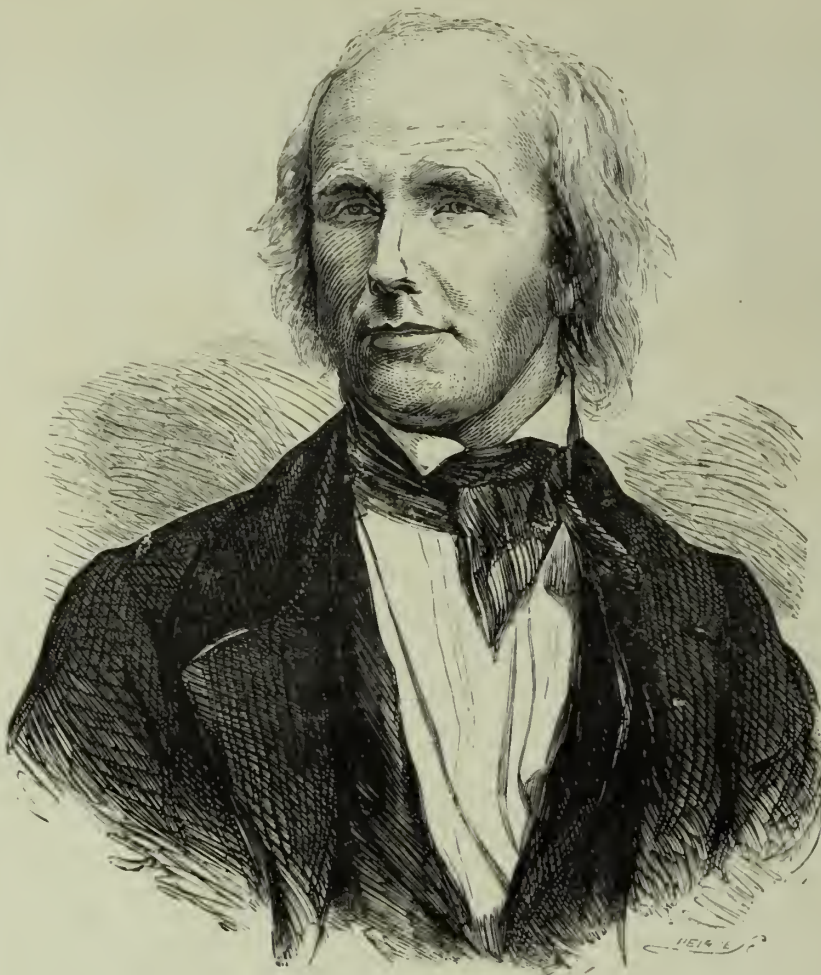
Especially ought every married pair, says Fowler, to secure a permanent residence for themselves and children; for without it, one powerful mental faculty must suffer perpetual mental abrasion, and many more, diminished and interrupted action and pleasure. This "moving" is ruinously costly, alike destructive of property and pleasure, cripples husbandry, prevents planting trees and vines, and obliges tenants to frequent the grocery, with money in hand, for a thousand little things, which if land-owners, they would raise. None can duly appreciate home, until having once owned and lost one; after being cast upon the stony-hearted landlord they long to repossess themselves of a comfortable domicile, again to feast themselves upon the products of their own orchards. Father, mother, whoever, wherever thou art, heed this important advice—provide a home first, whatever else you do or leave undone, and however stringent your poverty, even as your best means of escaping it.

S. FRENCH, 121 Nassau Street, New York; A. WINCH, 116 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; HENRY TAYLOR, 111 Baltimore and 5 South Streets, Baltimore; A. C. BAGLEY, corner of 4th and 8ycamore Streets, Cincinnati; J. A. ROYS, 43 Woodward Avenue, Detroit; E. K. WOODWARD, corner 4th & Chesnut Streets, St. Louis; MELLEN & CO., 56 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill

HORACE GREELEY.

EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

Accompanying this notice, the reader is presented with as accurate a likeness of Horace Greeley, the far-famed editor of the New York Tribune, as the combined skill of daguerreotypist, draughtsman and wood engraver can produce. Greeley is certainly one of the representative men of the times, and has been the subject of about as much newspaper laudation and newspaper abuse as any man of his years upon the stage. Not to have heard of Horace Greeley, either from good or evil report, is a proof of veridancy which few men would be willing to assume. His costume is familiar. His careless dress—meal colored coat, twisted boots and old hat—have become nearly historical—and may be looked upon by his especial admirers with as much veneration as the cocked hat and gray surcoat of Napoleon commanded from the Old Guard, or General Taylor's brown overcoat from the partizans of Rough and Ready. Apropos of Greeley's costume, one of his sharpest retorts was provoked by a sneer at his dress from a brother editor, about the time the latter was saved from incarceration in the penitentiary for fighting a duel, by the executive pardon. Greeley remarked, that *outré* as his own dress might appear, it was not more so than that which his assailant might have worn but for the interposition of the gubernatorial clemency! Greeley is a hard hitter when occasion calls, and not infrequently displays as much readiness and point in his repartees as Prentice himself. An excellent editor, a well read man, a vigorous writer, an instructive lecturer, a zealous partizan, an ardent reformer, a disciple of Faust, and a bit of a farmer, he plays certainly many parts, and plays them well. This is not the place to discuss the merits of his opinions and theories, to endorse or condemn them, and we shall content ourselves with throwing together such particulars of his life as seem to possess interest to the community at large. Mr. Greeley was born at Amherst, Hillsborough County, New Hampshire, February 3, 1811. At a very early age his intelligence and love of study surprised his teachers and friends. He had no other advantages than those of the district schools of New Hampshire and Vermont, but he made the most of them. Until the age of thirteen, his pursuits were those of a farmer's boy. In 1825 he entered a printing office at East Poultney, Vermont, and learned, in the course of four years, the craft of Faust. Coming to New York with scarcely any money, he obtained employment in West's printing office as a compositor, through the influence of Colonel William T. Porter, now of the "Spirit of the Times," then foreman of the office. After working in several offices for some time, he went into partnership in the printing business with Mr. Francis Story. In 1834, in connection with Messrs. J. Winchester and E. Sibbert, he started a paper called the New Yorker, a clever print, which failed, however, of remunerating the proprietors. In 1840, Mr. Greeley was editor of a partizan paper called the "Log Cabin," which warmly espoused the cause of Harrison. The first number of the New York Tribune was published April 10, 1841, Horace Greeley, editor and proprietor, H. J. Raymond (now editor of the New York Times), assistant editor. The Tribune commenced its career with about six hundred subscribers, which rapidly increased. It was soon evident to the knowing ones that it possessed vitality enough to survive the onslaught of rivals and enemies. Its fortune was secured by the association of Mr. Thomas McElmuth with the proprietor, as financier and business manager. News, political articles, philosophical essays, literary criticisms, reprints of popular English poems and romances, were crowded into its columns. Mr. Greeley and Mr. Raymond were both hard workers. At one period the former furnished nine columns a day of matter for his jour-



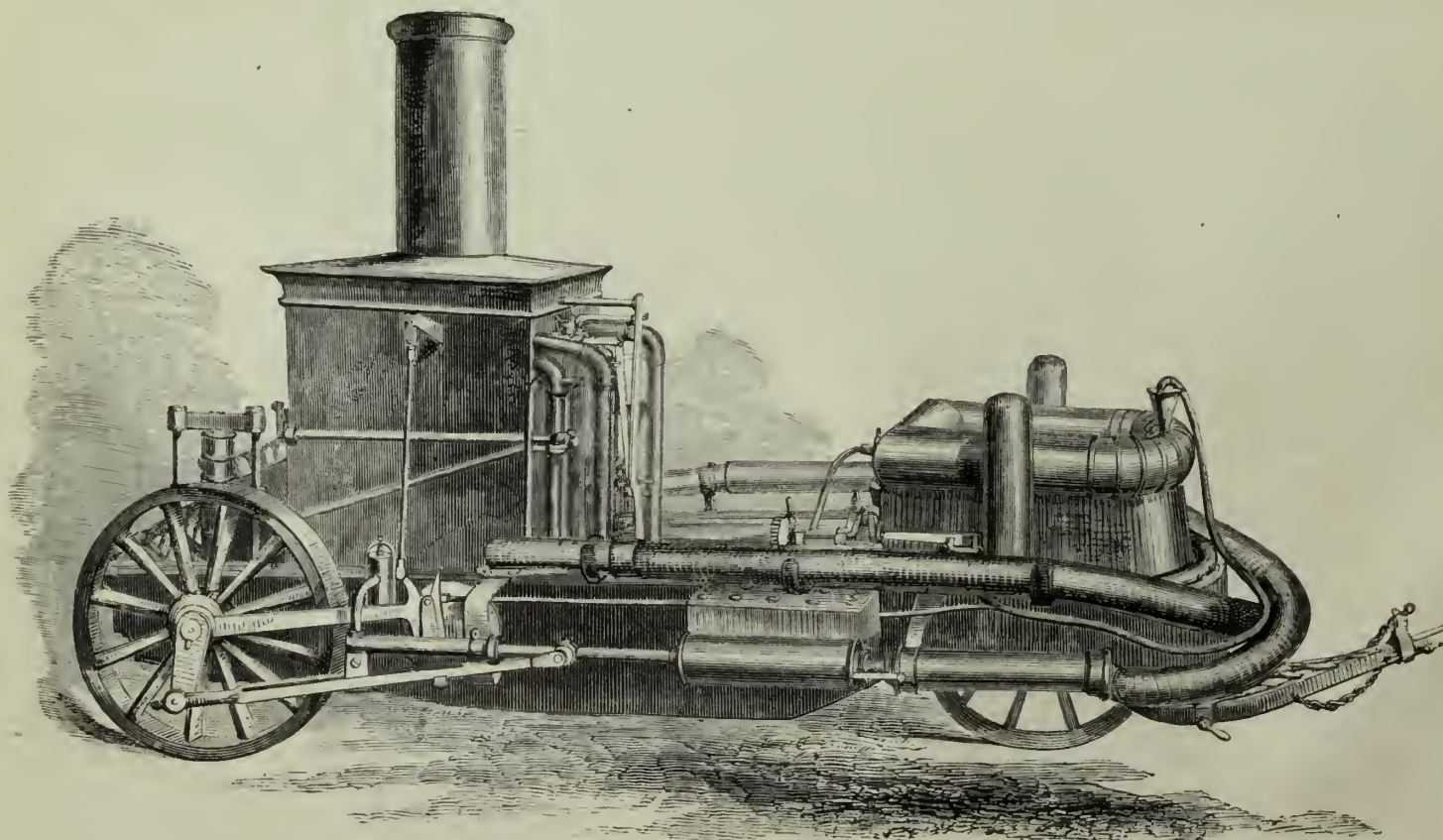
HORACE GREELEY.

nal. In 1841, the advocacy of Socialist doctrines was commenced in the Tribune, and a considerable portion of it was devoted to the exposition of Fourierism by its advocates. Mr. Raymond, withdrawing from the Tribune to assist in the editorial department of the Courier and Enquirer, entered into an animated discussion of the principles of Fourierism with Mr. Greeley—a controversy which created a good deal of noise at the time, and in which Mr. Greeley displayed his usual ability and earnestness. In 1844, Margaret Fuller (afterwards Countess of Ossoli), commenced writing for the Tribune, and contributed a large number of excellent articles. In 1845, the office was destroyed by fire. But with indomitable energy he brought out his paper the next morning as usual, and gave a graphic account of the fire in a few lines, mingled with dashes of spirit and humor. In 1848, he was elected to Congress by a heavy majority, and took an active part in the three months' session of that year. In 1851, he visited Europe, and passed three months of busy travel in England and on the continent, attracting much attention in the former place. His observations on the old world make a very readable volume. We would refer those who desire further particulars respecting Mr. Greeley to the "Life of Horace Greeley, by J. Parton," just issued.

STEAM FIRE ENGINE.

We present our readers with an accurate delineation of the new steam fire engine, invented by Mr. A. B. Lata, for which our city government appropriated the sum of seven thousand dollars. The city of Cincinnati, which was the first to adopt this important invention, has now three large engines in the process of construction. At an experimental trial in Cincinnati, water was forced through a line of hose six hundred feet in length, throwing a stream upon the roof of a five-and-a-half story building, one hundred and twelve feet high. At the same time six streams were in operation, throwing simultaneously one thousand barrels of water per hour five stories high. Water was thrown in nearly a horizontal line, two hundred and twenty feet. The machine is capable of being put in operation in five or six minutes after the fires are started. The exterior of the boiler represents a box four and a half feet square, with a smoke pipe from the top and the centre. Inside is a coil of pipe twelve hundred feet in length. The fire box at the lower extremity is similar to that used in locomotives. The smallest part of the pipe is in the fire box, and it gradually enlarges till it ends in the steam chamber at the upper part of the box. After the fire is kindled, water is injected into the coil by a hand pump, and steam is soon generated. Safety valves and steam gauges are so arranged that the engineer can ascertain the exact amount of pressure. Two small force pumps are connected with the main pump, and a tank in front of the machine is filled with water to supply them. The whole machine is supported on a wrought iron frame eighteen feet long by ten and one-half wide, which runs on two rear wheels and one front one. The shaft is attached to the forward wheel, which turns inside the machine, which can thus be turned in a very small compass. There are two double acting force pumps of six inch calibre and two feet stroke, which are worked by two steam engines of ten inch calibre and two feet stroke. They are arranged horizontally on the exterior of the frame. There is a direct action from the cylinder to the pump, occasioned by the connection of the plungers which work the pump, with the cylinder, both operating on the same horizontal line. There is a continuation of this arrangement, forming an attachment to the wheels in the rear, allowing the application of steam power to assist in moving the machine over heavy grades. Two suction pipes of six inch calibre are attached to the cylinders. On each side of the front of the machine are six ejection pipes of two and one-half inch calibre—

either of which may be disconnected while the machine is in operation. A very peculiar and important feature of this machine is that by which steam can be made to pass from the steam chamber through a pipe into a building before a fire is fully developed, thereby smothering it in its incipient stages. It has often been said that water occasions as much damage to property as fire, but by employing steam in this way, goods may be saved without any injury. The capacity of this engine is equal to that of six common engines, and while it is capable of throwing as much water, it ejects it with much greater force and to greater heights and distances. We believe this machine is destined to work a complete revolution in the fire departments of great cities, and that before long every large city and town will have two or three of them. Doubtless there will be improvements introduced, but the name of the inventor of this new engine will ever be remembered as that of a public benefactor. Our city government have acted with commendable activity in this matter. The order authorizing a committee to visit Cincinnati and examine the steam fire engine introduced into that city, was passed on the 21st of February last, and the committee, consisting of Messrs. George Odiorne, James F. Whittemore, Stephen Tilton, Jr., Samuel Hatch, Watson S. Mayo and Thacher Beal, submitted their report on the 7th of April, and the authority for procuring the engine immediately issued. The committee were very handsomely received in Cincinnati by His Honor Mayor Snellhaker, J. H. Walker, Esq., Chairman of the Committee of the Fire Department, and Miles Greenwood, Esq., Chief of the Cincinnati Fire Department, who afforded them every facility for the accomplishment of their mission. Mr. A. B. Lata, the inventor of the engine, is an ingenious practical mechanic, and his machine is the result of intense labor and study. The committee were very much impressed with the perfect readiness with which Mr. Lata exhibited his engine, which is worthy of honorable mention, since he had not then obtained a patent, although he had taken the preliminary steps to secure one. The engine exhibited in Cincinnati cost ten thousand dollars, and for fourteen months required no repairs—its annual expenses were estimated at five thousand dollars. It performs the work of six ordinary engines at an annual expense of \$24,000. Eighteen men and six horses are required to work it. The city government limited the cost of one engine to seven thousand dollars.



STEAM FIRE ENGINE FOR THE CITY OF BOSTON.



ENTRENCHED TIRAILLEURS BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

SCENES AT SEBASTOPOL.

We recently presented our readers with some vivid delineations of scenes occurring at Sebastopol, and their popularity induces us to continue our military sketches. The engravings are made from drawings taken on the spot, and not from mere fancy designs. Our first represents a portion of a line of entrenched tirailleurs.



THE HIDDEN SENTINEL.

In this case they are advanced very near to the enemy, and being armed with the famous and fatal Minie rifle, do terrible execution. The soldiers depicted are French *chasseurs à pied* (foot chasseurs.) They are posted in holes, sheltered as much as possible from the sight and fire of the enemy, and await their opportunity to pick off Russian officers and men. The Russians, we are told, be-

came so alarmed at the terrible work of these ambushed rifles, that they fitted shutters to the embrasures of their forts, which they closed as soon as the pieces were discharged, so as to conceal the gunners from the keen eyes of the French while they were reloading their pieces. Still they suffered so terribly from the unerring aim of the sharpshooters, and the deadly force of the Minie ball, that to this cause alone has been attributed the slackening of the fire from the besieged town. The second of our series represents a hidden sentinel, posted at a distance from his fellows; the third, one of the Zouaves with his pet cat perched on his knapsack. These Zouaves are recruited from the native population of Algeria, like the Sepoys in the British East India service. To their native daring is added the coolness and regularity of movement imparted by discipline, and on foot or on horseback they are formidable fellows. The mania of the Zouaves to carry little menageries along with them is singular and whimsical. The number of cats residing on their masters' knapsacks and following them everywhere is considerable. In the midst of thunder of cannon, the screaming of shells and the rattling of volleys, poor pussy sits demurely perched on her master's back, without seeming in the least degree disturbed or alarmed. If any accident befalls them, it causes the greatest excitement in their ranks, and many a poor fellow has refused to have hurts seen to by the surgeon till his wounded cat had been attended to. They have a particular fancy for cats, very few indulging in an amiable weakness for poodles and monkeys. The last illustration in our set represents the trench guard, composed of picked men. They are lying low, waiting for the opportunity to act. The bugler is lying beside the officer, as, when the line is extended, the notes of his instrument convey the captain's orders, and indicate the advance, retreat, rally, all the movements, in short, incidental to the service. The French sharpshooters are probably at this time the very best in the world. Several regiments of them have been drilled constantly for a number of years, and as the French troops are enlisted for a long term, they have every opportunity of becoming perfect in their respective arms. The tremendous loss of the Russians at Inkermann gives evidence of the same sort of close firing on the part of the light troops of the allies, as that which made the American fire at New Orleans the most terrible on record. It is only of late years, comparatively, that small arms have been made very effective in warfare. Artillery and the bayonet have been the favorite weapons of the British troops, and it has hitherto been their boast that no enemy could withstand their steel. At the time of the American revolution, and during the last war, perhaps even later, it was customary for the British infantry to fire at "charge arms." The British officers who commanded at the route from Concord and at Bunker Hill, were astounded at the destruction caused by the raw American troops. It was a new thing for them to see an enemy's eye glancing steadily along the deadly tube, and directing it with fatal precision. The numbers of British slain, in proportion to the numbers of the enemy engaged, was entirely unprecedented in the annals of war.

But John Bull is very slow to learn and very reluctant to admit that anybody else knows more than he does; accordingly, in 1812, his infantry continued to fire at random, and accurate marksmanship was confined to the rifles. The British on the frontier were astounded at seeing our lines of infantry bring their muskets to the shoulder, as their fathers were at the same phenomenon at



THE ZOUAVE AND HIS CAT.

Bunker Hill. The withering fire at New Orleans contributed to open yet wider the eyes of those it did not close forever. But to the French belongs the credit of paying particular attention to the marksmanship of their light troops. Their firing at Sebastopol has certainly been very creditable, and has exhibited wonderful skill and precision in its result.



THE TRENCH GUARD BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

A man has been sentenced to six months imprisonment at the New Jersey state prison, for voting twice in Hunterdon county. — The Middletown (Ct.) News says that the Middletown Silver Mines have been sold for £25,000 to capitalists in England, who are preparing to send out a strong force of miners to prosecute the business on a large and efficient scale. — Lord Orreery used to say that Fenton, the poet, died of an easy chair and two bottles of port a day. — John Hooper, Esq., a wealthy merchant of Marblehead, died in this city lately. He was president of the Marblehead Bank at the time of his death, which office he has held for a long series of years, and has also been an efficient director in the Eastern Railroad. — Martin Koszta, the Austrian refugee, who now resides in Chicago, was married to Mrs. Lucinda McFall, of that city, on the 12th ult. — The eyes of the editor of the Norfolk Beacon have been regaled with a sight of a piece of the elm under which Penn made his treaty with the Indians. This relic is now in the possession of the Norfolk Club. — The New Orleans Delta says it has derived from an authentic source, the following intelligence relative to the present strength of the Spanish army in Cuba: Sixteen regiments of infantry, 900 men each, 14,400; two regiments of cavalry, 700 each, 1,400; artillery, 1,500; Sanadores, 100. Whole number, 17,400. — Isaac Funk, of Bloomington, McLean county, Ill., recently sold Messrs. Hough, of Chicago, fourteen hundred head of cattle that would average seven hundred pounds, for the handsome sum of \$64,000. — Within the last twenty years, one hundred churches, numbering about 12,000 converts, have been planted along the coast of Africa. Many schools also have been established, which are now in successful operation, and hundreds of natives have received and are now receiving a Christian education. — It was said of DuBartas, the old French poet, that he prepared his muse for his beautiful description of a horse, by throwing himself on all fours, and curvetting, prancing and neighing all about the room. Bossuet, before going into the pulpit, used to modulate his fine mind by a quiet tune or two on the fiddle. — The New York Courier and Enquirer says the 93d Highlanders, the regiment which has already so admirably distinguished itself in the Crimea, has volunteered to distinguish itself by leading the storming party at Sebastopol. — Greytown is gradually growing up from its ashes, and the Transit Company are negotiating for the removal of their workshops to the city from Virgin Bay. — The Kremlin is a fortress in Moscow, in the very centre of the city. It is two miles in circumference, and surrounded by brick walls and a deep moat. On entering, churches, palaces, public buildings, and the arsenal, just as it remained after the conflagration, present a most extraordinary appearance. — Bolingbroke says that, in the nature of things, the notion of perpetual danger to liberty is inseparable from the very idea of government. — Night schools in Philadelphia are said to be in the "full tide of successful experiment," and hundreds of boys and young men now spend their time in learning, instead of loafing, as formerly. — The annual report of the Fire Department Fund of New York represents it in a prosperous condition, having the sum of \$98,000 invested in stocks and bonds and mortgages. During the year, receipts of the fund have amounted to \$34,014 74.

LIVERPOOL.

It is comparatively but a few years since the now populous and flourishing city of Liverpool was a mere fishing station. The opening of commerce with the colonies first began to attach to it importance as a commercial mart, and since that period it has progressed as rapidly as the trans-Atlantic trade has increased. At the time of the declaration of American independence, the population of the city was but thirty-five thousand. It is now upwards of two hundred thousand. The amount of its receipts from customs was less than three hundred thousand pounds. They are now four and a half millions sterling. Some twenty-three hundred vessels then annually entered its docks. There are now admitted yearly twenty thousand; and the dock receipts have increased from three thousand pounds to three hundred and eighty thousand. The Liverpool docks are the finest and most extensive in the world, and occupy an area of one hundred acres, a large proportion of which space is devoted to American vessels.

MACKEREL.

The Gloucester Telegraph says that "in previous years the quality of mackerel taken at the Bay of St. Lawrence has been mostly large and fat, but this year it has been different. In 1853, Gloucester returned over 20,000 barrels of No. 1; this year there will be returned scarcely 5000 barrels of that number." The Telegraph also says that the fishermen have had an unfortunate year. The shore fisheries have been unproductive also. In one portion of our cape, it says, the fishermen will not average fifty dollars each for their season's work.

RUSSIAN MADMEN.—The Russian soldiers at Inkermann were infuriated with large doses of *raki*, a Russian intoxicating liquor. *Raki* is a liquor made from figs. The English fought without their breakfasts. Poor fellows! A good many rations were saved that day.

GOVERNOR OF UTAH.—The president has appointed Colonel Steptoe of the United States army, of great bravery and character, governor of Utah. It is said that the saints will make no effort to oppose his administration.

TELEGRAPHIC CONNECTIONS OF BOSTON.—Boston is now connected by telegraph with over twelve hundred cities and towns in the United States and British North American Provinces.

Wayside Gatherings.

Mark Izard, the late Marshal of Nebraska, has been appointed and confirmed as Governor of that Territory.

At the burning of a hotel in Birchville, C. W., a few nights ago, John Jacobs, agent, perished in the flames.

A Mexican paper says that the Roman Catholic church in that country owns property worth \$400,000,000.

An Irishman in the employ of S. O. Page, of Holyoke, was lately killed by a falling mass of earth which he was excavating.

A continuous succession of teams is constantly crossing the river at Albany on the ice, loaded with freight for the railroads.

A western gentleman recently skated the distance of a mile in one minute and fifty seconds. This is at a rate of thirty-three miles an hour.

The chief of the Cincinnati fire department enumerates among the negative merits of the steam fire engine, that it can neither drink whiskey nor throw bricks.

Jane Smith, wife of Rowland Smith of Carthage, New York, was frozen to death on the road between Rochester and her own home, a few nights since.

Of twelve competitors—three males and nine females—for three prizes offered by the Massachusetts Teachers' Association, the three successful ones were females.

The tonnage built in the Boston district the present year, including the vessels to be launched before the close of the month, is put down at 63,282 tons (56 vessels), valued at \$4,438,430.

Arrison, the infernal machine manufacturer, of Cincinnati, has been convicted of murder in the first degree. His victims were Isaac Allison and wife.

Professor Beck, of Albany, has recently analyzed samples of flour from various sections of the country, finding an amount of water in each, ranging from 11 54-100 to 18 80-100.

The Munich correspondent of the Providence Journal says that the most important, and indeed, the greater number of the works in the royal foundry in that city, are destined for the United States.

A Philadelphia letter writer at Washington says the signatures to the petition from Boston, asking for the abolition of the duty on foreign coals, reached clear across the hall of the House of Representatives.

During the three years commencing July 1, 1851, \$5,507,022 in three cent postage stamps and stamped envelopes have been issued by the Post Office Department, of which \$5,002,301 have been sold.

Professor Chollis announces, as the conquest of astronomy during the past year, four new planets, and the same number of new comets; none of the latter having been, as yet, identified with any of their predecessors.

Dentistry is thought to be the most profitable of either of the branches of the medical profession. Large sums are received in the principal cities by operating dentists, who gather the best practice over the railroads from the country.

In New York city, on Wednesday week, a woman who was sitting in a room with a charcoal furnace, suddenly became insensible from the gas, and her child, two years of age, fell upon the furnace and was burned to death.

At the St. Nicholas Hotel in New York, there is monthly consumed 452,000 cubic feet of gas. The gas is made from rosin and costs \$924, or \$1585 less than the gas companies would charge for a corresponding amount of coal gas.

Abel Chapin of Holyoke, aged about 45, was found frozen to death lately one morning in his yard, and within four feet of his door. A scar upon his forehead showed that he had fallen, and being stunned by the blow, had literally frozen to death!

Recently an engineer on the Vermont Central Railroad had his jaw and one of his shoulders badly injured by a piece of broken tire from one of the driving wheels, which was thrown off and against his head and shoulders while the train was at high speed.

Sedentary and weak-chested folks should breathe long and deep in the cold bracing air of these winter mornings. A few cubic feet of cold air, taken with a relish, will be worth any amount of opiates and astringents, for quickening and healing the vital organs.

Dr. Griscom, of New York, in an able address before the Academy of Medicine, said of the sanitary police of that city, which comprises twenty-nine men, that not more than one of them could distinguish incipient small pox from the effects of a mosquito bite!

George Tophfotny, a Hungarian exile and nobleman, attempted to commit suicide at Cincinnati, on Friday week. He fired two balls into his body, near the region of the heart, and it is supposed mortally wounded himself. Pecuniary embarrassment drove him to the act.

A decline is about to take place in the price of coal. Large quantities have accumulated on the hands of the miners and in the markets, besides many boat loads frozen up in the canals. The stoppage of factories, the laying up of steamboats and the withdrawal of several ocean steamships, have caused a less demand.

The St. Louis Medical and Surgical Journal relates several cases in which soda has been successfully employed as a remedy for snake bites and the sting of poisonous insects. The injured part was bathed in warm water, and then the soda—moistened a little with water before being used—was applied to the wound.

The New Hampshire Bible Society has recently furnished a copy of the Scriptures for every station house on the railroads in New Hampshire. The Bibles are to be placed in the sitting rooms, where they will be accessible to all passengers who have time and wish to spend a portion of it in reading the word of God.

Near Amherstburg, Canada, a short time ago, a man was cloping with a young woman, when their sleigh was overturned. The girl's neck was broken, causing her instant death, and the man suffered a fracture of the leg, and was taken to a hotel in Amherstburg, where his wife is now kindly attending him, in fulfilment of her marriage vow.

At the Bellair market, in Baltimore, a lady richly dressed, while bargaining with a huckster woman for a pair of fowls, slipped one of them under her mantilla, and went off; the woman started in pursuit, and in the presence of a crowd of spectators, seized the chicken by the leg, and pounded the lady on the head with it until she was rescued by a bystander.

There are forty establishments in the United States, engaged in the manufacture of locomotive engines. These shops, it is estimated, turn out in busy times at least 120 locomotives in a year. About 9000 hands are employed, whose wages are about \$3,500,000 per annum. The iron consumed exceeds 45,000 tons annually. The value of the products of these works is fully \$10,000,000 per annum.

Foreign Items.

A lady lately made her fortieth ascent in a balloon in France, and landing in the country, the rustics maltreated her as a witch.

Four millions of Minie rifle ball cartridges were lately forwarded from the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich, England, for the Crimea.

There is now a good railroad between Callao and Lima in Peru, a distance of nine miles. The cars are comfortable, holding sixteen persons each, and both cars and locomotives are of English manufacture. Peru is looking up.

An English miller has obtained a patent for applying the ordinary centrifugal ball governor to the hopper which supplies the grain to millstones, in the same manner that it is applied to the throttle valve of a steam engine, so that the valve regulates the feed of the grain.

A project is nearly matured in Paris of a pilgrimage to Rome, in large bodies, like those of the pleasure railroad expeditions between London and Paris. Companies of hundreds will be conveyed to the Holy City, and provided on the way with all comforts, at a very moderate rate.

Mr. Macanlay is said to have made an important discovery of a mass of Stuart papers relating to a period immediately anterior to the death of Queen Anne. This discovery will, while adding to the value and importance of what he is about, delay, at the same time, the long-looked-for day when two new volumes are to appear.

The dreaded storms in the Black Sea have already appeared, and with terrible effects. The reported loss of twenty or more transports and ships of war, belonging to the allies, is said to have occurred on the 14th of November. Some of the crews are said to have fallen into the hands of the Russians; and many lives must have been lost.

Around the bed of the monarch of Japan, is conducted a current of water, which at pleasure may be made to fall in transparent curtains of rain, completely encircling the royal couch, for the double purpose of keeping off the mosquitoes and tempering the air to the delicious coolness, which, in a sultry climate, is the consummation of bliss to reposing listlessness.

Sands of Gold.

.... A faithful friend is the true image of the Deity.—*Bonaparte*.

.... It is the nature of the human disposition to hate him whom you have injured.—*Tacitus*.

.... Prejudice squints when it looks, and lies when it talks.—*Duchess d'Abrantes*.

.... Good measures should always be executed, as soon as conceived, and circumstances will admit.—*Washington*.

.... Real glory springs from the silent conquest of ourselves; and without that the conqueror is naught but the first slave.—*Thomson*.

.... Men in responsible situations cannot, like those in private life, be governed solely by the dictates of their own inclinations, or by such motives as can only affect themselves.—*Washington*.

.... Let not the rich man have it said of him that his slave, his horse, his lands, are worth fifteen and thirty talents, and he himself not worth three oboli.—*St. Clement*.

.... If the internal griefs of every man could be read, written on his forehead, how many who now excite envy, would appear to be objects of pity.—*Metastasio*.

.... There is an unfortunate disposition in a man to attend much more to the faults of his companions which offend him, than to their perfections which please him.—*Greville*.

.... An indiscreet man is more hurtful than an ill-natured one; for, as the latter will only attack his enemies, and those he wishes ill to, the other injures indifferently both friends and foes.—*Addison*.

.... They are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean. Superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.—*Shakespeare*.

.... Happiness is much more equally divided than some of us imagine. One man shall possess most of the materials, but little of the thing; another may possess much of the thing, but very few of the materials.—*Colton*.

Joker's Budget.

If a man doubles Cape Horn doesn't he make a double cape of it?

Tom Carley says: "Make yourself a good man, and then you may be sure there is one rascal less in the world."

A coquette treats a lover like a bouquet—carries him about a certain time for amusement or show, and then quietly picks him to pieces.

A man out west, who owns a large farm, says he stacks up all the hay he can out of doors, and the remainder he puts in the barn.

A sharp Yankee proposes that hereafter the governor proclaim Thanksgiving only on condition that poultry is not over fifteen cents a pound.

It is affirmed by scientific gentlemen, that the pressure of the times, if it could be used as a propelling power, would force a vessel across the Atlantic in twenty-four hours.

A New York paper, announcing the wrecking of a vessel near the Narrows, says: "The only passengers were T. B. Nathan, who owned three-fourths of the vessel and the captain's wife."

A boy having complained to his father that Bill had thrown the Bible at him, and hurt him on the head, the father replied: "Well, you are the only member of my family on whom the Bible ever made the least impression."

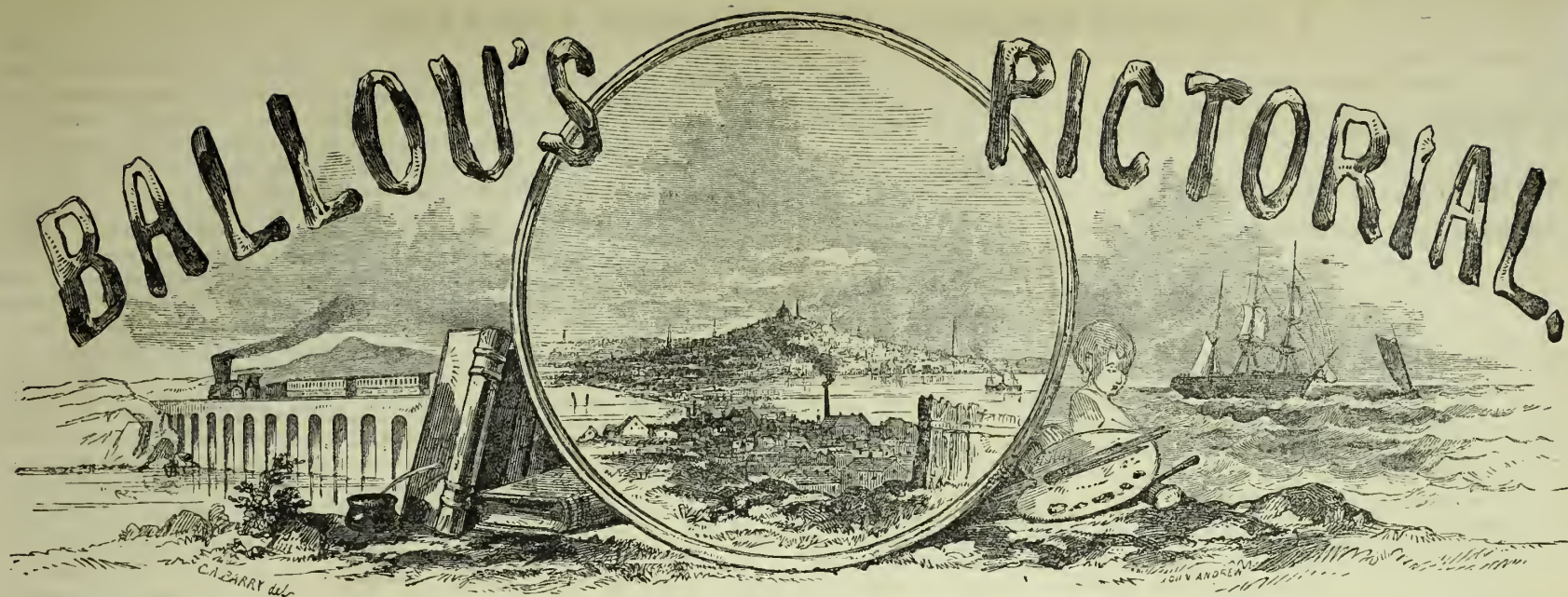
"Mike, can you account for the extraordinary curve in this horse's back?" "Sure, an' I can, sir. Before the baste was your property, she was bucked again an' Irish horse, that bate her all hollow, and she never got straight since."

An Irish tailor, making a gentleman's coat and vest too small, was ordered to take them home and let them out. Some days after, the tailor told the gentleman that the garments happening to fit a countryman of his, he had let them out at a shilling per week.

A fellow coming from the top of the Alleghenies to New York in winter, was asked whether it was as cold there as in the city. He had probably been at some march of intellect school, for he glanced at the thermometer. "Horribly cold," said he, "for they have no thermometers there, and of course it gets just as cold as it pleases."



DRAWN BY WADE



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT
AND BROMFIELD STS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1855.

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UNITED STATES REVENUE CUTTERS.

The design of the beautiful engraving on this page was executed for us by Mr. Wade, of whose skill as a marine draughtsman our readers have lately had an opportunity of judging in the representation of our entire navy, while his views of the Japan squadron and the Collins line of steamships may be referred to as excellent specimens of his ability. These cutters have a saucy and dashing air, which, even amidst the forest of masts in a crowded seaport, arrests the attention of a person in the slightest degree versed in nautical matters. A revenue cutter at anchor is a pleasing object. Her neat, black hull, the iron bull-dogs that show their teeth at the port-holes, the taper, raking masts, the taut stays and shrouds, the bright flag with its vertical stripes, and eagle in the union, show that Uncle Sam sometimes spends his money to good purpose. As an experienced amateur of horse-flesh, knowing in the points of the animal, can tell by an examination of the nag in his stall, what sort of time he is capable of making on the road,

so an old salt can judge by a glance at the build and rig of a vessel at anchor, how she will behave under canvass. Now it is evident, from the sharp run and great rake of the masts exhibited in the engraving before us, that the cutter can lay very close to the wind—in fact she can eat right into the wind's eye. The cutters spread a vast amount of canvass, and can beat everything afloat before the wind. Indeed, on or off a wind, their performance is admirable, and nothing short of an "America," or a centre-board craft like the "Black Maria," can overhaul them at any point of sailing. They are pierced for ten guns, but generally carry only four. The revenue cutters while on a station are generally subject to the orders of the United States collectors, and are employed, as the name imports, in services connected with the collection of the revenue; but their winter cruises are chiefly devoted to the assistance of vessels in distress, supplying them with provisions or whatever else is needful, and preventing shipwreck. At this season they are accordingly supplied with extra quantities

of provision, fuel and water. Sometimes the underwriters entrust supplies to their commanders, to be disbursed under their direction, and the orders of the Secretary of the Treasury authorize them to receive and fulfil such trusts. The cutters are directed to keep as near the coast as safety permits, and to make harbor only in stress of weather, and when a renewal of supplies becomes necessary. The commanders are ordered to speak all vessels approaching the coast they fall in with, and afford them such relief and assistance as they have in their power. The cutters in commission are eight in number, viz., the Morris, Guthrie, McClelland, Caleb Cushing, Jefferson Davis, Dobbin, and Marcy. All the new cutters are built after the same model, which can scarcely be surpassed. The Hamilton, so long upon our station, and known as intimately connected with her gallant commander, is no more. The mournful particulars of her wreck are yet fresh in the memory of our readers. She did not long survive her excellent and lamented commander, Sturgis.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

STEEL AND GOLD:

—OR—

THE HEIR OF GLENVILLE.

A DOMESTIC TALE OF REVOLUTIONARY DAYS.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER V.

THE WIDOW'S TALE.

It is not our purpose to follow Clarence Grey and his guide to the meeting of the Sons of Liberty, which was prolonged to a very late hour. He left the hall in company with Forrester, from whom he parted at the corner of Queen Street and Sudbury Street. Clarence lodging in the latter street.

The young man passed a feverish night. The words he had heard rang through his slumbers, and he sprang from his bed at early dawn. While yet confused and not wholly awake, he was startled by the roar of cannon. Gun after gun pealed upon the ear, shaking the windows in their frames, and seeming to announce that the strife which some of the speakers of the preceding evening had predicted imminent, had already commenced. But mechanically counting the reports, which soon died away, Clarence was satisfied that it was only a salute, announcing the arrival of an expected ship of war from Halifax, with reinforcements for the garrison of Boston.

He smiled bitterly. "Gage cannot be too strong," he thought, "for all his boasted confidence. I no longer doubt the power of the Sons of Liberty to resist the might of Britain. And I am almost satisfied of their right to do so. The result of this day's investigation will decide me."

Hastily dressing himself, he sat down to the perusal of some manuscript and printed documents with which the table was loaded. Interrupting his labor only by a hasty meal, he resumed his study of the papers, which was continued till the afternoon. He often interrupted himself to rise and pace his room, in deep reflection. At last his brow cleared up, his eye lighted, an air of resolution dwelt upon his lips.

"They are right!" he exclaimed aloud. "The cause rests upon the principles of eternal justice; and palsied be the arm that first draws the sword in contravention of those rights. Heart and soul I am with them, and ready to lay down my life, if need be, in their behalf. They shall know my determination this very night."

It seemed as if a weight had been lifted from his heart. For a long time Clarence Grey had wavered in his opinions. Educated as a loyalist, taught to look for fortune and honor from the court circle, hearing from his childhood the maxim that the king could do no wrong, and that he was sovereign lord and master by divine right, it is probable that had he remained on the other side of the Atlantic, his heart and hand would still have remained faithful to the king and ministry, whatever course they had adopted. He would have followed their lead blindly. But a new light broke upon him when he landed in the province, and as he beheld the sun rising free from the fogs that dimmed its lustre in his native land, so did the light of truth, unobscured by the mists of prejudice, here pour its unshadowed beams into his candid soul. One by one, his political errors, like worn out garments, fell from him, and he stood untrammelled and regenerated.

His love for a girl in humble life tended much to strengthen his sympathies with the people, and now, when he had fully shaken off aristocratic prejudices, he felt as if his heart were drawn yet closer to the object of his warm but respectful attachment. A day of study called for relaxation, and seizing his hat, he hastened to Hanover Street, and was soon in the widow's parlor.

Eleanor was alone. She was seated in an arm-chair, in a listless attitude, and her work had fallen from her hands. She did not, as was her wont, rise to welcome his coming, but only smiled faintly and extended her hand. The fingers that Clarence grasped were as cold as ice, and, as startled by this circumstance, he gazed upon her earnestly, he was moved by the evident traces of illness and sorrow written on her countenance.

"Good heaven! dearest Eleanor," he exclaimed; "you are ill. You exert yourself too much; you do not take exercise enough."

"I have no bodily ailment, Mr. Grey," answered Eleonor, striving to speak calmly; "but there is an oppression here." She pressed her hand upon her heart, and, unable to control her feelings any longer, burst into tears.

Clarence was inexpressibly shocked.

"What has chanced since yesterday evening," he exclaimed, "when I left you so radiant and happy?"

Eleanor continued sobbing.

"Has any one whispered into your ear doubts of my affection?"

"No, no, Clarence," said the poor girl, pressing his hand. "Alas! I know you to be good and true."

"You say it in a tone of regret. And I came here to declare myself, and to ask your mother's consent."

"It is unnecessary to see her. You must learn to forget me. O, that we had never met!" she added, wringing her hands.

"Eleanor! your reason wanders. Never met! Have not our hearts grown together? You bid me forget you. Know that my life is entwined with yours, and if you cast me from you, you doom me to a life of misery, you rob me of my energies, you destroy my prospects. I did not expect this of you."

"Clarence Grey," said Eleonor, drying her tears, and speaking with assumed firmness, "I can never consent to be yours. Ask me not for my reasons, but accept that answer as irrevocable."

"I cannot, Eleonor. You ask me to do more than mortal strength enables me to accomplish."

"Believe me," said the afflicted girl, "that if you knew my secret, you yourself would spurn me from you, though I implored you on my bended knees to take me to your heart."

"Now," exclaimed Grey, "I know that you are indeed ill and delirious. You know that nothing can alienate my love—not even your coldness or caprice. I will no longer press you for an explanation."

"You do well, Mr. Grey," said Mrs. Williams, who had entered unobserved, while Clarence was speaking.—"Leave us, my poor child. If Mr. Grey insists upon an explanation, it is from my lips he must hear it."

Eleanor rose mechanically at her mother's bidding.

"Farewell, Mr. Grey," she said, extending her hand to the young man. "Forget this passing dream. If we ever meet again, it must be as strangers."

Clarence raised the soft hand she proffered to his lips. A moment more and she was gone.

The widow seated herself, and her guest drew a chair beside her. The conversation was commenced by the former.

"Mr. Grey," she said, "I will not ask you if it were well done of you to engage the affections of my poor girl, without giving me, her mother, her only friend and adviser, the slightest warning. It is too late now to ask that question. Much misery might have been spared if your conduct had been different. I can anticipate your defence, sir; but I will spare you the trouble of attempting it."

She paused a moment, as if to gather firmness, and then she continued:

"Sorrow is no new guest, Mr. Grey, in my heart. The past has so nearly exhausted its means of affliction, that I knew of but one calamity in store for me. That shaft has been sped—it was keenly barbed, though sped by an unconscious hand. My daughter is now a sharer of my griefs."

"I have been told that sorrow is alleviated by being shared with those who love us."

"There are sorrows that are doubled by participation," replied the widow. "And mine is one of those. Let us be the sole depositories of this secret sorrow. We are women—but fortitude is a woman's virtue. And we are not without arms to do it battle," she added, firmly, placing her hand reverently, as she spoke, upon an old family Bible, that lay before her on the table. "Mr. Grey," she resumed, "we are very poor; but Eleonor was happy till your shadow crossed her path."

"Not a thought of mine has done her injury!" exclaimed Clarence, earnestly. "I would lay down my life to shield her from harm."

"You have harmed her unwittingly," said the widow, "but the calamity is no less overwhelming. But God is my judge that I feel no anger towards you. The only hope of peace for Eleonor is your immediate renunciation of your addresses. Depart in peace, and leave us to our destiny. Seek not to know why you are urged to leave us."

"You tax me beyond my strength," exclaimed Clarence. "By the love—the pure and faithful love I bear your daughter—I conjure you to tell me why she refuses the hand she pledged me freely and fondly."

"Listen, then," said the widow, sadly. "And may the confidence effect the cure. I only ask you to believe me, without seeking to learn the names of the parties I may have occasion to refer to. This is not my native country. I was born in England, of humble parents, it is true, but in circumstances that promised me a life of peace, if not of affluence. Twenty years ago, I was a happy wife. My husband, an honest, loving and gentle nature, was steward to a man of wealth and rank, whose entire confidence and favor he enjoyed. When his employer lost his wife, I was the only one to whom he would entrust the care of his infant child. We lived in a pleasant cottage, on the estate, near the manor-house. One night—one fatal night—I was absent from our happy little home, on a visit to my father, who lived at some distance. I left my husband to take care of the house and of the baronet's child. Nothing presaged evil. I was never in higher spirits than when, early the next morning, I passed the park gate, and came in sight of our pleasant, vine-embowered lodge. As I came near it, one of the female servants of the mansion rushed out and begged me not to enter. I saw that some calamity had befallen us, and breaking away from her, sprang into the cottage. It was filled with angry men. My husband, my dear husband, was in the hands of officers of the law. I learned the fatal truth too soon. A dreadful deed had been committed. Our master had been found murdered in his room in the old mansion. Footsteps had been traced to the lodge. A case of jewels, of inestimable value, was found hidden in my husband's room—and concealed there, also, the bloody knife with which the deed had been accomplished. This was not all; the boy, the orphan boy was gone. My poor husband seemed overwhelmed; he was speechless and unresisting. But when he saw me, he struggled with those who held him, and strove to throw himself into my arms, protesting his innocence of the dreadful crime. They tore us asunder, and one of the peasants employed by the sheriff exclaimed that it was to decorate my person that my husband had first robbed and then murdered his master. For my part, when my senses returned to me, and I could think about the matter, I fixed the crime upon a gang of gipsies, some of whom the lord of the manor had punished for theft, and who had been lurking about the neighborhood, muttering threats of vengeance, though the whole affair was

shrouded, to my mind, in mystery. The loss of the child, and of some articles from our house, seemed to fix it, to my mind, on the gipsies. Be that how it may, my husband was committed to prison. An express was sent to Paris, where the younger brother of the murdered man resided. He was overwhelmed with horror at the news, and came post haste to the paternal mansion. He was a man of great benevolence and purity of life. He indignantly spurned the idea, in spite of the overwhelming evidence, that my husband could have committed the crime. At his instance and mine, some of the gipsy gang were arrested. Nothing was found against them, and they were discharged. My husband was brought to trial. He continued to protest his innocence. A crowd of witnesses testified to his previous good character. The younger brother of the deceased was among them. But the knife, the jewels, how could they be accounted for? Up to the very last dread hour in the court-room I was sustained by hope. The jury returned after a brief absence. Guilty! The fatal syllables rang upon my ear like the dying knell of life. Kind friends removed me, insensible, from the court-room. When I recovered, I could not believe that my husband had been condemned and sentenced. Yet still I clung to life; nor did hope and reason utterly give way, till the eve of the fatal day, when all effort at commutation and pardon had failed, and I knew that so surely as the sun would rise upon the morrow, my husband would perish by an ignominious death. Then despair overwhelmed me. What passed from that moment, I cannot tell. Existence was a blank. When consciousness was restored to me, I found myself wandering in an unknown part of the country. I had escaped from my friends and fled from a scene henceforth accursed to my eyes. I was warmly clad. A weight in one of my pockets induced me to examine it. It was a large sum of gold. I saw a village near at hand, and bending my steps thither, entered a public house. The people were Scotch, and I saw that they regarded me with suspicion. I endeavored, therefore, with the cunning that supplies the place of reason to the disordered intellect, to disarm them by great moderation of manner and deportment. An English newspaper, unopened, lay upon the table. My name was the first word that attracted my attention. I found it was a description of my person, and a reward for my discovery. I immediately defaced the advertisement so as to render it illegible. My impulse was to fly from my friends—from England. After a hasty meal, I quietly stole from the house and wandered down to the shore—it was a seaport town of Scotland that I had entered. An emigrant ship, bound for Boston, was just ready to sail. I saw the captain, and assuming the name I now bear, and representing myself as a poor woman wishing to join her husband in America, and with money enough to pay my passage, was received aboard. Before nightfall the country of my birth had vanished in the distance.

"On the passage, I became a mother. But for the birth of Eleonor I should long ago have been in my grave. But a new existence—a helpless being—the pledge of an affection so rudely blighted, recalled my scattered faculties and energies. For the first time since the awful calamity that had stricken me, I prayed; and God rewarded me by endowing me with that fortitude which has supplied the place of happiness. Mr. Grey, my dismal tale is ended. In return for my confidence, I will ask you one question. Do you believe my husband guilty?"

Clarence hesitated to reply. The widow repeated the question. "God alone is the final judge of guilt or innocence," he answered, evasively.

"Enough," said the widow, sadly. "Had you been on the jury his fate had been the same. But whatever our views, the law pronounced him guilty; and my poor child is the daughter of one whom the law has declared a murderer."

"What of that?" cried Clarence. "Her hand is stainless; I am ready to clasp it at the altar."

"You speak from the impulse of passion," said the widow. "Time would change your views. But be sure of this—until time shall wipe every stain from my husband's memory, my daughter lives unwedded."

"Alas!" said Clarence sadly; "there are secrets which time never discloses—and this is one of them. I may shut your doors in obedience to your commands; my heart will still be with you, will still cling to its hope, till my resolution shall shrink your scruples, and extort happiness from sorrow. In the meanwhile remember that in a strange land you have one friend who will think of you by night and day—whose arm, in the public troubles which are momentarily approaching, will be stretched forth to shield and defend you while a drop of blood is in its veins."

The widow attempted a reply, but her voice failed her: and before she could master her emotions, Clarence Grey had left the house.

CHAPTER VI.

A SOLDIER IN DIFFICULTY.—A MIDNIGHT ENCOUNTER.

AFTER this interview, Clarence wandered about the town, scarcely conscious whether he was going, mentally reviewing the melancholy story he had just listened to. Hours passed in this manner. The distress of Eleonor and her mother deeply affected him, and for a time he generously forgot how closely his own happiness was linked with theirs. When, at last, he thought of his own interests, he could not persuade himself that he had been hopelessly rejected; he still hoped to renew his suit with better success, and to change what now appeared to be the rigid inflexibility of both mother and daughter. Still, it was evident that the intercourse must be for a time suspended. This was a bitter sentence, for he had hoped to derive encouragement in the efforts he now resolved to make for the country he had determined should be that of his adoption, from the generous sympathies and culti-

vated mind of his beloved. But with a sigh for illusions vanished, he dismissed them, and bent all his energies to the work before him.

As he was passing a small house of entertainment, in Ship Street, loud outcries from within caused him to pause in his walk and enter the room on the ground floor from which the noise proceeded.

The room was filled with men in citizens' dresses, with one exception. A British soldier, a hard-faced man of some forty-five years of age, whose flushed countenance gave evidence of deep potations, was struggling and swearing in the grasp of two or three stalwart men, whose countenances expressed anger and excitement.

The inn-keeper, a little bald-headed person, seemed endeavoring to restore order.

"Help! sir! help!" said the soldier, addressing himself to Grey. "I'm in a fair way of being murdered here!"

"And served you right, scoundrel!" said a stout young man, in a green baize jacket.

The moment Grey set eyes upon the soldier, he recognized him as the man he had encountered on Copp's Hill, when walking with Eleanor Williams.

"What is the trouble, my friends?" asked Clarence, "and why are you handling this man so roughly?"

"Curse him!" said Green-jacket, "we haven't half done with him yet. Say, boys, shall we drench him in the mill-pond, or will it pay to take him to Clark's shipyard, and give him a coat of tar and feathers to remember the North-Enders by?"

"Let me go, confound you!" cried the soldier. "If Gage could only hear of this, you wouldn't brag upon the North-Enders long!"

"Treason!" shouted a fellow in a tarry shirt. "The red-coat is talking treason agin the constituted authorities. Don't you know, you lobster-back, that we don't know Gage in these latitudes? It's my advice to you to gather in the slack of your jaw, if you don't want to be keel-hauled as well as tarred and feathered!"

"What has the man done," asked Grey, "to deserve the punishment you threaten him with?"

"Why, you see, sir," said the landlord, "he was a sitting there—at yonder table—a drinkin' half-an-half as he calls it, and little Peter Pippin, the lunc scissors-grinder, sitting opposite. This here soger proposes the king's health, and when Peter refuses to drink it, the soger calls him a rebel and catches him by the throat, and outs with an oath, and says he'll break his head or arry rebel's in the room that refuses to do honor to his majesty. The 'boys' happening in promiscuously while the altercation was going on, takes him in hand and has him at odds, as you see for yourself. Bein' a man of peace, I interfered, but Lord, sir! when blood's up—what's the use? The soger's a little mite disguised in liquor and sarcy—and the boys nint used to takin' sass from nobody. That's the long and short of it."

"My friends," said Clarence, "it strikes me that this is no time for brawls like this. You are wasting your powder on small game. The fellow's conduct was contemptible, I allow—but you had better send him about his business, and have done with it."

"God bless your honor!" said the soldier.

"But he's got to apologize," said the man in the green jacket. "Look you, sirrah, are you willing to go down on your knees and ask Peter's pardon?"

The soldier caught Clarence's eye, who made him a sign.

"As there is no retreat, I suppose I must!" said the soldier.

"Down then!" said Green-jacket, forcing him to his knees. "Come here, Peter."

A little, shambling fellow advanced at the summons.

"Now then, lobster!" said the master of ceremonies.

"Comrade!" said the soldier, sullenly, "I ask your pardon. Now let me up, you—will you?"

"Avast!" cried a sailor. "Don't let him slip his cable yet. Fetch us a stiff glass of grog, landlord, I'll pay the shot. Now, catch hold of this, lobster-back."

The soldier took the proffered glass and was about to drink.

"Avast!" cried the sailor, laying his hand upon the soldier's arm. "We drink healths in these latitudes, shipmate. Now—then—repeat after me—the good health of John Hancock!"

"The good health of John Hancock!" muttered the soldier, and he swallowed the draught.

"Hurrah! hurrah! for John Hancock!" cried the bystanders. The soldier had then permitted to rise, the North-End boys having been restored to good humor by the spectacle of his humiliation.

"You have done well, my friends," said Grey. "Never injure a good cause by unnecessary violence."

He left the house in company with the soldier.

"Mr. Grey," said the man, "I shall never forget the good turn you have done me, and if ever the chance occurs, I'll repay it. If ever you're cornered as I was to-night, remember Paul Bolton."

"And now take my advice," said Grey. "Go to your quarters without any delay. You have been drinking and you are far from sober. Any one can see it at a glance."

"I'm sorry for that," said the man, "for I've got to mount guard at the Province House to-night. Curse the uniform! and curse the life I lead!"

"Rather blame your own habits of self-indulgence. Don't drink another drop to-night."

"I'll try to keep from liquor. And if I can only get a wink or two of sleep, I'll be all right for guard duty."

"Good night, then," said Grey, turning away from him. The soldier went towards his barracks with a step that grew steadier, as he approached the termination of his walk.

It was quite late, and he had managed to get a little sleep, when he was posted at the Province House. But though his step was steady, his head was still in a very confused state, for he had drank deeply during the day.

The night was fitful, with flying clouds and occasional showers. Sometimes objects could be distinctly seen—at others, all was obscure. The soldier paced his beat sullenly. Once, when his back was turned, he thought he heard a footstep on the freestone steps. Wheeling suddenly, he caught a glimpse of a tall figure gliding away in the darkness.

"Who goes there?" he called out.

There was no answer.

"Pshaw! it's no matter," he muttered. "This isn't war-time—and it's a farce to post a guard here—a humbug!"

And he resumed his march, cursing the orders, the officer of the day, and the commander-in-chief.

As he sullenly paced to and fro, a young officer, advancing from the street, came close up to him, and taking advantage of a momentary brightening of the sky, scrutinized him closely. The result of the examination may be gathered from the officer's words.

"You are drunk, sentinel—give me your musket."

"I'm not drunk!" retorted the soldier. "And I give up my musket to nobody. Stand back, there!"

"I demand your musket, fellow," repeated the officer.

"Never!" cried the sentinel. "No man gets my musket, and no man comes within my guard!"

With these words the soldier dropped the barrel of his piece into the hollow of his hand and charged upon the officer. But the latter was on the watch. Quick as lightning he drew his rapier from the scabbard, and stepping aside, parried the bayonet thrust by a hanging guard. As the sentinel nearly lost his balance by the fury of his thrust, it would have been very easy for the officer to have changed his parade, and, lunging out, to have passed his weapon through his adversary's heart. But that was evidently not his design. He contented himself with parrying the repeated thrusts which the soldier, now losing all control of his reason, aimed at him. The noise of the encounter created no alarm, for the officer's light, flexible blade did not ring upon the bayonet it crossed, but rather hissed like a serpent as it played with the arm. A word also would have called out the guard—but it appeared as if the officer chose to show that he had the ability, without relying on other assistance than his own skill, to foil and vanquish any single assailant. The soldier perceived that all his antagonist's efforts were directed at unlocking his bayonet, a difficult achievement, and he did his best to prevent it. The struggle lasted several minutes, and then by a dexterous motion of the blade, the officer succeeded—and sent the unfixed bayonet whirling twenty feet through the air. At the same moment he sprang forward, seized the gun-barrel with his left hand, and tripping the soldier with his right foot, threw him heavily upon his back, after disarming him. Planting his foot upon the breast of the fallen man, he put the point of his sword to his throat.

"A single motion," he muttered, through his clenched teeth—"and you die like the dog you are."

"I defended my post," growled the soldier.

"And disobeyed an order."

"My orders were to keep my post," muttered the sentinel.

"You shall answer for this night's work in the morning," said the officer.

The relief marched up, and Bolton was given to the guard.

"If you appear against me, I am a dead man," whispered the soldier to the officer.

"Not a word, villain!" said the young man, sheathing his sword and turning away.

As Bolton was marched off, the party met an officer of rank, accompanied by a servant carrying a lantern. He halted a moment, and asked what was the matter.

"Captain Carney ordered me to take this man to the guard-house," replied the corporal of the guard.

"That man!" said the officer, starting, as he looked upon the prisoner. "Paul Bolton!"

"The same, Sir Ashley Glenville," said the prisoner.

"I will see Carney to-night," said the officer, hastily. "Meanwhile, don't abuse the man."

"I never abuse nobody, colonel," said the corporal, touching his cap.

"Move on!" said the officer.

"All right, corporal," said the prisoner. "Forward, march, boys!"

CHAPTER VII.

SIR ASHLEY GLENVILLE AND HIS FRIEND.—THE FORTUNE TELLER.

It was about noon on the day after the occurrences we have just described. The half drawn blinds admitted a sort of cold twilight into a sitting-room in a house in Tremont Street, whose luxurions sofa, thick Turkey carpet, oval mirror, rich hangings, pictures and other ornaments, showed it to be the abode of a wealthy individual.

Reclining in a deep easy chair, sat an officer in the full dress of a British colonel. His hair was scrupulously powdered; his linen and ruffles were faultlessly clean; a diamond pin sparkled on his bosom, and rings of costly price upon his fingers. Beside his chair stood a powdered valet, in a livery of dark blue purple velvet trimmed with gold, whose face and shrewd expression were incontestable proofs of his Gallic origin.

"François," said the colonel, languidly, "how are we looking to-day?"

"My colonel is looking superbly," replied the valet, striking an attitude, and gazing upon the officer with his head aside, like a connoisseur examining a choice picture. "Monsieur le colonel has quite the air of a young man. If I did not know monsieur's age, and saw him thus equipped for conquest, I should think he had only twenty five years."

"Pshaw! you flatter me, François," said Sir Ashley Glenville, yet glancing as he spoke at the mirror which hung opposite. "But do you think that art has actually concealed the ravages of time? There are no crows' feet visible, François?"

"Not a line, my colonel."

"And you think the touch of rouge beyond suspicion?"

"It would bear every test but a kiss, my colonel. Has milor been destroying hearts this morning?"

"No—I have been paying my respects to the commander-in-chief at the Province House. The duty was imperative, else I should have indulged in a longer repose after the fatigues of the voyage. Here, take my sword and hat, and bring me a liquor glass of *parfait amour*."

With a low bow, the valet received the hat and sword of the Briton, and deposited them in an ante-chamber, whence he returned with a glass upon a silver salver. The colonel sipped the contents, drop by drop, and then motioned the valet to retire. Wheeling his chair to one of the windows, he drew aside the rich curtains and looked out. Beneath him lay the burying ground of the King's Chapel, whose sombre pile looked solemnly down upon the home of death; beyond were quaint old houses in the midst of large gardens. His look, after ranging over the distant prospect, returned to the sculptured monuments.

"One could almost envy their quiet repose!" he thought. "What a lesson is the presence of these mute mementoes of death in the midst of the busiest scenes of life! But is it heeded? The skeleton at the Egyptian feast did not stop the circulation of the wine cup. No! it rather gave a spur to the revelry. While life holds the brimming beaker to the lips, we kiss the breaking bubbles, without a thought of the grim shadow that frowns in the background, though its hand be lifted in incessant menace."

"Milor, a soldier is without and asks to see you. Shall I admit him?" said the valet, entering at the moment.

"Why—yes," answered the colonel, hesitatingly.

The valet retired. Immediately afterwards Paul Bolton was shown in, and stood, saluting the officer respectfully, until the valet left him alone with his master. Then he assumed an air of almost familiarity, and advanced with a proud step.

The colonel had wheeled his chair round, and now sat facing him, with a calm and indifferent expression.

"So—you are at liberty, I see," said the colonel. "I had some difficulty in arranging your affair."

"I knew you could do it, Sir Ashley—and I felt safe when I saw you."

"Really—well, my good fellow, I saw Captain Carney, but I could do nothing with him. From his quarters I posted to the Province House. How well I pleaded, your presence here testifies."

"I am glad to find, Sir Ashley," replied the soldier, "that you have not forgotten the time when I did you some service."

"If my memory serves me," answered the colonel, coolly, "I think that service was paid for at the time."

"Partly," replied Paul. "But I think if I were to leave the matter to referees, they would award me something more yet."

"I do not say that our accounts are squared yet," said the colonel. "But what I have done for you this morning shows at least my anxiety to balance them. What more do you want?"

"This uniform wearies me—I am sick of the service."

"Why did you enter it?"

"I was forced to enter it."

"Yet you had money enough to make you comfortable for life."

"Look you, Sir Ashley," said the man. "It is easy enough to preach prudence to a fellow with five craving senses, but it is hard to persuade him that he should content himself with a bare pittance while others are rolling in luxury and wealth. You have fine apartments here."

"You like them?"

"There's three hundred pounds' worth of gewgaws in this very room."

"You have the eye of an appraiser, Mr. Bolton. That sofa is very luxurions; wout you try how easy it is?"

"Thank you, Sir Ashley," said the man, throwing himself at length upon the sofa.

The colonel rose, approached the door and locked it.

"My valet is of an inquisitive turn," said he. "And he might be somewhat surprised at our intimacy, not appreciating your free and easy manners, Mr. Bolton, and my indulgence. Now," he added, drawing a chair near the sofa, "we can talk business. You cannot doubt, after what has passed, that I remain your friend."

"Doubtless, colonel. And you were no doubt equally surprised and delighted to meet me last night. Your tender heart must have been beset with apprehension on my account—and I make no doubt that if you had been assured of my death, you would have worn a crape upon your sword-hilt."

"Pardon me, Mr. Bolton," said the colonel, "but there appears to be a slight shade of irony in your remarks. Surely, you cannot question the sincerity of my interest, when I interfered, as I have done, in your behalf. What prevented my letting your cause go by default, and allowing you to be strung up or shot like a dog for your assault on an officer?"

"Simply this, Sir Ashley Glenville—fear of the consequences."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



MOSCOW.—GENERAL VIEW OF THE KREMLIN.

SKETCHES OF MOSCOW.

The first object a stranger is desirous of seeing on arriving at Moscow is the Kremlin, which alone is worth a journey to Moscow. "The Kremlin is more than Russia; it is a world of itself," as a modern traveller justly observes. Our exterior view of the Kremlin is taken from the Moskova, in such a way as to present to the spectator, by grouping them as favorably as possible, the new constructions and what remains of the old. It gives as complete and exact an idea as possible of the present condition of this celebrated fortress. On the square upon which one of the five gates opens, rises the church of St. Basil, Vassili Blagennoi, as seen in the second engraving, known also by the name of the cathedral of the protection of the Holy Virgin. The most imposing gate of the Kremlin is that before which we have halted

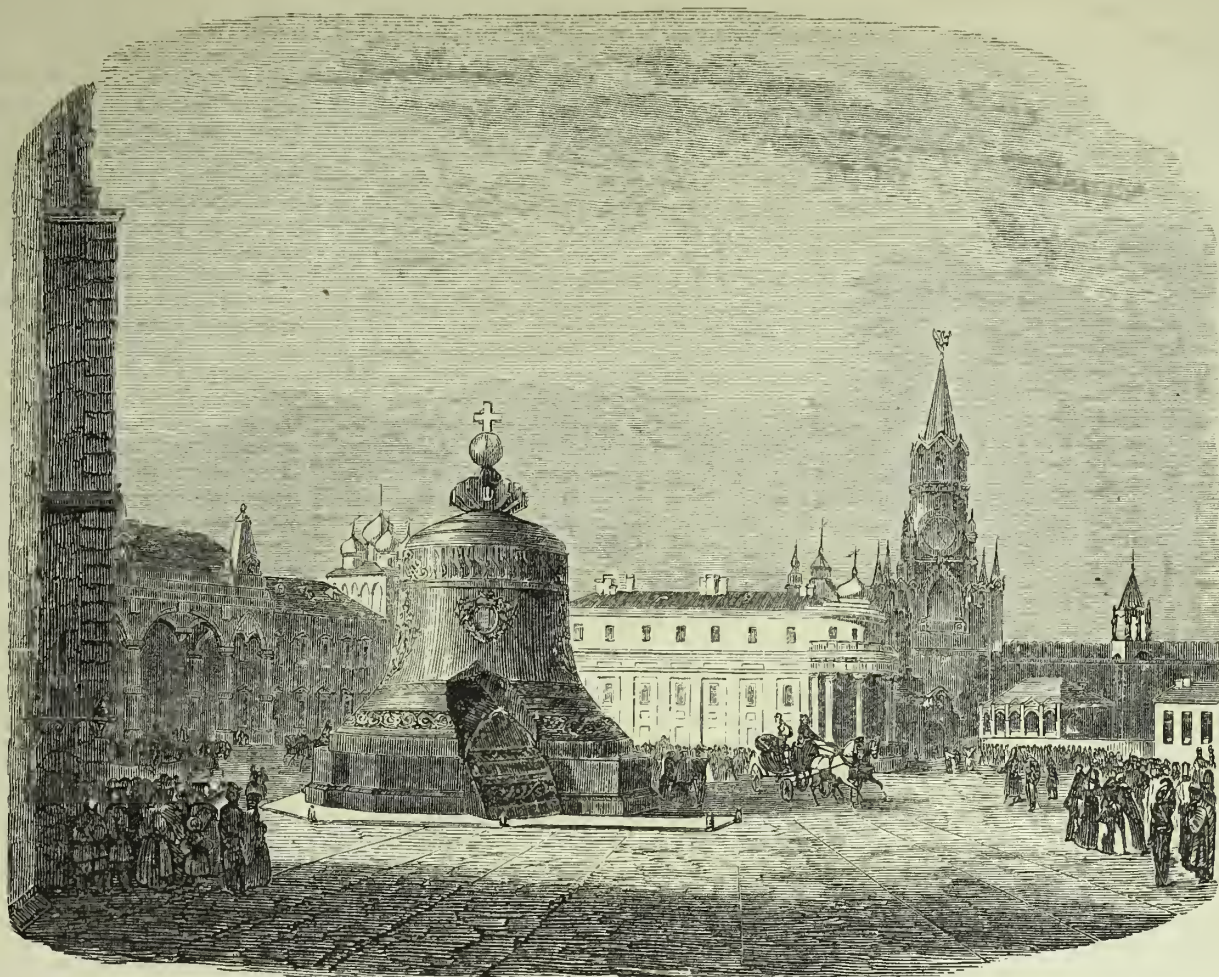
to contemplate the church of Vassili Blagennoi—it is called *Spass Vorota*, or the Saviour's Gate; it is the *Porta Sacra* and the *Porta Triumphalis* of Moscow, the Propylæum of its Acropolis. Above it is exhibited, under a glass, an image of the Saviour, so blackened that no feature is distinguishable. Before this image burns a coarse and massive lamp, suspended by a heavy chain. An old complicated machine serves to hoist and lower this lamp. A man remains there constantly to sell little tapers to the faithful, and to place them, after lighting them, before the sacred image. Never head of the Virgin surrounded by brilliants and sapphires, never iconostasis bearing on its broad wings all the figures of the Old and New Testaments, inspired so deep a feeling of devotion as this old smoky picture, which, according to popular belief, has, during its existence since 1812, performed an

innumerable quantity of miracles. Thus every individual who passes under the Holy Gate, whether Mahomedan or Pagan, is obliged to take off his hat, and he cannot replace it till he has reached the other side. The emperor himself respectfully uncovers. The Holy Gate passed bareheaded, we shall now transport ourselves, without casting a look before us or behind us, to the right or left, to the great square of the Kremlin, at the foot of the tower of Ivan Veliki, where we pause before so strange a monument that the like of it is not to be found in any other city of the globe—that is to say, before the "Queen of Bells." There are in Europe many more celebrated bells than one who had not studied the history of bells would imagine. Thus we hear much of the bell of Vienna, which is ten feet high, thirty-two feet two inches in circumference, and weighs 85,400 pounds; of those of



CHURCH OF VASSILI BLAGENNOI, AND THE HOLY GATE.

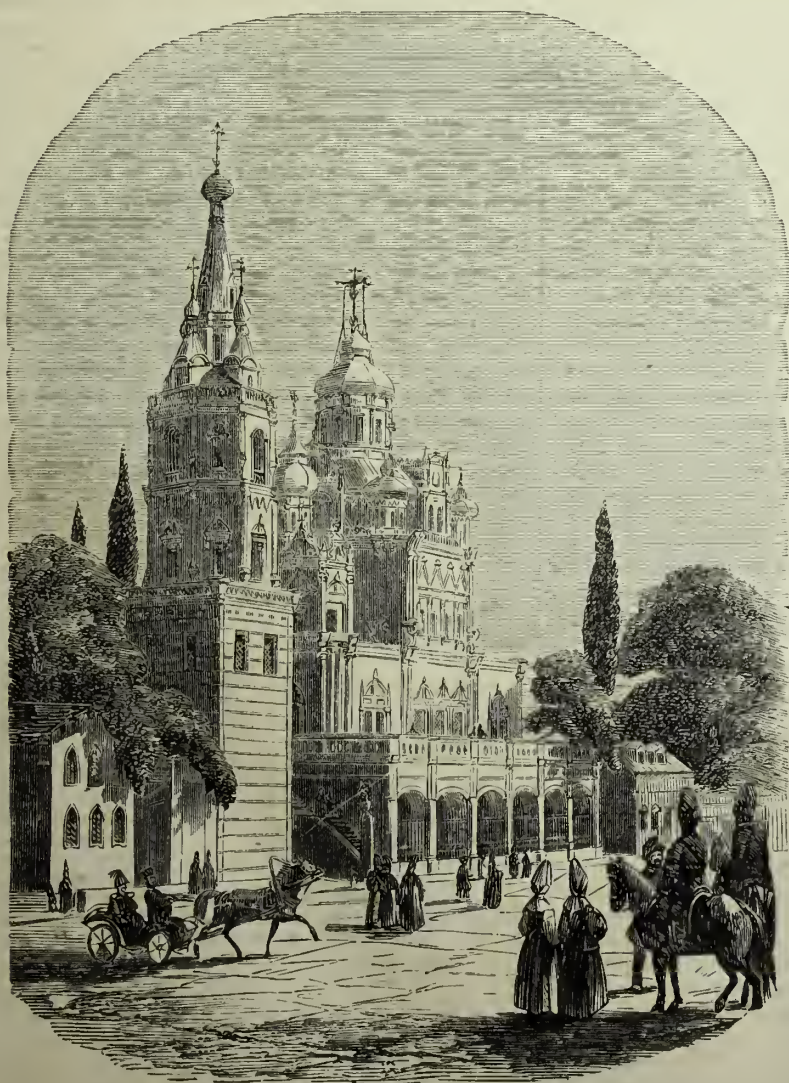
Berlin, Erfurt, Breslau, Schaffhausen, Strasburgh, etc. China possesses one which far surpasses all of them; according to Werbis, the great bell at Peking weighs 140,000 pounds. But of all the bells cast up to this time, the largest, the heaviest, and consequently, the most famous, is the bell of Moscow, surnamed the "Queen of Bells." In fact, this bell, cast in 1733, by order of the Empress Anna Ivanovna, to replace that of the Czar Alexis Mikailovitch, broken in the burning of the Kremlin in 1701, is twenty feet seven inches high by twenty-two feet eight inches diameter, and weighs 480,000 lbs. Hence it has never been suspended in a belfry. "Considered in an artistic point of view, this bell is remarkable from the beauty of its form and the carving. Its bas-reliefs represent the full-length and life-size portraits of the Czar Alexis Mikailovitch and the Empress Anna Ivanovna. Between these two portraits, on two scrolls surmounted by angels, are indicated two inscriptions, roughly sketched, of which only a few disconnected words are distinguishable. The upper part is adorned with figures representing the Saviour, the Virgin and the holy evangelists. The upper and lower frieze are composed of palms treated with great breadth and much art." The "Queen of Bells" is now offered to the gaze of the curions on an octagonal granite pedestal; it is crowned by a Greek cross in gilt bronze. The foot of this cross has for a base a ball supported by four consoles. The total height of the monument is thirty-four feet. One of the faces of the pedestal has the following inscription traced in Slavie characters and engraved in gold on a tablet of whitish-blue marble called bordillio: "This bell, cast in 1733, in the reign of the Empress Anna Ivanovna, after having been buried in the earth for more than a century, was raised to this place August 4, 1836, by the will and under the glorious reign of the Emperor Nicholas I." The broken piece of the bell has been placed against the pedestal, so that the interior can be readily visited. According to a rumor generally credited in Moscow, the metal of the "Queen of Bells" contains a certain quantity of gold and silver, which rich and pious Russians melted with the copper in the casting. The whitish color which distinguishes this bell would seem to corroborate this



THE GREAT BELL OF MOSCOW.

tradition. Up to 1836 it was impossible to ascertain the truth, for the people of Moscow would have raised an outcry against the profanation, if the slightest portion had been removed even to make a scientific experiment. When M. de Montferriand received the order from the Emperor Nicholas to crown the holy bell with a cross of gilt bronze, he was obliged to cut away some of the ridges of the mould to adjust the cross and ornaments. The analysis of those fragments, made at St. Petersburg, under the care of Colonel Sobolowsky, in the laboratory of the Corps of Mines, presented the following results: copper, 84.51; pewter, 13.21; sulphur, 1.25; loss, 1.03; making one hundred parts. Besides the "Queen of Bells" we will only visit in the enclosure of the Kremlin, the interior of the Cathedral of the Assumption, the first stone church built in Moscow. "Its nave is narrow

and dark," says Mr. X. Marmier, "its arch, sustained by four enormous pillars, which occupy almost the whole of its enclosure, and these pillars, this arch and the walls are covered from top to bottom with fresco paintings, representing, in a gigantic form, the figures of saints and apostles with mantles of purple and aureolae of gold. The iconostasis, that is to say, the barrier which separates the sanctuary from the rest of the church, and which rises to the arch, is like one of those fabulous walls of which Eastern poets speak, a wall of enamel covered with chiselled images, dazzling with precious stones. To the right of the doors which open in the middle of the iconostasis, and which are called the royal doors, is an image of St. John, painted, it is said by the Greek emperor Emmanuel; to the left, a venerated Virgin, who bears on her head, among other ornaments, two diamonds, of which one alone (this was written in 1842) would render the poorest poet eligible. What is more precious in the eyes of the Russian people than all of these paintings, these crowns of diamonds, these heaps of gold and mosaic, are the relics enclosed here and there in caskets. There are some for all devotions and all the accidents of life, from the tunic of Jesus Christ, whose authenticity no one dares to dispute, to the bones of saints which cures divers maladies. A sacristan points to the faithful those which are most efficacious; they sign themselves several times before these works of faith, imprint a holy kiss, and go to another chapel equally filled with relics. There they cross themselves again, prostrate themselves with humility, with their faces to the ground, then approach a monk, who stands before the altar and gives them his right hand to kiss, which he has taken care, they say, to impregnate beforehand with a good odor, in order to flatter the smell of these respectable believers. It is in this church that the metropolitans are buried and the emperors crowned." Moscow has two churches of the Assumption. The second is situated at Pakrofsk, one of the suburbs. It was built under the reign of Boris Gordonoff, at the beginning of the 18th century. A strange mixture of Italian and Moorish architecture, it is neither wanting in elegance nor lightness, though built of stuccoed brick.



CHURCH OF THE ASSUMPTION.



INTERIOR VIEW OF CHURCH OF THE ASSUMPTION.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A LIGHT ACROSS THE WAY.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

In the low cot across the way
A cheerful light shines all the year;
It dawns upon me day by day,
A love-sun in my social sphere.

When wintry winds are wailing loud,
And heaven's bright arch becomes a blot,
'Tis summer time without a cloud
Within that low and peaceful cot.

When my sad heart is bowed with grief,
And hope has not one lingering ray,
A blossom to a blasted leaf
Is that pure light across the way.

That sweet rose blossoms all the year,
In winter's storm and summer's calm;
It lights my gloomy atmosphere,
And fills this bitter life with balm.

I saw it when an infant bud
It grew upon the parent tree,
With beauty mantling in its blood—
And now it blooms and blooms for me.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

CONSTANTINOPLE AS IT IS.

BY REV. F. W. HOLLAND.

CONSTANTINOPLE is the throne of a kind of barbaric splendor. When your Austrian or French steamer rounds the Seraglio Point and anchors in the middle of the Golden Horn, a panorama opens before you which oppresses with its beauty, while the tongue is still from very wonder. With the morning sun, as I saw it, just gilding a thousand domes and minarets, flashing back in splendor from golden crescents high in air, mantling with grace the crumbling walls of Constantine and the ancient towers that gird around the city, shedding a soft lustre over the vast cypress groves that stretch far away into the distance, and resting, as if wooed by its loveliness, on the ever-blue Bosphorus—it is a spectacle never to be forgotten. Add to this, the fairy palaces that seem an Arabian tale of enchantment, floating apparently on the water's edge, the hundreds of tall ships of every nation, riding at ease in the midst of bustling life, eighty thousand caïques as they say, flitting like tame sea birds perpetually around, the strangely-hued crowds that sweep over the low bridges, representing every costume and every country—all these unite with the delicious sensation of escape from the floating prison in which you have arrived, to make one of the most ecstatic moments of life. But, when you actually land, and a custom-house bribe of a dime or less gives you the privilege of following your unopened baggage up the Pera hill, it is as when the veiled prophet of Khorrassan lifted his adored face upon his worshipper and smote him to the ground in strange horror. The narrow, filthy, uneven thoroughfares lined with low wooden buildings, often out of paint, oftener still in partial ruin, scatter your romance in a breath.

First of all, the neglected, rutted, jagged pavement, the worst, I think, in the world, in five days' walk disabling my dragoman and beating my own feet into jelly, is strewn with dead rats, rubbish that has fallen from the mules' panniers, and all kinds of house waste. Then, while the better class of buildings have a neglected look, as if the Turk was anxious to tell everybody at once his disgust at the idea of renovation, or was determined to be consistent with the shabby splendor and worn-out magnificence of his government, unrepainted ruins meet the eye, the traces of those fearful fires, the chief "plague" of the Constantinople of to-day.

I despair of making our people understand that essential feature of a Turk's character—stamped all over this crowded capital, blazing in prophetic letters upon its doomed despotism, imaged best in the tottering tombstones over pachas' and sultans' graves—his love of repose. This is the veritable castle of indolence. The Slavonian is his farmer, the Nubian his servant, the Greek his sailor, the Armenian his banker, but the real Turk is the real gentleman—scornful of improvement, hostile to change, contemptuous of foreigners, disgusted at locomotion. His drowsy baths that consume half the day, his perpetual tchibouque, his prayers at short intervals, his recumbent posture, his extensive seraglio, explain the fact, that, in four hundred years' occupation of Asia Minor, he has never built a road, never repaired a street, never reformed a vice, never really caught that American watchword, "Progress."

Many of the virtues of Turkish life and all its prominent faults spring from this fruitful source. Indolence explains the abuses practised upon the government, its daily robbery by officials of every grade, the desolation going on in its finest provinces, the frightful oppression of which the Greeks have been the victims, the utter hopelessness with which those who know the government thoroughly, like Sir Stratford Canning, contemplate its approaching fate. Everywhere you find the native citizen asleep at noon-day, upon guard, in the bazaar, kneeling at the mosque, reclining at the coffee-house.

Nothing is more dreary than an evening in a Turkish city. No opera, no museum, no ball-room, no public assembly, no street lights, but instead, the gates which close the different quarters shut up at nine o'clock, the streets filled with thousands of howling curs, every house as silent as the deserted bazaar, no appearances of domestic joy, no sounds of social glee. As I was entire-

ly alone in Constantinople, with the fewest possible books, and no acquaintance outside of my boarding-house, I was like some prison convict, confined to gloomy silence for most of the time from sundown to daybreak. And then I was under the last grip of a Russian winter. There were no stoves, no fire-places—far less furnaces, and instead, the breechiest of wooden structures—doors that would not be coaxed to shut, windows that poured in as much air as light: and, out-doors, a driving sleet, or a north-easter fresh from the Euxine, breathing upon you a graveyard damp, reminding by contrast, of Syrian suns or Egyptian cloudlessness of sky. I know the "Allies" will never forget their winter experience of the Crimea. I know that many perish with cold every winter at Constantinople, in an atmosphere which in summer can hardly be endured for heat. A wider experience would satisfy us that though our New England climate is none of the best, our lives are shielded from the worse extremes which hover over many favored regions of earth; our warmth is never so prostrating, and our cold we are abundantly provided to meet.

The cemeteries of Constantinople are the most wonderful things there—of unlimited extent; "fields of enormous ninepins," dark groves of funeral cypress cover miles of Moslem monuments. Commonly, a marble post stands at the head and another at the foot of a pyramidal marble slab, the headstone decapitated of its turban, if its owner has suffered execution, and frequently inscribed, in flaming gold and blue, with the name and virtues of the deceased, but the whole dilapidated, tottering to its fall, and sometimes yawning open in the most melancholy way. The holy suburb of Eyonak, named after that brave standard-bearer, one of the first to mount the captured walls of the Greek metropolis, is the most famous and superb, though Sentari is by far the largest. Passing up the Golden Horn, an inner harbor where seventy-fours can ride, yet sheltered as a Liverpool dock, rowing by the gay-colored palaces of wealthy pachas and the Sultana Valide's extensive establishment, you come to burial-grounds, upon part of which no Christian foot has ever trod—where the sultans formerly received the sword of state as commander of the hosts of the faithful—as sacred from intrusion as the mosque of Mecca or the temple at Jerusalem.

Though there is a tiresome uniformity of finish among the common graves, not so with those of the pachas at Eyoub or Sentari. They are frequently little gems—a marble mosque with gold-latticed windows, exhibiting one or more tombstones overlaid with the richest Persian rugs, a copy of the Koran open perhaps, at the foot of the deceased sultan, a Moslem monk seen sometimes at his prayers. Sultan Selim, the murdered reformer, has the finest structure at this Mount Auburn of the Orient—and near to his resting-place is that of the lovely Ateya, who wept herself to death when her second child was stifled to prevent a disputed succession to the throne; her husband is said to come monthly, and closing the curtains around him, spend some time alone in memory of the early lost. Another elegant mausoleum close at hand tells a sadder tale—there lies the last sultan's sister, murdered unintentionally, because her offspring might bring confusion into the state. Alas! that this fearful crime against infant life has already made such progress among the higher ranks in Turkey; while the Greek and Jew houses swarm with children, many a Moslem mourns his childlessness at last.

Sentari, the Asiatic suburb of Constantinople, preferred by many for their resting-place because of a popular tradition that the Turk is to be driven out of Europe, has a very woe-begone look—the streets were silent at noonday, the houses peculiarly dilapidated, its myriads of tombs were mostly in ruins. The only curious edifice among fifteen miles of graves, was a marble kiosk, with six pillars, honoring the final rest of Sultan Mahmond's horse! More falsehoods have been circulated about these cemeteries than any other part of Oriental life—to be sure, returning from a sultry journey over treeless hills, these dense forests remind you of "Eothen's" *driving into the cold verdure of the grove, and quenching his hot eyes in shade as though in deep gushing waters.* But it is all moonshine about the picturesque effect of the whole, the care bestowed upon the Osmanli's resting-place and the numbers who are always lamenting over their friends' graves. On a fine day in March, I met not a mourner in all Eyoub, and but one weeping group at Sentari. But this exaggeration is not so gross as when the dragomen point to the wooden shoot near Seraglio Point, used to discharge garden rubbish into the sea, and say that faithless wives are slipped through in sacks into the remorseless deep, which tells no tales—or, where the Seraglio Gate, as innocent of such ornament as the granite entrances to "Boston Common," is lined in imagination with traitors' heads.

There are still interesting memorials of antiquity in this wide-spread city. The ancient walls which the Greeks defended so infamously are still standing, though ruined in a remarkable manner, and, like everything else, hastening to hopeless ruin. There is, too, in the ancient Hippodrome, a monumental column on which the Greek emperor Constantine once stood, (!) and a curiously twisted bronze pillar, said to be from Delphos, but the serpents' heads are gone, their tails are no longer visible, and the whole mass is a melancholy disappointment, if you have been at pains to see the tripod of an oracle—together with (the only tolerable thing) a Theban obelisk, fifty feet high, of one piece, mate to that at Heliopolis. And here stood, in former times, those famous bronze horses of St. Mark, which Constantinople rifled from Rome, Venice from Constantinople, and Paris for a while from Venice—at whose famous cathedral they are to be seen at this hour.

But the cistern of a "Thousand Columns" is considered by scholars as belonging to the earliest period of Byzantine art, and to have been intended for an inexhaustible supply of water in case

of siege. It is now occupied by silk manufacturers, and extends beneath the centre of the city proper, having not more, I suspect, than five hundred marble pillars at present. Of this subterranean lake, the story is believed to be authentic, that, upon one of those Janissary insurrections which resulted in the massacre of an unpopular sultan, his brother fled to this dark vault, threw himself into a boat which was always kept there, and rowed away into the depths of silence; by-and-by another boat was heard, and it took its course towards the fugitive. Prepared for a sudden death, if need be, the trembling man made himself known only to find that his name was already proclaimed as "Padischah," and his presence was anxiously sought to fill the vacant throne.

Having visited the more celebrated bazaars in the East, I have no hesitation in declaring those of Constantinople the finest in the world. There seems to be no end to them. Miles after miles you pass, frequently under stone arches, amidst the most precious productions of the world, each occupying its own district—here Cashmere shawls and Persian rugs, there costly perfumes and glittering arms, in one direction nothing but amber mouth-pieces and silk-worked pipes, in this khan vast piles of drugs, in that, vaster heaps of gorgeous manufactures from Damascus or Bagdad. The ancient custom of offering the pipe and coffee before every bargain is more "honored in the breach than the observance;" there is more of it at Damascus, but little enough there. The peculiarity of the Byzantine bazaar is that it is so finely built: instead of being covered with a ragged mat like Damascus, or only protected with a single arch as at Aere, here must be miles of solid stone roof, with holes at intervals to admit light and air. From the main trunk run smaller arches at right angles, interspersed with gratuitous lodgments for the foreign merchant, and huge dome-covered depots for the wholesale trade. Honest as the Osmanlis are to a proverb, I found them very hard to deal with; a monstrous price was generally asked, so that the purchaser might gratify himself with cheapening the goods a third or a half, according to his skill; but there was no eagerness to attract notice, no importunity to purchase, no chagrin if one went away without lightening his purse in the least.

It was amazing to think what distances these goods had travelled! Thousands of miles of rocky road or naked desert some of those precious stones have come upon the groaning camel; and thousands of miles, too, upon the stormy deep have those American manufactures travelled. Some piles are from the depths of African night, and some from the full blaze of English intelligence, some from the frozen north, and more yet from the sunny equator. And, through the midst of these displays of the world's wealth, camels pass with their loads, the proud pawing Arabian horse, the patient little donkey, heavily burdened porters, veiled women and smoking long-beards. Still, there is a singular quiet, as there are no carts, no driving faster than a walk, no church or other bells, and no street-cries.

My dragoman insisted upon it that the slave-trade was abolished; but as I had seen these human cargoes gathered in Nubia, had traced them down the Nile, had steamed with them across the Mediterranean, I knew very well they must be *for sale* beneath the shadow of the Sublime Porte. And so it proved; hard by the grandest mosque in the world, in the self-same spot that the books mention, I found a number of sooty damsels, chatting and laughing. My appearance only excited their mirth afresh, and they evidently wished to be noticed. By-and-by, an old Turk came and examined one of the girls' month, hands, feet, etc., just as we would study the parts of a horse; she apparently nothing loth, and he not in the least bashful. No white slaves were to be seen; they are secluded in a distant quarter of the city, and particularly forbidden to infidel eyes, because professedly the traffic is prohibited.

The truth is, that where despotism pervades everything, a slave in the market is only a little more enslaved than everybody else. Taken from want, ignorance, debasement, civil war, idolatry and savageism, a new life and a new hope dawn upon them through the slave mart. The woman may become a sultana, the man a pacha. There is no horror of colors, no reference to past history, no preference of relations, no proscription of foreigners anywhere in the Ottoman empire. I do not pretend that serfdom is not an evil and an outrage; but it is less conspicuous because of the habitual oppression which surrounds it, and because it confers envied privileges at times upon its victims.

A FARMER'S HOME.

As for me, long tossed on the stormiest waves of doubtful conflict and arduous endeavor, I have begun to feel, since the shades of forty years fell upon me, the weary, tempest-driven voyager's longing for land, the wanderer's yearning for the hamlet, where in childhood he nestled by his mother's knee, and was soothed to sleep on her breast. The sober down-hill of life dispels many illusions, while it develops or strengthens within us the attachment, perhaps long smothered or overlaid, for "that dear hut, or home." And so I, in the sober afternoon of life, when its sun, if not high, is still warm, have bought me a few acres of land in the broad, still country, and, bearing thither my household treasures, have resolved to steal from the city's labors and anxieties at least one day in each week, wherein to revive as a farmer the memories of my childhood's humble home, and already realize that the experiment cannot cost as much as it is worth; already I find, in that day's quiet, an antidote and a solace for the feverish, festering cares of the days which environ it; already my brook murmurs a soothing, even song to my burning, throbbing brain; and my trees, gently stirred by the fresh breezes, whisper to my spirit something of their own quiet strength and patient trust in God. And thus do I faintly realize, but for a brief and flitting day, the serene joy which shall irradiate the farmer's vocation, when a fuller and truer education shall have refined and chastened his animal cravings, and when science shall have endowed him with her treasures, redeeming labor from drudgery, quadrupling its efficiency, and crowning with beauty and plenty our bounteous, beneficent earth.—*Horace Greeley.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MERRIE MABEL.

BY GEORGE P. BURNHAM.

MADAM CLARISSA MABEL, a worthy and splendid woman of the "old school," was sitting in the lonely chamber where her most excellent husband lay dying. She held his attenuated hand in her's, and silently watched his calm features, white as marble, and now almost as cold; and though no sound escaped her lips, the hot tears of grief coursed down her cheeks, as she saw that the light which had for fifty years and more illumined her long-loved Henry's earthly form was soon to be quenched forever.

Up to this evening he had retained possession of his faculties, and he had spoken calmly and clearly to his loved wife and daughter of his approaching dissolution.

"My poor wife," he said, on the previous day, "I feel that I am going. I have no regrets, no fears, no pangs, at this final hour, save the single grief that I must leave you penniless—you and my darling Merrie Mabel, whom I have loved so tenderly. When I depart, all—all is gone! We have seen many happy days together, Clarissa; the years have passed by, and earthly joys that few persons have been permitted to experience. But Fortune has seen fit to visit us with pecuniary losses more latterly, and you know how hard I have striven to cope with the adversity that so suddenly came upon us. My brother is rich, and I have already commended you and our daughter to his care and kindness—his charity. This is a hard word, but Robert will not forget how much I have done for him and his, in years past, when I had the ability to assist him."

Twenty-four hours had elapsed since Henry Mabel had thus spoken, and his wife was now at his bedside, watching the still flickering light that must go out so soon. She held his cold hand, and he seemed calmer, colder, paler than he had ever yet appeared. The doctor came in. As he approached the bed, cautiously, he took the old gentleman's wrist in his hand, placed his face near the patient's breast, and said:

"How long has he been thus, madam?"

"But a few minutes only. I placed a draught of liquid to his lips ten minutes since, though he did not seem to desire anything."

"He is dead, Mrs. Mabel," said the physician, softly; and the poor wife sank forward upon her husband's bosom, giving free vent to the choked-up grief she had felt for many weary hours previously. The daughter was asleep. She had been up all night long, and needed repose. Mother nor child had the slightest idea that the father and husband was so near his end. The physician, even, was surprised, for he had supposed his patient would linger along for two or three days yet.

Until within a few months preceding her father's adversity and illness, Merrie Mabel had been one of the happiest and most joyous creatures alive. There was no limit to her good-nature, and she had been the idol of a wide circle of acquaintances, until Fortune's sun shone coldly upon her father's prospects, and when he finally became reduced in his pecuniary circumstances. When she entered the sick-room again, and found her parent dead, her grief was intense.

Mr. Mabel's remains were decently buried, and the house in which he had been an occupant for the last year, merely upon sufferance, was directly demanded possession of by the owner, who could no longer permit it to be held by those who were unable to pay the rent. A letter had been written to Robert Mabel, the wealthy brother, by the dying Henry, several days before he deceased, in which he commended his unfortunate wife and child to the favor of the man whom he had originally assisted into business, and who had been growing rich, while Henry was declining in health, and in his once generous worldly possessions.

There was no other way, it seemed to the sufferers, but to wait upon the more fortunate brother, and claim his aid and shelter, temporarily, at least—though this step nearly broke the heart of poor Madam Mabel, whose sensitiveness was of the keenest character. But she looked at her sweet daughter—fatherless and without a protector, and she said, "My duty requires the sacrifice, and I will go." But she entertained serious doubts whether they would be welcome. The brother, nor any of his family were present at the modest funeral, she knew; but this might be excused, for he lived eight miles distant, in the city of Richmond, and they could not go so far from home, conveniently, perhaps. So, on the fifth day after the death of her husband, a cold and cheerless one, too, the mother scraped together the few dollars that were left of the wreck of her husband's affairs, and with her daughter, she left all behind her, and hastened to the city, to communicate with her husband's wealthy relatives.

She found no difficulty in being borne directly to the rich man's dwelling, for everybody knew Robert Mabel, Esq. He lived in a splendid house, upon one of the most fashionable streets in the city; and they were set down at his door at early afternoon. Mr. Mabel was at dinner when they arrived at his dwelling, and could not be disturbed. This was the answer brought back by the well-fed servant who answered the two callers. Mrs. Mabel had no card to send up, and she merely said that it was Mrs. Henry Mabel and her daughter, who desired to meet the 'Squire.

"I will not trouble him—we can wait his pleasure," said the poor widow, modestly. And though the servant said nothing to intimate permission that she could enter, she walked into the hall and thence into the reception-room; where, with her daughter, she patiently sat in waiting an hour, looking for the approach of the man to whom she intended personally to deliver the letter. Mr. Mabel was enjoying his customary sumptuous repast, however, and he frequently sat at table two or three hours, surrounded by his family or his fashionable friends.

On the present occasion, the poor widow and her daughter had not tasted food for eight hours! But what cared the rich Robert Mabel, Esq., for this? He was enjoying a capital good dinner; and as course after course came and went, he smacked his aristocratic lips, and thanked fortune that he was not obliged to leave his comfortable fireside, to encounter the bleak wind that then raged outside his double doors and windows.

Another hour passed, and the sun was sinking slowly in the west, amidst the filmy clouds. The daughter was weary with waiting, and hungry, as well. But the mother said, "your uncle will soon come. He has visitors, probably; we can tarry." Where else could they go?

A softly-falling step was then soon heard, and Robert Mabel, Esq., with his fat squatty wife on his arm, entered the room where the poor woman sat with her daughter. They arose as the lordly relatives came in, and Mrs. Henry Mabel greeted her brother-in-law politely, at the same time saying, "My daughter, sir."

"Mrs. Robert Mabel scarcely deigned to notice the two ladies. Mr. Robert said, 'How d'ye do?' and the widow handed him her late husband's letter.

"Yes, I see," remarked the wealthy man. "It is from Harry. How is he, by the way?"

"He has been dead a week, sir," said the poor wife.

"Dead! is it possible! I was not aware of this. Excuse me," he continued, opening the letter and examining its contents.

"What is it, husband?" inquired the haughty wife, referring to the letter he had just read.

"O, the old story, Florentina, the old story. Poverty, sickness, widows and orphans. Really, Mrs. Clarissa," he continued, turning to the patient widow of his late brother, "really, I don't see what I can do for you. The fact is, I meet with so much of this sort of thing in my experience, you see, my circle of friends and acquaintances is necessarily so extended, and there are so many calls upon my charity, that I—I—a—really, I have not the means to do much for those who are so unfortunate. I am sorry for you, I am sure; and if a few dollars can benefit you—"

"What do you propose going about now, ma'am?" chimed in Robert's wife, at this juncture, fearing that her husband was about to be tempted to bestow something upon the poverty-stricken people before them; "what occupation do you intend to follow?"

"Well, Clarissa," continued Robert Mabel, observing the embarrassment that his wife's boorishness was causing, "I am disposed to do all in my power for all those whom I ought to be called upon to assist. But really, I don't see what I can do, just now, for you. Perhaps, in the course of a few weeks, I—"

"Is the girl sick, ma'am?" asked Mrs. Robert Mabel.

"Whom did you allude to, madam?" asked the widow.

"Why, this one, here. Is she sick, as well as you?"

"No, madam; neither of us is sick, thank heaven! We are comfortable—"

"Yes, I understand all that part," continued Mrs. Robert Mabel, rudely; "but if she aint sick, and has got her health, and aint ill noways, I don't see, and I can't see why she aint jest as able to go to work and do something for an honest living, as well as any such robust girl ought to be willin' to do. For my part, if I was unfortunate in this way, I shouldn't think of goin' about beggin' in this manner. I'd go to work, old as I am. That is, I'm not very old, but I'd go to work, I would!"

Mrs. Clarissa Mabel would gladly have bowed herself out of the presence of this vulgar woman; but where was she to go? She had but three or four dollars in the world, she was a total stranger in the city, she had vacated the house she was in when her husband died, and she had no one to turn to for aid or comfort, save her daughter, who was entirely innocent of her peril, or the customs of the cold world into which she had been thus mercilessly thrust, at a few hours' notice.

"I had hoped," said the unlucky widow, in a feeling tone, "that we should be welcome here, for a time at least, until we should be able to turn round and see—"

"What?" exclaimed Mrs. Robert Mabel, "you didn't take our residence for a poor-us, did you, ma'am?"

"On the contrary, madam, I knew it to be a rich one," replied the widow. "I knew that Mr. Mabel here enjoyed the blessings of fortune in abundance; that he knew nothing of want, or cold, or hunger, or inconvenience; and I know what his brother was when he was living. I hoped that he possessed a similar friendly spirit, and that he would shelter his brother's wife and child, at least temporarily, as he would have done, gladly, if the circumstances of the case had been reversed, I know, madam. And I know, madam, that Robert was under obligations to Henry, in former years; a fact which I did not suppose he would forget."

"Well, mum," continued the arrogant and ignorant Mrs. Robert Mabel, finally, "my husband can give you what he pleases as a donation of charity, but my house is full, and we haint no accommodations for any extrys, at present. I've no doubt that your girl can git a good place, if she tries; and my advice would be that she goes to work, and not have her mother round the city beggin' in this kind of common way, no longer."

"Good evening, madam—good night, Mr. Mabel," said the almost fainting widow, politely, at this crisis. And taking the arm of her daughter, she found her way to the door, and went forth into the windy streets, without the slightest knowledge or suspicion of what course she could take, from that moment.

"It's my opinion," said the voice of a pert young man of sixteen, as he entered the room at this moment, "it's my opinion, though I don't charge anything for it, mother, that you have just made a very great mistake."

"As how, Bobby?"

"Well, you didn't do the clean thing with the old lady, no how. And I'll bet forty crowns (and that's more than I'm worth), that

you'll one day be sorry for the kind of treatment you extended to auntie and her daughter."

"Don't tell me of your *anties*. We've as much as we can do to attend to our own affairs; and I am not going to submit to no such impertinence as this, by no means."

The conversation dropped, and the poor relations were soon forgotten, as the brilliant chandeliers were lighted, and evening callers came in, who sent up their cards in advance.

As the shades of evening fell upon the town, two females—the widowed mother and fatherless daughter—hurried along the streets, without a destination, for that night. Reaching a modest hotel, as they went, the mother halted, seized her daughter's hand, and they entered its comfortable parlor, glad to escape from the severity of the weather, which was now getting to be biting cold. Verily, the poor widow and her daughter were unused to this kind of hardship. To avoid being compelled to answer unnecessary questions, when the servant entered, they were immediately booked for the next morning's mail coach, back to the town they had just left, where were left their humble wardrobes, and a few scanty articles of small value, still belonging to them severally. The mother paid their hotel charges, they partook of a hearty supper, and next morning returned to their former place of residence, where Mrs. Mabel secured lodging for herself and child, for the present, at a moderate sum, payable monthly.

Mrs. Robert Mabel's advice was adopted at once. The spirit of Merrie Mabel was aroused at the insolence of her rich aunt, and she *did* "go to work," directly. She was accomplished and ingenious in needle-work, and though she obtained but poor pay, with the mother's assistance they contrived for six months to keep above-board, after disposing of some private jewelry, and other things they could spare, from time to time, when a young merchant, who was doing a thriving business, met Merrie, wooed and married her. Thus the mother and daughter obtained an excellent home, and soon became happy and contented.

Three years passed away, and the reversion came. A rich lady friend of Mrs. Henry Mabel (the unfortunate widow) deceased, and in her will was found a clause that gave to Clarissa Mabel twenty thousand dollars. And thus she was made independent for life. William Delaney, the husband of her daughter, had been extraordinarily successful in trade, and had amassed nearly as much more. And they came to Richmond to live.

Meantime Robert Mabel, Esquire, had failed. His occupation, his fine house, and horses, and dogs, and superb furniture, all were gone, to half satisfy his numerous creditors. In a night, almost, he was a broken, ruined bankrupt! And the poor, starving, "beggin'" widow (three years previously) was now in circumstances of comparative wealth and ease.

She heard of Robert's disaster, and she sent for him, as soon as his trouble reached her knowledge. Sent for him, sympathized with him, pitied him, and generously offered him a loan, or a gift if he would not borrow it, of ten thousand dollars to start again with. He wavered—she insisted:

"Robert," she said, "take this money. I do not need it. I am able to give or loan it to you, and you and your family are in want. I have been there, Robert, myself, and I know how poorly this sort of misfortune can be borne."

Robert Mabel felt this reproof most keenly, though Clarissa did not intend to reprove him, and he accepted the loan as soon as he found it safe to do so.

"Why don't you call upon your brother's wife, Robert?" said his ignorant partner, one evening, as they sat mourning over their losses and embarrassments; "why not call on her? She's rich now, I hear, and she'll have the chance to see how nice it is to give away her surplus money, if she's got any. She took good care to come to you when she was in want, but she's been mighty careful not to come near us since she got rich ag'in."

"She did come here, when I might have aided her; but, through your influence, Florentina, I never sent her a dollar. What claim have I or you on her bounty?"

"Isn't she your brother's wife—your own brother's wife? and isn't she bound to—to do what she can—to keep up the respectability of your family, I'd like to know?"

"And supposing she should say to me—provided I presumed to call on her, with this object in view (and I should conceive it to be an arrant presumption to do so), suppose she should ask why I, an able-bodied man, and you, an equally healthy and able woman, didn't go to work, and not be begging and crying at the doors of our rich relatives? What could I say in reply, do you think?"

"Think! we've no time to think. Where are we going after the sale of the house and furniture at auction, to-morrow? Tell me that, Master Robert."

"I'm going to sea," shouted the boy, rushing into the room at this moment. "You ought to go to auntie, father, by all means. That would be beautiful—splendid! Why don't you go, mother? You'd cut a nice figure, there. Shall I call the carriage for you? Wont you ride there? O, I forgot; the carriage is gone. The fellow with the cockade on his hat took the carriage and horse, and my dogs, too, confound him! I tried to make Ponto bite him, but he eard see the wot-you-call-it on his hat, and eaved in. Never mind; you can go to auntie; she'll pony up, I've no doubt. I would if I were she—only I wouldn't," he continued, bouncing out as he came. He was a good fellow at heart, but he had been wretchedly trained thus far.

When Robert got "auntie's" message, inviting him to come to her house, he immediately responded, and he embraced her generous offer. His creditors were silenced; he began business again, with care, and eventually was able to repay his brother's wife's loan, with interest; while Merrie Mabel, as the wife of the young merchant, was the sunshine of a happy household.



EXTERIOR VIEW OF CAMBRIDGE GLASS WORKS FROM THE EAST.

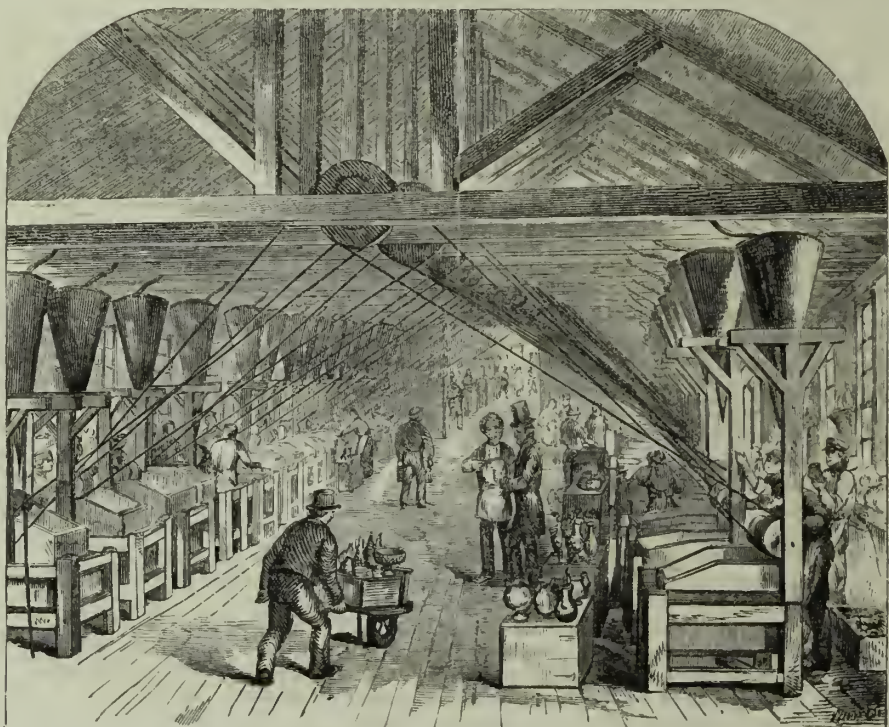
NEW ENGLAND GLASS COMPANY'S WORKS.

The traveller who approaches Boston by the Maine, Fitchburg or Lowell Railroads, as he draws near to the great metropolis of New England, among the many prominent objects which arrest his attention, cannot fail to notice with surprise, in the direction of East Cambridge, a brick chimney, which towers up into the air at an astounding height, exceeding that of Bunker Hill Monument. A near view shows that it rises from a mass of buildings occupying a vast area of ground, indicating that an extensive business is carried on within. This chimney and these buildings are those of the New England Glass Company's works, which we have selected as interesting subjects for pictorial illustration. Though the perfection which the manufacture of glass now exhibits is only of modern attainment, still the article itself is of remote antiquity. It is made, as every one knows, by mixing silicious earth or sand, alkaline substances and metallic oxides at a white heat. Its basis is silica. Flints and quartz are sometimes employed, and reduced to powder by being heated hot and then thrown into hot water. Potash and soda supply the requisite amount of alkali; lime and borax are also added. The deutoxide of lead is the metallic oxide most generally used. Transparency, flexibility, ductility, brittleness and elasticity are remarkable properties of glass. Though the component parts of glass are opaque, by combination perfect transparency is produced. We are not acquainted with the date or origin of glass, but it is generally supposed that it was the result of chance. It is supposed that the first glass works of antiquity were established at Diospolis, the capital of the Egyptian Thebiad, and it is asserted that the Egyptians carried the art of making, cutting and even staining glass to a high degree of perfection. Articles that show much elaborate workmanship have been dug up in Herculaneum, and in Pompeii plates, supposed to have been window panes, have been brought to light. The celebrated Portland vase is an exquisite specimen of ancient glass manufacture, and for a long time was supposed to be a sardonyx. The manufacture of glass was introduced into Rome in the reign of Tiberius. We will now pass to the series of views furnished by our artists, Mr. Warren and Mr. Worcester. The first represents a general view of the works from the water. They are situated on a lot of land on North Street, East Cambridge, 542 feet in length, running to the water, with an average depth of 378 feet. The company was incorporated February 16, 1818, with an authorized capital of \$100,000, only \$40,000 of which were called in when the business com-

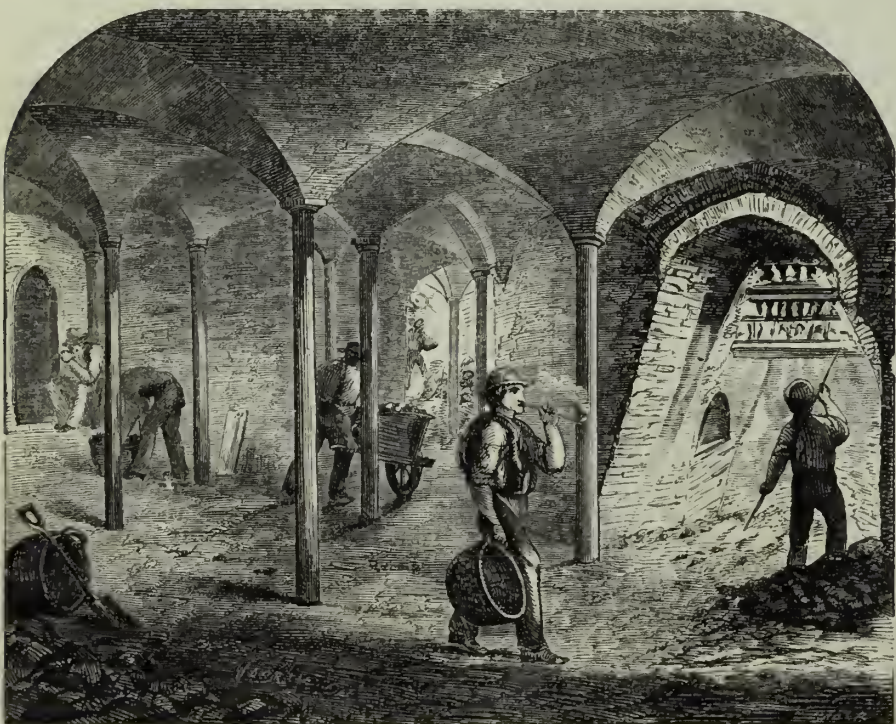
menced, and this has, from time to time, been increased to \$500,000. There are five furnaces of ten pots each, producing annually eighteen hundred tons of glass! The arrangements for firing and draught are peculiar to the East Cambridge works, none like them existing in the world. The English glass houses are commonly large conical buildings, from sixty to one hundred feet high, and ranging from fifty to eighty feet in diameter. The furnace is in the centre, over a large vault, with which it is connected by an opening covered by an iron grate, in which the fire is built and kept up by the draught of air from the vault. In the East Cambridge works there are no tall cones to each furnace, as on the European plan, but the draught is created by the tall chimney which forms so conspicuous a figure in our exterior view of the works. The chimney is two hundred forty feet high, twenty-four feet in diameter at the base, and fifteen at the top. There is a

straight central flue, nine feet in diameter, communicating with each furnace by subterranean brick flues. These flues are laid in cement, and take all the smoke from the furnaces, leers, kilns, etc., affording ample draught. The flues are about five feet in diameter. The second engraving shows the teasers at work feeding these furnaces in their subterranean vault. The opening of the side flues is shown in the drawing. The features of these underground regions are wild and startling to the spectator. The fierce glare of the devouring flames, lighting up the dark and stalwart figures of the workmen, striking on the columns and the sweeping arches of the roof produces a singularly picturesque effect, rendering the scene worthy of the pencil of "savage Rosa," while in the actuality the roaring of the fires enhances the almost appalling impression. Our sixth engraving represents the interior of the large building, which contains four large furna-

withdrawn to a cooler part of the annealing chamber. If suddenly cooled it breaks; and if not properly annealed it is exceedingly brittle. The pressing of glass is entirely an American invention, originating in this manufactory, and has become a very important part of the business. The floor of this building is of brick, with a groined roof, resting on iron columns. The furnaces, coal-bins etc., are below. The coal used is the Cumberland. This is the only establishment in the world, so far as we know, where a glass furnace is fed underneath. The advantage consists in avoiding the dust from coal inside and the interruption to workmen of shovelling the coal into the furnace, as in the old method, between the pots, and directly where the blowers are at work. There are three hundred hands employed at and about the furnaces. Our third engraving represents the interior of the cutting room. Glass is cut by grinding the surface with small wheels of stone, metal or wood. The glass is applied to the surface of the wheels. The first cutting is with wheels of stone; then with iron covered with sharp sand or emery; finally with brush wheels covered with putty. A small stream of water, continually flowing on the glass, prevents the production of too much heat. By this means the beautiful and elaborate figures we see upon ornamental glass vessels are produced. This room is about 270 feet long, and contains eighty frames for cutting, polishing and engraving glass. About ninety hands are constantly employed in this business. The machinery is moved by a steam engine of eighty horse power, recently built by Messrs. Corlis & Nightingale, of Providence. Our fifth illustration is the show-room, which is 140 feet long, and high in proportion. Articles of almost every description, useful and ornamental, vases, lamps, globes, facons, tumblers and dishes, plain, colored and gorgeously elaborated, are here heaped up in dazzling profusion. We may remark here that the articles manufactured are fully equal to those produced in any European establishment. We have before observed that many of the methods used in the manufactory of glass are peculiar to this establishment; and while the furnaces and many of the arrangements surpass in efficacy and economy those of the English, French and German glass works, a nice artistic finish has been reached in the details of ornamentation which defies rivalry and competition. The fourth picture of our series shows a portion of the yard. Above is seen the railroad over which the glass is conveyed from the glass houses to the cutting shop, and thence to the packing room above, which is 370 feet in length. There are several other departments connected with the works, each of which plays an important



GLASS-CUTTING ROOM.



"TEAZING" THE FIRES.

ces, the annealing leers, kilns, etc., with all the operatives engaged in blowing, pressing and finishing glass. It is an animated and busy scene. The glass being melted in large pots and crucibles, the workmen dip the ends of their long iron tubes into the red hot liquid mass, and afterwards roll it on a polished iron plate to give it an even surface on the exterior. The blowing then commences. After the glass has attained the size desired, to which it swells by the breath, like a bladder or soap bubble, it is removed by dipping another hot rod in the liquid glass and touching it to the bubble, as we may term it. A pair of pincers wetted with water, is then applied to the neck and it immediately severs and cracks off. The vessel is then heated at a furnace till it becomes sufficiently pliant to be moulded and finished. The glass vessel is annealed by being removed to a furnace not hot enough to melt it, and gradually

part. There is the lead furnace, for converting pig lead into lead and litharge, for the manufacture of glass and other purposes. About two and a half million pounds of Missouri lead are annually consumed for the manufactory, foreign lead not being found suitable for glass making. This is an important and significant fact. The glass makers are the best customers for the Missouri lead. This department alone employs about twenty hands. Then there is the clay room, where the clay is prepared, by treading and grinding, for the manufacture of pots, giving employment to about a dozen hands, and consuming annually 350 tons of clay. Search has been made for this clay in this country, but unsuccessfully. The English clay is of a peculiar character, and found principally at Stourbridge. It is first pounded fine, then sifted, moistened and worked into a dough. Sometimes old pots are employed, being broken into powder and mixed with red clay. The laboratory building, of brick, is three stories high, 135 feet long and 45 feet wide. The lower floor is used for preparing potash, sand and other materials, and also comprises a blacksmith's shop. The second floor is used for mixing the material for glass. The third story is devoted to the machine shop, where the moulds, presses, etc., are made, and also contains the trimming shop, where trimmings for lanterns, jars, bowls, etc., are manufactured. There is also on this floor a department for cleaning the moulds, which employs about twenty-four hands; in all, there are about fifty hands constantly busy in this building. The packing and ware-rooms are in a three-story brick building, 140 feet in length, and with the selecting-room adjoining occupies about twenty-five hands. About ten men are employed in the processes of silvering, gilding and ornamental work. Some idea may be formed of the magnitude of the operations of this establishment from the fact that the yearly payments to employees amount to \$197,600. We have said that glass manufacture was of great antiquity. The old Egyptians, according to De Panw, carried their processes to a high degree of perfection, and their glass cutting is supposed to have been admirable. Their glass cups and vases are said to have been of astonishing purity, and those called *alassontes* are imagined to have been ornamented with figures of changeable colors. Winckelmann, a pretty high authority, asserts that glass was in much more general use among the ancients than the moderns. He pronounced some of the fragments of the cups found at Herculaneum to have been cut. Some of the ornaments in alto

relievo appear to have been soldered to the surface of the vessels. Glass of various colors was used largely to ornament the classical residences of the rich. Some of them had their floors paved with huge blocks of glass. The same author described a bird in mosaic of colored glass upon a background, in which the parti-colored plumage was depicted with the greatest fidelity to nature. The picture was not formed on one side alone, but appeared in the same colors on the other side of the plate. This is supposed to have been effected by several layers of fine wire-drawn glass. Impressions and casts of sculptured gems executed both in relief and in intaglio, or sunken, are among the most valuable relics of ancient glass manufacture. There is a glass cameo preserved in the Vatican, about eight inches by six, which represents Bacchus and Ariadne with two satyrs, and is justly considered as a gem of ancient art. The hues of glass are produced by different metallic oxides mixed with the materials while in a state of fusion. The addition of oxide of tin produces opacity, and it is in this way the dials of watches and clocks are made. The best window glass, called crown glass, is made of white sand, purified barilla, saltpetre, borax and arsenic mixed together; the addition of manganese prevents it from being too yellow. A coarse kind of glass is made from white sand, unpurified barilla, common salt, arsenic and manganese. The green glass for junk bottles is usually made of common sand, lime and some clay, fused with an impure alkali, and possesses the qualities of hardness and resistance to acids. The green color is owing to the existence of iron. The best kind of flint glass, which is the most fusible, at a lower temperature than crown glass, is made of white silicious sand, pearlash, red oxide of lead, nitrate of potash and the black oxide of manganese. It is beautifully transparent, highly refractive, and soft enough to admit of cutting and polishing. This is the material used in lenses and other optical glasses. Articles of complicated form are made in separate pieces, and put together while hot. Plate glass is composed of white sand, cleansed with purified pearlash and borax. If any yellow tint appears, the addition of a small quantity of manganese and arsenic restores its colorless transparency. This kind of glass is used in the manufacture of mirrors, and is the most valuable. For this purpose it is poured upon a large horizontal table, and then a large roller with a perfectly even surface is passed over it to remove all the inequalities. The polishing process consists in laying the plate upon a horizontal freestone table, perfectly smooth; a smaller piece of glass, attached to a piece of wood, is passed to and fro over the plate till

ducted him to a better process. While his men were one day carrying a block of this glass on a hand-barrow to a saw-mill which he had erected on the fall of the Doubs, the mass slipped from its bearers, and, rolling to the bottom of a steep and rocky declivity, was broken to pieces. M. Guinaud, having selected those fragments which appeared perfectly homogeneous, softened them, in circular moulds, in such a manner that, on cooling, he obtained disks that were afterwards fit for working. To this method he adhered, and contrived a way of clearing his glass while cooling, so that the fractures should follow the most faulty parts. When flaws occur in the large masses, they are removed by cleaving the pieces with wedges; then melting them again in moulds which give them the form of disks, taking care to allow a little of the glass to project beyond one of the points of the edge, so that the optician may be enabled to use that portion of glass in mak-



SHOW ROOM OF THE GLASS WORKS.



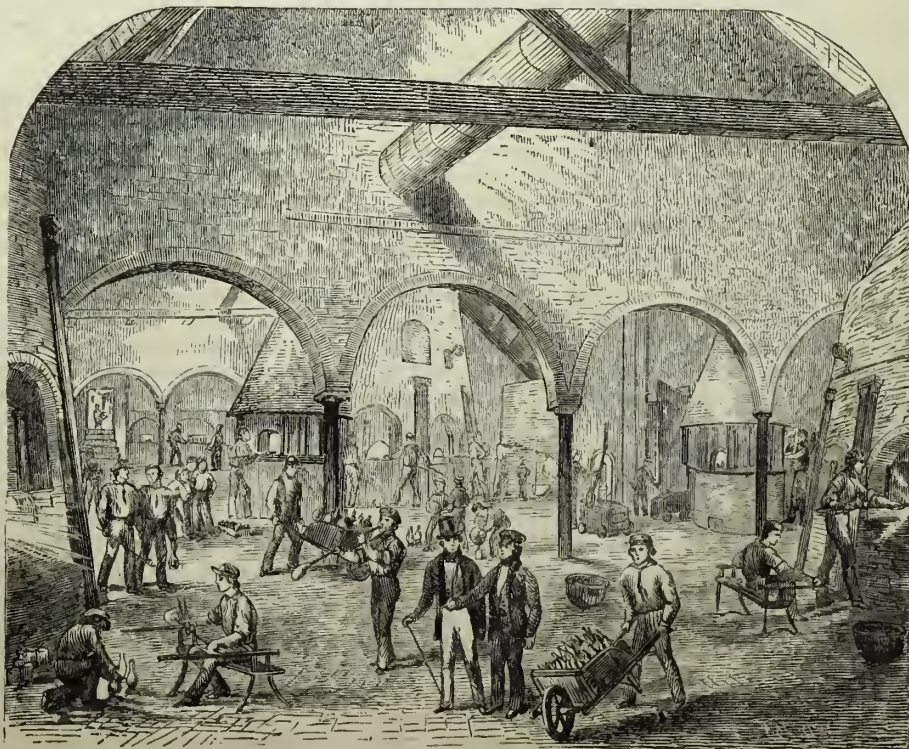
ELEVATED RAILWAY AND BASE OF CHIMNEY.

ing silver, stands a strong heat, is a good flux for substances difficult to fuse, and keeps them long in a state of fusion. Pottery also use it for glazing. The mode of preparing glass was known long before it was thought of making windows of it. Houses in oriental countries had commonly no windows upon the front, and towards the court-yard they were provided with curtains or a movable trellis-work; and, in winter, they were covered with oiled paper. The Chinese made use, for windows, of a very fine cloth, covered with a shining varnish; and, afterwards, of split oyster shells. They had also the art of working out the horns of animals into large and thin plates, with which they covered their windows. In Rome, the *lapis specularis* supplied the place of glass, and, from the description, seems to have been nothing but thin leaves of tale. Rich people had the windows or openings in their baths filled with thin plates of agate or marble. It was hastily

concluded that glass was used for windows in the time of Titus because fragments of glass plates have been found at Pompeii, which town was destroyed in his reign; but the first certain information of this mode of using glass is to be found in Gregory of Tours, who speaks of the churches having windows of colored glass in the fourth century after Christ, that is, in the reign of Constantine the Great, when they were to be seen in the church of St. Paolo Fuori le Mura. In France, tale or isinglass, white horn, paper soaked in oil, and thin shaved leather, were used instead of glass. The oldest glass windows at present existing are of the twelfth century, and are in the church of St. Denis. They appear to have been preserved as part of the old church, which was erected before the year 1140, by the abbot Suger, a favorite of Louis le Gros. Suger had sapphires pounded up and mixed with the glass, to give it a blue color. Eneas Sylvius accounted it one of the most striking instances of splendor which he met in Vienna, in 1458, that most of the houses had glass windows. Felibien says that, in his time (1600) round glass disks were set in the windows in Italy. In France, on the other hand, there were glass windows in all the churches in the sixteenth century, although there were but few in dwelling-houses. The art of painting on glass was, perhaps, known to the ancients. Painted glass was much used, formerly, to ornament windows in churches and other public buildings, and, in unison with the whole style of Gothic churches, throws a gloomy shade over the whole interior. Speth distinguishes between the painting on glass, or glass-enamel, and two inferior kinds of the art; one painting upon, or rather behind, glass which is not perfectly transparent; and the other, which requires transparent glass, but makes use only of colored varnishes, as lacker, verdigris, etc., which do not resist moisture. Painting upon glass, properly so called, had its origin in the third century, about the time of the first specimens of mosaic. The more extensive knowledge, as well as use, of colored glass, was communicated from France to England, and from thence, in the eighth century, by means of missionaries, to Germany and Flanders, and in the ninth century was carried to the north. Although the Italians used painted glass for mosaic work, yet they appear not to have applied it to church windows before the eighth century. We find undoubted traces of it towards the end of the tenth century. With abundance of material (with one single exception), a free scope and skill, capital and talent, there is no reason why our glass manufactures, now equal, should not soon surpass that of the Old World.

the requisite polish is attained. In the first part of the polishing process water and sand are used, and the final lustre is given by Tripoli stone, smalt and emery. The great ductility of glass is shown in its being woven into pliant tissues. Reaumur succeeded in drawing out threads from glass softened by being heated over the flame of a lamp, till they were as fine as those of a spider's web. In the eighth century painted glass windows were first used in churches. The fine effect they impart to structures of gothic architecture is universally appreciated. In the eleventh century the imitation of the best pieces of mosaic work in paintings upon glass was commenced, and derived a great impulse in the fourteenth century from the invention of the art of enamel painting, or fixing metallic colors in glass. The celebrated German artist, Albert Durer, executed many of his best paintings upon glass. Some persons have supposed that the art of painting upon glass was lost after a time; but such was not the case; it only fell into disuse. In the nineteenth century it was recovered, and has been carried to a considerable extent. The whole subject of glass manufacture is an interesting one, embracing, as we have seen, many processes, and requiring great skill. It admits of a great variety of branches. A visit to the East Cambridge works is highly interesting. The sketches we have presented are accurate and spirited, our artists, while engaged upon them, being afforded every facility by J. N. Howe, Esq., the president of the company, and Joseph Wing, Esq., of this city, an agent, who has for many years been connected with the works. The excise laws of England have prevented English artists from attempting to melt glass on a proper scale for making lenses for achromatic telescopes; but in France and this country, where no such restrictions exist, numerous attempts have been made to perfect the manufacture of flint glass for optical purposes; and M. Guinaud's labors have been finally crowned with complete success. The almost total impossibility of procuring flint glass exempt from striae, suggested to this artist the construction of a furnace capable of melting two cwt. of glass in one mass, which he sawed vertically, and polished one of the sections, in order to observe what had taken place during fusion. He discovered his metal to be vitiated by striae, specks or grains, with cometic tails; and, from time to time, as he obtained blocks, including portions of good glass, his practice was to separate them by sawing the blocks into horizontal sections, or perpendicular to their axes. A fortunate accident con-

ing a prism, which shall give the measure of the index of refraction, and thus obviate the necessity of cutting the lens. The Astronomical Society of London have tried disks of M. Guinaud's flint achromatic glass, which seem entirely homogeneous, and exempt from fault. This material grinds and polishes much easier than the English flint glass. Drops of glass, which have been let fall, while melted, into water, commonly called Prince Rupert's drops, assume the form of an oval body, terminating in a long slender stem. They are also called glass tears. The large part may be struck with a hammer, or filed, without breaking; but if the stem is broken, the whole flies to pieces. Glass galls is a substance which floats upon melted glass, like scum or froth, called by the French *siel*, or *suij de verre*. It is principally alkaline, and attracts moisture from the air, so as even to become fluid. It is chiefly used for solder-



GLASS-BLOWING DEPARTMENT.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FADED FLOWERS.

BY MATURIN M. BALLOU.

—Thinking of the days that are no more.—TENNYSON.

How keenly ye recall to me
Those hours of joy that knew no care,
Of which alone in memory
The sweetness still is there.

Faded tokens of the past,
Fragrant still, though dim and sore;
True, thy freshness could not last,
But thy sweetness still is here.

So with her who gave me these,—
Freshness from her cheek so fair
Has passed away, like summer leaves,
But the sweetness still is there.

Thus transient beauty takes its flight,
As fragile as the flowerets fair;
But lovely souls are ever bright—
The sweetness still is there!

[Translated from the German for Ballou's Pictorial.]

GEORGE SAND.

BY EDWIN W. MONTAGUE.

[In the columns of *La Presse*, a Parisian newspaper, is now appearing the Autobiography of George Sand; a work which, as the opening chapters already promise, will commend itself to the lover of French literature by its narrative interest, and by that freshness, vigor, and richness of style, which characterizes the best productions of the celebrated authoress. In connection with this Autobiography, our readers will peruse with interest this lively sketch of its subject, which is contained in one of the letters of Henry Heine's "LUTELIA," a series of brilliant letters from Paris, originally written for the Augsburg "Allgemeine Zeitung," and now brought together in the second and third volumes of Heine's "Vermischte Schriften," or "Miscellaneous Writings," which has just been published in Hamburg.]

As everybody knows, "George Sand" is a pseudonym, the *nom de guerre* of a beautiful Amazon. In the choice of this name she by no means wished to remind us of the ill-starred Sand, the assassin of Kotzebue, the only comic poet of the Germans. Our heroine selected that name because it is the first syllable of Sandeau; for so was called her lover, who was a respectable writer, but yet with his whole name could not become so famous as his mistress with the half of the same, which she took away with her, laughing as she left him. The real name of George Sand is Aurora Dudevant, as her legitimate husband is called, who is no myth, as some would believe, but a corporeal gentleman from the province of Berri, whom I myself had the pleasure of seeing with my own eyes. I saw him, moreover, with his wife, then already separated from him *de facto*, in their little dwelling on the quai Voltaire—and that I saw him just there, was in and for itself a remarkable thing, for which, as Chénissio would say, I might exhibit myself for money. He wore a naughty-looking, Philistine face, and seemed to be neither wicked nor rude; yet I very easily comprehended that this cold, damp, every-day character, this porcelain look, these monotonous, Chinese pagoda motions, might be very amusing for a common, everyday wife, but to a deep woman's nature must be, in the long run, very unwholesome, and finally fill it with shuddering and horror, until the separation ensue.

The family name of George Sand is Dupin. She is the daughter of a man in low standing, whose mother was the famous but now forgotten dancer Dupin. This Dupin was the natural daughter of the Marshal Maurice of Saxony, who himself was one of the many hundred bastards that Augustus the Strong, King of Poland and Elector of Saxony, left behind him. The mother of Maurice of Saxony was Aurora of Königsberg, and Aurora Dudevant, who was named after her female ancestor, gave to her son likewise the name of Maurice. This son and her daughter, called Solange, and married to the sculptor Clesinger, are the two only children of George Sand. She was always an excellent mother, and I have often for hours together listened to the instruction in the French language which she imparted to her children, and it is a pity the whole French Academy were not present at these lessons, for they could certainly have profited much therefrom.

George Sand, the greatest authoress, is at the same time a beautiful woman. She is, more than that, a distinguished beauty. Like the genius which expresses itself in her works, her face is rather to be called beautiful than interesting; the interesting is always a graceful or *spiritual* deviation from the type of the beautiful, and the features of George Sand bear all the character of a Grecian regularity. Their cut, however, is not sharp, and it is softened through the sentimentality which is thrown over them like a melancholy veil. Her forehead is not high, and the delicate ringlets of her chestnut-brown hair fall quite to her shoulders. Her eyes are somewhat dim, at least they are not sparkling, and well may their fire have been extinguished by many tears, or have gone over into her works, which have spread their burning brands over the whole world, lighted up many comfortless dungeons, but perhaps also corruptingly inflamed many still temples of innocence. The author of *Lelia* has still, soft eyes, which remember neither Sodom nor Gomorrah. She has neither the eagle nose of a "strong-minded woman" (*emancipierte*), nor a witty, little flat nose; it is quite an ordinary straight nose. Around her mouth plays commonly a good-humored smile, but it is not very inviting; the somewhat hanging under-lip betrays *blasse* sensuousness. Her chin is full-fleshed, but still beautifully proportioned. Beautiful too, are her shoulders; yes, superb. So are her arms and

her hands, which are very small, like her feet. The rest of her bodily frame appears somewhat too thick, or at any rate too short. Only her head bears the stamp of ideality, reminding us of the noblest remains of Greek art; and one of our friends could always liken the beautiful woman to the marble statue of the Venus of Milo, which stands in the lower halls of the Louvre.

Yes, George Sand is beautiful as the Venus of Milo; she surpasses this, moreover, in many peculiarities: she is, for example, much younger. The physiognomists who maintain that the voice of a man expresses most infallibly his character, would be much perplexed should they attempt to expound the extraordinary, deep nature of a George Sand from her voice. This last is weak and exhausted, without metal, but gentle and pleasant. Of the gift of song she has not a particle; George Sand sings at best with the *bravoure* of a beautiful grisette, who has not yet broken-fast or for other reasons is not quite in good voice. The *organ* of George Sand is quite as little brilliant as what she says. She has nothing whatever of the sparkling wit of her country-women, and also nothing of their loquacity. But the ground of this silence is neither timidity nor a sympathetic absorption in the conversation of another. She is one-syllabled much more from pride, because she does not consider you worthy that she should squander her intellect upon you, or indeed from selfishness, because she is intent upon taking in the best of your conversation for herself, in order that she may work it out later in her books. That George Sand understands from avarice how to give nothing in conversation and always to take something in, is a feature that Alfred de Musset first made me observe. "She has therein a great advantage over the rest of us," said Musset, who in his capacity as *cavalier servante* of that lady for many years, had the best opportunity to know her thoroughly.

George Sand never says anything witty, for she is one of the least witty French women I know. With an amiable, often singular smile, she listens while another talks, and the strange thoughts which she has taken into herself and wrought over, go forth out of the alembic of her mind far more precious. She is a very fine hearer. She is glad, also, to receive the advice of her friends. From her uncanonical spiritual tendencies, she has, as we may easily conceive, no father-confessor; but since the women, even those most mad for "emancipation," need always some masculine guide, some masculine authority, so George Sand likewise has a literary conscience-director, the philosophic capuchin Pierre Leroux. He works, unhappily, very injuriously upon her talent, inasmuch as he leads her to wander in foggy nonsense and half-batched speculations, instead of committing herself to the clear air of richly colored and well marked forms, using art for the sake of art. With vast secular functions did George Sand confide our much loved Frederic Chopin. This great musician and pianist was in truth for a long time her *cavalier servante*; before his death she released him; his office had, to tell the truth, become at last a sinecure.

I know not how it was that my friend Heinrich Laube could once, in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, have put into my mouth an expression which implied that the genial Franz List was at that time the lover of George Sand. Laube's error resulted certainly from the association of ideas, in his exchanging the names of two equally renowned pianists.

For a long time, as I remarked above, was Alfred de Musset the heart's friend of George Sand. Singular chance, that the greatest poet in prose whom the French possess, and the greatest of their now living poets in verse (at all events the greatest after Beranger), burned for a long time with sympathetic love for each other, a laurel crowned pair! George Sand in prose and Alfred de Musset in verse surpass in fact the so-bepraised Victor Hugo, who, with his horrible, obstinate, almost idiotic persistency, made the French people, and finally himself, believe that he is the greatest poet of France. Is this really his own fixed idea? At any rate it is not ours. Singular! the quality in which he is so much wanting is just the very one which is most valued among the French, and which constitutes one of their finest qualities. It is that of taste. As they find taste in all the French writers, the entire want of it in Victor Hugo might, perhaps, appear to them as an originality. What we miss in him most insupportably is what the Germans call nature: he is made up, false, and often in the same verse seeks in one half to give the lie to the other; he is through and through cold, ice-cold, moreover, in his most passionate effusions; his inspiration is only a phantasmagoria, a calculation without love, or rather, he loves only himself; he is an egotist, and to say something yet worse, he is a Hugoist. We see in him more hardness than power, an impudent iron forehead, and, with all his wealth of fantasy and wit, the awkwardness, nevertheless, of a parvenu or a savage, who makes himself ridiculous through overloading and improper applications of gold and jewels: in short, uncouth barbarity, shrill dissonance, and the most shocking deformity. Somebody said of the genius of Victor Hugo, "*c'est un beau bossu*." The word has a deeper meaning than they think who praise Hugo's excellence.

I will here point out not only that the chief heroes in his romances and dramas are weighed down with a hump, but also that he himself is humpbacked in spirit. According to our modern doctrine of identity, it is a law of nature, that to the inner, the spiritual stamp of a man, his outer, his corporeal stamp corresponds: this idea I had still in my head when I came to France, and I confessed once to my bookseller, Eugene Renduel, who was also Hugo's publisher, that from the representation which I had made in my mind of the man, I had been not a little surprised to find in Victor Hugo a person who was not burdened with a hump. "Yes, one cannot see his deformity," remarked M. Renduel, abstractedly. "What," cried I, "he is then not entirely free there-

from?" "Not so wholly and completely," was the embarrassed answer; and after much persuasion, my friend Renduel confessed to me that he had one morning surprised M. Hugo in the moment when he was changing his shirt, and there had remarked that one of his hips, I believe the right one, projected with the same deformity which is found in those of whom the people say, they have a hump, only no one knows where it is. The people, in their sagacious *naïveté*, call such folks false hunchbacks, just as they call Albinoes white Moors. It is worthy of notice that the poet's publisher is just the man from whom that deformity did not remain concealed. "No one is a hero to his valet-de-chambre," says the proverb; and to his publisher, the attentive valet-de-chambre of his mind, even the greatest writer will not always appear as a hero; they see us too often in our human undress. At all events, I delighted myself greatly with Renduel's revelation, for it rescued the idea of my German philosophy—namely, that the body is the visible soul, and the spiritual imperfections manifest themselves also in the corporeal nature. I must give an express caution against the erroneous inference that the reverse must also be the case, and that the body is likewise always the visible soul, and the outward deformity discloses also an inward one. No, we have very often found in stunted integuments, the most beautiful, well-proportioned souls; which is the clearer in that the bodily deformities commonly result from some physical occurrence, and are not seldom the consequences of neglect or sickness after birth. The deformity of the soul, on the contrary, is brought into the world with one, and thus the French poet, in whom all is false, has also a false hump.

We facilitate our criticism of the works of George Sand, when we say that they form the most marked contrast to those of Victor Hugo. The former author has all that the latter wants: George Sand has truth, nature, taste, beauty and inspiration, and all these qualities the strongest harmony binds together. George Sand's genius has the most beautiful, well-rounded hips, and all that she feels and thinks breathes depth of sentiment and grace. Her style is a revelation of delightful sound and neatness of form. But in what regards the matter of her representations, her subjects, who must not unfrequently be called *mauvaises sujets*, I refrain here from their examination, and relinquish this theme to her enemies.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIFE OF HORACE GREELEY, *Editor of the New York Tribune*. By J. PARTON. Illustrated. New York: Mason Brothers. 12mo. pp. 442.

This biography was undertaken "simply and solely," says the author, "because I gloried in his career, because I thought the story of his life ought to be told." The tone of the book may be gathered from this remark. Yet it is not merely an eulogy, but a conscientious delineation of the career of a man who has worked upward to a conspicuous and independent position by his own exertions.

STORIES FROM THE HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION. With Original Illustrations. By ANNA MARY HOWITT. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. Boston: 1854. 18mo. pp. 208.

Luther—Henry VIII.—Cranmer—Ridley—Lady Jane Grey and Queen Elizabeth are among the characters that figure in the stirring scenes depicted in this capital work. We presume the illustrations are from the pencil of the authoress of the "Art-Student in Munich." For sale by Redding & Co.

CHILDREN'S TRIALS: or, *The Little Rope Dancers and other Tales*. Translated by TRAOUR MANTEL from the German of AUGUSTE LINDEN. Colored Illustrations. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 238.

We have already spoken of this work as it deserved. It is exceedingly interesting, and is meeting, we learn, with a very rapid sale.

THE BOSTON ALMANAC FOR 1855. Darnell & Moore and George Coolidge.

Neatly got up, and quite worthy of its predecessors.

THE YOUNG ISLANDERS: or, *School Boy Crusades. A Tale of the Last Century*. Illustrated. By JEFFREYS TAYLOR. New York and Boston. 1854. 18mo. pp. 320.

This is one of the most fascinating stories of adventure we ever read. It ranks with juvenile readers next to the immortal Robinson. It is well told, with an excellent moral. For sale by Redding & Co.

THE WONDERFUL MIRROR. By the author of "A VISIT TO THE COUNTRY." Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1855.

A very pleasant juvenile story, in the course of which a little comedieta is introduced. Though juvenile works have multiplied of late, this will prove an acceptable addition to the list.

THE WIFE'S VICTORY, and other *Nouvellettes*. By MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. 12mo. pp. 395.

We have read most of these stories as they appeared in print from time to time, and they gave us a favorable impression of the powers of the writer, who has done well to collect them into one volume. They are quite too good to be floating as waifs on the ocean of periodical literature.

FLOWER FABLES. By LOUISA MAY ALCOCK. Illustrated. Boston: George W. Briggs & Co. 12mo. pp. 182.

The Queen of the Fairies tells each of her little maidens of honor to relate a story, and the narratives of the elves compose this pleasant little volume. It is a nice gift book for young people.

THE THEATRICAL JOURNEXWORK AND ANECDOTAL RECOLLECTIONS OF SOL SMITH. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. 12mo. pp. 252.

"Old Sol's" head faces the title-page, looking "as large as life and twice as natural." His adventurous career, identified with the progress of the stage in the West and Southwest is sketched with a pen never dipped in gail. A very amusing book.

HOME LIFE: or, *A Peep Across the Threshold*. By MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE. Illustrated by Billings. Boston: A. Tompkins and B. B. Mussey & Co. 12mo. pp. 249.

Our readers need not be told that Mrs. Soule is a graceful, chaste and refined writer, since we have had the pleasure of publishing many of her sketches in our columns. She writes well because she takes nature for her model, and feelingly because she draws her subjects from the circle of home, the true sphere of a woman. If she has none of that spasmodic energy which is so much affected by a certain class of female writers, she is not the less sure of the approval of those whose good word is worth having, and of a lasting literary reputation.

THE LADY'S ALMANAC FOR 1855. Boston: John P. Jowett & Co.

A very neat work and lavishly illustrated.

PARISH AND OTHER PENCILINGS. By KIRWAN, author of "Letters to Bishop Hughes," "*Romanism at Home*," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1854. 12mo. pp. 272.

A collection of religious essays by a vigorous theological writer, many of which have been published before. The volume will be highly relished by those who agree with the religious opinions of the author. For sale by Redding & Co.

THINGS AS THEY ARE IN AMERICA. By WILLIAM CHAMBERS. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 384.

Few travellers have written of this country in so liberal and enlightened a spirit as Mr. Chambers. There is no fulsome flattery administered for a specific purpose, and no generalizing from isolated individualities. The author gives us the impressions of a sound thinker, disposed to judge all things calmly and fairly. For sale by Redding & Co.

The report of the annual examination of the public schools of Boston has been received. It is a valuable document, and its typographical appearance is worthy of J. H. Eastburn's press.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.
LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The Christmas pantomimes at the London theatres have proved as attractive as ever, notwithstanding the war in the East. "Merrie England" will be "Merrie England" still, at least during the holidays. — Herander & Stone, with their American circus company, have been performing at Manchester and Birmingham, England. — Mr. McKean Buchanan has been performing at the Metropolitan Theatre, New York. — The English opera closed a brilliant engagement at the Broadway. — E. L. Davenport is as popular here as he was in England. — Miss E. Raymond made a great hit as the hero of the "Nice Young Man," in the new comedy by John E. Durivage, at Burton's. — Christy's and Wood's minstrels have joined forces, and are entertaining hundreds of New Yorkers nightly. — Edwin Forrest has been offered and declined \$50,000 for fifty nights' performances at California. — The Spanish dancers have been performing with prodigious success at the Haymarket, London. — A new translation from the French, called the "Comical Countess," has been the card at the Lyceum. — Our friend Creswick, well remembered at the Tremont, is the hero of a piece at the Surrey called "The Transformed," in which he sells himself to a demon for gold, and after a variety of adventures, wakes to find it all a dream. — Julien has produced an immense sensation in London, by a new composition called the "Allied Army Quadrille," in which French, English and Turkish national airs are introduced, and the spirit-stirring scenes of the war are depicted by music. — Bayle Bernard has brought out a new farce called the "Balance of Comfort," which we shall soon see enacted in Boston. — Buckstone has re-appeared at the Haymarket for the first time since the death of Mrs. Fitzwilliam. — Sheridan Knowles has been preaching and lecturing with great success.

SOMETHING NEW.

We are getting up and shall issue early in February, a beautiful Valentine Supplement to the PICTORIAL, to be dated on St. Valentine's Day—February 14th. It will be entirely distinct from the PICTORIAL, complete in itself, filled with original engravings, large and effective, forming an appropriate Valentine to send to either sex. The reading matter will be entirely original, and relate to the history of this pleasant holiday, and give its ancient and modern story. It will also contain a variety of original poetic valentines. It will be for sale at all of the periodical depots through the country for five cents. Any person enclosing five cents, post paid, will receive a copy by mail. It will not be sent to any one gratis.

RICH JEWELRY.—The store of Bigelow Brothers & Kennard, the card of which may be found in our advertising columns, is a curiosity to visit. The dazzling array of rare and rich patterns of jewelry, watches, and elegant ornaments generally, is probably not rivalled in this country.

SPLINTERS.

.... The New York Central Railroad conveyed upwards of three million passengers over the line during the past year.
.... Four miners in California found a lump of gold weighing 161 pounds, valued at \$38,920. Very pretty pickings!
.... It is stated that twenty thousand females are now out of employment in the city of New York. What will become of them?
.... Rev. Dr. Kitto, the editor of the Pictorial Bible, lately died at Canstadt, near Stuttgart, beloved and regretted by all.
.... The Air Line Railroad between Boston and New York was opened for travel December 1st. It saves much time.
.... Ex-Governor Dorr, of Rhode Island, lately died at his father's residence in Providence.
.... There are six hundred and eighty-nine licensed free negroes in St. Louis County, Mo.—washers, laborers and barbers.
.... Mdlle. de Lamotte's third piano forte concert takes place in this city on the 25th inst. She is a fine player.
.... The charity children at Randall's Island, New York, were presented with Christmas gifts by kind ladies and gentlemen.
.... The Crystal Palace Company, New York, owe \$200,000, and have assets to meet their liabilities.
.... John Mitchell has ceased to edit the Citizen, and means to live privately for four years to come.
.... Philip Roberts, ninety years of age, the last of Marion's men, died lately in Harrison County, Ohio. Peace to his ashes!
.... The schooner Atlantic, that ran away from her captain and crew at Cohasset, has been caught, and is now safe.
.... Several serious accidents have happened this season from coasting. Boys should see that the track is clear.
.... Cassius M. Clay's theory of beauty is that it consists solely in an elliptical form. A doubtful basis.
.... Charles Fenno Hoffman, the poet, is still an inmate of the Pennsylvania State Hospital. How bright a mind obscured!
.... Turks Island is short of salt, as all the old salts say who have lately visited that noted place.
.... Three soup houses have been established in this city, for the relief of the poor, by authority of the city government.
.... Hon. Sam. Houston lately joined the Baptist church at Independence, Texas.

LAUGHING PHILOSOPHERS.

That line of the old Scotch song which says:

"It is good to be merry and wise,"

contains a deal of truth and philosophy. Wisdom and mirth are more nearly allied than people generally imagine. It would seem that Cato, the most enlightened and elevated of the heathen philosophers, did not consider laughter as a proof of folly, for, upon one occasion, when jesting with his disciples, he suddenly exclaimed, "Hush, my friends, we must be serious; here comes a fool." Beranger, in his "Petit Homme Gris," depicts to the life the unyielding gayety of one of the laughing philosophers.

"When the rain comes through his attic,
And the winter winds rheumatic
Make him blow his nails for dire
Want of fire,
Then 'd'ye see,' says he, 'my plan?
'D'ye see,' says he, 'my plan?
My plan, 'd'ye see,' to laugh at that,
Sing merrily, sing merrily, the Little Gray Man!"

The old proverb says, "there is no use crying for spilt milk;" but we should like to know what use there is crying about anything. Tears will not bring back the false friend who has run away in the British steamer, leaving you to pay the note you endorsed for him. Whining won't raise the stocks you foolishly invested all your available capital in, when your best friends advised you to buy real estate. Sighs won't convince Miss Arabella that she did very wrong to jilt you for that odious Smith, who has so many more thousands to his credit in the bank. Jaffier was a whining sentimentalist, always ready to "play the boy and blubber;" but who does not prefer the "bold, gay-faced villain," the dashing Pierre? Tony Lumpkin expresses a very proper contempt for the taste of his mother and cousin whom he often saw weeping over a book, "and the more it made 'em cry the more they liked it." The morbid melancholy of Lord Byron is out of fashion; the world had rather laugh with Tom Hood, or Saxe, or Oliver Wendell Holmes. Even stage sorrows find audiences with flinty hearts, and persons in the parquette are no longer obliged to put up their umbrellas to shelter themselves from the floods of tears descending from the boxes. Even the greatest calamities may be borne without unmanly weakness. Matthews used to tell the story of an East Indian, who, when his wife was consumed to ashes by a sun-stroke at dinner-table, quietly laughed, and ordered the servant to sweep away his mistress, and bring him another bottle.

"This convulsion" (laughter), says a pleasant writer, "as well as reason, is peculiar to man, and one may therefore fairly assume that they illustrate and sympathize with one another. Animals were meant to cry, for they have no other mode of expression; and infants, who are in the same predicament, are provided with a similar resource; but when we arrive at man's estate (the only one to which I ever succeeded), both the sound and physiognomy of weeping must be admitted to be altogether brutal and irrational."

Ladies are aware that tears are very repulsive to the bearded half of creation, and sometimes make a formidable use of the fact. Just as Jerry Sneak is about to get the upper hand of his termagant wife, she attacks him with a fit of weeping. In an agony of remorse he exclaims, "Brother Bruin, I have made my Molly weep!" and straightway abandons all his pretensions to marital supremacy. So dear are a wife's smiles, that, to banish her tears, he will concede anything—cashmeres, sables, diamonds. But even woman in her weakness must resort to tears only in desperate cases, for they are sad destroyers of female charms. Venus, the goddess of beauty, is called by Homer the "laughter-loving queen," and mirth and beauty go hand in hand together, as do laughter and wisdom. The "ha! ha!" vanquish the "heighos" all the world over.

OUR NEW VOLUME.

We wish particularly to acknowledge the unequalled and liberal patronage that has been extended to us in subscriptions for our illustrated journal, from every county in the United States and the Canadas. Since the 15th of December to the present writing, our book-keepers and assistants have been engaged from daybreak until a late hour every night in registering and classifying subscribers' names. Our present edition, one hundred and seven thousand copies, will not answer the demand, and we shall not only be obliged to increase this number, but to reprint the first two numbers of the present volume. In arranging the names of such an army of subscribers, some errors will occur, but all shall be cheerfully rectified by addressing us, *post paid*, upon the subject. To secure the work complete, subscribers should send in their names at once.

THE TRUNK RAILROAD.—It is asserted that Colonel Benton says he has the Pacific Railroad in his trunk, by which the veteran statesman means that he carried to Washington from this city the pledge of Abbott Lawrence and twenty-five other gentlemen, to build it on their own account, provided Congress will grant them the right of way, and he hopes the passage of a bill conveying it. It will be quite pleasant to take a run across the continent at the rate of fifty miles an hour by the lightning express.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—A graceful and seasonable present from the West, a specimen of one of its far-famed products, a token of kindly remembrance, reached us through the hands of the well-known American Express Company, to whom, and to the donor, our thanks are due.

CURIOSITIES.—A mosquito's bill receipted. A toll ticket on a violin bridge. Portrait of the inn-keeper who entertained an idea. The pencil with which an artist drew his breath.

GROUP OF HORSES.

The success of our menagerie in No. 1 of this volume, has induced us to indulge in the luxury of horse-flesh; and we accordingly parade for inspection, the string of "good ones" provided for us by Mr. Manning. Our stable, represented on page 48, comprises the following quadrupeds:—1. mare and foal; 2. donkey; 3. wild horses; 4. Arabian; 5. Dutch horse; 6. American coach horse; 7. mule; 8. saddle horse; 9. Shetland pony; 10. cavalry horse; 11. Barb; 12. cart horse; 13. Mexican pony; 14. Black Morgan; 15. race horse; 16. circus horse; 17. Canadian; 18. Scotch pony; 19. Pennsylvania draught horse; 20. English hunter. Whatever may have been the original country of the horse, geologists have discovered his fossil remains in every part of the globe, "from the tropical plains of Asia to the frozen regions of Siberia; from the northern extremities of the new world to the southern point of America." Climate affects the size of the horse materially as it does that of man. The Shetland is scarcely larger than the dog of Mount St. Bernard, while in temperate climes the huge dray horse often stands over sixteen hands high. King Solomon was an extensive horse-dealer, and imported many fine animals from Egypt at a high figure. There is evidence that he drove four horses to some of his chariots. Before the days of Solomon, asses and mules were the usual "mounts" of the judges and princes of Israel. Julius Cæsar, when he invaded Great Britain, found horses there. The Barbary horse and the Arabian were called in to improve the breed of horses in England and elsewhere; and probably all the really good breeds in the world have a dash of Arabian blood in their veins. The chargers of the knights in the middle ages must have been very powerful, heavy animals; for a knight in full panoply, together with his horse furniture, could not have weighed much less than five hundred pounds. The heaviest of our heavy cavalry horses would have appeared like a pony by the side of these middle-aged animals.

Gunpowder effected a great change in the weight of horses—they were bred much lighter. The English hunter, light, vigorous and enduring, is altogether a modern invention. The famous English racer Eclipse had good Eastern blood in his veins. This horse is said to have run the four miles at York, in 1770, in eight minutes, under a weight of 160 pounds. In this country, much attention has been paid to breeding good road horses, and the American trotters are the fastest in the world; the extraordinary speed made by some of them is attributed less to their blood than to their skilful training. Ten miles have been repeatedly trotted in this country in within two or three seconds of thirty minutes. Tom Thumb, an Indian pony, fourteen and a half hands high, taken out to England at the age of eleven, trotted, February 2, 1829, 100 miles in 10 hours and 7 minutes in harness over Sunbury Common. He was driven by Wm. Haggerty (weight over 140 pounds), in a match cart, weighing 108 pounds. The whole time allowed for refreshments during his great performance amounted to but 37 minutes, including taking out and putting to the cart, taking off and putting in the harness, feeding, rubbing down and stalling. The day before and the day after the match he walked full twenty miles; his jockey provided himself with a whip, but made no use of it in driving him—a slight kick on the hind quarters was enough to increase his speed when requisite. In June, 1834, a pair of horses belonging to Mr. Theal, trotted 100 miles in harness on the Centreville course, Long Island, inside of ten hours. But it would require a bulky volume to write out all the exploits of American horses; and those curious in such matters must consult the Turf Register and the New York Spirit of the Times.

FORTHCOMING.—We have a fine series of pictures, which will appear from time to time, delineating each State of the Union from Maine to California, and of which the much admired engraving on the first page of the last number was the commencement. Our next will be of Pennsylvania.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Parker, Mr. Joseph Cary to Miss Kate S. Grover; by Rev. Mr. Craft, Mr. Isaac Sprague, of Cambridge, to Miss Sarah Eaton, of Boston; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Johnson J. Hollis, of Malden, to Miss Rosannah Forsyth, of Chelsea; Mr. George Prouty to Miss Frances E. Hitchcock; Mr. Andrew M. Pierce to Miss Henrietta C. Sides; by Rev. Mr. Edmunds, Mr. John H. Batchelder to Miss Sarah Bradford.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Dr. Caldwell, Mr. David McFarland to Miss Mary A. Mason, both of Bowdoinham, Me.—At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Dunbar, Mr. Benjamin B. Brown to Miss Sarah A. Jones.—At Newton Corner, by Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. Cyrus Thompson, of Salem, to Miss Abby Eveleth, of Beverly.—At Quincy, by Rev. Mr. Dean, Mr. Samuel H. Litchfield to Miss Lucy L. Marsh, both of Hingham.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Carlton, Mr. James T. Hinksman to Miss Bertha Woodman.—At Danvers, by Rev. Mr. Talbot, Rev. J. W. Putnam to Miss Harriet Osborne.—At Beverly, by Rev. Mr. Eldy, Mr. Nicholas Woodbury, Jr. to Miss Judith H. Lamson.—At Ipswich, Rev. Francis V. Tenney, of Byfield, to Miss Joanna Stanwood.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Howe, Mr. Charles W. H. Stone to Miss Abby F. Shaw.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Pike, Daniel F. Smith to Miss Mary Ann McKnight.—At Fall River, by Rev. Mr. Thurston, Mr. Asa Eames to Mrs. Rebecca Potter.—At Plymouth, by Elder Faunce, Mr. William Lapham, of New York, to Miss Louisa Lucas.—At Portland, Me., by Rev. Mr. Moor, Mr. Samuel M. Cook to Miss Abby L. Lunt.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Samuel Hichborn, 82; Mrs. Sophia Ladd, 24; Mr. Cardinal C. Conant, 48; Mr. Ephraim Safford, 41.—At Chelsea, Miss Ann O. Rollins.—At Dorchester, Mr. Marshall P. Wilder, Jr., 33.—At Watertown, Mrs. Mary A., wife of Mr. Oliver Edwards, 27.—At Quincy, Miss Jane Talbot, 18; Mrs. Susanah B. Pratt, 35.—At Lynnfield, Widow Ele Newhall, 85.—At Salem, Mrs. Abby H. Chester, 29; Mr. Ephraim Hingman, 20; Widow Hannah L. Wood, 85; Benjamin Wheatland, Esq., 53.—At Hingham, Capt. Wilson Whitton, 72.—At Topsfield, Mrs. Lavinia Moore, 69; Mr. Aaron Kneeland, 63; Widow Mary Avery, 80.—At Gloucester, Mr. James Hodgkins, 76; Miss Sally Douglas, 75.—At Rockport, Mr. Peter Sullivan, 89.—At Trunton, Mr. William C. Russell, 26.—At Northboro, Widow Abigail Stone, 79; Mrs. Julia F. Chaffin, 43; Mrs. Sophia Cawthorn, 53.—At North Adams, Widow Rebecca Pattison, 76.—At Pepperell, Mrs. Elizabeth D. R., wife of Mr. Warren F. Bartlett, 28.—At Rarham, Mr. Samuel Jones, 82.—At Plymouth, Capt. John Danicell, 45; Widow Jerusha Paty, 81; Mr. Harrison Gibbs, 28.—At Sutton, Widow Polly Chase, 91.—At Worcester, Mrs. Lurana Pratt, 78; Mr. Stephen Woodworth, 39; Miss Mary Ann Black, 21.—At Dighton, Capt. Stephen Hathaway, 84.—At Nantucket, Mr. Reuben Macy, 24, 54.—At Rehoboth, Widow Rachel Beck, 71.—At Brunswick, Me., Capt. James Ods, a descendant of James Ods, of revolutionary memory.—At Thompson, Conn., Mr. Stephen Woodworth, 33.—At Point Lev Heights, Broughton, Canada, Col. Wm. Hall, formerly of Andover.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

We present herewith a correct portrait of Bayard Taylor, the poet and traveller, from a daguerreotype by Meade Brothers, of New York. The determined expression of his handsome and intellectual countenance is faithfully reproduced. Mr. Taylor's adventurous spirit, pleasing style and extensive wanderings have won him an enviable name and popularity. As a poet, a writer of travels and a lecturer, he is increasing his fame and coining money; for the age has passed away when rags were the livery of talent, and only mediocrity wore purple and fine linen and fared sumptuously every day. But we are inclined to think that the subject of our sketch, however successful, will never surrender himself to Capuan delights, and that he would be happier under an Arab tent or in a boat on the Nile, than beneath a gilded ceiling on a French ottoman. Bayard Taylor was born at Kennet Square, near the Brandywine, in Pennsylvania, January 11, 1825. At the age of eighteen he wrote a poem on a Spanish story called "Ximena," which, together with some smaller poetical compositions, was published in a volume, but did not produce any marked impression, though exhibiting a goodly promise. His genius, however, interested those who came in contact with him, and Rufus W. Griswold and N. P. Willis, among others, gave him counsel and encouragement. He had a strong desire to visit Europe—but how was this to be accomplished? His means were limited—and an extensive tour in the Old World is supposed to require a very considerable outlay. Not so, however, thought Taylor. Where there's a will there's a way. He had a little—a very little money, he could set type, he could arrange to correspond with an American journal, and these scanty means, eked out by rigid economy, he relied on to accomplish his undertaking. He accordingly took passage for the Old World in 1844, and remained abroad two years, visiting Great Britain, Switzerland, Germany, Italy and France. He saw more than the majority of tourists do who go abroad with ample pecuniary provision. He studied not only works of art and nature and foreign languages, but he made himself acquainted with the people. Travelling on foot, he could diverge from the beaten highways whenever there was an object of attraction, while at the same time, he hardened his frame, and acquired that vigor which has since supported him so well in his extensive tours. His whole expenses for those two years were, if we recollect rightly, \$480, for which he had lived comfortably and seen everything worth seeing. The fruit of the tour was a very capital book, to which Mr. Willis stood sponsor, giving it the title of "Views-a-Foot, or Europe seen with staff and knapsack." It had a great vogue, and its popularity is still undiminished. After his return, Mr. Taylor was engaged as one of the editors of the New York Tribune, and became also peculiarly interested in that thriving journal. But his thirst for travel was not quenched. He has since visited California, which sup-



BAYARD TAYLOR.

plied him with materials for a book, Japan on the other side of the globe, Syria, Egypt, and the interior of Africa. His travels have afforded him copious materials for newspaper correspondence, volumes of prose and poetry, and for lectures. Mr. Taylor is young for his reputation; and is still far from having reached the zenith of his fame. Wherever he goes he is sure to extract something valuable from the book of nature.

fortunes. Velasquez, one of the early governors, was an able and energetic man, but the scourge of the aborigines. In 1760, the British conquered Havana, but it was restored in the ensuing year. In 1823, the Cubans, imbued with liberal ideas, attempted an insurrection, which was speedily suppressed. In 1826, there was a rising at Caracas. In 1828, another incipient revolution was crushed by the government. This was in the time of General

CUBA.

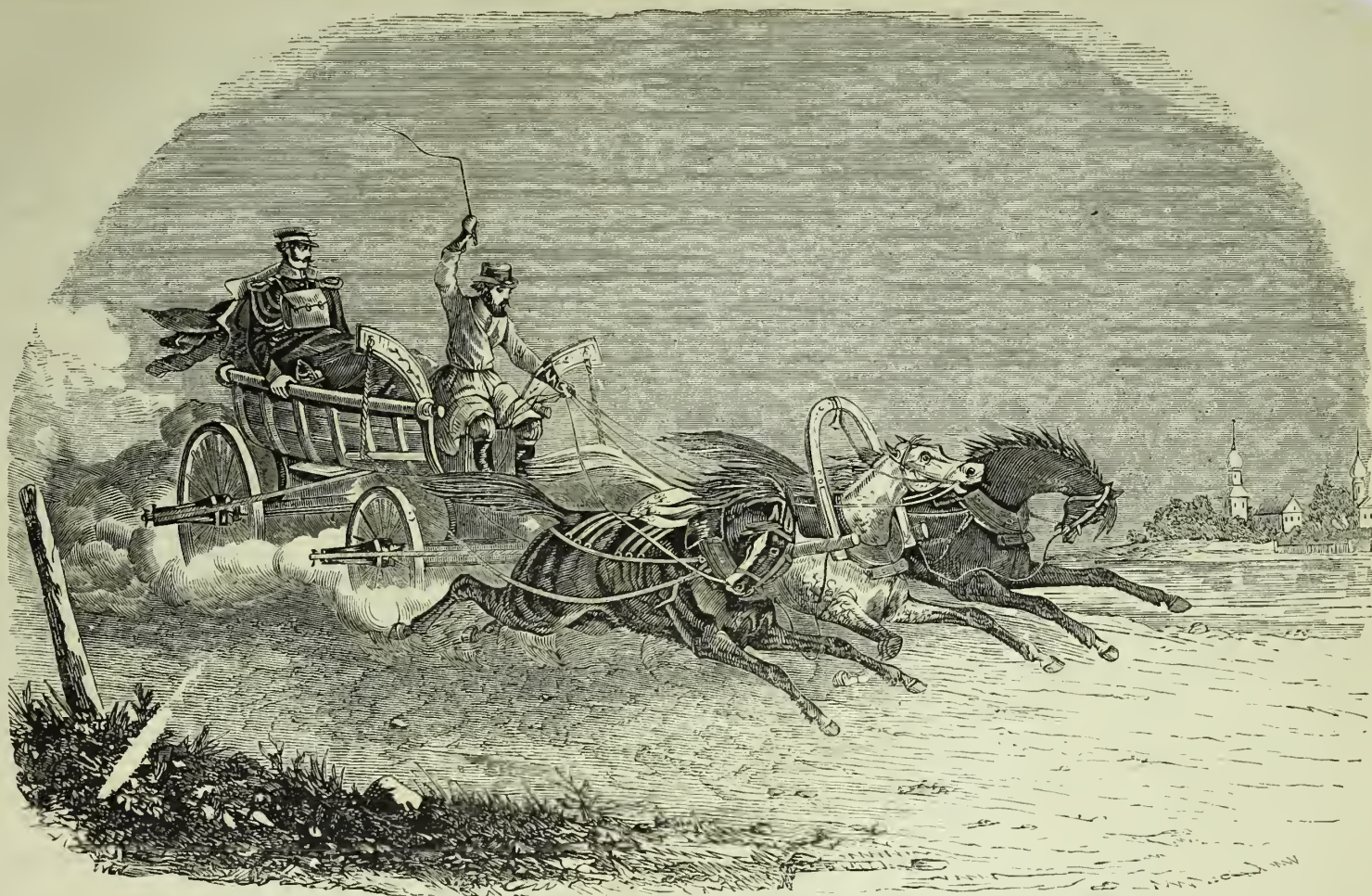
We present our readers with a neat and accurate map of this island, drawn and engraved at the extensive and well-known map establishment of Charles W. Morse, No. 96 Nassau St., New York. Lying close to our shores, comprising an extensive area, blessed with boundless fertility and a genial climate, being to the Gulf of Mexico what Gibraltar is to the Mediterranean, it is not surprising that the people of the United States regard it with deep interest, not unmixed with anxiety as to its future. Of late years, events that do not require recapitulation have shown that no inconsiderable portion of the native inhabitants of Cuba look anxiously forward to the annexation of their beautiful birthplace to this country, and that a strong party within our boundaries is desirous of hastening this consummation. The proposal made by France and England to the United States to renounce the idea of gaining Cuba at any future time, a proposal promptly rejected by our government, shows that the dreams of the annexationists are not purely chimerical, and that the annexation of Cuba is a contingency to be provided for. How near or how distant may be this event, it is impossible to conjecture, but we do not doubt that one day the stars and stripes will float over the Moro castle. Cuba was one of the earliest discoveries of Columbus in 1492, and its name is that by which it was known to the gentle aborigines who were supplanted by the fierce and greedy Spaniards. The area of Cuba, according to Humboldt, is 43,380 geographical square miles. Its length is about 770 miles and its breadth varies from 25 to 90 miles. A range of mountains extends through the centre of the island, from east to west, leaving strips of comparatively level land of unequal width between their base and the seashore. The staple products of the island are sugar, tobacco and coffee, but the fertile soil is capable of producing almost anything. The banana, orange and pine apple grow almost wild. The forests comprise a great variety of wood, among which are the finest mahogany and cedar. The history of Cuba is diversified by few events of an interesting character. In 1538 a French corsair attacked Havana and reduced it to ashes. In 1589 the office of captain-general was created. Of the long line of captains-general, very few have earned the respect of the Cubans or labored for the true interests of the island. Royal favorites, they have employed their brief periods of power to enrich themselves as speedily as possible, and of late years, bribes for conniving at the slave trade have offered the readiest means of building up illegal

Don Miguel Tacon, a despotic captain-general, but a man who did much to embellish Havana and improve its sanitary condition. He is still regarded with mingled admiration and detestation. In 1848, a conspiracy was formed in Cienfuegos and Trinidad, for the overthrow of the Spanish power. It failed, like all previous attempts, but its principal leader, General Narciso Lopez, succeeded in effecting his escape, to return twice again, and finally perish in his attempts to revolutionize and liberate the island. Notwithstanding the present political condition of the island, from which spring numberless annoyances to visitors, it is such a region of delight, that the traveller from the north is amply repaid for the vexations he encounters from the moment he sets foot upon the enchanted shore. He forgets them all in the enjoyment of that glorious nature that wears in no other quarter of the globe so seducing an aspect. Nowhere else do you find such refreshing breezes, such delicious fruits. The beauty of the ladies, the languid elegance of Creole manners, the picturesqueness of the street population, the curious customs, the unrivalled scenery, a thousand features it would require a volume to describe, make up a picture, which once seen can never be forgotten. A week's sail from a northern port, brings the voyager into a realm of romance, and carries him back into the past, for while the rest of the world has been rolling on like a river, Cuba has remained stationary for the last hundred years.



RUSSIAN COURIER.

We have here a spirited sketch by the pencil of one who has the rare faculty of representing life and action satisfactorily. The sedate aspect of the official courier with his despatches hung round his neck, as the knight of old carried his shield, the energy of the driver vigorously plying his lash, the fire and muscular action of the horses harnessed three abreast in the peculiar Russian fashion, the central one trotting and the outsiders running, the half-oriental aspect of the distant city, the clouds of dust rolling away from the wheels, combine to give a better idea of a scene from life than pages of description could accomplish. The uniform and bearing of the courier depicted in the engraving show him to be one of those attached to the cabinet of St. Petersburg. All the government officers have a military organization in this nation of soldiers, and there are various grades in the courier service, as there are in the army, distinguished to the eye by their epaulettes and the style of their ornaments. The highest in rank are selected for the most important missions, the lowest are something more than ordinary messengers. A certain number of the couriers are always kept near to the person of the czar, and lodged in a room of the imperial palace. They are confidential persons, and receive their orders from the emperor. They are liable to be called upon, and must hold themselves in readiness to start at any hour of the day and night, no matter what the weather may be. Their general instructions are something like those issued by a British general to his aids: "If you lose your horse, go on foot; if you lose one leg, you must hop; if you lose your head—no, you can't do anything without your head." At each post-house there are relays of horses kept specially for these couriers. A bell suspended from the arch over the centre horse, as seen in the engraving, sending its clear, shrill sound in advance, gives warning to the postmaster of the courier's approach. Woe to the unhappy wretch who delays the government courier! During the present war we fancy these couriers have a busy time of it.

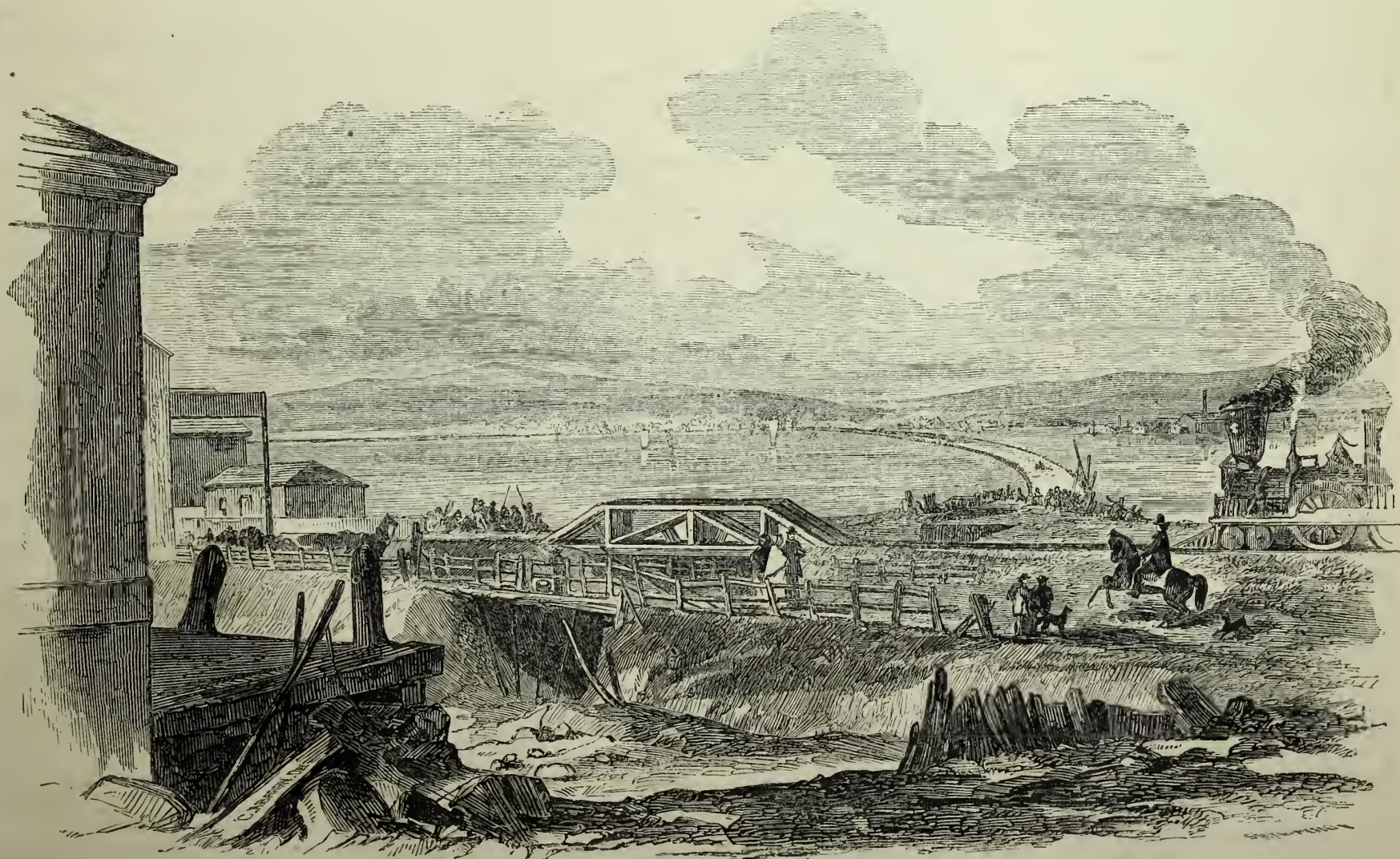


A RUSSIAN COURIER.

AIR LINE RAILROAD.

The accompanying engraving is from a drawing taken at South Boston, showing the excavations for the track of the new Air Line Railroad, which passes under the South Shore Railroad track and the public highway. The new road has been in operation for some time, with the exception of the track between Dedham and Boston, and over this the cars have been running since the 4th of January. The time between this city and New York is shortened by from one hour to an hour and a half. The Boston terminus is in Summer Street. The view here given is exceedingly accurate. In the foreground on the right, we see one of the Old Colony engines—the precursor of a train going out. The

new bridge of the Air Line Road is seen stretching over the Roxbury flats to Dorchester in the distance. On the right of this bridge the Roxbury Turpentine Works are partially visible. In the extreme distance is seen the range of the Blue Hills, always so picturesque a feature in this direction. Boston has become the city of railroads. Their radii intersect three quarters of a circle north, southwest and south. The steam whistle and the thunder of the arriving and departing trains echo from early dawn till evening, and often the citizen homeward bound in the middle of the night is startled by the hoarse cough of the locomotive. As evidences of energy, capital and prosperity, their multiplication is a significant fact.



EXCAVATIONS FOR THE NEW AIR LINE RAILROAD.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The Traveller says that the remains of a good sized shiner paid a visit through the pipes to a house in Fourth Street, South Boston, recently, and another shiner in a perfect state of preservation, and almost big enough to eat, being four inches long, passed through a pipe into a watering trough in a stable. — A contract has been entered into for the building of a new hotel at St. Paul, Minnesota, to cost from \$75,000 to \$100,000. It will be commenced early in the spring. — A gentleman entered a shooting gallery in New York, lately, and asked for a pistol with which to practise. Upon receiving the pistol, he shot himself through the head, causing a mortal wound. — Three hundred hogheads of molasses were sold at Portland recently, to go to France. — At the great fire in Broadway, New York, recently, which consumed Christy & Wood's theatre and also caused loss of life, there was in the rooms over the audience room a series of paintings just completed by a German painter, which he had agreed to sell for ten thousand dollars. The paintings took ten years of the painter's life. With no insurance upon them the whole were entirely consumed. — There has been transported over the Atlantic Railroad since the first of September, 4,938,000 feet of lumber most of which came into Portland. — Rossini wrote to his mother, "I am the handsomest young man in Italy, and Canova wishes to represent me in marble with as little drapery as Ajax the son of Telemon." The letter was superscribed: "To the very celebrated and honored Madame Rossini, own mother to the great maestro Rossini." — The estate of the late Anson G. Phelps, of New York, foots up at \$2,400,000. He was a Connecticut boy, and carried nothing but his hands and brains to New York. — The scientific world of Paris is specially interested at this moment in a subject which has an immediate importance for the industrial world—the fabrication of sugar and alcohol from the wood of trees. — A panther entered the dining room of a house in Quachita parish, La., a short time since, while the family were seated at their meal, and after upsetting the table and nearly killing two dogs, made good his retreat. He was followed, however, and finally killed. — As an indication of the extravagance which has prevailed in the country for some time, an importing house in New York has written a letter stating that the amount of duties paid for French artificial flowers, for the first quarter of the current fiscal year, was almost double the amount of duties paid on railroad iron. — Of the three or four English generals killed at the battle of Inkermann, two were in the battle of Waterloo. One, Sir George Cathcart, was the pet officer of the Duke of Wellington, and a soldier of great renown and experience, aged 62. He was the officer at Waterloo who gave Wellington's famous order to the Guards to "charge." — At Aleppo one of the best endowed institutions is a hospital for cats, which was founded many years ago, and to which the Mussulmen carry their sick and disabled cats with greater care and affection than wounded soldiers receive in any Christian army of the world. — At Montevideo, South America, they sow up their prisoners closely in a wet hide, leaving out the head and neck only, and then lay them on the ground in the sun to dry. In the process of drying, under the powerful effects of the sun, the hide becomes contracted, and produces the most painful and excruciating death. — In Bangor, recently, two or three young rowdies intruding where their company was not desirable, and refusing to retire when requested, a young lady fired a pistol at them, and wounded one severely in the wrist.

RUSSIAN SPIES.

The Russian spies at Sebastopol seem to be much too sharp for John Bull. A British sentinel at Balaklava, being astonished to perceive a horse with a sack of corn on his back, deliberately walking past him in the moonlight, attempted to seize him, when the sack of corn speedily became metamorphosed into a Cossack trooper, who put spurs to his steed, and vanished before the sentinel recovered his speech. At another part of Balaklava, a Russian spy, attired as a French officer, boldly entered within the British lines, sauntered about, chatted with the officers, learned from them where their position was weakest, and actually got off safe, when he saw that one of the Englishmen had grown somewhat suspicious concerning him and had sent off to the general to inform him of his growing suspicions that there was a Russian spy among them.

INTELLECTUAL BEAUX.—A lady correspondent of the Home Journal writes, "If we can only borrow a little of the foreign knack of organizing circles, and keeping them sufficiently together to maintain an agreeable intimacy, why, then, our tired intellectuals may come up from down town, take a nap after dinner perhaps, and go to a party with some pleasure. We shall then have something worth dressing for, and not feel, after being talked to by twenty or thirty pair of kid gloves, that we might as well have walked our pretty toilets (to say nothing of our eyes and agreeableness) through a menagerie of monkeys. There should be some sort of rational recognition of one's charms of mind and millinery—now, should there not?"

THE BOSTON JOURNAL.—The card of this excellent daily newspaper will be found in our advertising columns. As a vehicle for prompt and reliable information, its character has long been established in this city. We are gratified to know of its large circulation and complete business success.

THE FOURTH COMMANDMENT.—The Russians made their sortie from Sebastopol on Sunday, the fifth of November, and the bloody battle of Inkermann lasted through the whole of the Sabbath. It is thus that a religious war is waged.

Wayside Gatherings.

A body of Mormons, four hundred in number, has left Denmark, to settle in this country.

The citizens of Hartford have raised the sum of \$3500 in aid of the suffering poor of that city.

At a recent agricultural fair in Portland, Oregon, three apples were exhibited which weighed each upwards of two pounds.

The Common Council of Albany have appropriated five hundred dollars, and ordered two hundred tons of coal for the poor.

A new and expensive great coat, made in London for Lord Raglan—his war coat—was stolen from a cart on its way to the railroad.

The Toronto Colonist says that the British government has purchased eighteen thousand buffalo robes for the use of the army in the Crimea.

Father Mathew, the apostle of temperance, has arrived at Madeira. That genial climate has already produced a beneficial change in his health.

Professor John W. Mallet, of Amherst College, has been appointed State Chemist of Alabama, and is now aiding in the geological survey of that State.

There are 264,091 milliners and dress-makers in England, as reported by the last English census. The "Household Words" calls them "The Army of Vanity."

A fine pair of elks, attached to a buggy, were driven through the principal streets of Louisville, Kentucky, a few days since. Their novel appearance attracted much attention.

The amount of salt made and inspected at Syracuse the past season, which closed on the first of December, was 5,800,000 bushels, the largest amount ever manufactured in a year, and 40,000 bushels more than were made last year.

The Natchez Courier says that the Mississippi river opposite the town of Natchez was so low that even the catfish were rigging up stern wheels; side wheel catfish finding some difficulty in navigating with facility the crowded channels.

Congress has voted double rations to General Wool for his twelve years' service as Inspector General. A "ration" is counted as twenty cents a day. The Inspector General has six. This would make about \$5000 for the twelve years.

A new method of administering ether has been introduced in Paris. Four or five drops of the liquid are contained in a capsule, which upon being swallowed dissolves in the stomach. They are called pearls of ether, and are about the size of a large pen.

The city of Washington is more than usually dull in consequence of the hard times. The number of visitors is less than usual, and the attractions of gay society and costly entertainments will be lacking this winter to an unusual extent.

The Chicago Tribune states that two police officers from Cincinnati have arrived there having in custody the person who robbed the money bag of Adams Express Company of some \$40,000 a short time since at Cincinnati. He had confessed the robbery.

The present is a time when good understandings are needed by all pedestrians who would not add to their phrenological developments or fracture their limbs. It is well, however, to remember the scripture admonition: "Let him that thinketh he stands, take heed lest he fall."

At the marriage of the great chief Tungki to Anna Jane, the daughter of the king of the Friendly Isles, the feasting lasted a whole week. One thousand hogs were baked whole, with a proportionate supply of turtle, sharks, ray-fish, and every other fish that is caught in those waters.

A lad named Warren Moore, youngest son of Mr. Daniel Moore, of Orange, died of hydrophobia a short time since. Eight weeks previous, he had been bitten by a dog, but as the wound was not severe, no attention was paid to it until the beginning of his illness a day or two before his death.

The Killingly Telegraph alludes to the death of a person in the neighborhood of that town by drinking excessively of essence of peppermint. He had been a moderate drinker of spirituous liquor, but his supplies being cut off by the Maine Law, he resorted to peppermint, and it killed him.

Wooden huts are to be sent from England to the Crimea, and an experienced iron founder has submitted to the foreign office a plan to make them fire proof. One hundred of these buildings had been taken out in one screw steamer. Large orders for stoves and other iron work for the Crimea had been given.

The Metropolitan Hotel, New York, was sued by a traveller whose trunk was broken open in his room and \$150 in gold abstracted. The plea that notice was given that money must be placed in the safe, was not allowed by the Court, and judgment was given the plaintiff, for \$195 84 and the costs.

There is a gentleman in Salem, a mechanic who labors constantly at his trade, who has given to the poor all the proceeds of his labor for the last four years. He has enough of this world's goods to satisfy all his wants, and says he "lives to help the poor." We wish there were more such men in the world.

The Emperor of Russia has granted decorations to his two sons for their bravery at the battle of Inkermann. If the British accounts be true, their bravery was exhibited by standing at a distance on the side of a hill, as spectators of the battle, and at its close by precipitately retreating out of the reach of the allied forces.

In Danbury, Ct., recently, two children of Mr. N. L. White took a dose of laudanum by mistake instead of elixir pro., and their lives were with difficulty saved. In the same town, two children of Mr. William Day were nearly suffocated by the poisonous fumes of a pan of charcoal, ignited in their bed room to keep them warm.

No less than four English steamers now keep up a profitable monthly communication between London and the civilized settlements of Western Africa; and the result is an increased and valuable commerce. Among the shipments in the British steamer which recently conveyed President Roberts to England, were eight thousand ounces of gold.

The silver coins most prized by jewellers for melting, are those bearing the stamp of the United States Mint prior to the late revision of the standard. The quarter and half dollars of the old standard command a premium of four per cent., and French five franc pieces and Spanish milled dollars are the only other coins regarded with equal favor by the melters.

Some idea of the terrific reverberation from the opposing batteries at Sebastopol, on the day of the opening of the bombardment, may be formed from the statement of the master of the Glendalough, in writing home from Eupatoria to the proprietors of that vessel. He observes: "Although at the time thirty miles distant from the scene of the engagement, the ship was kept in a continual tremor by the unceasing cannonade at Sebastopol."

Foreign Items.

A national subscription is to be raised in France, in favor of the widows and orphans of the soldiers who lose their lives in the Crimea. The Empress is to place her name at the head of the list.

The French have but one battalion armed with the Minie rifle, to twenty armed in the ordinary way. But these favored corps are all composed of choice men, continually exercised in shooting and in the *pas gymnastic*.

When at the battle of Inkermann, General Bosquet sent to Sir George Cathcart to inquire whether he wanted reinforcements, the latter being at the moment hemmed in by an immense Russian force, is said to have replied, "Yes; but don't hurry yourself."

At the Italian Opera, Paris, the efforts of a lady who made her debut as *Marguerite*, the other night, were very unhappy. Her appearance was so unimpressive, that when *Raoul* spoke of her "divine, enchanting beauty," there was a general titter throughout the house.

The *Journal de St. Petersburg* states that thirty-one sisters of charity had left Moscow to devote themselves to the care of the wounded Russians in the Crimea. Their expenses are to be paid by the Grand Duchess Helena. They are accompanied by their superior and a chaplain.

After the battle of Inkermann, in the knapsacks of the wounded and dead Russians were found opium and small bottles of raker—a liquor they get drunk on; and even during the action several were noticed in a state bordering on frenzy, from the opium they took or the raker they drank.

In Dublin, two children afflicted with a disease of the scalp, were placed under the charge of a quack, who rubbed into their heads an ointment made of corrosive sublimate and tallow. It put them in terrible torture; they became delirious in an hour, and died in less than a week.

The whole of the troops now proceeding from England to the seat of war are to be armed with the Minie rifle. During their passage out to the Crimea those unaccustomed to the weapon will be instructed in its management; and, whenever practicable, be exercised in firing at a target, to be hoisted at the foretopgallant-mast.

Sands of Gold.

.... No man is wise or safe, but he that is honest.—*Sir W. Raleigh*.

Reputation—oft got without merit, and lost without deserving.—*Shakspeare*.

.... The way to gain a good reputation is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear.—*Socrates*.

.... The history of the world tells us, that immoral means will ever intercept good ends.—*Coleridge*.

.... There are many men who appear to be struggling against adversity, and yet are happy; but yet more, who, although abounding in wealth, are miserable.—*Tacitus*.

.... It is a proof of our natural bias to evil, that gain is slower and harder than loss, in all things good; but in all things bad, getting is quicker and easier than getting rid of.—*Hare*.

.... He who is always in want of something cannot be very rich. He is a poor wit who lives by borrowing the words, decisions, men, inventions and actions of others.—*Lawater*.

.... Good humor will sometimes conquer ill humor, but ill humor will conquer it oftener; and for this plain reason good humor must operate on generosity, ill humor on meanness.—*Greville*.

.... Without the sun, without the other planets, night would cover the universe; and if it were not enlightened by the word of God, we should differ in nothing from those birds which are fattened in darkness, and fed only for death.—*St. Clement*.

.... There are habits contracted by bad example or had management, before we have judgment to discern their approaches, or because the eye of reason is laid asleep, or has not compass of view sufficient to look around on every quarter.—*Tucker*.

.... There are two metals, one of which is omnipotent in the cabinet, and the other in the camp—gold and iron. He that knows how to apply them both may attain the highest station, but he must know something more to keep it.—*Colton*.

.... Let your hand give in proportion to your purse; remembering always, the estimation of the widow's mites, but, that it is not every one who asketh that deserveth charity. All, however, are worthy of inquiry, or the deserving may suffer.—*Washington*.

Joker's Budget.

"Union is not always strength," as Sir Charles Napier observed, when he saw the purser mixing his rum and water.

A retired schoolmaster excuses his passion for angling by saying that, from constant habit, he never feels quite himself unless he's handling the rod.

A western editor, in speaking of a man who was bitten by a mad dog, says: "He was attacked by a quadruped while laboring under cerebral excitement."

A new mode of dispersing a mob has been discovered—said to supersede the necessity of a military force. It is to pass around a contribution box.

A brother editor tells us that when he was in prison for libelling a justice of the peace, he was requested by the jailor to give the prison a puff.

A woman has suggested that when men break their hearts, it is all the same as when a lobster breaks one of his claws—another sprouting immediately, and growing in its place.

A married lady found her two sons quarrelling, and, in hopes of putting an end to their differences, uttered the following: "You young rascals, if you don't desist directly, I'll tell both your fathers."

"Where is the hoe, Sambo?" "Wid de rake, massa." "Well, where is the rake?" "Wid de hoe." "But where are they both?" "Why, bof togeder. By golly, old massa, you 'pears to be berry 'ticular dis mornin'!"

For unadulterated economy commend us to the German. Give him a salary of forty cents per diem, and in ten years he will own a brick block, a fat horse, nine children, and a vrow broader than she is long, and as good-natured as a blind kitten.

A facetious boy asked one of his playmates why a hardware dealer was like a bootmaker? The latter, somewhat puzzled, gave it up. "Why," said the other, "because the one sold the nails and the other nailed the soles."

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS. One page only of this paper is devoted to advertisements. The immense circulation of the PICTORIAL (being over one hundred thousand copies weekly), forms a vehicle of advertisement that is rarely offered to the public. Another fact which greatly enhances the value of the PICTORIAL as an advertising medium is, that it is preserved, and not destroyed after being read, being regularly bound up every six months, so that each advertisement (all being placed on the inside of the paper), becomes a permanent card of the advertiser's business for years to come.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—Fifty cents per line, in all cases, without regard to length or the continuance of the same. Terms, cash on receipt of the advertisement. Advertisements must be sent in two weeks in advance of the period of their publication, as our edition is so large that it occupies fourteen days in printing. Address, post-paid, M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor, Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

A BOOK OF INTENSE INTEREST.

NOTES ON DUELS AND DUELING. APHASETICALLY ARRANGED. With a Preliminary Historical Essay. By HON. LORENZO SABINE. This work comprises sketches of the principal duels from that between David and Goliath, the first on record, to the present day; and contains a full account of those of importance, including all of historical interest in the annals of the country. The duels between Hamilton and Burr, Clay and Randolph, Decatur and Barron, Cilley and Graves, as well as many others, are related in full; and the author's familiarity with history, and his intimacy with men in public life, has enabled him to bring to light facts of great interest and value.

The avidity with which every account of a duel is sought for and devoured, led the publishers to hesitate before offering the public a volume containing such a fund of interesting and exciting material; but the high character of the author, and a perusal of his Historical Essay, have convinced them that the publication of the work is destined to exert a highly beneficial influence.

CROSBY, NICHOLS & Co., Publishers.
111 Washington Street, Boston.
jan 13

ARTISTS' SUPPLY STORE.—M. J. WHIPPLE, 35 Cornhill, Boston, Importer and Dealer in Tube Oil Colors and all other supplies required by Artists and Draughtsmen. tf

MODEL MELODEONS, manufactured by MASON & HAMLIN. The attention of the musical public is invited to the newly improved MODEL MELODEONS made by us. We believe them to be unsurpassed in all the essential points pertaining to a good instrument, especially in regard to equality, power and sweetness of tone, perfection of tuning, promptness of action, and beauty of finish. Our prices are from \$60 to \$175, according to the size and style of the instrument. Recommendations from Lowell Mason, Wm. B. Bradbury, George F. Root, L. H. Southard, Edwin Bruce, Silas A. Bancroft, and many other distinguished musicians, may be seen at our warehouses. The opinion of the above gentlemen gives them a decided preference to all other Melodeons. Circulars containing full descriptions of the "Model Melodeons," will be sent to any post-office by addressing the undersigned.

MASON & HAMLIN,
Cambridge Street (corner of Charles), Boston, Mass.
(Directly in front of the Jail.)
HENRY MASON, }
EDMONS HAMLIN, } tf

BOOK AND NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS ON WOOD.
BY JOHN ANDREW,
NO. 129 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.
tf REFERENCE, "BALLOU'S PICTORIAL." j20

THE AMERICAN PICK.

This illustrated weekly, published in the city of New York every Saturday, has commenced its fourth year. It has become a favorite paper throughout the United States. Besides its designs, by the first artists, it contains witty editorials of character, and will carry cheerfulness to the gloomiest fireside. Its variety renders it a favorite in every family.

It contains each week a large quantity of tales, stories, anecdotes, scenes and witticisms. The "Recollections of John C. Calhoun, by his Private Secretary," will be continued in the Pick until finished, and then a copy will be sent free to every subscriber whose name shall be upon our mail book. Each yearly subscriber to the Pick will receive the double-sized Pictorial Sheets for the Fourth of July and Christmas without charge. Each of these Pictorial Sheets contains over 200 splendid designs.

The subscription price to the Pick is \$1, cash in advance; six copies, \$5; thirteen copies, \$10. Letters must be addressed to JOSEPH B. SCOVELLE,
26 Ann Street, New York.
jan 20

35TH THOUSAND READY.

A GENTLEMAN, who confessed that he had not read the Waverley Novels, at the time when the author was unknown, and all the world was talking about them, said, that to the fact of his ignorance he owed a great deal of pleasure. For at parties every lady was eager to get him into a corner, that she might be the first to describe the stately Flora Mac Ivor, or the gentle Amy Robsart. He became a lion at once. The man who has not read

IDA MAY

will soon enjoy a similar distinction. From the commencement, the popularity of this beautiful story has been steadily increasing, and its sale bids fair to be limited only by the number of the reading public. Travelling agents are selling it by thousands. For sale by all booksellers. Price, \$1 25.
PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & Co., Publishers.
jan 20

BOUND VOLUMES OF THE PICTORIAL.—We sell the bound volumes of our illustrated journal to those who wish to sell again at a very low rate, so that a handsome profit is realized by the retailer. Any information given by addressing this office, by letter, post-paid.
jan 6

A BOOK FOR EVERY LIBRARY.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF HOSEA BALLOU. By his youngest son, MATTHEW M. BALLOU. This interesting home picture and public record of an eminent divine, is one of those simple but truthful narratives of the eventful career of a strong, vigorous and philosophical mind, engaged in the development of liberal Christianity. The work is from the pen of the youngest son of the subject, Mr. M. M. Ballou, a gentleman long connected with the Boston press, and one amply competent to depict the private and public career of one whom a whole denomination have honored and loved. The subject, Hosea Ballou, was a self-made man, and the means by which he rose to the eminence which he attained in the ranks of Christian warfare, are herein plainly laid down. The reader will find himself loth to lay the book aside until he shall have finished it, after reading a few consecutive pages.

By addressing a line, post paid, to the publisher, and enclosing one dollar, the book, containing an accurate likeness of the subject, will be sent, free of postage, to any part of the United States. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the publisher, A. TOMPKINS,
35 Cornhill, Boston.
jan 20

FOR SALE.—A ton of fine box-wood, large logs and clear—a very nice article; price, one hundred and ten dollars. A good chance for engravers and designers to supply themselves. Address A. B., this office. 3t j20

THE BOSTON JOURNAL,

DAILY, SEMI-WEEKLY AND WEEKLY, FOR 1855.

TERMS.

Daily—in advance. Six dollars a year.
Single copies. Two cents.
Semi-weekly. Four dollars a year.
Weekly. Two dollars a year.
Journal for California. Six cents a copy.

On the first of January, 1855, the BOSTON JOURNAL entered upon its twenty-third year under circumstances the most gratifying to its proprietors. That kind appreciation and large patronage which it has been their aim to merit, has been bestowed upon it to an extent far surpassing their expectations, and they now have the pleasure of seeing the JOURNAL (as is almost universally acknowledged by its contemporaries) standing at the head of the Newspaper Press in New England.

This position has not been attained by the JOURNAL without an immense outlay of labor and money. The most liberal arrangements have been made by the employment of able and intelligent correspondents at important points at home and abroad; by extended telegraphic correspondence, and by the constant services of a large corps of experienced Reporters to secure for its columns at the earliest possible moment, every matter of interest to the public. This we believe the files of the JOURNAL for years past will show has been done; and to this fact is to be attributed that rapid and great increase in its circulation which it has attained—a circulation which is at the present time larger by many thousands than that of any other Subscription or Two Cent Paper published in Boston or New England.

Unlike many of its contemporaries, the circulation of the JOURNAL is not confined to one class in the community, but it is taken and read by men of all classes. It finds its way alike into the family and the counting-house; to the room of the professional man, and the workshop of the mechanic and artisan, while with the traveller en route, and the general seeker after news, it is a favorite.

At the commencement of the New Year we take pleasure in announcing that our facilities are such as will enable us not only to sustain the present standing and character of the BOSTON JOURNAL, but to greatly improve it. Within a few months past, our printing-office has been greatly enlarged and supplied with new and beautiful type; our working force throughout has been increased, and our arrangements for the early obtaining of news from all quarters so extended as to warrant the assertion that in the year to come, as in years past, the JOURNAL will be behind no one of its contemporaries in laying before the public a full and correct account of every event of interest.

THE DAILY JOURNAL,

Containing more reading matter than any other daily paper published in Boston, and sold for two cents a copy—issued MORNING AND EVENING, making two complete papers each day. Each edition contains the very latest news received by mail and telegraph up to the moment of going to press. The publication of the JOURNAL morning and evening, in connection with its being printed on one of Hoe's four cylinder fast presses, capable of printing ten thousand an hour, enables us to hold back our forms until the latest moment, and to publish important news from twelve to twenty-four hours in advance of other papers.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY JOURNAL,

Containing all the business and reading-matter of the Daily for three days, is published Tuesday and Friday mornings, at Four Dollars a year, in advance. This edition has a large country circulation.

THE WEEKLY JOURNAL

is published every Thursday morning. It has long been known as the FAMILY NEWSPAPER of New England, and as such, has a very large circulation. It contains the cream of all the current news of each week; reports of meetings and lectures, and a vast amount of miscellaneous reading, calculated to interest, amuse and instruct the reader. It is handsomely printed, and is published at the low rate of Two Dollars a year in advance.

THE JOURNAL FOR CALIFORNIA

is published weekly, prior to the sailing of each California steamer. Great care is taken in the making up of this paper to give all the news of interest from all parts of New England, and a full summary of news from other parts of the country and the old world. Its commercial department is full and valuable. The circulation of the CALIFORNIA JOURNAL is over ten thousand copies a month. It is sent by mail or sold at the publication office for six cents.

ADVERTISERS

In the JOURNAL not only get the largest circulation for their advertisements, but the benefit of advertising in two PAPERS AT ONE PRICE, as all advertisements are inserted in both MORNING AND EVENING PAPERS. All advertisements are set up in uniform style, in clear type, and arranged under appropriate heads, and are inserted at rates cheaper than any other Boston paper, in comparison with the circulation they obtain.

WHAT THE PRESS SAY OF THE BOSTON JOURNAL.

It is one of the best newspapers in New England.—Boston Atlas.

They are always up to the times; no news escapes their notice.—Boston Courier.

The Journal is a model newspaper—readable; reliable and enterprising.—Lowell Courier.

One of the ablest and most judicious of American newspapers.—Salem Gazette.

It is a valuable paper; one that hundreds of our citizens value as a household god.—Manchester Mirror.

One of the best and most enterprising papers in the country. There are more than twice the number of copies of the Journal sold in Bath, than either of the other Boston dailies.—Bath Times.

The Journal is a general favorite in this community.—Haverhill Gazette.

Its morning and evening issues are numbered by thousands, and they are found scattered all over New England.—Newport Mercury.

In general news articles, we rely more upon the Boston Journal than upon all other papers.—Concord Reporter.

The Journal has grown in influence and circulation until it is recognized as one of the best and most influential dailies in the United States.—Boston Herald.

From a very limited circulation the Boston Journal has attained an influence and a popularity equalled by few papers in New England. In this city it is as familiar as any of our own local papers.—Providence Journal.

As the Boston Journal keeps well posted up in all such matters, the impatience of our citizens to get it, bordered on fanaticism. Some of the copies were sold three or four times over, and in some instances for twelve and a half cents each.—R. I. Freeman, at the time of the Burns riot.

Its reporters are first upon the spot where interesting intelligence is to be found. In times of great excitement, in the evening, scores of men are waiting at Cheney, Hill & Co.'s Express office, for the news, and the common remark is, "We shall learn all about in the Boston Journal," and so they do.—Manchester Mirror.

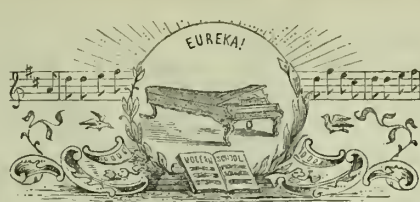
It is beyond all question the very best paper published in this city, celebrated as Boston is for the superiority of its newspaper press.—International.

We regard the Boston Journal as the model newspaper of Boston.—Portland Advertiser.

The Boston Journal is one of the best exchanges on our list.—New York Express.

Boston boasts more newspapers in proportion to her population than any other city we know, and none of them is worthier of success than the Journal. The industry, enterprise, talent and tact that go to make a useful and popular paper, it possesses in abundance.—N. Y. Tribune.

All orders for single subscriptions and from Agents and Newsmen, as well as for advertising, should be addressed to HENRY & CHAS. O. ROGERS,
12 STATE STREET, BOSTON.
jan 20



THE MODERN SCHOOL FOR THE PIANO
FORTE, by NATHAN RICHARDSON, is considered the best instruction in the world, by A. DREYSEBACH, A. JAGELL, JULIUS KNORR, L. MASON, G. J. WEBB, WILLIAM MASON and others, who recommend it in preference to all others. We are now printing the 4th edition. Price, \$3. Published at the Musical Exchange, by NATHAN RICHARDSON, Importer, Publisher and Dealer in Foreign and American Music, Piano Fortes, Melodeons, etc. A larger collection of Sheet Music may be found at our house than any other in the United States, and sold on better terms.
jan 20 282 Washington Street, Boston.

BIGELOW BROTHERS & KENNARD,
MANUFACTURERS OF SILVER WARE,
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IMPORTERS OF WATCHES,
SHEFFIELD AND BIRMINGHAM PLATED WARES,
FINE TABLE CUTLERY, ETC.
No. 121 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON,
Have always on hand a large stock of
LONDON, LIVERPOOL & GENEVA WATCHES,
Suited to the Wholesale and Retail Trade, with
a large variety of
DIAMOND, RUBY, PEARL, FLORENTINE AND ROMAN
MOSSAIC, AND OTHER
JEWELRY,
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Ye Thousand Flower "Constabel"
Ye O'er one did route;
He's vanished like ye Freckles
When ye "Balm" doth wipe them out.
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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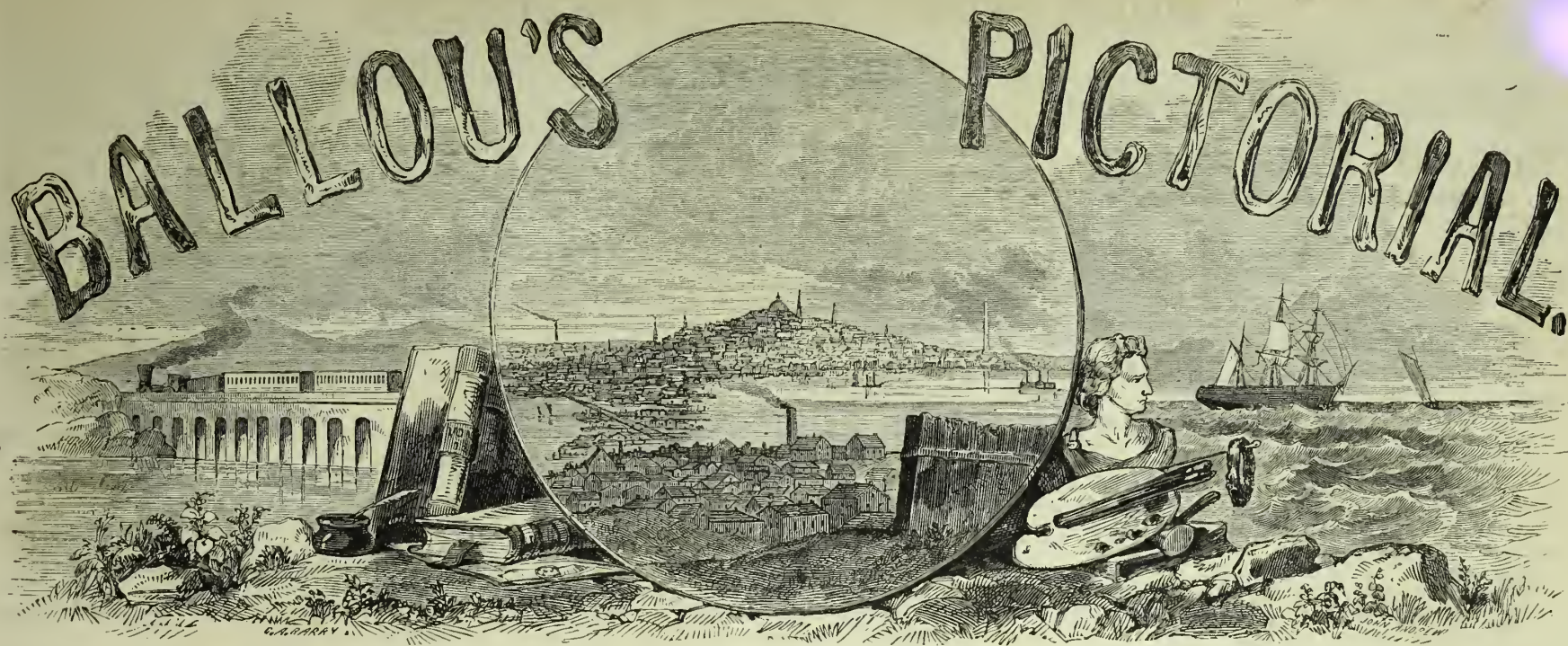
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THE HORSE AND HIS CHARACTERISTICS.

[For description, see page 43.]



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT
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BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1855.

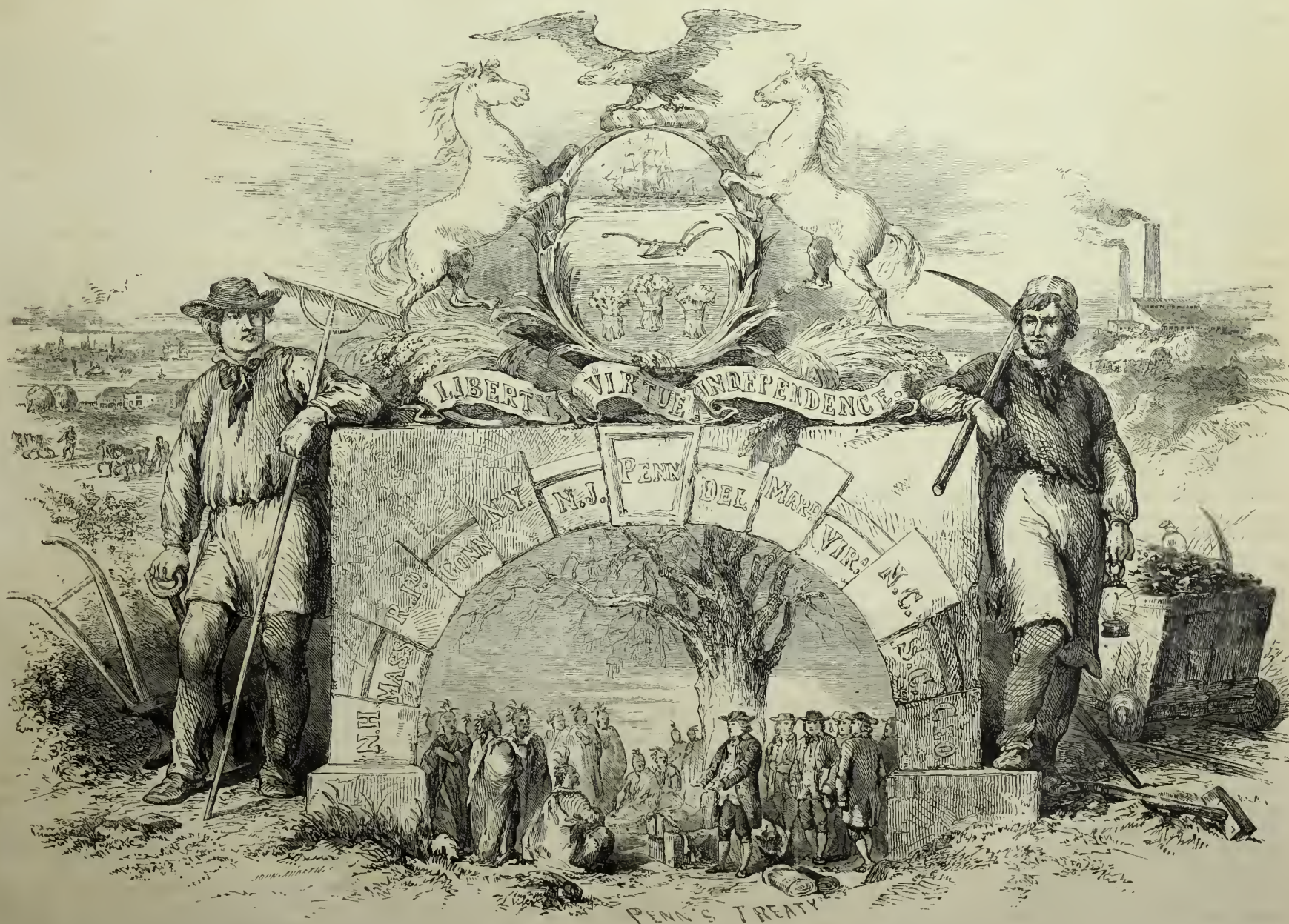
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6 CENTS SINGLE.

PENNSYLVANIA.

The "Key-Stone" in that noble arch of thirteen United States on which our political edifice was reared, Pennsylvania, has ever retained a commanding position in the Union. But her proudest day was that on which the venerated William Penn held his interview with the Indians near the present site of Philadelphia, and formed a pacific alliance that ever remained unbroken. The incidents of this scene, with a brief historical sketch of the colony, are woven into the tale upon page 55, and below the artist has depicted it. The figure of Penn, unarmed and in his Quaker garb, contrasts strongly with the rude attire of the savages, and his conduct was equally at variance with the colonists of other sections, who cemented their institutions with the blood of the untutored savage race. The armorial bearings of Pennsylvania,

occupying the centre of the engraving, are typical of commerce and agricultural industry, and how glorious the motto, "Virtue, Liberty and Independence." On the right is a coal miner, who, with lantern and pick, has just emerged from a mine of "anthracite diamonds;" the produce of his labor, in a small car, will be transferred to a larger one, and perhaps cheer some home, or drive some busy machinery, many a hundred miles away. The Pennsylvania mines were first worked during the war with England, when the supplies from there were cut off, but comparatively little was effected until canals and railroads afforded easy transportation. When the last census was taken, 11,753 were directly engaged in mining, and many thousands more are engaged in transporting the many millions of tons annually exported. Pennsylvania is also the land of good farms, and we find that 206,307

of her sons are farmers, 1148 gardeners, and 148,967 laborers. No other State in the Union raises as much wheat in proportion to her population, and nowhere else in the world can be found a happier race of republican yeomanry. Pennsylvania has 3566 churches; of which 320 are Baptist, 136 Episcopal, 142 Quaker, 209 German Reformed, 498 Lutheran, 889 Methodist, 775 Presbyterian, 139 Roman Catholic, with others of almost every known denomination. The value of the church property in Pennsylvania is estimated at \$1,726,038. There are in the State, 20 colleges, with 2034 students, 290 academics, with 15,970 students, and 4968 schools, with 174,989 scholars. Her literary and scientific institutions are justly famed, many of them bearing the impress of Franklin, that chief of American philosophers. She also supports 310 newspapers and periodicals.



PENNSYLVANIA—THE KEYSTONE STATE.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

STEEL AND GOLD:

—OR—

THE HEIR OF GLENVILLE.

A DOMESTIC TALE OF REVOLUTIONARY DAYS.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VII.—[CONTINUED.]

"Fear!" retorted Colonel Glenville, with a curl of his aristocratic lip.

"Ay—fear. You bear a noble name, on which you would not suffer a suspicion of dishonor to rest. Now I have no noble name, but I have a tongue in my head and am not afraid to use it, and you know very well that before I was shot or strung up, I should probably disclose some little copartnership transactions, in which a laced coat and frieze jacket were intimately associated many years ago," said Bolton.

"Who would have believed you?"

"Unfortunately for you, I could have brought forward some corroborative evidence, Sir Ashley."

"Such as what?" said the colonel, quickly.

"Ah, Sir Ashley, you have had some sharp practice in your life, but not quite so much as I have had. I am a poor man, sir, and not likely to part readily with a recipe for coining money."

The colonel bit his lip.

"At least," he continued, "hear what I am ready to do for you. I have procured your temporary release from duty. I will do more—I will pay for a substitute and purchase your discharge. I will then furnish you with money and enable you to leave this wretched place."

"What! leave you, Sir Ashley? You, my friend and benefactor! Not for worlds!" exclaimed Bolton. "Ingratitude is no part of my nature. And as for the place—Boston is a quiet, comfortable town, although it does happen to be in a ferment just now. Besides, if it comes to blows—so much the better—I like the excitement. Moreover, if you gave me a large sum of money, it would go at once, as all the rest has gone before. I prefer to make you my cashier, and draw upon you as my necessities require. So it is settled, my dear Sir Ashley, that I remain in Boston just as long as you do and no longer. I have suffered too much, already, from the pangs of protracted absence. I have a tender heart, Sir Ashley—I have, indeed."

"May the fiend seize your tender heart!" thought the colonel. But his countenance was unruined as he answered, "As you please, my dear friend."

"So—that question is settled," said Bolton. "And now, my dear banker—are you in funds to-day?"

The colonel drew from a side pocket a green silk purse, through the meshes of which gleamed a handful of guineas.

"Images of our gracious sovereign!" cried Bolton, with a flash of joy in his dark eyes. "How long since I have seen his blessed countenance set in gold!"

The colonel handed him his purse.

"Pardon me, Sir Ashley," said Paul, detaining his hand. "I hardly like to question your taste—but it strikes me that you wear too much jewelry—and that ring upon your third finger is such a beauty."

"It is an heir-loom," said the colonel.

"Indeed! I shall prize it the more highly then. Permit me—" and he transferred the ring to his own hand, which was rather dirty, by the way.

"You do me honor," said the colonel. "Is there anything else about my person that you covet? I am afraid your modesty prevents your speaking out. This shirt-pin, for instance, cost a hundred pounds. Or how would you like my watch?"

"Fie! fie! Sir Ashley—do you think I mean to rob you? Learn to judge me better. Well," said the fellow, rising, "I must bid you adieu, and, *au revoir*, as we used to say in France. The elegance of your toilet reminds me that I must attend to mine. A night in the guard-house is hardly calculated to improve a man's personal appearance. And I am confoundedly thirsty, too—my throat is parched up and my tongue is dry as a chip."

"Bolton!" said the colonel, "beware of the wine cup. One day or other, it will prove your destruction."

"I thank you, colonel, for your good advice. It is exceedingly proper for a person so immaculate in every respect as yourself to read me lectures of morality. The source gives them a double weight. With many thanks for your benevolent and disinterested efforts in my behalf, I have the honor, Sir Ashley, to wish you a very good morning."

The colonel unlocked his door, and dismissed his visitor, and then, with a smothered oath, threw himself into his arm chair, and groaned heavily.

After leaving the colonel's quarters, Mr. Paul Bolton, as the reader might foresee from the glimpse given of his character and habits, made it his first business to visit an establishment where liquors of various potency and value were exchanged for current coin. He passed some time at this place, drinking and smoking, during which processes his visions were all of an agreeable nature. Thanks to the private relations which existed between him and his new-found patron, he saw before him a golden future, filled with all the earthly joys which money could command, and which were all that had any attraction for his debased and sensual

nature. While he was considering mentally whither he should bend his liberated footsteps, an ill-dressed boy who had been lurking about the open door, stole up to him, and without saying a word, slipped a card into his hand, and with a gesture enjoining secrecy, glided away again.

Bolton stepped aside, and glancing at the card, read:

"Rudolph Zamora, Fortune-teller and Astrologer, No. —, Orange Street."

"Well," thought the soldier, "this comes very *apropos*. I was thinking how to kill time, and here's the opportunity. It is a long while since I have witnessed an exhibition of the black art. Let us see how this nummer plays his part. He must be an adept, if he can cajole Paul Bolton."

Leaving the liquor-shop, the worthy Bolton strode away in the direction of the house indicated by the card. It was an old two-story building at the South-End, with its gable end to the street, the entrance being through a little strip of land, once a garden, but now overgrown with rampant weeds and bushes. A tap of the brass knocker brought a wrinkled old crone to the door, who inquired his business.

"I want to see the great fortune-teller, my charming young girl," said the soldier.

"Go right up stairs then and knock at the first door on the right—and don't give me any of your impudence," said the hag.

"Reluctant to tear myself away from your agreeable society as I am," said the soldier, "I will yet obey your directions."

He passed up the rickety staircase, and knocked at the door which opened at the head of it. The rattle of a chain and the low growl of a dog was heard from within.

"Very well got up, upon my word!" said the soldier, contemptuously. "Hallo! within there! magician! astrologer! diviner! dispenser of the oracles of fate!—can I enter?"

"Come in!" said a deep voice.

The soldier obeyed the summons. At first he could see nothing in the room he entered, the windows being hung with thick black drapery. Soon, however, he learned to distinguish objects by the light of an oil lamp suspended from the ceiling. The room was hung round with black cambric, on which the signs of the zodiac and certain hieroglyphical emblems, cut out of red cloth and gilt paper, were sewed. Enthroned in a high-backed oaken chair, before a table on which lay a skull, a cross, and several huge tomes, sat a man of venerable aspect, with a long white beard falling on his breast, and attired in a Jewish gabardine. He wore a tall red Armenian cap upon his head.

Bolton approached the table. There was something in the aspect of the fortune-teller that impressed him with an involuntary awe.

"Strauger!" said the man of science, in a deep and melodious voice, "come you to consult the stars?"

"I called to test your skill," said the soldier. "But first, I suppose, before I show you my palm, I must cross yours with gold. What is your charge?"

"The oracles of fate are priceless," said the sage. "I do not sell my wisdom. The offerings of seekers after truth are voluntary. Listen first to the words of the wise man—then set your own value on his oracles."

"Well, that's fair," said the soldier, "and rather out of the ordinary line of doing business. Let us see if you know anything of the past before we question the future. Do you work by palmistry? Ay! well, here's my hand then."

The fortune-teller took his visitor's hand and scrutinized its lines carefully, looking sharp at the ring which sparkled on the soldier's finger.

"You wear King George's uniform," he said. "But you do not like the life of a slave—you will be freer henceforth. You have been poor—you are now in the road to fortune. You have been in a great danger lately—now you are in safety. Yet you have enemies—but you yourself are your greatest enemy."

"By Jove!" said the man, "you *can* tell fortunes. Your art tells you what you never could have learned otherwise. I have passed through a great peril, but I was saved from it by the interference of a powerful friend."

"Sir Ashley Glenville?"

"Are you the foul fiend? This beats everything I ever heard."

"Would you have me predict your fate? I cannot read that as clearly as I could wish. There are two cups before you—on one is written 'poison,' on another 'wine.' To you they mean one and the same thing. I see a pathway strown with golden guineas—it suddenly stops at the foot of a black tree, whose fruit is death—the gallows."

"Well done!" said the soldier. "So I am to swing, after all."

"Nay—to-day I do not see clearly. But I see your dangers and can warn you against them. Be not too confident of your fortune."

"Speak on!" said the soldier.

"This morning, you, lying in peril of your life, Sir Ashley Glenville sought Captain Carney."

"By Heaven! it is true!" exclaimed the soldier.

"Listen—and interrupt me not," said the fortune-teller. "He urged him to make the strongest charge against you."

"Can this be true?"

"Hear me. Captain Carney told him that he had already seen General Gage—that they had concluded, in consequence of the doubtful character of your offence, for, while refusing to obey the captain's orders, you had stoutly defended your post, to release you after a night in the guard-house. From Carney's quarters, Glenville went to the Province House. He repeated what had passed between him and Carney, and urged the general to make an example of you. Gage replied that your offence was unknown, and that the example was not therefore needed, that it

was an affair between yourself and Captain Carney, and that he had already given orders to release you. Then Sir Ashley changed his course. He applauded the general, said that what he had advanced had been from a stern sense of justice, that he had formerly known you, and meant to exert himself for you. The general seemed surprised at this inconsistency, but made no comment upon it, and afterwards, when Sir Ashley requested that you might be released from duty for a day or two, he readily gave his consent. Now this I know—I read it as clearly as you can read the newspaper. Doubt not my skill—but profit by my knowledge."

"Here is gold for you!" cried the soldier, taking out his purse. "You have richly earned it."

"Put up your money—I want none of it. It was not honestly gained," said the fortune-teller. "All I ask of you in return for my information is to say nothing of what has passed between us."

"I shouldn't be likely to do that," said the man, with a grim smile.

"When I shall send for you, you will obey my summons."

"Always! you may command me," said the soldier.

"Answer me one question," continued the fortune-teller.

"Know you aught of a certain Lady O'Halloran who has lately arrived in town, and hired a house in Tremont Street?"

"I have barely heard the name."

"Obtain some information of her if you can—and let me know what you gather."

"I promise you, I will."

"One word more. If you value your neck, keep clear of the wine-cup."

"Don't press me too hard, old man. What's bred in the bone went out of the flesh. Liquor and I have been too good friends for many years to part company so readily. Yet—curse it! it has brought me into many scrapes, as you must know, who know everything about me. Good-by, old man. Paul Bolton is a hard, wild fellow, but there's some leaven of good in him yet."

Leaving the presence of the astrologer, Bolton made his way into the street.

"The man is a conjurer, indeed!" thought he. "The accuracy of his knowledge, however he comes by it, cannot be doubted. Sir Ashley Glenville! look to yourself! I had some scruples about bleeding you. But now—if you don't share with me—if you don't pour out your gold into my hands without stint—beware! There's a mystery about your life that won't bear ripping up. Who can this Lady O'Halloran be, that the conjurer is so inquisitive about? No matter! He shall know all I can discover."

CHAPTER VIII.

LADY O'HALLORAN, AND WHO SHE WAS.

TOWARDS evening of the same day, an officer, who was announced as Captain O'Connor, called upon Sir Ashley Glenville.

"Upon my word, Sir Ashley," said he, after the first salutations had passed, "your quarters are the envy of the old campaigners. Illigant apartments! They're already the town talk."

"Barely habitable, captain," replied Sir Ashley; "but such as they are, my comrades will be always heartily welcome."

"And how did ye fit 'em up at such short notice, colonel?"

"Simply by sending out orders and furniture a month in advance."

"Why, ye make the campaign like an emperor. That's the charm of money, colonel. But I don't have half the plague in life that you do. His cloak, his sword and his kit, a pack of cards and a pair of pistols are all that Dinis O'Connor bothers his head about. Light baggage, light heart."

"And you manage to exist in this dull town, captain?"

"Exist, is it? 'Pon my soul, the most illigant toby society. As for the whigs, a red coat has the same effect upon them as an old woman's scarlet cloak upon a mad bull in fly time. Ah! but, colonel, you'll be asking after the ladies, for I know you're a lady's man. Well, then—ye have a neighbor, colonel, the most illigant woman I ever set my two eyes on, intirely."

"Young?"

"I can only tell the age of the craythurs by the test of the mouth, and Lady O'Halloran is quite above the range of a captain in the Royal Irish."

"Is she maid, wife, or widow, captain?"

"She's a widow—bless her for that same! If I was rich enough to aspire to her hand, and her husband was living now, it would be mighty unlucky I had that pair of pistols I was speaking of just now; for the O'Connors are mighty nate hands with the tools colonel, and there's no more flagrant outrage a man can be guilty of, in my opinion, than to monopolize the affections of a woman like my lady."

"I suppose you throw out that delicate hint by way of intimidation, in case I should venture to enter the lists as a matrimonial client."

"No, no, colonel; there would be a sort of poetical justice in your carrying off the enchantress. Upon my word, you seem born for each other. She's fond of style, I tell you; a thoroughbred; all the points of a fast-goer."

"You excite my curiosity, captain, and if I could only find a gentleman to introduce me, I think I should be tempted to make her a call."

"Wasn't it to offer my services in that way I bade your quarters up this pleasant evening, colonel? Upon my soul, nothing would give me greater pleasure than to be the means of making two such fine people acquainted."

"Allons, then, captain. Let us sally forth, and pay our respects to this fascinating beauty."

"With all my heart."

The gentlemen took their hats and went forth. A short walk brought them to an aristocratic mansion in the same street in which Sir Ashley lived.

The lady was alone, and they were shown at once into her presence. Sir Ashley could not avoid a start of surprise when he first saw her, while, on her part, she calmly welcomed her guests.

"Shot through the heart at the first glance," whispered O'Connor. "Permit me, my lady," continued the captain, "to present to you my friend and companion in arms, the Right Honorable Colonel Sir Ashley Glenville, just arrived, with a regiment of his majesty's forces, to enliven our society with his presence."

"I am very happy to see you, Sir Ashley," said the lady, speaking with a foreign accent. "Though our friends make up in quality what they lack in numbers, an addition to our circle is ever welcome."

"We are extremely favored," said the colonel, "when a lady like yourself is willing to submit to an exile in this remote quarter of the globe."

"O, the people are partially civilized," replied the lady, with a smile. "I have seen no Indians in the streets, and no symptoms of the war-dance at any of the balls I have attended."

"But faith! the Indians sometimes attend tea-parties," said the captain. "Only they have a mighty disagreeable way of making their tay with salt wather."

"The presence of his majesty's forces will prevent any such waste of souchong in future, I hope," said the lady.

"We shall do our best to prevent it," said the colonel.

"Do you know that it has become almost dangerous to drink tea?" said the lady. "Dr. Byles told me that he halted between his love of it and the fear of the consequences, quoting a line from the poet:

"Nec te-cum possum vivere, nec sine te."

"Ah! the rebels must look out for their necks," said Captain O'Connor, who did not understand Latin, and caught at the sound. "I'm afraid we shall have to fit the gentlemen with hempen cravats before we can bring 'em to reason."

After chatting for about half an hour in this way, the gentlemen rose to take leave. As they were leaving the drawing-room Lady O'Halloran whispered to Sir Ashley:

"Get rid of him, and return to me as soon as possible. I shall be denied to every one but you."

Sir Ashley obeyed the hint. Having seen O'Connor to his quarters, and resisted his importunities to pass the evening with the mess, he retraced his steps, and again knocked at the door of the widow's house. Giving his name to the servant, he was not shown into the drawing-room, but into a smaller apartment, fitted up as a boudoir with exquisite taste.

When the door was closed, Lady O'Halloran, who was reclining on a sofa, sprang up, and advanced to meet Sir Ashley Glenville.

She paused just where the tapers of the chandelier threw down their softened lustre on her face and person. Her finely developed figure, her rounded arms, her ivory neck, the commanding beauty of her features, the lustre of her eyes, the soft flow of the curls that escaped from her lace cap, the rich embroidered brocade in which she was dressed, the costly laces that heightened the satin surface of her skin, made up an animated picture which would have impressed the coldest spectator.

"Ashley," she said, holding out her hand, "we have not met for many, many years. I should have known you among a thousand. Am I changed from what I was when you first knew me, as the Marquise Cipriani?"

"Time has pressed his hand more lightly on your brow than on mine, Agatha," replied the colonel. "What magic do you possess—by what charm have you stayed the hand of the arch spoiler?"

"Hope was my talisman," replied the lady. "Come, give me your hand, Ashley; let me lead you to a seat, here on the sofa, while I sit at your feet, and gaze upon you. Have we indeed been parted twenty years?"

"Twenty years!" echoed the colonel; "it is an eternity. Twenty years is long enough to dig the grave of the fondest love. In twenty years the fairest images crumble to dust. How is it that I meet you in this place, and under another name?"

"The name I bear is that of Viscount O'Halloran, my second husband, an Irish nobleman."

"And after our wild love, our plighted vows, you could marry another!"

"And you could remain insensible to my fate for years and years, Ashley?"

"Did I say that I was insensible?"

"The fact requires no confession. After that unhappy duel the marquis carried me to the East Indies, where he died. Left almost destitute, I was compelled, after my letters to you remained unanswered—"

"I never received them," interrupted the colonel.

"To accept the offer that was made me. But my heart was yours, Ashley, though my hand was another's. I escaped from the jealousy of one husband, to receive harsh treatment at the hands of another. The viscount took me to Ireland. What a life I led there, in the rude, wild society he loved—a hard-riding, hard-drinking set! The viscount was the wildest of all; he rode hard, he quarrelled, he fought, he drank and played. It is not long since death released me from his tyranny. But a second time I saw the future dark before me."

"Yet you are surrounded with luxury here."

"It was to welcome you as a woman worthy of your hand should welcome you. I collected the wrecks of my fortune, and laid aside my widow's weeds, came hither, and decked myself for your coming. At last! at last! after years of guilty sighing, the goal is reached. On a foreign land, we stand together at last—all the enemies of our happiness swept from our path—you wealthy and honored, I free to bestow my hand where I list. Do you not see the bright vista opening before us?"

"I cannot look forward," answered the colonel, gloomily; "my glance is riveted upon the past. Instead of bright anticipations, your presence to-night has evoked spectres. The ghosts of better days, of buried friends, of wasted hours, come trooping along in melancholy procession. I live the past over again. You remind me of my first visit to Paris, when I was poor, innocent, ignorant of the world. I saw you—you kindled in my heart the love of luxury. You taught me that life was nothing, if wine, and gold and music did not gild its every hour. Then, Agatha, I loved you, though you were another's."

"Did I chide you for that love?"

"No; you were my fate. You told me that were I not poor you would abandon the marquis, and fly with me to Italy. You painted the delicious retreats you had there visited—you told me of the Lake of Como, of the Bay of Naples, of a thousand retreats where we might pass the remainder of our lives in one long dream of passion. You, with your witchery, broke down the distinction I had made between right and wrong. You taught me that the marquis, old, decrepit, soured with the world, had no right to you. You made the guerdon of your unhallowed love the goal of my success in life. I could not study, I could not cultivate my talents. I saw but one image before me night and day—an image of beauty, but a sorceress. I was guilty of the intention of flight with you, though poverty prevented. I was summoned to England. An unhappy event made me at once a wealthy man. I returned to Paris."

"I remember, Ashley; you came back a changed man. And when I chid you for your coldness, you pleaded your bereavement."

"But I was ready to fulfil our guilty compact. I was ready then to fly. The marquis surprised us in our preparations. Old as he was, he had the spirit of a chevalier. He challenged me to single combat. What would his palsied arm have been against my nerves of steel, if remorse had not shaken my hand and made my sword tremble like a reed in my grasp! He left me for dead, and wounded high unto death. I recovered by a miracle. Would that I had never done so—or that with restored life, the purity of thought that gladdened my days of poverty had come back to me. But the luxury you had taught me to love was thenceforth to be my only resource. I succeeded in stifling remorse. I lived the life of a sybarite. I sought to avoid all agitation—to glide from one charming scene and one delicious climate to another. My love for you was dead, but not my sensibility to beauty. At times something of ambition stirred within me. Moved by one of these fitful impulses, I purchased a commission and came hither. But I am only a holiday soldier. I feel that I should shrink from the fatigues of actual service—ay, and from its perils—for I have grown a coward. The blade that shook before the sword of the old marquis would waver now in the face of any enemy. We are again mysteriously united, Agatha; but I say to you—look! this is your work!"

It was impossible for Sir Ashley, even if he had been less agitated, to have gathered the impression his word made upon his listener, for she sat with her eyes shaded while he spoke. Only the heaving of her bosom, and now and then a sigh, told that she was less impassive than the marble Venus in the corner of the room.

"We meet," she said gently, at last, "under changed circumstances. 'It is no longer wrong for us to love. Happy are they whose errors are confined only to intent. Who is there that has never thought evil in his heart? We are no worse than those around us.'"

The colonel groaned heavily.

"We meet free and unfettered," she continued. "Equal in rank—only you are rich and I am poor."

"You are no longer poor," said the colonel. "My wealth is a burthen to me; I will gladly relieve myself of half its weight by bestowing it on you. Henceforth have no care of the future. Continue the style of living you have commenced; I will supply the means."

"I do indeed attach importance to wealth," said the viscountess, "but it is because it commands the luxury I was reared in. But is that all you can bestow on me? Have you not a little love left for the woman who adores you?"

"I gaze upon you, Agatha," said Sir Ashley, "and I find you beautiful—so is yonder statue—but my heart is not touched by it. More, the marble does not conjure up a train of spectral thoughts, to curdle my blood in my veins."

"And I do!"

"I have told you, Agatha, that in you I beheld the incarnation of the past—and that the past is fraught with horror."

"Ashley! Ashley!" cried the viscountess, in a tone of agony, and kneeling at his feet; "do not tell me that you love me not."

"You force the confession from my heart."

"But your love was the dream of a lifetime. Do you know that when a woman loves, her entire soul is in her passion? That to check it is to check the current of her life?"

"Rise, rise, Agatha," said the colonel. "You distress me; and I cannot aid you. This frenzy does not befit your years."

"My years!" said the viscountess, as she stood erect. "I thank you for reminding me that I am no longer young. Yet my glass tells me I may still cope with younger rivals. As for you, you are probably reserving yourself for other conquests."

"Agatha," said the colonel gravely, as he rose, "let us not quarrel. We can still be friends. Give me your hand. Remember that I shall ever have your happiness and fortune at heart."

The viscountess passively received his offered hand, and even pressed it. The colonel turned to go; she did not urge him to stay, but calmly attended him to the door of the apartment. But could the colonel have surprised her look, when the door had closed, and she stood alone in the centre of the boudoir, that look, the features rigid as marble, with the stony gaze of the Medusa, his blood would have congealed within his veins.

At last the marble lips unclosed.

"Spurned! rejected! and by him! Sir Ashley Glenville, take good heed. There is but one step from love to hate—but one from hate to vengeance. I am ready to take the first—beware the second."

CHAPTER IX.

PAUL BOLTON'S METAMORPHOSIS.

MONTHS have passed. The green and bowery summer has changed to autumn, with its wintry winds and rainbow foliage. Another change! the golden and crimson leaves have strewn the earth, biting blasts have swept down from the northern mountains, the lakes and streams are fettered in icy bonds, the surrounding country is white with the garment of winter, and snow lies deep in the streets and on the roofs of Boston.

In Colonel Glenville's drawing-room the huge fire-place is heaped with wood, diffusing a summer warmth through the apartment. Its wealthy master is seated in a luxurious chair, in a rich dressing-gown, his feet encased in embroidered slippers, languidly extended on the hearth. He is still as carefully preserved and artistically "made up" as when we first met him; but care has been as busily at work upon him as his valet's fingers. Lines, lightly traced as yet, are visible upon his ample forehead, are drawn from the nostrils to the corners of the mouth, and faintly buried at the temples. His eyes are as brilliant as ever, but there are dark purple semi-circles beneath them, which even pearl powder cannot conceal.

Beside him, on a small oval light-stand, of polished mahogany, was a decanter filled with generous wine, and two glasses—for the baronet has a guest.

In the splendidly dressed civilian who lounges in a deep-cushioned chair on the other side of the table, dressed in the height of the prevailing fashion, with large fretted gold buttons, claret-colored velvet coat, and gold embroidered vest, ample ruffles at his wrists, rings upon his fingers, diamond knee and shoe buckles, it is difficult to recognize Paul Bolton, late a private in the foot-guards. Yet it is no other. Paul is the constant guest of Sir Ashley Glenville. He follows him like his shadow. Doubtless his free-and-easy manners, his sparkling wit, his gentlemanly nonchalance, have commended him to the titled officer, and hence it is, perhaps, that he is received at all hours, even when others are denied, that he comes and goes when he chooses, that the servants obey his bidding, and that, in a word, he makes himself perfectly at home.

"My dear friend," said this elegant gentleman, "I can never be sufficiently grateful to you for this generous treatment, and for the position you have given me. It was not enough that you procured my discharge from the service, you were kind enough to provide me with a patent of gentility, to assure the world that I belonged to an excellent family—the Boltons of Leicestershire—and that I had offended my family by my wild freaks in my youth, and was hence compelled to enlist, and that the death of a reluctant relative had placed me in independent circumstances."

"Don't speak of it," said the baronet, in a wearied tone, "I am tired of hearing my praises from your lips."

"My dear Sir Ashley, you cannot bid me suppress the emotions of my heart. But if you will—we'll change the topic. How comes on your suit to the fair Eleanor Williams?"

"I believe you know all my affairs."

"You do not mistake the interest I take in them. I know that chance having thrown that fascinating young needle-woman in your way, your unsceptible heart succumbed to the influence of her beauty. Lady Eleanor! it is a jump indeed from a milliner to a titled colonel's lady."

"Pshaw! you do not think I mean to bestow my hand upon her?"

"If you do, I know there is one fair lady who will break her heart at the event."

"Who, for instance?"

"Lady O'Halloran."

"Do not mention her name. But what reason have you for supposing that she cares for me?"

"She has never told her love. It is true, but a woman's eyes betray her, though her lips are schooled to silence."

"Never mind her looks," said the colonel. "But since you will catechise me so pertinaciously, I will tell you that Eleanor is as proud as a countess, that she has repelled my advances, and has forbidden me to address her. You know she never would allow me to call upon her, and indeed I have not dared to make the experiment, for I understand she is under the wing of a terrible old mother, a sort of cross between Cerberus and Argus. I have but exchanged a few words with her at the house of a lady where she was employed, and in the street. My only hope lies in winning her by a *coup de main*."

"And when did you attempt anything that you did not succeed in—at least with the assistance of your faithful and attached friend Bolton?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE SEA LIONESS.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF NATURAL HISTORY.

We present our readers with some exceedingly graphic and spirited engravings, representing curious and interesting specimens of natural history. The first is a species of seal called the Sea Lioness. It is found in the South Atlantic and South Pacific islands. It differs in some points essentially from the common seal, the head being broad and flat, and the muzzle quite blunt. In these particulars it also differs from the sea lion. The chief peculiarity, however, is in the teeth, of which there are four conical cutting teeth in each jaw, set far apart and resembling canine teeth, while the grinders are small, and with large, simple, cylindrical roots. In the common seal, the roots are divided. The eye, as in all the Phocæ, is large, bright and intelligent. It will be seen by the engraving that the fore-paws resemble the human hands, being furnished with elongated nails, not claws. A specimen of this seal exhibited at the Cape of Good Hope had a large tank of water to disport in; it would resort to this occasionally, but most of the time it passed with its body almost entirely out of water. The seal is common on the coasts of Europe and America. In Scotland they are taken when young by stretching nets across the narrow straits they frequent. The older ones are intercepted as they try to make their way into the water, and are either shot or killed with clubs, a blow on the nose disabling them. The reader will be reminded of the humorous scene in the Antiquary, where Hector McIntire, espying a seal on the beach, snatches his uncle's cane and rushes to the attack, but is worsted and overthrown in the encounter. The forefeet of the seal are used as fins, and the hinder feet like the tail of a fish. Its movements on land are very awkward, but it swims easily and swiftly in the water. Edmonston gives an amusing account of a seal named Finna, which he tamed and kept for six months. "We had her carried down," says he, "daily, in a handbarrow to the sea-side, where an old excavation, admitting the salt water, was abundantly roomy and deep for her recreation and our observation. After sporting and diving for some time, she would come ashore and seemed perfectly to understand the use of the barrow. Often she tried to waddle from the house to the water, or from the latter to her apartment; but finding this fatiguing, and seeing preparations by her chairmen, she would, of her own accord, mount her palanquin, and would thus be carried as composedly as any Hindoo princess." This animal was finally decoyed away by wild seals, and never returned. Seals have been taught to fetch and carry like spaniels, and even to catch fish for the use of their masters. The common seal frequently weighs two hundred and thirty or forty pounds. There is a species called the Elephant, from a long proboscis, more, however, resembling that of the tapir. It reaches a very great size, and one individual will yield seventy gallons of oil. It inhabits the Atlantic, Pacific and Southern Oceans. The oil is the principal object of the South Pacific seal-fisheries, but the skin, being tough and pliant, is used for harnesses. There are many varieties of seal; the Leopard species is very beautiful, and the Harp seal, so called from mark-

ings on its back resembling a lyre. The fur of some kinds is very beautiful, and always commands high prices. Our second engraving shows the Long-Eared Fox, called the Otocyon Lalandi, in honor of De Laland, who brought the first specimen to Europe from South Africa, in 1820. It is found in the mountain regions in the vicinity of the Cape of Good Hope, but it is excessively rare, even there, so that a specimen obtained by E. Becher, on his return from the Indian Archipelago, was as great a curiosity to the people of Cape Town as to the Londoners. The head of this curious animal strikingly resembles that of the long-eared bat. Its faculty of hearing is very acute; the slightest sound arrests its attention. Its habits, in a state of nature, are essentially nocturnal, and birds and insects seem to be its favorite food. The wingless bird, the subject of the third engraving, is certainly an ornithological anomaly. Its scientific name is the Apteryx Australis, or Southern Apteryx, and its popular name is derived from its apparent absence of wings, those members being merely rudimentary. It is an inhabitant of Australia and the islands of New Zealand. Its head seems borrowed from the longirostral grallæ, its legs from the gallinæ, and its wings from the struthious order. Its feathers resemble hair, and are of a dark brown color; the beak is long and soft, and the legs stout. Aware of its defencelessness, it hides among the thickest fern, and when hunted by dogs, seeks refuge among rocks and hollow passages which it excavates in the earth. It is unable to raise itself from the ground in flight, and the softness of its beak renders it valueless as a weapon of defence; therefore, when pursued, it shows the better part of valor, discretion, and takes to its heels. Like the ostrich, it is capable of great speed in running. Its dark brown color like that of the partridge, favors its attempts at concealment, and it can hardly be distinguished by the keenest eye, when crouched among brown grass and decayed stumps. Its extreme length is nineteen inches; the trunk is seven inches long; the neck eight inches and the beak four. It lays its eggs in the excavations referred to above. The natives hunt it for the sake of its skin, which is appropriated to the dress of their chiefs, and they set so high a value upon these skins, that it is next to impossible to purchase one at any price. The feathers, being very fine and delicate, are used in the manufacture of artificial flies for



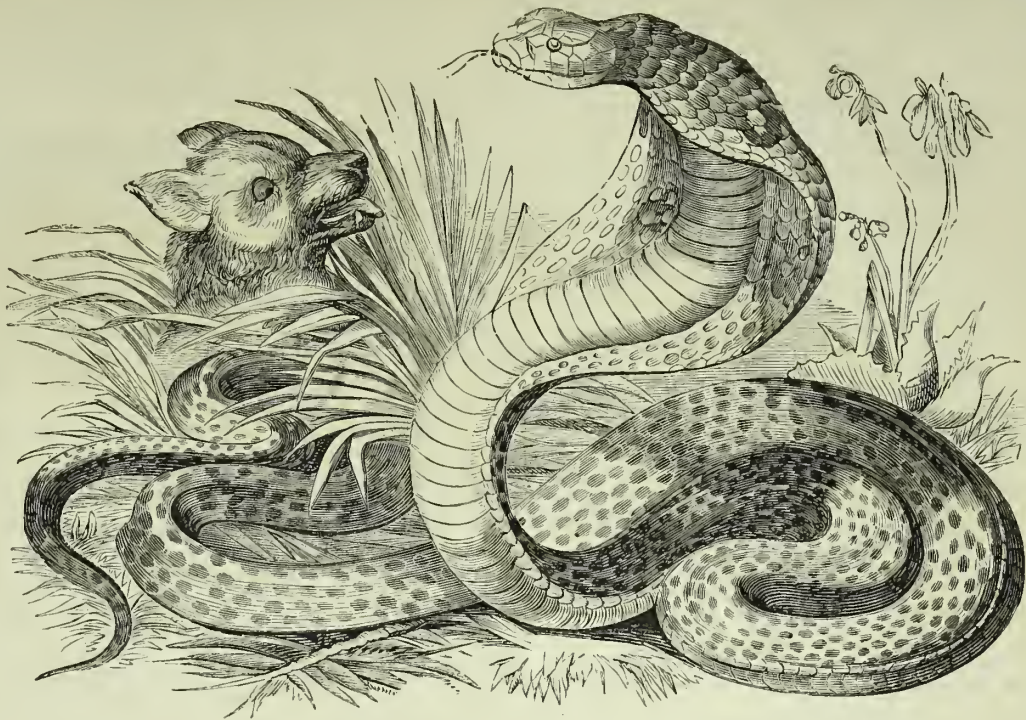
THE LONG-EARED FOX.



THE WINGLESS BIRD.

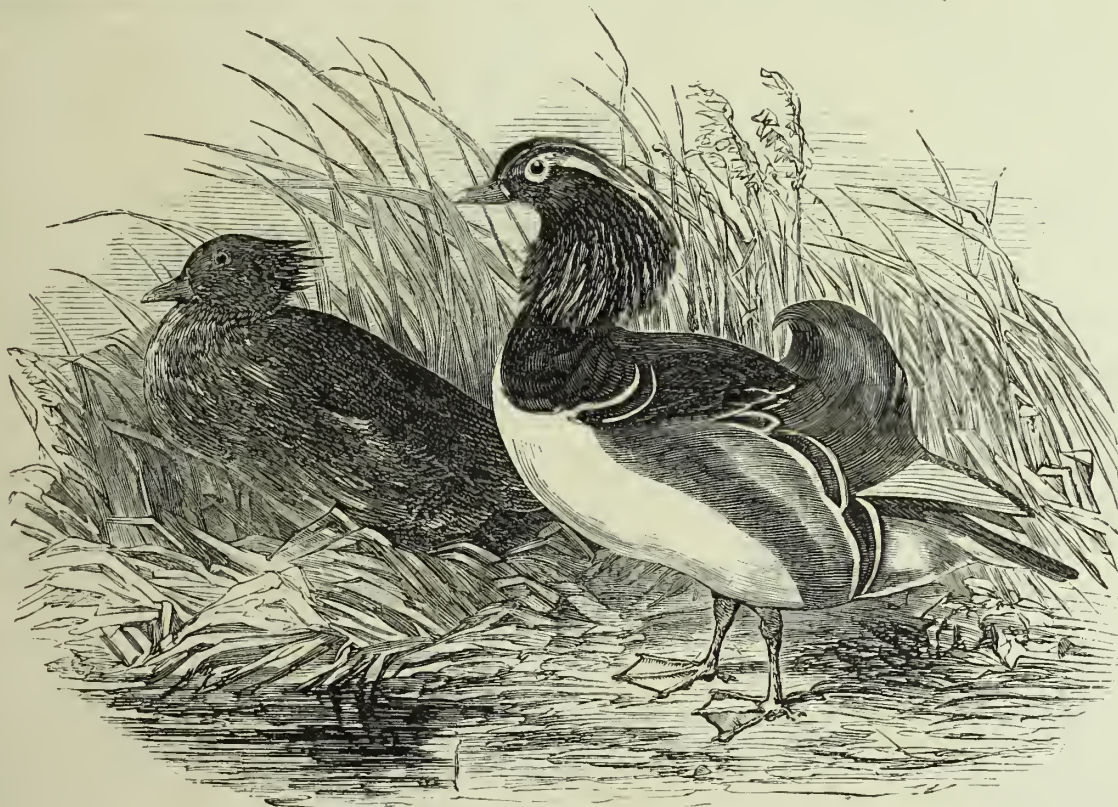
angling. When cornered, it resorts to its strong legs as a means of defence, using them with great vigor. For a long time many naturalists considered this bird as an extinct species; but a living specimen, secured for the Zoological Gardens at London, set the question at rest. The bird has a singular habit of resting with the tip of its bill against the ground. Its nostrils are placed at nearly the extremity of the bill. The aboriginal name for the apteryx is the Kiwi Kiwi. It feeds on snails, insects and worms, stamping the ground with its feet, and seizing them as soon as they make their appearance. The deadly Cobra di Capello is admirably depicted in our fourth engraving. It is a native of India, and is not to be confounded with several of the hooded snakes, such as the Egyptian asp, or haje, from whose bite Cleopatra is said to have died, and which in all probability is the deaf adder alluded to in the Scriptures, "which stoppeth her ears and refuseth to hear the voice of the charmer, charm he ever so wisely." The full length of this snake is about five or six feet. Its venom is deadly, and its propensities are eminently destructive. One in the Zoological Gardens, London, was kept in a glass case, also protected by wires—a necessary precaution to visitors. "It was accustomed," says one writer, "to be coiled up at the bottom of the cage until a spectator came close, when it invariably darted at him, of course striking its nose against the glass with no small violence. On my first visit to the reptile's house after its arrival, it made its customary attack, and after the space of a week, it again struck at me. On a visit, several months afterwards, it laid very quietly at the bottom of the cage, and contented itself with a hiss." It is singularly active, and naturalists have given it the Latin epithet of *tripudians*, the dancing snake; and is also very graceful in all its movements. In a state of repose, the neck is of the same diameter as the head, but the moment it is irritated it expands laterally, and the East Indians know that danger is at hand when it assumes that hood-like form. Notwithstanding its fierceness and the deadliness of its bite, the Indian jugglers, or snake-charmers, frequently capture and succeed in taming it for

exhibition. They carry about a number of these in small round baskets, from house to house. When a juggler is about to commence his performances, he opens the lid of his basket, and the snake creeps out. The performer immediately commences playing on a rude kind of flute. The snake instantly rears its head, expands its beautiful but threatening hood, its eyes dart fire, and it goes through a series of graceful undulatory movements; but the instant the music ceases, the snake drops and retires to its basket. It is asserted that these performing snakes are perfectly harmless, being deprived of their fangs; but if the charmers had not some method of disarming their rage, how could they ever obtain possession of them? It is reasonable to suppose that they possess some means of fascination by which they have complete control over these reptiles. The natural and deadly enemy of the Cobra di Capello is a small animal, called by the natives of India, mangouste or mongoose. As soon as a cobra sees a mongoose, it instantly exhibits signs of fear. The little animal attacks the reptile with the greatest courage, and the instant it receives a bite, it retires for a few moments, eats a certain kind of grass, which is an antidote to the poison, and then returns cheerfully to the assault, ending the combat by springing on the snake's back and biting it across the head. The species of the viper kind are all remarkable for the manner in which they spread out or flatten the sides of the neck and head when disturbed or irritated. In the cobra di capello, the conformation necessary to this action is found in the most perfect condition, as the animal is provided with a set of ribs or bony processes, moved by appropriate muscles on the sides of the neck, which, when expanded, give the anterior part of the body the appearance of an overhanging arch or hood, on the middle of which, posterior to the eyes, is a greenish yellow mark, resembling the rim of a pair of spectacles. From this mark the French name, "spectacle serpent," is derived. When disturbed by the approach of an individual, or any noise, the cobra raises the anterior part of its body, so as to appear to stand erect, expands its hood, and is prepared to inflict a deadly wound. So exceedingly poisonous is its bite, that, in numerous instances which are well authenticated, death has followed within a few minutes; under ordinary circumstances, a few hours is the longest term that intervenes from the infliction of the bite till the death of the sufferer, where prompt measures for his relief have not been resorted to. So numerous are these dreadful vipers in



THE COBRA DI CAPELLO.

is of a deep bright rose color; the cheeks and the long pointed feathers of the neck are of a bright orange brown; the flight feathers are white and black; the tail is black except underneath, which is white; the sides of the breast are greenish orange, bordered by a clear white fine line; the legs are deep pink. From the middle of June to the middle of September, the drake assumes the color of the duck, a dull olive brown. He is very pugnacious, battling his brethren of the feathered species, and lording it like a true tyrant over other water fowl. The Iguana, the last of our illustrations, is a singular looking animal, and a type of a large group in the Saurian family. The specimen here depicted is a native of Jamaica, in the West Indies, where it attains a large size. In color it is a greenish gray. It is entirely herbivorous. It is found in Jamaica, in a long range of limestone hills, along the shore, from Kingston to Goat Island on to its continuation in Vere. The allied species of Cyclura which are found on the American continent, occur in situations of a very different character. With us they are found in forests bordering on rivers, and the woods around springs, where they live partly on the trees and partly in the water, feeding on the young herbage, and living on fruits and leaves. Lazily stretched along the branch of a tree, they devour all the fruit within their reach, seeming to enjoy their luxurious life with an epicurean zest. They are perfectly inoffensive, never preying upon kindred lizards, and are perfectly amiable in their deportment, unless when crowded on. Then they are excessively belligerent, and, using their formidable serrated tails as a weapon of offence and defence, cut about with the ferocity of dragoons. These reptiles are thus characterized by Cuvier: body and tail covered with small imbricated scales; the edge of the back garnished with a row of spines, or rather of elevated, compressed and pointed scales; under the throat, a compressed and depending dewlap, the end of which is attached to a cartilaginous appendage of the hyoid bone. Their thighs are provided with a similar arrangement of porous tubercles with the true lizards, and their head is covered with scaly plates. Each jaw is furnished with a row of compressed triangular teeth, having their cutting edges serrated; there are also two small rows on the posterior part of the palate. There are many specimens described by naturalists, most of which are natives of tropical America. The female deposits her eggs, which are about the size of a pigeon's egg, in the sand. Many of the species are considered as great culinary delicacies by the natives of the country in which they are found. It is caught by means of a noose attached to the end of a stick. It is very active, though, when it has taken refuge in a tree, it appears to depend on the security of its situation, and permits itself to be taken by its pursuers.



CHINA DRAKE AND DUCK.

some parts of India and Africa, that they are frequently found in dwelling-houses, and in some instances have taken up their quarters in the beds. Death of necessity must follow, under such circumstances, should the animal be alarmed or irritated by any sudden motion. In case a bite is received from this (or, indeed, any other venomous creature), the first thing to be done is to make a firm and well-sustained pressure beyond the wound, on the side nearest the heart. The excellent experiments of Dr. Pennock, prove that a sufficient degree of pressure thus kept up will prevent the poison from affecting the system; and this is rendered evident from the good effects derived from ligatures applied around bitten limbs, above the wound, by the natives of India, though such ligatures generally act but imperfectly. The good effects of pressure, combined with the advantages of withdrawing the poison, will be obtained by applying a well exhausted cupping-glass over the wound, a substitute for which may almost always be made of a drinking glass, small bottle, etc., if proper cups be not at hand. It would be well for persons travelling or residing where these vipers are common, to be provided with a bottle of volatile alkali, or spirits of hartshorn, which, applied to the wound several times a day, and taken internally, in doses of thirty to forty drops, repeated according to circumstances, will avert the injurious consequences of the poison. It is probable that this viper, in common with lizards and other animals, is peculiarly affected by musical sounds. A person who passed a considerable time in the kingdom of Ava, says that a cobra entered a room while a gentleman was playing on the flute, and advanced gently towards him so long as the music continued; whenever it was suspended, the animal halted, and when it was entirely stopped, it gradually withdrew. This circumstance induced them to spare the viper, which uniformly made its appearance on several successive days, when the flute was played. With the exception of the spectacle mark on the back of the head, and its distensible hood, the cobra is not especially distinguished from other vipers. Its colors are dull, being a dark-greenish brown, lighter towards the inferior parts. The fifth engraving of our series represents the beautiful Chinese Duck and Drake, very much resembling the Summer Duck. The drake is the most magnificent in plumage of all the water fowl. The top of the head is black, which color extends down the nape of the neck; below is a clear white line passing over the eye down the base of the bill, which



THE IGUANA.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE TRANSPLANTED FLOWER.

BY WILLIAM R. LAWRENCE.

We leave thee, gentle one and fair,
To sleep in this lone spot.
Where bloom the lily, and the rose,
And blue forget-me-not;
May earth press lightly on thy breast,
And softly shade thy brow;
For His all-seeing eye above
Is watching o'er thee now.

But brief the reason thou wast spared
Our loving hearts to glad.
Which, now that thou art called away,
Have grown so lone and sad:
But He who gave the precious flower—
So soon to droop and die—
Transplanted it to bloom above,
In bowers beyond the sky.

We leave thee—though our hearts shall grieve
More than our tongues may tell—
To rest in peace within the shade
Of this lone, quiet dell.
Flowers may wave o'er thy lowly grave,
Where zephyrs softly sigh—
But thou, our fair and beautiful one,
Hast found a home on high.

Then gently sleep! yes, sweetly sleep
In this secluded spot;
And though we ne'er can see thee more,
We shall forget thee not.
We leave thee, with thy golden hair
Encircling thy pale brow—
With Him who took thee to himself,
And watcheth o'er thee now.

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MALTA.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

Gozo and Malta are situated exactly like Corsica and Sardinia—a narrow strait separates them, and in primitive times they may also have formed but one island. The aspect of the coasts of Malta and of Gozo is strikingly similar; they are evidently a continuation of the same rocks, the same fields, and the geological stratifications are alike. Immense perpendicular cliffs, at the bases of which the sea dashes tumultuously, rise from the bosom of the water, like the summit of a submerged mountain. It is said that these great white rocks may be followed with the eye to a distance of several hundred feet beneath the azure of the waves. Along these declivities, upright as the walls of a fortress, fishermen, suspended by a cord, after the fashion of Italians painting houses, are casting lines and catching fish. The breaking of a rope, an imperfectly secured knot, would precipitate them to the bottom of the gulf. Undulations a little less abrupt allow of some cultivation; little walls of stone, which at a distance resemble lines traced with ink on a topographic plan, enclose and separate the fields; the clouds have disappeared, a beautiful, warm and reddish brown color clothes the land with a mantle of gold. A mass of houses, of Spanish white, with here and there a dome, lies extended beneath a blinding sun on the summit of a hill, or rather of a mountain. This is Gozo, the capital of the island of Gozo. The curiosities of Gozo are caverns dug on the sea-shore, at the entrances of which are hovering flocks of aquatic birds, who make their nests there; a reef, whereon grows a species of champignon highly esteemed, of which the knights of Malta reserved the monopoly, and the salt pit of the watchmaker, a singular hydraulic phenomenon.

The weather has changed greatly since last evening; the sky has assumed ultra-marine hues. The burning breath of Africa makes itself felt. Malta produces oranges; the Indian fig-tree and aloes prosper there. We begin to perceive the fortifications of the city of Valetta, signalled out by two windmills, in the form of towers, with eight wings constituting the wheel. The blue water becomes green as we approach the land; we double Point Dragut. The steamboat turns and enters the entrance to the port, passing the Castle of St. Elmo and Fort Ricazoli.

The fortifications, with their precise angles and their square edges, illuminated with a splendid light, are almost geometrically outlined between the deep blue of the sky and the green ground of the sea. The slightest details of the shore are clearly defined. On the left rises a pyramid to the memory of Colonel Cavendish; on the right, terraced like an amphitheatre, the city of Valetta; the port, which bears the local name of La Marsa, runs up into the land by an arm bifurcated at its extremity; vessels of all nations are at anchor at various distances from the shore.

We are perceived from the shore. A flotilla of boats approaches us, we are surrounded, invaded; a graphic boarding takes place. The deck is covered in a moment with a multitude of the *cannaille*, jabbering all sorts of languages and dialects. Before knowing to what nation you belong, these polyglott fellows try upon you English, Italian, French, Greek, even Turkish, until they encounter an idiom in which you can say to them, intelligibly, "You are murdering me; go away!" The servants, the hotel-waiters pursue you, harass you, assassinate you with offers of service. They thrust cards into your hands, your vests, your pantaloons-pocket, your surcoat-pocket, your hat; the boatmen seize you on the right and left by your arm, the collar of your coat, the skirts of your surcoat, at the risk of tearing you to pieces; they quarrel and fight across you, vociferating and gestu-

lating, stamping as if possessed. But nobody is killed or wounded, and at last the tumult is appeased, the passengers are distributed in several lots, and each boatman seizes his prey. To the boatmen and servants are added the cigar-merchants, who offer you enormous packages at prices fabulously small; it is true they are execrable.

The crowd diminished, I entered a boat which deposited me on the quay, and I reached the city of Valetta by the Lascaris Gate, as says the inscription above the arch. This union of a Greek name and an English word produces a singular effect. The whole destiny of Malta is comprised in these words. Beneath the gateway, as at the Gate of Judgment at Jerusalem, there is a chapel to the Virgin, with an iron grating, at the extremity of which flickers a taper, and whose threshold is obstructed by mendicants. Through this gate go and come a checkered and cosmopolitan crowd—Tunisians, Arabs, Greeks, Turks, Smyrniotes, Levantines, in all varieties of national costume, not to mention Maltese, English and Europeans of various countries.

I remember a tall negro, whose only garment was a woollen covering in which he draped himself, majestically elbowing a young English woman in a costume as correct and strictly Britannic as if she had been treading the green turf of Hyde Park or the sidewalk of Piccadilly; he had an air so tranquil, so self-assured in his filthy rags, that certainly he would not have changed them for the new frock of a dandy on the Boulevards. The Orientals, even of the inferior classes, have surprising native dignity; Turks pass you whose whole attire is not worth an asper, and yet who might be taken for disguised princes. This aristocracy proceeds from their religion, which makes them regard other men as dogs: drays painted red pass through the crowds, intermingled with grotesque vehicles whose wheels are thrown far behind the body, and which resemble the carriages of Louis XIV. in the landscapes of Van der Meulen. I believe this kind of vehicle is peculiar to Malta, for I have never seen it elsewhere. Its circulation is, however, confined to a few principal streets, the others being cut in steps or abrupt declivities.

Within the Lascaris Gate is found a very lively, very animated market, in tents and barracks, with strings of onions, bags of dwarf peas, piles of tomatoes and cucumbers, packages of pimento, baskets of red fruits, and all sorts of edibles, picturesquely displayed. A beautiful fountain with a marble basin, surmounted by a gigantic bronze Neptune leaning on a trident, produces a charming effect among these shops. Among the cafes, cabarets and drinking-houses, one encounters here and there an English tavern, placarded with its list of porter, Scotch ale, pale beer, gin, whiskey, brandy, and other alcoholic mixtures for the use of the subjects of Great Britain, which contrast queerly with the lemonade, the syrup of cherries, and the frozen beverages of the vendors of sherbet in the open air. The policemen, carrying a short staff bearing the English arms, like those of London, traverse with regular pace this motley multitude, and maintain order among them. Nothing, doubtless, can be more proper; but these grave, cold, impassible representatives of the law produce a singular effect between this luminous sky and burning earth. Their profiles seem made expressly to be delineated on the fogs of London and of Temple Bar.

The city of Valetta (founded in 1566 by the Grand Master whose name it bears) is the capital of Malta; the city of La Sangle, the *city victorieuse*, which occupies two hills on the other side of the port of La Marsa, with the faubourgs of La Floriana and La Barmola, complete the city, surrounded with bastions, ramparts, counterscarps and forts sufficient to render siege impossible. At every step you find yourself face to face with a cannon, when you follow one of the streets which circumscribe the city, as the Strada Levant or the Strada Ponente. Gibraltar itself is not more bristling with fiery mouths. The inconvenience of these multiplied works is that they embrace a very large radius, and it is necessary, in case of attack, to defend them by a numerous garrison, always difficult to maintain and renew at a distance from the mother country.

From the heights of these ramparts we discover as far as the eye can reach, a blue and transparent sea, undulating in the breeze, and studded with white sails. Red sentinels are on guard at regular distances; the heat of the sun is so strong on these declivities, that an awning, stretched on a frame and turning on a picket, makes a shade for the soldiers, who, but for this precaution, would roast on the spot.

In ascending towards the second gate, we find a church of a Jesuitical and *rococo* style, which presents nothing curious in the interior. This gate, which is reached by a drawbridge, is surmounted by the triumphal coat of arms of England; and its fosse, transformed into a garden, is obstructed by a luxuriant tropical vegetation of a metallic and glossy green: lime, orange, fig, myrtle, cypress trees planted pell-mell in charming disorder.

The city of Valetta, though built on a regular plan, and, as it were, all of one block, is not less picturesque. The extreme slope of the ground compensates for the monotonous exactness of the streets, and the city climbs the hill by terraces and steps, covering it like an amphitheatre. The houses, very high, like those of Cadiz, in order to enjoy a sea breeze, terminate by terraces of *pozzolona*. They are all of white Maltese stone, a sort of sandstone very easily hewn. These rectilinear houses are admirably situated, and have an air of grandeur and strength, which they owe to the absence of roofs, cornices and attics; but what gives them an original character, are the projecting balconies jutting out from their facades like Arab *moucharabys*, or Spanish *miradores*. These glass cages, garnished with flowers and shrubs, which resemble green-houses, rest on brackets fancifully ornamented.

The balconies break happily the lines of the facades, and, seen from the end of the street, present the most agreeable appearance;

the shadows which they cast relieve pleasantly the uniform hue of the facades. The branches of the Algerine peas, the red stars of the geranium, the porcelain flowers of the grass-plants, which peep from their open panes, variegated with their lovely colors the local tones of the picture. It is in these *miradores* that the women of the wealthier classes pass their lives, watching the slightest breath of the sea breeze, or languishing beneath the enervating influences of the sirocco. You may perceive from the street a white arm, or the glance of a black eye, which agreeably distracts you from your architectural contemplations. The Maltese, a rare thing among the women, who allow themselves to be guided in their toilets by fashion rather than taste, have had the good sense to retain their national costume, at least in the street. This garment, called the *faldetta*, consists of a species of petticoat cut with a sort of hood, which can be opened or closed at pleasure, kept in place by a little strip of whalebone, according as one wishes to reveal more or less of the face.

The *faldetta* is uniformly black like a domino, of which it has all the advantages, besides a grace not possessed by these shapeless satin envelopes; it conceals a cheek and an eye on the side of the person by whom one wishes not to be seen, is thrown back or drawn closely about the face, according to circumstances. It is a masked ball in the open air. Beneath this hood of black taffety, is habitually worn a rose-colored or lilac robe with broad flounces. As well as I have been able to judge, when a propitious breeze wafted aside the mysterious veil, the Maltese approach the Oriental type in their large Arab eyes, pale complexion, and generally aquiline nose. As I have not seen an entire face, but the eye of one, the nose of another, the cheek of a third, and not a single chin, for the *faldetta* covers them, I cannot pronounce a decided judgment, and give my observation for what it is worth.

In walking about at random, I encounter corners of charming streets, with which an artist would be delighted. Balconies surround the angle, and form several stages of towers or galleries, according to their dimensions. A Madonna or saint of the natural size, with its head beneath a canopy of stone and its feet on an enormous pedestal, unexpectedly presents itself to the adoration of pious Catholics, and illuminate these sacred images, and furnish pretty subjects for a picture. I did not expect to find thoroughfares so Catholic in English Malta. At the foot of most of these statues are written inscriptions of this kind: "Monseigneur Fernando Mattei, Bishop of Malta, or His Excellency the Most Reverend Don F. Saverio, grants forty days indulgence to all those who shall pay a *puter*, an *ace* and a *gloria* before the images of the most holy virgin, or of St. Francis Borgia, placed here by their care." Since I have spoken of sacred sculpture, I will mention here some singular figures which I remarked on the portal of a church.

These were death's heads issuing from the wings of a butterfly. This hieroglyphic of the brevity of life appeared novel. I saw also a little bas-relief on the doors of several houses, which represented, with slight variations, a naked woman plunged in flames up to the waist, and raising her arms to heaven. A scroll bore this word engraved: *Valetta*. A Maltese, whom I consulted, explained to me that the rent of the houses thus designated returned to the fraternity of the souls in purgatory after the death of their progenitors, for whom prayers and masses were said. The naked woman was a symbol of the souls.

The palace of the Grand Masters, now the Government Palace, has nothing remarkable in its architecture. Its date is recent, and it does not correspond with our ideas of the residence of the Villiers of L'Isle Adam, of the Lavalettes and their successors. Meanwhile it produces a fine effect on this grand square, one of the sides of which it occupies. Iron doors with rustic pillars break the uniformity of this long facade; an immense *miradore*, forming an interior gallery, and supported by strong carved consoles circulated at the top of the lower story, and gives to the edifice the Maltese seal. This local detail relieves whatever of common-place there might be in the architecture. This palace, common in its magnificence, thus becomes original. The interior, which I have visited, presents a series of waste halls and galleries containing pictures representing battles by land and sea, sieges, the boarding of Turkish galleys, and the galleys of La Religion (it is thus they call collectively the order of St. John), of Mateo da Lecce. There are also paintings by Trevisan, Guido, and Michael Angelo.

The cicerone guides you through vast apartments with floors covered with fine mats, with columns of stucco or of marble, with tapestries after Martin de Voos or Jouvenet, with ceilings of wood accommodated, with more or less taste, to the actual destination: the arms and portraits of the grand masters recall here and there the ancient inhabitants of this knightly palace. I have been surprised at finding there a portrait by Lawrence, a George III. or IV., all in white satin and scarlet, opposite a Louis XVI. passably well painted. One of the most enormous among the halls, when I passed through Malta, was arranged for a ball, and to one of the columns hung the printed card of waltzes, polkas and quadrilles; this very natural detail nevertheless made us smile; it will amuse the shades of the young knights if it pleases them to make nocturnal visits to their ancient dwelling; even the old ones would not be offended, for these soldier-monks led a joyous life, and their residences resemble barracks rather than monasteries. The throne of England stands proudly in the place of the arm-chair once occupied by the grand master of the order, and the portraits or colored lithography of the numerous progeny of Prince Albert and Queen Victoria, as they should be in the dwelling of every loyal subject, are suspended to the astonished walls of this asylum of celibacy.

I should have liked to visit the museum of armor, to have touched those helmets cleft by Damascus blades, those cuirasses

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WALTER OAKLEY.

A TALE OF THE PLANTING OF PENNSYLVANIA.

BY BEN PERLEY POORE.

bruised by the stones of catapults, and beneath which so many noble hearts have palpitated: those cuirasses emblazoned with the cross of the order, and pierced by Saracen arrows; but after an hour's waiting and research, I was told that the keeper had gone into the country, and had carried the keys with him. At this proud reply I seemed to be still in Spain, where, seated before the door of some public building, I waited till the *conciierge* had finished his siesta and was ready to admit me. I was therefore compelled to renounce these heroic relics, and direct my steps elsewhere.

I then visited the church of St. John, which is, as it were, the Pantheon of the order. The facade with a triangular front flanked by two towers terminated with stone steeples, having for its only ornaments four pillars, and pierced with a window and door without sculpture or architecture, does not prepare the traveller for the magnificence of the interior. The first thing which arrests the eye, is an immense ceiling painted in fresco, which extends the whole length of the nave; this fresco, unfortunately deteriorated by time, or rather by the poor quality of the plastering, is by Mattias Preti, called the Calabrese, one of those great secondary masters, who, if they have less genius, have sometimes more talent than the princes of art. The science, skill, mind, and abundance of resources in this colossal painting, are truly unimaginable.

Each division of the ceiling represents one subject in the life of St. John, to whom the church is dedicated, and who was the patron of the order. These divisions are supported, at the foot of their arches, by groups of captives, Saracens, Turks, Christians or others, half-naked, or clad in the remnant of broken armor, in humble and constrained positions, a kind of barbarous caryatides very appropriate to the subject. All this part of the fresco is full of character and of spirit, and displays a strength of coloring rare in this kind of painting. As a recompense for this gigantic work, Mattias Preti had the honor to be received a knight of the order of St. John.

The pavement of the church is composed of four hundred tombs of knights, incrustated with jasper, porphyry, verd-antique, breccias of all colors, which must form the most splendid funeral mosaic; I say must, for, at the moment of my visit, they were covered by those immense mats of spartan with which the southern churches are carpeted; a custom which is explained by the absence of seats and the habit of kneeling on the floor during the performance of devotions. I regretted it much; but the chapels and crypt contain enough of sepulchral wealth to compensate one. These chapels surprise by their wealth of ornament, and seem to a Frenchman, accustomed to the severe simplicity and romantic melancholy of French churches, more suitable for palaces or ball-rooms.

The tomb of Nicholas Cottoner, one of the grand masters who have most contributed to the splendor of the order, and who have expended their private fortunes in endowing Malta with useful or luxurious monuments, is not in very good taste, but it is rich, and composed of valuable materials. It consists of a pyramid applied to the wall, surmounted by a ball accompanied by Fame sounding the trumpet, and a little genius holding the coat of arms of the Cottoners. The bust of the grand master occupies the lower part of the pyramid in the centre of a trophy of helmets, cannons, mortars, flags, bucklers, boarding-axes and pikes. Two kneeling slaves, with their arms tied behind them, support the plinthe and form the pedestal. I have described the tomb in detail, for it is, as it were, a type of the others, where the emblems of the faith mingle with the symbols of war, as becomes an order at once military and religious. We should also cast a glance upon the mausoleum of the Grand Master Rohan, very magnificent and very coquettish, and on that of Don Ramon de Perillas, a Spanish grand master, whose arms are intermingled with crosses and spears.

I have looked at all these tombs with no other impression than the respectful sadness which a living being always feels in thinking of the stone behind which is concealed a being who has lived and thought like himself.

A subterranean chapel, much neglected, contains the burial-places of Villiers of d'Ile Adam, La Valette and other grand masters, couched in their armor, on armorial tombs, supported by lions, birds and chimeras; some in bronze, others in marble or some other precious material. This crypt has nothing mysterious or funereal. The light of warm countries is too vivid to lend itself to the effects of the *chiaro-oscuro*, of gothic cathedrals.

Before leaving the church, let us not forget to mention a group of St. John baptizing Christ, by the Maltese sculptor, Gaffan, placed on the principal altar, full of talent, and a picture of superb ferocity, by Michael Angelo, having for its subject the decapitation of the same saint. Amid the dust of neglect and the smoke of time, are mingled relics of surprising value, and betokening extraordinary energy.

The hour is advanced, and the steamboat does not wait for the tardy. Let us traverse yet once more the streets of St. John and of St. Ursula, with their terraces, their projecting balconies, the shops which border them, the crowd which perpetually ascends and descends their stairways, the Strada Stretta, which had formerly the privilege of serving as a dwelling-ground to knights of the order, without occasioning the anxiety of any; let us cast a glance, from the top of the ramparts, on this fallen country, divided by stone walls, destitute of shade and of vegetation, devoured by a burning sun; let us look at the sea from the top of the Piazza Regina, covered with English tombs; let us cross in a boat La Marsa, traverse the grand street of La Sangle, and re-embark with regret at not being able to take with us a pair of those pretty vases of Maltese stone, which the inhabitants carve with knives in the most ingenious and elegant manner.

CHARLES II. sat upon the throne of his ancestors, the Puritans could only lament their loss of power, and the "sea-girt isle" was again "merrie England." May-poles were again erected on every village-green, yule-logs were in demand at Christmas time, and the tapsters were kept busy enough to supply the roystering gallants, who had kept away from the ale-houses during the austere sway of iron-hearted Cromwell. It was at one of these resorts, known as the "Crown and Anchor," that a cold autumnal storm had brought an unusual number of carousers around the huge table. A pile of logs blazed upon the hearth of a yawning chimney, and cast a lurid glare around the room, while the discolored appearance of the rafters showed that the north wind must have taken liberties with the smoke. The long oaken table was studded with high green flasks of Rhenish wine, small glasses perched on tiny stems, and bright polished pewter tankards. There was also a well-thumbed copy of the latest number of the "Flying Mercury," a small folio sheet, containing "the freshest advices, foreign and domestick," a draught board and a pack of cards. But the chief attraction was at the head of the board, where were grouped the materials used in the "taking of tobacco," to use the phrase of the day.

The owner of this paraphernalia had that free, roystering air peculiar to the military men of those days, and wore his scarlet and blue uniform, trimmed with silver lace, in the true cavalier style. Drawing his sword belt round in front, his rapier stood between his knees, his plumed hat was perched on the back of his enry head, his waistcoat was buttoned awry, and a pair of immense drooping moustaches standing guard over his triple-bronzed face, added to its impudently daring expression.

"A song, a song from Major Rosewell," called out a shrewd-looking fellow who was amusing himself by idly cutting a pack of cards, and who had no little of the knave on his arch features.

"Nay, nay, *per baccho*, rather cull on young Master Oakley, who is among us for the first time."

The young man, to whom all eyes were now directed, wore the full court dress of the time, and his finely embroidered ruffles, in which glistened a large diamond, were not more delicate than was his clear complexion. A smile played around his parting lips, and good nature beamed from his large black eyes.

"Not I, my jovial swaggerer. But I will order two flasks of the best wine in the cellar, if you will chant your canticle about tobacco. So tune up."

"A bargain, Master Oakley, a bargain. Disappear, motley host, and bring us two flasks of the real Marcobruner, for the cobwebs begin to gather in my throat. Ahem! ahem! Here goes, my gallants." And in a full, clear voice he began a convivial song, which was soon interrupted by the appearance of a drummer boy, who approached the singer, and said, without ceremony: "There be trouble in the city, major; and Lord Rochester has sent to the barracks, with the king's permission, to have the train-bands ordered out at once."

"A pest on these Quakers," exclaimed Major Rosewell, rising and adjusting his rapier. "I would as soon have old Noll back again. What say, Oakley, will you join me in a broad-brim hunt?" and rising, he left the room, followed by Oakley, who, just launched forth into the gayety of the dissolute metropolis, by the death of a wealthy uncle, was induced to join the swaggering soldier by the same love of excitement that would have led him to join a fox-hunt or bear-baiting. An hour afterwards, and Major Rosewell, at the head of his men, rushed into the hall in Aldersgate Street, where the Quakers were holding a meeting, and ordered them to disperse, in the king's name. No one moved. There they sat, with impassive countenances, pale as death, the pikes of the rude soldiery encircling them with a bristling hedge of steel, nor was it until the order had been thrice repeated, that the oldest among them replied: "Nay, friends, we are here to worship the Almighty, and think with the good man of the Scriptures, that we ought to obey God rather than man."

"Show your written orders," brutally replied Major Rosewell. Then ordering his men to clear the hall, a frightful scene of confusion ensued. Regardless alike of age and of sex, the brutal hirelings dealt their blows freely, or seizing the unoffending by the hair, dragged them forth. Walter Oakley felt sick at heart, and had turned away from the scene of violence in disgust, when two men hastened past him, dragging between them a young Quakeress. "Help! help!" she said, struggling violently; and the sweet tones of her voice attracted Oakley to the rescue.

"Loosen your hold," he cried, drawing his rapier, and following the ruffians:

"Stand back!" exclaimed one of them. "We have orders from Lord Rochester."

"Not to abduct an innocent girl," replied Oakley, rushing at the man with such force as to inflict a mortal wound ere he could draw his weapon. His companion in guilt, alarmed, took to his heels, and Oakley found himself alone with the young Quakeress. Ere she had ceased pouring forth her thanks, an elderly man came running from the hall. "My father, my father!" she exclaimed.

"Joanna!" said the delighted old man. "Verily, my child, I feared that thou hadst fallen a prey to the spoiler."

"Thanks to this young man, my father, who delivered me from two men, by whom I was seized when the tumult commenced. Alas! one lies a victim of his own wickedness."

"He has fallen in his own snare," replied the old man. Then stooping over the corpse, he exclaimed: "But see! here is the

badge of the ngodly Rochester. Alas, my Joanna, we must leave this land, and find a refuge in the Massachusetts colony. Come, I will take thee to-night to the house of John Milton, the blind poet, in Jewen Street." Then turning to Oakley he said:

"In thus doing, young man, thou hast performed a great service, and I hope that so good a heart may yet be plucked as a brand from the burning, and that thou mayest be gathered into the fold of the chosen. We have no temporal honor in our kingdom. The crown is meekness—its life is everlasting love unchanged—its lot, oppression. Yet for thy good works this night, I trust that thou mayst enter the goodly fellowship of those, who through wrong, will obtain life hereafter. Farewell."

Drawing his daughter's arm within his own, he started off, though not so rapidly as to prevent Joanna's giving Oakley a heartfelt "Farewell, and many, many thanks." The young man stood motionless until they were out of sight, then slowly returned home, to recall the beautiful features as he had seen them by moonlight. The seeds of love had been sown in his heart, and in his dreams that night they had germinated into those bright flowers of affection which enliven existence.

When Major Rosewell called the next day, he found his young friend meditative. He had been to Mr. Milton's, but the poet's guests had departed for the coach office, nor could Thomas Elwood, the blind poet's secretary, give any further information concerning them than that they were friend Stephen Duer and his fair daughter Joanna.

Two years passed, and the once gay Walter Oakley had become a chosen disciple of the staid William Penn. Drinking in the counsels of his teacher, he had given up the vanities of the world, practising virtue for its own intrinsic loveliness. He had never again heard of the Duers, but the remembrance of Joanna lingered amid his thoughts, as a fragrant flower of beauty.

The defeat of Algernon Sidney at the general election dissipated every hope of justice from an English parliament, and the leading Quakers determined to seek an asylum in the New World. Walter Oakley entered heart and soul into this scheme, which upheld the novel idea that man possessed capacity for self-government, and soon, to his delight, the "merry monarch" signed a charter, giving the sturdy Quaker sovereignty of a great province, as a receipt in full for a government debt of some sixteen thousand pounds, bequeathed by old Admiral Penn to his son.

SYLVANIA was the name chosen by the enthusiast for the land over which he was, as the charter read, "true and absolute lord," but the king insisted on prefixing the lord-proprietor's name. "Pennsylvania" it was therefore designated, to the delight of the faithful, albeit some of them shook their heads at the charter, which authorized "Friend William" to make war, to levy troops, to pursue his enemies by sea and by land, "and, by God's assistance, to vanquish and take them." The charter gave general satisfaction, however, and soon a large colony was ready to sail for their new home, which they called the "Holy Experiment."

After a long passage, Governor Penn disembarked upon his land of promise, nor was there any one in his numerous suite who took a deeper interest in the new scheme of colonization than Walter Oakley. The genius of his leader illuminated the young man's soul as with electric light, and he was honored with a high situation in the new colony. The government was first established at Chester, where some honest English emigrants had already established themselves, and had founded a community which seemed a modern Acadia to those just arrived from England.

Autumn came, and Governor Penn, attended by a few chosen attendants (among them Walter Oakley), ascended the Delaware in a shallop, to hold a "Pow Wow" with the Leni Lenape Indians. Landing at Shaxamaxon, they found the warriors assembled beneath a majestic elm, arrayed in the full glory of war paint and feathers. The governor had his presents carried on shore, and advanced, unarmed and unattended, to greet the wild group.

"We meet," said he, "on the broad pathway of faith and good will; no advantage shall be taken on either side, but all be gentleness and love. I will not call you children—for parents sometimes chide their children too severely; nor brothers only—for brothers sometimes differ. The friendship between me and you I will not compare to a chain, for that the rain might rust, or the falling tree might break. We are the same as if one man's body were to be divided in two parts—we are all one flesh and blood."

The Indians received the presents of Penn with sincerity, replying: "We will live in love with William Penn and with his children as long as the sun and moon shall endure."

Philadelphia, the home of humanity, was forthwith laid out and rapidly peopled, Quakers hastening thither from all quarters as to a city of refuge. One day, a schooner filled with immigrants arrived from Rhode Island, and among the heads of families who applied to Recorder Oakley for a lot was the venerable Duer. He had been persecuted anew in Massachusetts, and had hastened to enjoy the tolerant rule of Governor Penn. Need we relate the joy with which Walter Oakley not only found his heart's idol, but wrung from Joanna's lips the confession that she, also, had loved him since his rescue of her.

A few years afterwards, Oakley, who had risen to the vice-governorship, was forced to go to Baltimore, upon a disputed question of boundary. When he returned, rather to Joanna's disgust, he was accompanied by a rather dissipated-looking old gentleman, who was introduced as "Colonel Rosewell, of the Maryland forces." Joanna rather bit her lip, but a smile stole over her face as her husband added: "He was the officer who commanded at the dispersion of friends' meeting on that memorable night, Joanna, when I first saw thee. Nay, had he not been inspired to invite me, I might never have seen thee."

"We are happy to see thee, friend Rosewell," said Joanna, with a smile of welcome.



THE OLD LONDON COFFEE HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA.

REVOLUTIONARY RELICS.

The few revolutionary relics which time has spared, mute witnesses of events, and contemporaries of men connected with the grandest "picture on the book of time," deserve to be carefully cherished and preserved. Their moral influence is incalculable. Who does not feel a warmer glow of patriotism as he stands within that old cradle where infant liberty was rocked? As we gaze upon the old Hancock house, with its stately ornamental balcony and portal, its trim terraces and shrubbery, we are carried back to the days when that old mansion looked down upon the British camp upon the Common, or its window-panes rattled in their sashes at the cannonading of the immortal 17th of June, 1775. The Old State House, the witness of the Boston massacre, is another link connecting the present with the past. But these old relics cannot last forever. Many of them were old in the days of the revolution, and time's "effacing fingers" will, ere long, obliterate all these inanimate memorials of the past. It is the province of art, however, and one of its most delightful employments, to rescue from oblivion all such precious mementoes and hand them down to future ages. The series of views which accompany this article and do high credit to the artistic skill of Devereux, faithfully depict places in Pennsylvania connected with the great drama of American independence. The first exhibits the Old London Coffee House in Philadelphia. It was first opened in 1754—a century ago, by a printer named William Bradford. Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, and other distinguished statesmen and patriots, as well as the governor, used to frequent the house, where grave affairs of state were discussed over a cup of Bradford's coffee, which was as celebrated then and there, as Mrs. Haven's is now and here. Distinguished strangers always went to Bradford's. Military parades used to take place outside the house; and the street was a sort of fair, where horses, carriages and other property were bought and sold. In fact it was quite noted in the annals of the city of brotherly love. It is still standing in the condition shown in the engraving. Our second picture shows the far-famed Carpenter's Hall in Philadelphia, where the first Continental Congress assembled on the 5th of September, 1774. It stands in a court at the end of an alley leading south from Chestnut, between Third and Fourth Streets. Our sketch shows it rather as it appeared in the days of its glory than at present, for the court is now so blocked up, that a fair view of it can hardly be obtained. The main building is unchanged, but the abutting structures are of modern erection. The meeting of the first Continental Congress was a momentous event. On its wisdom and energy depended, in a great measure, the future of the colonies. This body was the outline of the Federal government, and constituted on the same groundwork as our present national legislature. The friends of America in the British parliament had predicted this meeting of colonial representatives as a natural consequence of the oppressive measures of the ministry. After the passage of the Boston Port Bill, the Virginia House of Burgesses voted to observe the 1st of June, 1774, as a "day of fasting, humiliation and prayer, devoutly to implore the Divine interposition in averting the heavy calamity which threatens destruction to our civil rights, and the evils of a civil war: to give us one heart and one mind, firmly to oppose, by all just and proper means, every injury to American rights; and that the minds of His Majesty and his Parliament may be inspired from above with wisdom, moderation and justice, to remove from the loyal people of America all cause of danger from a continued pursuit of measures pregnant with their ruin." Lord Dunmore, the royal governor, curtly dismissed the Virginia Assembly for their expression of sympathy with the Massachusetts colony. The members re-assembled at the Raleigh Tavern, and prepared an address to the people, recommending, among other measures, a General Congress composed of delegates from the several colonies, and the opening of a correspondence to effect this purpose. Massachusetts eagerly adopted the proposition, the example was followed, and colonial delegates were chosen. The Congress was organized by the choice of Peyton Randolph, of Virginia, for president, and Charles Thompson for secretary. The body was composed of fifty-five delegates representing twelve colonies, the members from North Carolina not arriving

until the 14th of September. The delegates were men of influence and talent, and most of them men of fortune. They passed the famous Declaration of Rights; adopted a non-consumption, non-importation and non-exportation agreement; an address from the colonies to the people of Great Britain; a memorial to the Anglo-American colonies; a petition to the king, and after the transaction of other important business, adjourned to the 10th of May. Their proceedings were ratified by the people at large, and the ability displayed elicited from the great Pitt, the following eulogy: "I must declare and avow that in all my reading and study of history—and it has been my favorite study—I have read Thucydides, and have studied and admired the master statesmen of the world—that for solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity and wisdom of conclusion, under such a complication of circumstances, no nation or body of men can stand in preference to the General Congress of Philadelphia." There were probably very few men, during the period of the first session of the Continental Congress, who seriously entertained the idea of the political emancipation of the colonies. They rather aimed at conciliation, at drawing closer the bonds of amity between the parent and offspring state, than at severing them rudely. But a year before, this idea had been broached by one of the most remark-

able men of the revolutionary era, Patrick Henry, of Virginia, and his views were so clearly prophetic, that the language in which he referred to the subject is well worthy of preservation. He said, in reference to Great Britain: "She will drive us to extremities; no accommodation will take place; hostilities will soon commence; and a desperate and bloody touch it will be." Colonel Samuel Overton, to whom these remarks were addressed, having asked Henry if he thought the colonies could cope single-handed with Great Britain, received the following reply: "I will be candid with you. I doubt whether we shall be able to cope alone with so powerful a nation, but—where is France? Where Spain? Where Holland?—the natural enemies of Great Britain. Where will they be all this while? Do you suppose they will stand by, idle and indifferent spectators to this contest? Will Louis XVI. be asleep all this time? Believe me, no! When Louis XVI. shall be satisfied by our serious opposition, and our Declaration of Independence, that all prospect of a reconciliation is gone, then, and not till then, will he furnish us with arms, ammunition and clothing; and not with them only, but he will send his fleet and armies to fight our battles for us; he will form a treaty with us, offensive and defensive, against our unnatural mother. Spain and Holland will join the confederation. Our independence will be established, and we shall take our stand among the nations of the earth." Carpenter's Hall was originally erected for the meetings of the Society of House Carpenters, of Philadelphia. It is in a good state of preservation, and is now occupied by the Messrs. Wolbert, auctioneers. The third engraving of this series represents Chew's House, in the north part of Germantown, a fine old mansion. It stands back from the road, and is surrounded by noble trees and a profusion of shrubbery. Colonel Musgrave and six companies of the 40th British regiment occupied it during the battle of Germantown, and the interior, though in a fine state of preservation, still shows the marks of bullets and round shot. During the winter of 1777 it required the labor of several carpenters to repair the damages received during the action, the doors and shutters being completely riddled with shot. When, in 1777, General Washington learned that General Howe, who had abandoned the Jerseys and retired to Staten Island, had relinquished all hope of effecting a junction with Burgoyne, and was preparing to take possession of Philadelphia, he moved the American army in that direction. In August he was posted at Germantown. Meanwhile the British fleet had sailed up the Chesapeake, landed at Elk River, on the 25th of August, and commenced their march for Philadelphia. It was about the time when Lafayette first became acquainted with Washington, and was invited to become a member of his military family. Getting no news of Howe and the British fleet, Washington was on the eve of turning back, with the intention of attacking New York, when hearing of Howe's landing, he recalled his troops from New Jersey and marched to Wilmington. The advanced guards of the two armies soon met and skirmishing ensued between them. On the approach of the British army Washington took post on the river Brandywine. The battle of Brandywine was fought on the 11th of September, with desperate gallantry on the part of the Americans, opposed to an overwhelming force of British and Hessians. The British remained masters of the field, and the Americans retired in much disorder towards Philadelphia. After a few days' rest, Washington abandoned Philadelphia and took post at Portstown. On the 26th the British took possession of Philadelphia, Congress having previously removed to Lancaster. Taking advantage of the absence of several detachments from the British camp at Germantown, Washington resolved to attack them as a preliminary to the recapture of Philadelphia. At daybreak on the 4th of October, he surprised the British, and a warm action ensued, in which the Americans at first had the advantage, but were finally repulsed with a loss of twelve hundred in killed, wounded and prisoners. Sullivan and Wayne (Mad Anthony) were in this action. At day-dawn the British drums beat to arms and they formed on Mount Airy, a mile to the northward of Chew's house. At seven o'clock, Sullivan's brigade attacked the British pickets at Mr. Allen's house, at Mount Airy, and aided by the fire of two six pounders, drove them in. Sullivan's main body now left the road, and, by a flank movement to the right, joined the other troops, and attacked the enemy with such fury that they gave ground, and retreated to the



CARPENTER'S HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

village, hotly pursued by the victors. Colonel Charles Musgrave, in command of the British centre, finding himself attacked, threw himself with six companies of the 40th regiment into Judge Chew's large stone house, from which a severe and well sustained fire of musketry was poured upon Major Woolford's brigade, then engaged in the pursuit of the enemy, by which their progress was checked. The fire of the Americans upon this stronghold was utterly unavailing; many of the patriots fell in the attack, and not one of the defenders of the mansion was wounded. Several attempts to fire the house were made, but they proved unsuccessful. The battle lasted three hours. The fourth and last picture of our series is a correct representation of the present appearance of the house where Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence. It stands at the south-west corner of Seventh and High Streets, and was kept by a Mrs. Clymer, with whom Jefferson boarded. The identical room may still be seen, and it possesses a thrilling interest for every lover of liberty. The tale of the birth of American independence cannot too often be repeated; nor can too much honor be bestowed on the memory of the author of the Declaration. Thomas Jefferson was born April 13, 1743, and died July 4, 1826, on the same day with John Adams, his fellow-laborer in the first Congress and his predecessor in the presidential chair. He was the son of an opulent Virginia planter, and inherited an ample estate, but notwithstanding the circumstances of his position, he early embraced the popular cause, and was, throughout his life, identified with popular interests. He was a graduate of William and Mary College, and a highly educated man. He selected law as his profession, but its practice was abandoned to serve the interests of his country. He took his seat in Congress in 1775, and was among the earliest to embrace the idea that independence offered the only solution to the political problem presented by the oppressions of the imperial government and the resistance opposed by the colonists. In 1776 the time seemed to have arrived for the bold step which the more ardent of the patriots had long desired to take. On the 10th of May, the Congress adopted the following resolution: "That it be recommended to the several assemblies and conventions of the United Colonies, where no government sufficient to the exigencies of their affairs hath been hitherto established, to adopt such government as shall, in the opinion of the representatives of the people, best conduce to the happiness and safety of their constituents in particular, and America in general." On the 22d of April, North Carolina had authorized its delegates to join in the establishment of independence; Virginia instructed her delegates to propose it, and she was assured of the hearty approval of the constituency of the Massachusetts delegation. The initiatory movement, the most eventful one ever taken, was made by Richard Henry Lee of Virginia, who, on the 7th of June, offered a resolution, declaring: "That the United Colonies are, and ought to be, free and independent states—that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown—and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved." Though the public mind had been prepared by recent events for such a step, though public opinion approved of the doctrines set forth by Thomas Paine in his pamphlet entitled "Common Sense," which had been very extensively circulated and studied, still the Virginia resolution, fraught with such momentous consequences, produced a warm debate, of which we have unfortunately no record, and the passage of the resolution was secured only by a bare majority. The further consideration of the subject was assigned to the 4th of July, and in the interim, a committee, consisting of Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman and Robert R. Livingston, was appointed to draft a declaration in accordance with the spirit of the resolution. With such colleagues it was no small honor for Jefferson to be selected to write the memorable document. The draft was reported on the 28th of June. On the 1st of July it was taken up in committee of the whole. The delegates of all the colonies but Pennsylvania and Delaware voted for it. Four of the Pennsylvania delegates were for and three against it, the two from Delaware were divided—Thomas McKean being for and George Read, though he afterwards yielded, opposed to it. The former immediately sent an express for Caesar Rodney, who was absent and eighty miles away from the scene of deliberation. On receiving the message, Rodney mounted his horse and rode for



CHEW'S HOUSE, GERMANTOWN.

Philadelphia, reaching it in time to take his seat on the memorable Thursday, the 4th of July. At a little past noon the Declaration of Independence was unanimously voted. Congress then met in the building since known as Independence Hall. The utmost excitement prevailed throughout the city, and the streets were thronged with people. The old bell-ringer in the cupola who had kept his post from early morning, on being informed of the decision, pealed forth the signal of the glad tidings from the old bell, which, singularly enough, though cast in 1753, bore the inscription: "Proclaim liberty throughout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." It now performed its mission. Never before was molten bronze so eloquent. Its peal, mingled with booming of cannon and rolling of drums, was caught up from steeple to steeple, and soon rang throughout the land. On the 2d of August the Declaration was signed by all the members, fifty-six in number. When Charles Carroll, who was worth three millions, approached to affix his signature, John Hancock remarked to him, "if we fail, you may escape, but I cannot. There is but one John Hancock, but there may be many Charles Carrolls." Carroll, writing out his name and residence, "Charles Carroll of Carrollton," replied—"Than this Charles Carroll of Carrollton there is no other." The whole number of signers was fifty-six. Carroll

was the last survivor. In this city the Declaration of Independence was read by Colonel Crafts at Faneuil Hall, and was received with every token of popular applause. Washington received a copy on the ninth of July, at New York, and it was read to the army at evening parade. The populace, excited by hearing the document, celebrated its passage by pulling down the leaden statue of King George which had been erected on the Bowling Green in 1770. The lead was afterwards cast into bullets and employed in slaughtering King George's troops—a destiny little contemplated by the loyal gentlemen who procured it. "The fourth of July, 1776," said a distinguished orator, "opened a new page in the history of the world." "The finger of God was there," said Napoleon, speaking of the Declaration. "I ask," exclaimed the fiery Mirabeau, from the tribune of the French national assembly, "I ask if there be at this day any government in Europe—the Helvetic and Batavian Confederations and the British isles excepted, which, judged according to the principles of the Declaration of Congress on the fourth of July, 1776, is not divested of its rights." It was indeed the tocsin of alarm to the despotic governments of Europe. It roused France to rebellion, but its people knew not how to imitate the virtues of the fathers of our liberty. Still, whenever a people struggles to be free, the words of Jefferson will inspire them with resolution. It may not be inappropriate to close this article with a brief summary of the life of the illustrious author of the Declaration. On the 7th of October, 1776, he retired from Congress, having been chosen to a seat in the legislature of Virginia, and on the 1st of June, 1779, he was elected to succeed Patrick Henry as governor of the State, resigning at the expiration of two years, because he believed the warlike exigencies of the times required a military man in the executive chair. Two days after his retirement he narrowly escaped being captured by a troop of horse despatched by the enemy to seize him at Monticello, where he resided. June 6, 1783, he was again chosen to Congress. In 1784 he was appointed a minister to France, to act as colleague with Adams and Franklin, in negotiating treaties with foreign nations. He arrived in Paris August 6th. He remained abroad till the fall of 1789. On his return he was appointed by Washington Secretary of State, and filled that office till the 31st of December, 1793, when he resigned. In 1797 he was elected vice-president of the United States, and in 1801 was chosen president by a majority of one vote over his competitor, Mr. Adams. He was re-elected at the expiration of his first term, and at the conclusion of the second, retired forever from public life. His closing years were embittered by pecuniary embarrassment, caused by the extensive calls made upon his hospitality—the penalty of greatness. He did much for the promotion of education in his native State, and it was through his exertions that the university of Charlottesville was established. He filled the office of rector of this institution until a short period before his death. On his course as a politician, history and posterity will pass an unerring judgment. He cultivated both literature and science with zeal and success; his "Notes on Virginia" exhibit his talents in a favorable light. In personal appearance he was tall, well-formed and handsome, and possessed a power of fascination, the influence of which few could resist. He was a true type of the Virginian gentleman of the old school. His name stands among the brightest on the roll of revolutionary patriots. One by one the sages of the revolutionary era have passed away, and gone to their long homes, amid the lamentations of the nation. When Jefferson and Adams passed from this sphere, hand in hand, the mourning was sincere and universal, though both were of a ripened age, both had lived to see the accomplishment of their dearest wishes, and the triumphant success of their struggles for independence; both, too, had filled the highest offices in the gift of the people. Theirs were "completed lives." It was time for them to go. No sudden summons swept them away from the world. Still we cling to them with reverent love, hoping longer to receive from their living lips, the lessons we now derive from their written legacies. But the last of the sages is gone, and it is their memory alone we have to cherish. May their characters remain in fresh and green remembrance by their descendants; and the virtues of patriotism, integrity and love of country, which so hallowed their course, and made them what they were, be the glory of coming generations.



HOUSE WHERE JEFFERSON WROTE THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

AN EXILE'S RETURN.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Dejected and weary, I journeyed along—
It was night, and the landscape in silence reposed;
Not an echo was heard, and the loveliest song
Which the birds sing at evening was tenderly closed.

Years had flown o'er me, since last I had trod
The path through the forest that led to the place,
Where my forefathers worshipped their forefathers' God,
And where in peace rested the best of my race.

I had wandered, a self-banished exile, away,
Seeking for gold in a clime farther west,
Where Pacific rolls blue o'er the red beams of Day,
As he sinks in magnificent glory to rest.

I had found what I sought for, and Wealth gave reward
To the labor of youth and the scheming of age;
But it could not the pleasures of childhood accord,
Or the longing for home and contentment assuage.

So I ventured my gains on the deep, and set sail
To the coast where Atlantic's green billows flow free;
But my vessel was wrecked in the southernmost gale,
That blew where Cape Horn rises black o'er the sea.

Thanking God for my life and a remnant of all
The wealth I had left home and friends to obtain,
I returned, like a child at his mother's fond call
To nestle and sleep on her bosom again.

Ah, my dear native village! when first I beheld
The lights twinkle bright through the silence and gloom,
How swiftly the mists of the past were dispelled!
How rolled the sad shadows away from the tomb!

I saw through my tears the old house on the green,
And the wide-spreading oak, as it covered the door,
Beneath whose broad branches, that checkered the scene,
Sported my mates as they sported of yore.

I saw the gray church, and the school, and the mill,
And the long, winding street that led on to the town,
Where the untethered cattle strayed off at their will,
And the slow wheels of travel went up or came down.

How changed was the picture—alas! when more near
I beheld it in daylight, no longer the same!
They were gone—they were gone—and a feeling of fear
Thrilled through me as near to their homesteads I came.

They were all in the graveyard, and record had none.
(What praise have the humble from earth who depart?)
Save a name and a date rudely traced on the stone—
They were grave in far deeper lines on my heart.

Dejected and weary I came to the place,
Thinking to pass my life's autumn serene
In the haunts of my youth, mid the flowers of my race,
And to lie down and sleep where my hopes long had been.

I remained but a few sad and sorrowful hours
In the church where they worshipped, the house where they died,
And, onweaving their urns with memorial flowers,
Went back in the populous mart to reside.

Though with fortune regained and with ties sweet and new,
I can call peace and comfort and happiness mine,
Still I love through the mist of the past to review
That home of my boyhood which seemed so divine!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SMYRNA AS IT IS.

BY REV. F. W. HOLLAND.

ALL the Mediterranean sea-ports have the advantage of position. Washed by the smoothest sea that anywhere floats, backed by fine ranges of mountains, built almost uniformly of stone, sometimes in Saracenic, sometimes in Grecian style, even if there were little for the stranger to see, one need not weary of seeing that little. But Smyrna, "the sunny, bustling, beauty-teeming," is the ocean-gate of Constantinople, the busiest bazaar of all the Orient, the meeting-place of the Odessa caravans with the shipping of Europe and America, and the grand centre of American missionary effort in Asia Minor. Its position makes it flourish in spite of earthquake and plague, in spite of the burning heats of summer aggravated by the crowded state of its population, the absence of any cool northern breeze, and the unmitigated filth of seventy thousand unwashed Turks.

A stay-at-home traveller may content himself by picturing to his imagination the nuisance undergone by nearly every foreign traveller in passing through this infamous quarantine. The moment your steamer is anchored, you are buddled into an open row-boat, and emptied out as speedily as possible into a narrow jail-yard. Here, among a crowd of health officers one selects you as his victim, marshals you to a perfectly bare stone cell, where not even a pitcher of water is furnished without pay, where there is no opportunity of retirement and not one of the decencies of life. By exorbitant pay you can obtain from a distant hotel bed and bedding, cold food twice a day, and the smallest imaginable supply of comforts, all of which are remembered in a bill as long as your arm. But no books, no exercise, no bathing, no visits of friends cheer your five days' dungeon. A bug-eaten Turk must be paid for sleeping in your room and dogging your steps: the tiny cups of delicious Mocha and the fragrant chibouque are almost your only refuge from ennui, and the dismal impression can hardly be escaped for a moment, that the Italian doctors who humbugged the Ottoman Porte into this quarantine system, intended to multiply the Lazaretto graves that they might fatten themselves on the effects of their murdered inhabitants. Twen-

ty-four hours' detention on board ship, and the actual inspection of some intelligent physician, would prove a far better protection.

Seen from the water, its lofty minarets diversified with cypress-groves, its semi-circular amphitheatre rising from the edge of the deep water, through long, narrow streets, to the ruined castle on the mountains, built by the Greek Emperor Comnenus, few more promising sites for a city can be imagined. But there is a general monotony in the style of building, and a habit of lining the streets with a dead wall, which disappoints any expectations of city elegance. The streets, too, are narrow, winding, neglected and nameless.

The most wonderful thing in street scenes is the Smyrna porter. He is of a peculiar race, trained to do duty as a pack-horse—he is provided with something like a woollen Turkish saddle, which fits upon his shoulders, resting upon his hips, and enables him to carry burdens quite incredible to the uninitiated. It is a common thing to meet one of these human camels, with his hands resting on his knees, and his head bowed to the ground, marching straight ahead without regard to whom he may meet, bearing on his back an entire bag of cotton, a thirty feet beam, or four or five trunks of medium size. There are no stronger men in the world, and yet they are very moderate eaters, and seldom taste animal food. But as this load meets you in one direction, a real camel with a box of sugar or another beam may come upon you from the opposite direction; and, as there are no sidewalks, a gazing European is in great peril of his bones.

Altogether the finest part of the city is occupied by the Armenians, one of the oldest nations in the world, the chief bankers of the Ottoman empire, and the most inviting field of Protestant missions. It is curious that though their ceremonies resemble the Catholic, they have always shunned the Greek Catholic church and opposed the Roman Catholics. A perpetually busy printing-press at Smyrna, under the charge of three devoted American clergymen, is sending forth effective appeals through the dominions of the sultan: as of old, the common people hear them gladly; and the despotism of the bishops, the threat of imprisonment, and the probability of persecution, have failed to prevent whole churches with their pastors, from coming over to the Protestant side.

The quarter occupied by these Armenians is marked by wider streets, more spacious houses, elegant gardens, airy balconies, latticed windows, marble pavements and groves of orange and citron than any other. Those of the gentlemen who had not disfigured themselves by adopting the fashionable Frank dress, bore a noble, patriarchal air; and wore, without question, the most pacha-like faces to be seen, and their daughters were distinguished by a peculiarly soft and Oriental beauty.

A little distance beyond their favorite residences, crossing the river Meles, whence Homer took his name of "Meles-born," is a famous lounge, a caravan-bridge, backed by a vast grove of the funeral cypress, and always surrounded by troops of camels. Here they are, kneeling communally in the open air, their limbs sometimes tied up so as to prevent the creatures from rising, but oftener, at perfect liberty, no manger scripping their poor supply of chopped straw, no roof hiding from the garish day their gaunt ugliness. There is a vast deal of sentimental falsehood about the "ship of the desert." He is a very unamiable, complaining, scraggy thing—badly fed and always grumbling—never housed and always alive with vermin, complaining even of a light load, refusing to travel with a burden even three miles an hour, shaking the rider almost to pieces with his horrible gait, apt to drop suddenly upon his knees without any notice, unwilling to make friends with a temporary master, ungrateful for any favors, and in every respect the reverse of the intelligent, graceful, generous, easily attached horse.

It is simply because he is found in a country of which travellers dream as romantically as possible when they return, that his ungainly form, his hypocritical complaining, his slouchy step, his bunched limbs, his slobbering mouth have been painted as if he were the exquisite gazelle on a larger pattern. Being a vigorous pedestrian, I always preferred my own motion to a cruel jolting upon his back; and those who have read Martineau's admirable book on the East will remember how much she suffered by the nuisance in other ways.

The bazaars in Smyrna are not handsome or spacious, but they make up for these deficiencies by their number and importunity. It is impossible to buy without a dragoman to interpret, and next to impossible to get a dragoman who will not make a handsome per-centage at your expense, by collusion with the dealer. I never saw avarice so intense or so unblushing. One young fellow owned to me, that his prayer in the synagogue every morning was, that Jehovah should send him a rich traveller and a fat breakfast. I had no doubt of its sincerity. But, besides finding on my return that paying the very highest market-price had not secured me the best fruit, and that beneath the top-layer my pulpy figs were shrunk up to mere pigs' ears, I had this special mortification: I had purchased some necessities of dress and was returning to my hotel when another dragoman sung out to me: "Sir, the man you have is a thief; he has been robbing you." The next day I took into my employ this zealous protector of my purse, and again, as I left the bazaar, a third vagabond cried out, "Stranger, the man you have has been repeatedly in jail for robbery." The next day I took another scamp as my guide. "Now," said I, "Joseph, do you suppose those fellows cheated me?"

"Why, certainly, sir! How could they live without? Old Samuel has a family; how can the dollar a day, which you pay him, and which he can't get half the time, support his household? I am the only honest dragoman, don't be afraid of me."

And he took me straight to his brother's shop, where, by paying double price I could get most extraordinary attar and other perfumes; and where I actually bought a musk tail for the fun of it.

Yet this is the city of whose justice such a capital story is told. A wealthy oppressor appeared before a cadi, whom he had bribed with a purse of five hundred pieces, and demanded satisfaction upon his intended victim. The poor man had no witnesses; his case was apparently hopeless: just then, as the final judgment was to be given, the old judge drew forth the glittering purse from his bosom, and cast it at the rich man's feet.

"There," cried he, "are five hundred witnesses! You are condemned for perjury as well as fraud."

Many remains of antiquity are dug up beneath the soil: but almost the only ruins of peculiar interest in or around the town, are those of one of the "Seven Churches of Asia," addressed by St. John in the Apocalypse. Still, a Turkish mosque has since been erected on the spot, and for a long time the whole hill-top was a strongly fortified castle; so that only imagination can suggest what part of the deserted caverns, falling walls and strangely mixed architecture belonged to the first days of Christianity. But it was as fine a position as the Acropolis of Athens, and a religion must have been at the acme of worldly glory, when this lofty summit was covered by its vast cathedral. The fine view of the town, crouching beneath these tottering towers, the wide expanse of the sea, with the fleets of all nations riding on its bosom, the usual contrast of the solemn Oriental cemeteries with the glancing minarets, compensate for the toil of climbing this throne of abandoned greatness.

What a commentary, that, all night long Christianity was making the streets ring with the childish merriment of the Carnival! and, the first drunkards I had seen for some time were Greek masquers, rioting in every ridiculous dress, presenting to the abstemious Mussulman no very attractive representation of a purer faith than his own.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HUMANITY IN THE CITY. By Rev. E. H. CHAPIN. New York: Dewitt & Davenport. Boston: Abel Tompkins. 12mo. pp. 252.

This volume is a continuation of a series already published, and like that, says the author, "aims at applying the highest standard of morality and religion to the phases of everyday life." It is characterized by the earnestness, zeal and eloquence which mark all Mr. Chapin's discourses. A very fine portrait of the author embellishes the book.

HARD TIMES. By CHARLES DICKENS. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1854. 12mo. pp. 212.

We have received from Redding & Co. this elegant edition of Dickens's last popular story. If, in the humorous passage, it falls below some of his earlier romances, there are passages of great pathos and power that equal anything from the same pen.

THE ROSE AND THE KING. By M. A. TITMARSH. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The immortal Titmarsh, or, in other words, Wm. M. Thackeray, has here given us one of his glorious burlesques—the history of Prince Giglio and Prince Lubbo, written in his happiest strain. The "pictures" are as amusing as the text.

NOTES ON DUELS AND DUELLING. By LORENZO SABINE. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1855. pp. 324.

Mr. Sabine is too well known to require more than his own name as the guaranty of the worth and accuracy of an historical work. He has here given us an account of all the principal duels fought from the time of Goliath to the present day, alphabetically arranged, preceded by an essay on the fatal custom. The impression produced by the mass of documents here laboriously collected must be favorable to the strong anti-duelling feeling now prevalent everywhere throughout this country, except in California: and we think if colporteurs were to be employed to disseminate this book in the gold regions, they would do the state good service. Messrs. Crosby, Nichols & Co., the publishers, are among our most enterprising firms.

NEW RECEIPTS FOR COOKING. By MISS LESLIE. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Co. pp. 520.

A mass of receipts for getting up dishes for every meal and every season. Its editorship would have done honor to Yatel himself, that martyr to gastronomy.

FEARS OF FORTUNE: OR, *The History and Adventures of Ned Lorn*. By S. B. JONES. Illustrated by Darley. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. 12mo. pp. 401.

An interesting story—a great number of characters, a variety of scenes, spirited sketching, and abundance of incidents, make up a spley book, which enchains the reader's interest from the first page to the last.

THE LOST HEIRESS. By Mrs. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. 12mo. pp. 500.

Mrs. Southworth has written much and well. The present tale is the most elaborate of her fictions, and has a highly wrought and interesting plot, embracing a number of characters delineated with care and spirit. The book is meeting with a very rapid sale.

THE PLUM-WOMAN; OR, *The Child with Three Mothers. A Tale of High and Low Life*. By GUSTAV NIEBETZ. Translated from the German by Mrs. H. C. Count. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 18mo. pp. 291.

Niebetz is an immensely popular German writer, and his fame will extend here rapidly, if he always has so faithful an interpreter as Mrs. Conant. This is a juvenile story, very original and ingenious in its construction. For sale by Redding & Co.

PEBBLES FROM THE LAKE SHORE; OR, *Miscellaneous Poems*. By CHARLES LEVAND PORTER, A. M. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 230.

"This is the work of a writer not destitute of poetic fancy, nor unskilled in 'building the lofty rhyme,' who has looked upon life and nature with a unimpaired eye. There is an occasional carelessness and exuberance, which indicate youth and inexperience. For sale by Redding & Co.

THE AMERICAN GIRL'S BOOK ENLARGED. By MISS LESLIE. New York and Boston: C. S. Francis & Co. 1855.

The girls can no longer complain that the boys have the advantage of them, since Miss Leslie has so liberally catered to their tastes and aptitude in this charming and popular book on feminine sports, exercises, amusements and employments. The book is neatly illustrated. It is for sale by Redding & Co.

THE WORLD'S WORKSHOP; OR, *The Physical Relationship of Man to the Earth*. By THOMAS EDWANK, author of "Hydraulics and Mechanics." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855.

Arguing from a vast array of facts, the author has built up a curious and solid superstructure. Mr. Edwank has long been noted as a lover of science, and has done much to advance it. The present work will add to his reputation, while it will have the effect of creating a juster appreciation of the dignity of labor than we can now boast of. The book is the work of an original and powerful thinker. For sale by Redding & Co.

ROSE AND WILLIE STANHOPE. By J. MCINTOSH. New York: Appleton & Co. For sale by Redding & Co.

A juvenile work from the pen of the author of "Emily Herbert," "Blind Alice," "Jessie Graham," cannot fail to prove interesting, and exert a good influence.

THE BOY'S OWN BOOK EXTENDED. New York and Boston: C. S. Francis & Co. Illustrated.

A nice edition of this deservedly popular book, the delight of boys of all ages. It contains many items, such as mathematical puzzles, treatises on fencing, swimming and riding, which are interesting to children of a larger growth. The bulk of the present edition is swelled by the addition of an appendix treating fully of gymnastics. For sale by Redding & Co.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.
LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

The Sandwich Islands, which may be under our flag before long, must be an earthly paradise, if all tales be true. A letter-writer in the New York Spirit of the Times, says: "I cannot write at length of the geological features of the Island. These features are peculiar, and have formed the theme of more scientific pens than mine. But I am forced to revert to a theory of geography that now possesses many warm supporters. I take no part in its advocacy, but wish merely to assert, that if there were more than one nidus of human creation, and more than one paradise (not including Lima), then that other nidus, and that other paradise, is the island of Oahu! I have enjoyed its scenery to surfeiting, if that be possible. Should the eye tire of such enjoyment elsewhere, it will be refreshed here; for, added to its beauty, will be found an hourly changing atmosphere that, while it casts ever passing cloud and sunshine over the scenery, throws as many variegated sentiments over the heart. The changes of the climate flicker between the limits of sixty-five and eighty-five degrees Fahrenheit. This, with its serenity, soothes the soul and calms the passions. The climate is as green as the turf; the scenery as fresh as the dawning visions of infancy; and I confess, with the sincerity of truth-telling, that all the flowery dreams of my boyhood, and the cottage-love speculations of a later day, seem to find a resting realization in the valley of the Parí."

SOMETHING NEW.

We are getting up and shall issue early in February, a beautiful Valentine supplement to the Pictorial, to be dated on St. Valentine's Day—February 14th. It will be entirely distinct from the Pictorial, complete in itself, filled with original engravings, large and effective, forming an appropriate Valentine to send to either sex. The reading matter will be entirely original, and relate to the history of this pleasant holiday, and give its ancient and modern story. It will also contain a variety of original poetic Valentines. It will be for sale at all of the periodical depots through the country for five cents. Any person enclosing five cents, post paid, will receive a copy by mail. It will not be sent to any one gratis. Twenty-five copies sent by mail on the receipt of one dollar.

THE PRISONER'S FRIEND.—This is the title of a truly worthy and intrinsically valuable monthly, published in this city by Rev. Charles Spear, who is also its editor. The work is what its expressive title indicates, and is designed to treat upon prisons, prisoners and prison discipline, with a Christian and philanthropic purpose. Its aim is to effect the reform of the criminal, and to lend him a helping hand in his hour of need.

CHEAP ENOUGH.—Hot-house grapes are now selling in our market at two dollars and a half a pound. How much does it cost to raise them? We fancy that even at that price the profit must be small.

SMALL BEER.—The Albion says that Mr. McKean Buchanan asserted that all the theatrical critics in London could be bought up for a pot of beer.

SPLINTERS.

- The oyster-men are beginning to discount at reduced rates. The bivalves have been as high as \$2 a gallon, and scarce.
- The month of January has been a much better imitation of spring than our Mays have been for some years.
- There are 2041 persons in Great Britain who strut and fume their hour upon the stage.
- The brotherhood of the Phi Beta Kappa was introduced into William and Mary College by Thomas Jefferson, in 1776.
- The number of railroad accidents in the United States for 1854 was 193: killed, 186; wounded, 589. No one to blame!
- Soda has been found a remedy for snake-bites and poisonous stings. It is applied externally.
- The French gardeners have succeeded in producing a blue rose—a great invention. We prefer the red.
- Punch says though the British fare hard in the Crimea, the Czar didn't get his Turkey this Christmas.
- Excellent cotton has been raised in California. It may become one of the staple products of the land of gold.
- Dr. Baker, a southern Presbyterian minister, has preached four sermons a day for eight successive days.
- Ex-Mayor Quincy, Jr., remains out west to avoid the gratitude of Bostonians for the gift of the Cochituate.
- A copy of Stuart's portrait of Col. Paul Revere has been presented to the Mass. Charitable Association by his son.
- They had grand gala times at Washington New Year's day. The white house was besieged by visitors.
- The New Orleans market receives about 4000 wild ducks a day. They do contrive to live in the Crescent City.
- Silver mines have been discovered lately in Pittsfield, N. H., and everybody is flocking to the diggings.
- Within the last ten months about 700 lives have been lost on the Jersey shore.
- A silver salver, pitcher and Bible have been presented to Deacon Moses Hadley, 50 years toll-taker on Cambridge Bridge.

COWARDICE.

The story is going the rounds of the papers, to the effect that a British officer—his name is given as Lord Forth—had been driven out of the army of the East for cowardice. He behaved badly at Alma, but was allowed by Lord Raglan an opportunity of retrieving his reputation at Inkermann. There, however, his heart failed him, and he exhibited the most abject fear. Of course, he is a ruined man for life. A friend of ours stated, the other day, that he was personally acquainted with the only coward of the battle of Navarino. He was a warrant officer on board the English admiral's flag ship. When the firing commenced he said he was ill, and went below, where he remained till the close of the action. But it was not denied that his absence was occasioned by cowardice—he could not face the fire. Yet this man had been promoted for the daring rescue of an officer's lady from drowning. This circumstance, and the personal esteem in which he was held, caused his misbehaviour at Navarino to be hushed up on board the fleet; but, of course, there were plenty of tongues to circulate the story. The coward went home, and his old father, who had been a boatswain in the service, shut his door in his face; no one would acknowledge, employ or help him. He wandered about for a brief space, a Pariah in his native land, and finally died in a ditch! Yet this man might have been put to some use, certainly. His former conduct showed that he did not lack courage even, in a good cause—he could face danger to save life, but not to destroy it. But of all countries in the world, Great Britain is the last where a lack of physical courage can be tolerated. The word coward is there a brand of infamy, that burns as deep as in the darker ages, when valor and strength of body alone was of avail, and moral courage and intellectual force counted for nothing.

We often find the two kinds of courage united in a high degree; frequently in the same individual there is a strife between physical timidity and moral courage, in which the latter obtains the victory. To see and appreciate danger fully, and yet to master the weakness of human nature by an iron will, and force the body to execute the mandates of the mind, this constitutes heroism. Lord Marlborough was wont to say, acknowledging his physical weakness, on the eve of a great battle: "See how this little body trembles at what this great soul is about to achieve." There is little merit in the headlong impetuosity of the soldier who is insensible to the sentiment of fear, and who charges the foe with blind ferocity, like a mad bull.

Many a commanding officer who passes for a hero is a coward at heart. He is brave because the consequences of showing the white feather are more dangerous than the fire of the enemy. And many a poor devil of a soldier who would be very glad to run away, is prevented from indulging his secret wishes because his officer would cleave him to the elbow if he abandoned his gun. These are, of course, individual cases, for most men, we believe, love fighting for the sake of fighting. The principle of destructiveness is a large element in the composition of that singular *olla podrida*, which we call human nature. The world, however, is advancing rapidly. The brute courage that rushes upon squares of steel and death-belching batteries, does not command the frenzied acclamations that greeted it of old; while that higher courage which braves death to save life, which endures the scorn and contumely of years, rather than abandon a just cause, commands that kind of admiration that constitutes true fame.

MESSRS. MASON BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

This enterprising firm of music and book publishers, some of whose elegant issues, including "Ruth Hall," we have had occasion to notice lately in our columns, are doing a business commensurate with the spirit and liberality with which it is conducted. Their expenditures are very large and their income proportionate. As an evidence of the scale upon which their operations are conducted, we may refer to our advertising page of this week, the whole of which they have engaged for their announcements, at the regular rates, their experience having shown them that advertising is the only certain road to success in business.

PERSONAL.—The reader is referred to the poem in the present number, entitled "An Exile's Return," by Park Benjamin. While noticing Mr. Benjamin's lectures in a recent number, we spoke of his residence as at Guilford, Conn. His residence in that pleasant village by the seaside, has, we understand, terminated, and Mr. Benjamin has returned to spend the winter months at New Haven, a place, which, on account of its University and many valuable libraries, must be very agreeable to one engaged in elegant studies and the pursuits of literature.

PURCHASE.—Having purchased of Mr. Ossian E. Dodge, late publisher and proprietor of the Literary Museum, of this city, all right and title to his paper, including the good will of the same, we have united it with the Flag of our Union, which we shall continue constantly to improve. The Flag and Pictorial are still sent together for four dollars per annum.

THE BALTIC EXPEDITION.—The London Illustrated News has a picture of a donkey and sheep captured by Napier's fleet. So the result of their enormous naval armament is a great bray and a little wool.

We have the means of knowing that 107,000 of Ballou's Pictorial are now printed.—Saturday Evening Gazette, Boston.

IDA MAY.—The authoress of this novel is now said to be Mrs. Mary Green Pike, a lovely young widow of Calais, Maine.

A SOUND MAXIM.—Diet cures more than the lancet.

BOSTON STREET CHARACTERS.

There is an out door life in the city, quite as interesting to the student of human nature as its indoor life. There are certain characters that seem to exist entirely in the streets. You meet them at early morning, at noontide and late at night, seemingly heedless of wind and weather, sunshine and storms. To be sure they must lay their heads somewhere—but it is difficult to ascertain where. The cabman's horse in Pickwick "lived in Pentonville when he was at home—but that was werry seldom." *Nobody ever saw an organ-grinder going into a house.* He is always outside. On our last page Mr. Barry has sketched with great spirit, from the life, a group of these personages who obtain their subsistence out doors, and who only seek a shelter when sleep and weariness overcome them. In the centre we have a full length of the apple-girl—a daughter of Eve, dealing in the fruit which her mother sold at such a dear rate. Nothing displays more strikingly the magnanimity of man than his willingness to buy a pippin of a female, considering what happened forty or fifty hundred years ago. In the left hand corner of the picture is a poor woman who supports her infant by selling candy and small knick-knacks. We know not her story, but her sad and patient looks prove it is a sad one. In the opposite corner is one of those sturdy vagabonds, who

"Split the ear of melody
And break the legs of time."

This instrument of torture supports himself and a diminutive caricature of humanity, whose antics eke out the attraction. Hand organs are plural—they have a faculty of multiplication which defies calculation. Once upon a time their calls had the delightful variety of angels' visits, but of late they swarm. An organ-grinder is a difficult animal to deal with. If you give him nothing, he plays away on his expectations; if you give him a large fee, he tortures your ear out of gratitude; if a small one, he persists in playing out of revenge. But he goes at last, and you are quiet. Hush! piercing the ear like a knife comes the sound of a file sharpening a wood-saw. Is there no Mark Antony near, to whom we can "lend our ears," and so get rid of this excruciating torture? Thank Heaven! we burn coal, and use bark for kindling—but our next neighbor is a foggy, and the worthy wood-sawyer who reduces his hickory logs to convenient "chunks," is so used to the attrition of file and steel that no doubt he imagines he is serenading us. The old lady on the left of the apple-woman pursues a very laudable calling—that of rag-picking. Without such services as she performs publishers would be badly off. Future Pictorials lurk in the bag she carries at her back. "Here's the Daily Times—Mail—'Erald! Great news from the East! Sebastopol not taken!" It is the cry of the newsboys, those colporteurs of intelligence—humble ministers at the shrine of knowledge. The critical opinions of these juveniles have some weight in newspaperdom; and they can tell at a glance whether a paper will sell, or whether they shall "get stuck" on it. If we wanted to catch the popular ear, we should convene a congress of newsboys and submit our forthcoming novel to their judgment. We would give more for their imprimatur than for the decision of a coterie of critics with spectacles on nose. Lastly comes the lozenge boy. You may see him any night at the door of the Museum, offering his "lozenges" with eager hand. There is a prodigious consumption of lozenges at the Museum, but no one can deny that they are a decided improvement on legislative peanuts. Such are some of the out door "notions" of Boston.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—Horace Greeley once remarked: "Whoever wishes to know what are the essential features of the age, what its genius is achieving, and what are the triumphs of labor and of mind, should read the advertisements."

WHAT'S IN A NAME.—After the last great battle in the East, a patriotic John Bull named his son Inkermann. He ought to make a printer of him.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Dr. Caldwell, Mr. Franklin B. Schilling to Miss Elizabeth D. Chapman; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Calvin Burnham to Miss Abigail Todd, both of Essex; by Rev. Mr. Randall, Mr. George W. Wardner to Miss M. E. Jones; by Rev. Mr. Goddard, Dr. James T. Paterson to Mrs. Jane Mary Nutter; by Rev. A. St. John Chamber, Mr. William B. Whitcomb to Miss Ellen M. Parker;—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Tappan, Mr. T. B. Jordan to Miss Emma Waite; by Rev. Mr. Hutehins, Mr. Charles E. Daniels to Miss Frances M. Billings;—At Cambridgeport, by Rev. Mr. Whittemore, Mr. Joseph Whittemore (son of the officiating clergyman) to Miss Nancy Elizabeth St. Clair;—At Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Collyer, Mr. Samuel F. Chase to Miss Hannah Wood;—At Medford, by Rev. Mr. Brooks, Mr. William Conley to Miss Mary Hunt;—At Nahant, Mr. Jesse R. Johnson to Miss Emeline H. Johnson of Harpswell, Me.;—At Lynnfield, by Rev. Mr. Leonard, of Chelsea, Mr. Henry W. Goodrich, of Boston, to Miss Lizzie Bancroft Newhall;—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Mills, Mr. William Henry Kehew to Miss Sarah Hovey Field;—At Beverly, by Rev. Mr. Reding, Mr. Joseph K. Russell, of Beverly, to Miss Lizzie Lee, of Manchester;—At Portland, Me., by Rev. Mr. Peck, Mr. Wm. H. Dawes to Miss Esther A. Prime, of Boston;—At Philadelphia, by Rev. Mr. Robinson, Mr. Thomas Walker to Miss Cecilia Wilson;—At Defiance, Ohio, David Taylor, Esq. to Miss Mary Furguson.

DEATHS.

In this city, Miss Ellen French, 25; Mr. Charles T. Clark, of Middletown, Conn., 21; Mrs. Gabriella D. B. Gilmes, of Whitefield, Me., 39; Miss Mary Carr, 30; Mrs. Sarah Ann Brackett, 21; Mrs. Rose Monks, 34; Mr. Joseph Stockwell, 36; Mrs. Rachel T. Flynn; Mrs. Caroline C. Poor, 48; Frances Octavia, only daughter of Mr. Elias and Mrs. Narcissa Harmon, 6;—At Charlestown, Mr. Joshua C. Collins, 34; Mrs. Sarah Ann Homer, 33; Mrs. Catherine Ryan, 25; Mr. David Nash, 65; Mr. James Maguire, 39;—At Dorchester, Mrs. Abigail Williams, 96;—At West Cambridge, Mr. John James, 57;—At Ma den, Mr. Matthias Miner, 34;—At Medford, Mrs. Roxsann Blodgett, 55;—At Saxonville, Widow Rebecca Adams, late of Watertown, 78;—At Newton Corner, C. I. T. S. Taft, 48;—At Newton Centre, Mrs. Mary Rice, 53;—At Concord, Mr. William H. Bates, 24;—At Wareham, Mr. Abel Dean, formerly of Taunton, 91;—At Salem, Mr. William H. Townsend, 19; Miss Hannah Manning, 32;—At Essex, Mr. Thomas Choate, 70;—At Gloucester, Mrs. Hannah P. Blatchford, 22; Mr. Daniel Tucker, 77;—At Taunton, Oliver Soper, Esq., 76;—At Plymouth, Mrs. Betsey T. Brewster, 87;—At Rochester, Mr. Israel Cowen, 86;—At Enfield, Mr. James Richards, 89;—At Hartford, Conn., Rev. Jonathan Smith, a soldier of the revolution, 94;—At Philadelphia, Pa., Mrs. Tabitha, wife of Mr. Charles Carpenter, 24; Mrs. Amanda, wife of Mr. Charles H. Spain, 26;—At Baltimore, Md., Dr. George H. Gallup, of Boston, 41.

LOWELL MASON.

Lowell Mason, the subject of the accompanying engraving, is a New Englander. His thoughtful and intelligent countenance has the unmistakable New England stamp, and his career is characteristic of the section he springs from. He was born January 8, 1792. It was the purpose of his parents that he should become a merchant, and to the proper preparation for this profession his attention was early given. While yet young he went to the South, where so many New Englanders have gone, and resided at Savannah for nearly twenty years. He showed a fondness for his life-work in his childhood, and even while engaged in mercantile pursuits, gave all his leisure to the study and practice of music. While conducting a church choir at Savannah, he noted the want of a suitable collection of church music. He sat down to compile such a book as he thought was needed, more especially for the use of his own choir. Having finished it, he obtained leave of absence from the bank in which he was engaged, and sought, in the section of country where he was born, a publisher. His first effort was made in Philadelphia, but the publishers of that city would not accept of his copyright as a gift. Our young author made a like unsuccessful attempt to give away his manuscript in Boston, where American music had its rise. He was unsuccessful at first; but at length met with a gentleman who wished to look at his music. The result was, the manuscript was shown to the board of managers of the Boston Handel and Haydn Society, which had been organized in this city a few years before. The society offered to publish the work, and to give the editor an interest in the copyright. The book was published in 1822, as the "Boston Handel and Haydn Society Collection." The work became very popular, and was circulated widely in New England, as well as in other portions of the country. In 1826 we find him lecturing on church music in different Boston churches. One of his lectures was published and favorably noticed. One of the first public offices that he filled was that of president of the Handel and Haydn Society, his patron, a place that he filled for several years. Afterwards, or about the year 1834, was organized the Boston Academy of Music. This was an influential society, at the head of which Mr. Mason was placed, and he still occupies the position, although the society is not in active operation. One of the most useful efforts of Mr. Mason's life was that successfully put forth to secure the introduction of music as an educational branch in our public schools. This he accomplished, after encountering many difficulties, about eighteen years since. Another useful introduction of his was the Pestalozzian or inductive mode of teaching music in this country. As a musical composer, the subject of this sketch has done much: no less than ten books of church music has he published. The sale of a single one, the *Carmina Sacra*, has reached to the number of four hundred thousand copies. His last book is the *Hallelujah*, published last year, which promises

to be as popular as any he has put forth. Mr. Mason has done much to elevate the standard of church music, by his lectures and books, by his personal influence over thousands of his pupils and by his presence as conductor of the choirs of several of the leading Congregational churches for many years past. Perhaps no tunes are more popular in vestry and more public meetings than many of those which have been composed by Mr. Mason. In the department of music he has found his true life-work, and in the efforts he has made he deserves well of his country, and the lovers of psalmody, for his unremitting exertions in musical science and the cultivation of a pure taste in church music.

of this apartment is truly cheerful. It is always full, and the crowded groups who are thawing out, talk of the adventures of the road, the speed of their horses, the upsets, if there has been any, the racing and the runaways. As snow falls seldom, and lasts but a little while on the island, they are naturally bound to make the most of it. The bar-room affords ample material for the study of human nature, for here the fast man who has been "letting out" his "flyer" on the road, is sure to "let out" himself, to slacken the curb upon his tongue and give himself the head. The room is appropriately hung with engravings of fast horses and other emblems of the race course.

COMING FROM JOHN I'S.

No New Yorker, or Williamsburgher, or Brooklynite, or Flatbusher, or New Utrecther, no denizen of Flat Lands, Bath, Gravesend, Little Neck or Flushing requires to be told who John I. is, or where the "big road" runs to. But there are doubtless many inhabitants of this northern metropolis, persons, too, who suppose they have completed their education, to whom the name of John I. has no significance. Know, then, benighted mortals, that John I. Snedicker keeps a famous hostelry on the Jamaica Turnpike, Long Island, about eight miles from Brooklyn. John I.'s is to Gotham and its environs what Porter's is to Boston and its suburbs—a great place of resort, particularly in sleighing-time. No sooner do the clouds thicken overhead, and the first flakes of snow begin to fall, than thoughts of John I.'s and the Jamaica turnpike race through hundreds of noddles. The "city feller" gets ready for a dash, the country bean examines the condition of his uags, bells, robes and harness, and all the pretty girls on the island, and they don't raise any but pretty girls there, are agog with anticipations of a moonlight or starlight drive to John's. Long Island is a great place for fast horses and amateurs of horse-flesh; the birthplace of the victor of Sir Henry, the scene of Fashion's exploits, it could hardly be otherwise. Snedicker's hotel is a large house, and well kept, and the numerous darkies that swarm in the stables and sheds are oracles on all matters appertaining to that noble animal, the horse. The house has a ball-room running the whole length, and a good band of music is provided during the evenings of the sleighing season. While this lasts you see the floor crowded with dancers, the admission being only two York shillings. There are other large rooms reserved for private parties, who engage them beforehand, and bring their own music, John supplying the suppers. And what suppers! Shade of Apicius! The Roman banquets were short commons to the luxurious repasts which Snedicker spreads before his guests. There is a reception room running the length of the building, and warmed (it was when we were last at John's), not with anthracite fires, or invisible furnaces, but with good hickory and oak logs, piled up like an English squire's hearth at Christmas. After a drive of eight or ten miles through the biting air of a January night, the aspect



LOWELL MASON.



RETURNING FROM JOHN I'S.

ATHENÆUM

AT BROOKLYN, L. I.

This fine edifice, built after designs of the celebrated architects, Messrs. Field and Corregio, stands at the corner of Atlantic and Clinton Streets. It is built of brick, bordered and capped with free-stone, and cost about sixty-three thousand dollars. It is noticeable for its neatness, even in a city of such elegance as Brooklyn. It was first opened on the evening of the 19th of April, 1853, when its large public hall was crowded to excess. Addresses were made by several distinguished literary gentlemen. Its object, like that of other similar institutions, is to foster and encourage science, literature and the arts, and to promote intellectual improvement. A news or reading-room constitutes one of the prominent features of the plan, in connection with a fine circulating library. On the tables may be found all the leading European and American publications, the newspapers, weeklies and monthlies, of note, and the first class magazines. The hall is the finest and largest in the city, and is used for concerts, lectures and meetings. The library is yet in its infancy, and contains but about three thousand volumes; the number, however, is rapidly increasing. It is enlarged by a certain portion of the income of the association, set aside for that purpose, and the trustees hope soon to present to the public a full and well-selected library of standard literature. The city has increased of late with marvellous rapidity. Not many years ago it was scarcely more than a village, but now covers, including Williamsburg, recently annexed, under the name of East Brooklyn, an area of several miles. The new streets are laid out in a liberal and tasteful manner, being noble, wide avenues, with capacious side-walks, allowing plenty of room for the planting of shade-trees. There are long lines of palatial residences, which vie in architectural elegance and internal comfort and luxury with those of the upper part of New York. The City Hall, illustrated in a former number of the PICTORIAL, is an elegant building, of white marble. Brooklyn also contains many churches of great beauty. The width of the streets has enabled the city to introduce the horse-railroad. There are two lines in operation, one from Fulton Ferry to Greenwood Cemetery, a distance of three miles, the other running to East Brooklyn.

PHILADELPHIA GAS WORKS.

The engraving we now offer presents a view of the new gas works at Point Breeze, on the Schuylkill, which supplies the city of Philadelphia. It is an immense establishment, covering twenty-four acres, with a frontage of fifteen hundred feet on the river. The architecture of the building is Gothic, and the style very neat and chaste. There are, in addition to the extensive buildings shown in our engraving, a large gasometer, on the right, and farther in the rear, retort houses. The latter is 250 feet long by 50 wide, 36 feet high, and lighted by forty-eight gothic windows. The quantity of coal consumed averages one hundred twenty tons per diem. It is chiefly from Virginia and Pittsburg; a little rosin is occasionally added. The retorts are said to be the largest in the country. Each is charged with 250 pounds of coal, which evolve from 1000 to 1100 feet of gas, the charge being frequently renewed. The gas is then conveyed by pipes into hydraulic mains, nearly filled with water, which cools the gas and takes off some of the impurities. It is then conveyed into exhausters, then condensers, and finally into purifiers, where, passing through several layers of quicklime, in the percolation of which the sulphur and carbonic acid are taken away, it is then fit for use. These latter processes are all conducted in separate rooms. The present consumption is about one and a quarter million of



BROOKLYN ATHENÆUM.

cet per day. In the purifying room, the gas passes up and down several pipes, through which water drips as in a shower-bath, until finally it passes through a valve into vast boxes, filled with quicklime, and through three pairs of these it percolates, until completely cleansed of sulphur and carbonic acid. It then goes through a meter, a colossal machine in a separate room, in front of which is to be seen a system of dials, measuring from units up to millions of feet, and accompanied by a "tell-tale," to which a clock is attached, and which shows at any time how much gas has been made at any particular minute, or in any particular hour. The immense gas-holder will contain one million feet, and in using it, instead of four or five smaller ones, a saving of from \$150,000 to \$200,000 would be effected. The well in which it is sunk is fifty feet deep; the two tanks are forty-five feet deep each, making a height of ninety feet, when properly arranged. The application of the gases produced during the destructive distillation of pit coal to the purposes of illumination is a very modern invention. But in 1739, Dr. Clavton, in the Philosophical Transactions, described a method of filling bladders with what he called the "spirit of coal," obtained by distilling coal in a retort in the open fire. Mr. Murdock, of Redwith in Cornwall, first applied coal gas to economical purposes in 1792. In 1802 he lighted a building in Soho by it. In 1803 the Lyceum Theatre, and part of Pall Mall, London, were lighted by gas; and it very soon banished oil illumination from the streets. When coal is subjected to what chemists call "destructive distillation," that is, when it is

the gas passes on to other vessels, in which the preparation is completed. It is passed through pure water and through lime-water, by which it is washed and cleansed of its impurities, into the gasometer, in which it remains till wanted for use. This instrument consists of two parts, a large wooden or iron cistern, open above, partly filled with water, and a large open vessel of iron, or some other substance, which is inverted in the water contained in the other, and is suspended and balanced by weights playing over pulleys. Then, as the gas is allowed to enter at the bottom of the cistern, it rises up into, and thus pushes up, the inverted vessel, or gas-holder, till it is filled. From this it is let out through tubes provided with stop-cocks. As soon as the cocks are opened, the weight of the gas-holder, tending to sink it in the water, forces out the gas it contains. It is then transmitted through small iron or leaden tubes to any part where it is needed. These tubes are laid under the ground, like aqueduct logs, and are thus protected from injury, while the small branches from them, for street or house lamps, are passed through hollow posts, or openings in the walls of the buildings in which they are to be used. The light furnished by them is, beyond doubt, the purest and brightest, as well as the least offensive, of any, if we except the Argand lamps alone. Its advantages are particularly felt in places where many lights are wanted in a small space, and for street lights. But we need say nothing more. The employment of gas in lighting our large cities and towns has become so common that nearly all are familiar with the details of its use and manufacture.



GAS WORKS, PHILADELPHIA.

heated red hot in close vessels, it yields a great variety of complicated products, which may be divided into three principal classes, viz., permanent gases, vapors that condense into solids or liquids by cooling, and fixed or residuary matter. The object of gas manufacture is to separate these products. The oldest of the London gas works has three stations, and produces annually 18,750,000 pounds weight of gas. The Chartered Company produced 75,000,000 pounds weight annually, affording a light equal to that of 160,000,000 pounds of candles. The extent traversed by the pipes of the London Gas Light Company exceeds fifty miles. The mode of preparing gas is as follows: large, tight, iron vessels, three-quarters filled with coal, are heated in furnaces to a red heat; to the end or open mouth of the vessels containing the coal are tightly fitted iron tubes, which convey the substances (gas, water, ammonia, tar) produced by the combustion of the coal, to reservoirs, in which they become separated, the tar and water being condensed, while

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The winters are very severe on the Black Sea, especially on the northern coast. The very sails freeze, and the deck is covered with ice. December and the second half of January are the most dangerous portions of the year. The mouths of the different rivers are frozen over, as are also the harbor of Odessa and the Straits of Kertch. — When Florida was admitted into the Union, there were granted to the State 400,000 acres of land for the purpose of internal improvements. Some of these lands have been sold, and the fund now on hand, amounts to over \$600,000. — The London Times, evidently thinking that the state of affairs in the Crimea demands some sort of an explanation, comes to the rescue, and informs the world that "England is affected to be a great military power." Not another word need be said. — The official value of wine and spirits imported into the United States in 1853, was \$5,193,000. During the last fiscal year it amounted to \$5,675,000. There has been a considerable falling off in the import of brandy and port wine. — The Calcutta Englishman has a story of a shark captured there, which, on being opened, contained the body of a young child in a good state of preservation, the body of another child partly decomposed, and a portion of the remains of an adult. — The census of the village of Niagara Falls has just been completed, and exhibits an aggregate of 2559 inhabitants, an increase of about 1000 in two years. — M. Alexandre Dumas has lately produced a drama in five acts and six tableaux at the Odeon Theatre, Paris. The title of this drama is "Conscience." The principal character is played by Laferriere, an actor of considerable power in passionate expression, with an occasional tendency to extravagance in gesticulation, but unquestionably of decided intelligence. — The waters of the Upper Sacramento are teeming with the finest salmon, which are caught and carried to San Francisco, where they are sold at three cents per pound. So plenty are they, that many spoil and are thrown away without being sold. — The natives of Australia believe that after death they return as white men. One of them, hanged at Melbourne, said: "Never mind; I jump up white fellow, with plenty of sixpence." — Daniel Webster used to relate that in a suit he received eighteen dollars for a vast amount of labor, but afterwards was employed in an exactly similar case, and received a fee of five thousand dollars, though he used the same brief that he had prepared for the first case. — A boy twelve years old, son of Dr. Ezra Sprague, of Amsterdam, New York, is said to be a master of the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Spanish and French languages, and besides, shows great capacity for drawing. — In the English census returns, literature made by no means a conspicuous figure—only five hundred and twenty-four authors being set down, one hundred and forty-one literary private secretaries, and one thousand three hundred and twenty editors and writers, together with two hundred and seven reporters for newspapers and short-hand writers. — Mr. Gough, the celebrated temperance lecturer, now in Europe, has received an invitation to visit Australia. A large sum, it is said, has been promised him by way of remuneration. — It is just as true as when Dr. Franklin said it, that Christians may be known in icy-going, by the ashes on the sidewalks in front of their houses. — Fourteen years ago, but a single house, and that a log cabin, stood upon what is now the site of St. Paul, Minnesota; a city that supports four daily newspapers, and where upwards of forty-three thousand passengers have been landed within a year. — What the safety-valve is to the steam engine, is the maxim, "earn before you spend," to commence life. If you "pay as you go," you will always be independent, always your own master, because never in debt.

DOOR-KNOCKERS.—There was a romance about knockers, after all, though we never found it out till they vanished and bell-pulls were substituted. A writer in the Dublin University Magazine says:—"Familiar friends were sure to be known by their knocks. Every one in the world has a peculiar, distinctive mode of performing on a door, as he has a peculiar step, or voice, or cough, or whistle; and after a little time people became acquainted with it. What was more common—I appeal to every one's experience—than to hear the remark, 'There's my husband,' or, 'There's Tom,' or 'Bill, I know his knock!' But who, pray, would venture to assert, 'Bless my heart, that's my wife come home already; that's her ring!'" Ten to one, 'twould turn out to be the landlady, or the pot-boy with the servants' porter."

STATISTICAL.—There are in Boston, 129 clergymen of various denominations; 404 counsellors at law; 226 physicians of regular standing with the faculty, besides 17 botanic physicians and 14 female. Boston supports 78 public houses or hotels, and all in all, is quite a sizable village.

A RAILROAD IN THE CRIMEA.—They are talking about building a railroad from Balaklava to the camp of the allied forces. They had better build it from the camp to Balaklava with a heavy down grade. There has been railing enough at their ill success already.

A ROTHSCHILD GONE.—The Baron Solomon de Rothschild died lately in Paris, leaving a gap in the circle of that family that can buy up antiques and princes, yet cannot bribe grim, inexorable death.

COMMERCE OF BOSTON.—According to the Custom House records, there were 3102 foreign arrivals at this port for the year 1854, being an increase of 60 over 1853. The foreign clearances last year number 3072.

Wayside Gatherings.

For the last financial year, which ended June 30, 1854, the imports of silk fabrics amounted to \$33,000,000.

The citizens of Philadelphia, in various parts of the city, have established soup houses for the relief of the destitute.

It is rumored that Governor Dorr has left a MS. autobiography, said to possess much general as well as political interest.

During the past year, the New York City Superior Court has naturalized 3145 foreigners, and the Common Pleas, 3459.

A gentleman fishing in Saugus River a few days since, pulled out three eels whose aggregate weight was eleven and a quarter pounds.

A son of Mr. James Stone, of Lynn, about nine years old, cut off the first two fingers of his right hand, recently, while playing with a hay cutter.

The Newport Mercury publishes a list of thirty-six persons who have died in that city during 1854, and whose average age was eighty-one and a half years.

The new route from California to the Salt Lake, avoiding the dangers on the Humboldt, was tried successfully by Mr. Great-house, making the trip in twenty-five days.

Madame Ida Pfeiffer has now successfully accomplished her second voyage round the world, and arrived in London, after an absence of three years and a half.

It is computed that the four works of which, for very many years, most copies have been sold, are the Bible, Shakspeare, Robinson Crusoe and Mother Goose.

The coal product of the world, in the year 1853, is estimated at 72,000,000 tons; of which amount 40,000,000 were produced by Great Britain, and 9,000,000 by the United States.

Rev. Jonathan Smith, a soldier of the revolution, one of the first to volunteer, and who served in Massachusetts and Rhode Island in the earliest struggles of the patriots, died in Hartford, on the 3d inst.

The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania recently decided, that, under the law of 1834, the legal weight of a ton in that State is 2000 pounds, and not 2240 as practised, until lately, among the coal dealers.

The total amount of shipping wrecked from the head of Lake Michigan to the foot of Lake Ontario, during the past season, is nearly as follows, viz.,—steamers, 7, large propellers 12, brigs 6, barques and schooners, 48.

Conrad Bush, of Pompey, Onondaga Co., N.Y., died at his residence lately, at the advanced age of 102. Mr. Bush served in the American army throughout the war of the revolution, and was personally acquainted with Washington.

Quite an excitement has been created at Pittsfield, by the recent discovery of silver mines in that vicinity. One of the diggings is half a mile from the mills, and is visited daily by crowds. A number of rich specimens have been produced.

Among the goods imported by the Asia to Boston, was a case of thread lace valued at \$10,500, upon which the duties amounted to \$2100. A single invoice of French goods was valued at \$33,765, and the duties paid amounted to \$8439 95.

The proprietors of the New York Journal of Commerce have reduced the size of that paper, the general dullness of business having, as they state, removed the pressure upon their advertising columns, which was occasioned by immense activity in the California and Australia trade.

It is reported that the Rev. Evan Lewis, B. A., Barton-on-Humber, one of the first mathematicians and philosophers of the age, is about completing the plan of an instrument by which any city or town may be destroyed without a nearer approach than ten miles.

Mrs. Mary Collins, residing about seven miles from Abingdon, Va., is certainly not less than one hundred and twenty years old, and is believed to be near one hundred and thirty. She yet attends to a great deal of work about the farm of her son, with whom she resides.

Thirty-six women of Otsego, in Alleghany county, Michigan, recently armed themselves with hatchets and pickaxes and marched in a body to the principal hotel and several other places where liquors were kept, broke in pieces all the decanters, demijohns and liquor barrels, and spilled their contents in the streets.

The Rockingham (Va.) Registers says: "Our old friend, Frederick Keister, of Pendleton county, has devoted much of his time to hunting in the mountains of his native country. He is now in his 88th year, and has killed during his life one thousand deer, ten elk, three hundred bears, thirty panthers and fifty-three wolves."

The Queen of Spain is about to present the Pope with a magnificent new tiara, ornamented with three crowns of brilliants, and with a great many pearls, rubies, emeralds and sapphires. The estimated value of the tiara is about 2,000,000 reals (near \$100,000), and the royal present is to be placed in a box of sculptured silver.

An article of modern warfare, known as false knuckles, has come into quite general use among the Philadelphia firemen. It is made of brass, comprising a sort of frame, in which are four holes, into which the fingers are inserted. In the clenched hand it presents a weapon calculated to deal a deadly blow when used by a powerful man.

During the last quarter of 1854, 2278 letters containing money were opened at the dead letter office. The total amount was \$13,785, about seven-eighths of which was restored to the lawful owners. More than one thousand bushels of dead letters were, on the last day of the year, conveyed to the suburbs of the city and destroyed by fire.

The French colony of Algiers, in Africa, is likely to compete with the United States in the production of fine Sea Island cotton. Two years ago 10 bags were grown, last year 140, and this year it is stated that 2000 bags will be produced. This cotton, so far, has been sent to Havre, and the prices realized were from 2s. 2. (58c.) to 4s. (\$1) per pound.

Professor Zahn, who has passed not fewer than fifteen years in investigating the ruins of Herulanum and Pompeii, is preparing for publication, at Berlin, the twenty-seventh and last part of his great work on the monuments discovered in those towns. This work is one of the most expensive ever published in Germany, each copy costing 300 thalers (\$230).

It is very seldom that the expenses of a public institution during a given time fall below the official estimates; and it is a remarkable fact that the current expenditures of the Moyamensing prison, in Philadelphia, during the last six months, have been less by more than three hundred dollars than the appropriations made, and the surplus has been returned to the city treasury.

Foreign Items.

Yang, the chief of the Chinese insurgents, has published an edict against the drinking of wine.

A man named Donald Ross, died at Nairn, Scotland, lately, at the patriarchal age of 108 years. This is the age which his friends directed to be inscribed on his coffin; but it is believed he was several years older.

The horticulturists of Paris have succeeded by artificial crossings in obtaining a natural rose of blue color which is the fourth color obtained by artificial means—that and the yellow or tea rose, the black or purple rose, are the result of skilful and scientific gardening.

The Emperor of Russia has given Mr. Webb, a New York ship-builder, an order for a first class steamship, which will probably be duplicated. Mr. Webb went out to St. Petersburg several months since, and found Nicholas was disposed to be a very liberal customer.

A young woman, the wife of a baker in London, died a short time since from a very singular cause. It seems that a lad had passed a spurious florin upon her in exchange for a loaf of bread, upon ascertaining which fact she became so excited as to bring on a fit, in which she expired.

The machines provided for the British steam fleet in the Baltic consist chiefly of four turning lathes, two planing machines, two boiler plate punching and shearing machines, four drilling and boring machines, two bolt-screwing machines, one steam hammer, one cupola, capable of executing any brass or iron casting below 30 cwt., together with every other article of minor implements.

John Ward, of Whitby Grove, Manchester (England), undertook recently, to make 2000 quill pens with a knife, in ten hours, for a wager. At the end of five hours he had succeeded in making 1129, and at the end of nine hours and a half he had made 2030, being thirty over his task, with half an hour to spare. The conditions of the match were that they should all be fit for commercial use.

Sands of Gold.

.... O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes!—*Shakspeare.*

.... Harmony and good will towards men must be the basis of every political establishment.—*Washington.*

.... Presents which our love for the donor has rendered precious are ever the most acceptable.—*Ovid.*

.... It many times falls out, that we deem ourselves much deceived in others, because we first deceived ourselves.—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

.... A great mind may change its objects, but it cannot relinquish them; it must have something to pursue; variety is its relaxation, and amusement its repose.—*Colton.*

.... No man possesses a genius so commanding that he can attain eminence, unless a subject suited to his talents should present itself, and an opportunity occur for their development.—*Pliny.*

.... Busy not yourself in looking forward to the events of tomorrow; but whatever may be those of the days Providence may yet assign you, neglect not to turn them to advantage.—*Horace.*

.... What is the sole and universal measure of things? God—who is always equal and like himself; who weighs and measures everything, and sustains all nature in a just equipoise.—*St. Clement.*

.... The cause of virtue and liberty is confined to no continent or climate. It comprehends, within its capacious limits, the wise and good, however dispersed and separated in space and distance.—*Washington.*

.... Contentment produces, in some measure, all those effects which the alchemist usually ascribes to what he calls the philosopher's stone; and if it does not bring riches, it does the same thing by banishing the desire for them.—*Addison.*

.... Where men are the most sure and arrogant, they are commonly the most mistaken, and have there given reins to passion, without that proper deliberation and suspense, which can alone secure them from the grossest absurdities.—*Hume.*

Joker's Budget.

He who pays more attention to his hat than his head, shows which is most prized.

The New York Express calls the modern theory of spiritualism, "table-legs theology."

"Poh! poh!" said a wife to her expiring husband, as he strove to utter a few parting words; "don't stop to talk, but go on with your dying."

Officer—"Didn't you guarantee, sir, that the horse wouldn't shy before the fire of an enemy?" Horse-dealer—"No more he wont; 'tisn't till after the fire that he shies."

The Post inclines to the opinion that the Gallipagos island, when they are annexed, will be delightful residences for aldermen, for turtles are the principal articles of food, and grow to an enormous size.

"How are ye, Smith?" says Jones. Smith pretended not to know him, and answered hesitatingly: "Sir, you have the advantage of me." "Yes, I suppose so; everybody has that's got common sense."

In Koel Dha's Welsh Laws for minstrels, he lays down that a bard, receiving a favor from a king, shall give him an ode, in return; if from a chief or nobleman, three lyrics; if from a vassal, he must sing the latter to sleep!

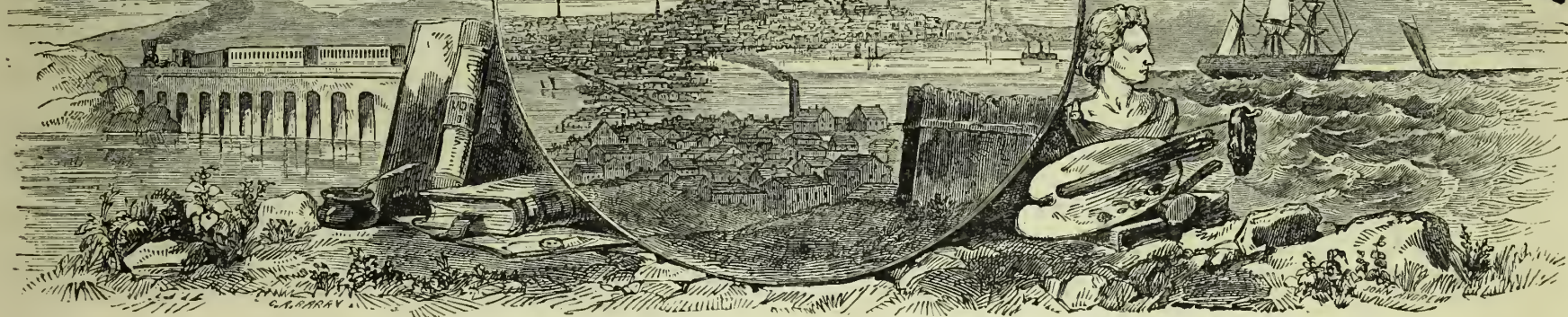
The editor of an Eastern paper (says the Cincinnati Advertiser) expresses great indignation at the manner in which a woman was buried who committed suicide. He says: "She was buried like a dog with her clothes on."

A certain Irish attorney threatened to prosecute a Dublin printer for inserting the death of a living person. The menace concluded with the remark, that "no printer should publish a death unless informed of the fact by the party deceased."

"In Cork," said O'Connell, "I remember a supernumerary crier, who had been put in the place of an invalid, trying to disperse the crowd by exclaiming, with a stentorian voice—'All you blackguards that isn't lawyers, have the presence of the court entirely, or I'll make ye, by the powers.'"



BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT
AND BROMFIELD STS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1855.

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FEBRUARY.

The last month of winter, and often the hardest of all—for the old gentleman is very apt to die game. He cannot make up his mind to make his exit quietly and smilingly, like a "well-graced actor," but he must die all over the stage, like a half-price Richard, expiring finally with a succession of spasmodic kicks and jerks, and covering himself all over with glory. Sometimes, for two whole months, he is as pleasant and well-behaved an old fellow as one could possibly desire—his air "frosty but kindly," his smiles positively bewitching. All of a sudden, without any warning, he flies into a terrible tantrum, blusters, rages, fumes, frets, tears and "breaks things." This year he was quite civil to us. He came in one of his most amiable moods—his manner was genial—he

deferred his annual task of cropping the flowers till the very latest moment—his breath was not cold enough to curdle the streamlets that danced in the sun as merrily as if brown Autumn or bright Summer walked beside them. All of a sudden he had one of his blackest fits of passion. The winds were piped up, the snow came down, there was a general commotion of the elements, and thoughts of peace were whistled down by the wind. To speak in a less figurative strain, it is idle to think of going through the year, in a northern latitude, without having a stern touch of winter—such a visitation as makes the face and fingers tingle, and furs and blankets feel like gossamer. But in the "eager and nipping air" of a February day we have this consolation, that it cannot last a great while. We can turn it to account too; we can fill our icehouses

from the solid ponds, over whose surface the graceful skaters sweep like swallows. Whoever wishes to measure the enjoyability of a right winter day, has only to drive to Jamaica Pond, and see the fair skaters and their cavaliers upon the ice. No polka, waltz, redowa or minuet de la cour was ever danced with the grace that inspires and characterizes their movements. February affords our last chance for sleighing, and thousands eagerly avail themselves of the opportunity. The original design below gives the very spirit of a February day. Observe the sky, with its nicely graduated shading—the skeleton trees, that stand up against it, and the spirited action of the animal in the foreground. It scarcely wants color, so much of art is thrown into the delineation. It is a faithful remembrance of the winter.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

STEEL AND GOLD:

—OR—

THE HEIR OF GLENVILLE.

A DOMESTIC TALE OF REVOLUTIONARY DAYS.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER IX.—[CONTINUED.]

"You have served me well, and I have paid you well," said the baronet.

"I find no fault, my generous patron. But tell me, are you for a walk this evening?"

"What! leave this warm fire on such a hyperborean night as this?" said the colonel, stretching his limbs luxuriously. "*Pas si bete, mon cher.*"

"Then I must tear myself away from your fascinating society, my dear Sir Ashley," said Bolton, rising. "Your Pythias has a long walk to take—even as far as the Neck. But pray don't sit up for my return. Only tell John to see that there is a fire kept up here and in my room. I'm grown so luxurious since your bounty withdrew me from those horrid barracks. And I prithee, Sir Ashley, let a fresh bottle be set out, and a devilled kidney. I shall come back with the appetite of a wolf. Good night."

"How long is this to last?" groaned the colonel, when he was left alone. "How long will this devil be yoked to me? If my resolution had not ebbed away long ago, one of us should have taken final leave of the other."

Meanwhile the elegant Paul had descended to Tremont Street, well defended by a furred cloak against the inclemency of the weather. With what contemptuous arrogance he took the wall of a file of soldiers who were marching to their post to mount guard, with their freezing fingers scarcely able to grasp the butts of their muskets!

He culled at Lady O'Halloran's door, and, on giving his name, was shown into her boudoir.

"Well, Mr. Bolton?" was her salutation.

"Well, my lady," said the adventurer, throwing himself into a chair, after having laid aside his cloak and hat, "I have just come from the confessional."

"To whom have you been confessing?" asked the lady.

"I have been a listener, not a penitent, my lady."

"And whose sins were poured into your ear?"

"The tender errors of your friend, Sir Ashley Glenville."

"Ah! and is he penitent for the past? He charged you to come to me with his regrets."

"He did not even know that I intended making a call on you."

The lady bit her lip.

"You are very mutualizing."

"I did not intend to be so, my lady. Suffice it to say that Sir Ashley is desperately in love, that is, if love be the proper epithet for his sentiment."

"With that girl?"

"Yes, my lady."

"She must be got out of the way."

"Pardon me; she detests our gallant colonel."

"How do you know that?"

"He confessed it."

"And he gives up the pursuit?"

"Far from it; he is more tenacious than ever. But it is my opinion that he will soon abandon the chase, and return to his first love."

"If he do not," said the lady, "his fate is sealed. The blow I intended for him has only been delayed—so you tell me is your vengeance. O dared I confess all that I have done to liberate my hand," she paused shudderingly, and veiled her face with her hands.

Bolton eyed her keenly, but was silent. When she looked up again, his eyes were averted.

A miniature case was lying on the table.

"Will you permit me?" said Bolton, laying his hand upon it.

"Certainly," said the lady. "It was painted many years ago."

"Ah, in happier days," said Bolton.

"My days have ever been days of sorrow," said the lady. "I can scarce recall the time when I was really happy."

Bolton glanced at the miniature. "I can scarcely credit," said he, "that this is not the work of yesterday. There is a spell in the highest rank of beauty that Time dares not injure."

"Take it," said the lady. "Sir Ashley may chance to see it in your hands; it may recall earlier feelings."

"Believe me," said the visitor, "I will make good use of it. And now, I will bid you good evening, my lady, for I have yet another call to make."

"Au revoir, Mr. Bolton."

"She has told me but half her story," thought the adventurer; "but she knows only half of mine—enough, however, to make her trust me as far as I require confidence. This fortune-teller, I will secure him without committing myself too far. I must weave my net-work firmly, so that, should Sir Ashley play me false, there may be other agencies at work to seal his ruin, even if I do not live to accomplish it."

Bolton's second visit was to the fortune-teller in Orange Street. He had to wait some time before he was admitted to his presence, and then he found him, surrounded by the paraphernalia of his calling, and attired in the same garb we have described him

as wearing on a former occasion. His manner, however, was noticeable for a diminution of dignity, though he still employed an Oriental style of phraseology, which had probably become second nature from long practice.

"You are welcome," he said to his visitor, as he motioned him to be seated. "Your star is still in the ascendant. Fortune has wrought marvellous changes in your condition since we first met. Still the malign influence has not perished. Your footsteps must continue to be wary lest you fall. Have you seen Lady O'Halloran, lately?"

"I left her house this moment. You wished her portrait, here it is."

"I thank you," said the fortune-teller. "She knows not the object for which you destined it?"

"No; she thought I wanted it for myself."

"This will serve my purpose almost as well as her presence. You think you can induce her to visit me when I give you notice that I am prepared?"

"Without a doubt. I have only to inflame her woman's curiosity."

"And Sir Ashley Glenville?"

"He will come if I request him to do so. One word more before we part. It is known that the last husband of Lady O'Halloran was an Irish viscount, and that he died suddenly, of apoplexy. To-night, these words dropped unconsciously from her lips, when speaking of her love for Sir Ashley Glenville: 'Dared I confess all that I have done to liberate my hand? If you had seen her look of terror and remorse as she uttered them, you would have attached some importance to the exclamation.'"

"I do! I do!" cried the astrologer. "It gives me a clue to something that was dark before. Now leave me! I have that to do which will occupy me till day-dawn."

Bolton obeyed the request, not sorry to return to the comforts which awaited him at Glenville's quarters.

"O, could I indeed read the stars!" said the fortune-teller, when he was left alone. "How gladly would I lay down my life for the power to unravel this dark web of crime! But patience, patience. There is a power above that metes out justice in its own good time!"

CHAPTER X.

OLD FACES AND A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

JANUARY was wearing away fast, the usual thaw had been succeeded by a sharp frost and a fall of snow, when, one fine afternoon, a country sleigh, drawn by a spirited horse, passed over the Neck on the way to town. The driver was a black of the deepest dye, dressed in a buffalo coat, and wearing a rabbit-skin cap, while a pair of comfortable mittens protected his hands from the cold. This sable personage was our old friend, Julius Caesar.

Behind him, well wrapped up in furs, sat a young man and a young woman. The former was Stanley—the latter a certain Miss Lucy Maywood, the daughter of Deacon Zephaniah Maywood of Lexington, to whom he was believed to be paying his addresses. He always sat by her at singing-school, and invariably, upon Sunday evenings, about half an hour after supper-time, the young fellow might be seen entering the deacon's house, not by the front door, which was never used, but by the familiar side door in the L. Those acquainted with his habits said that he was cordially welcomed by the old folks; that, after chatting awhile with Mrs. Maywood, he would enter into conversation with the deacon, who was very fond of recounting his exploits in the old French war, winding up with the attack on Louisburg, like a popular melo-drama. The fall of Louisburg was the cue for the introduction of nuts, apples and cider, followed by pipe and politics. When the news of the preceding week had been fairly exhausted, Mrs. Maywood generally made a move bedward, and then the deacon, who complained of the "rheumatiz in his joints," weighed anchor, a pretty slow operation, and conveyed by his partner, retired for the night. It was often quite late after the departure of the old folks that Stanley took his leave, and it was observed by those of his young neighbors who encountered him when he went home, that he was always on those occasions in particularly good spirits. He was so now, and none who gazed at his companion could be at a loss for the cause.

Lucy Maywood was about nineteen. Her ruddy complexion and sparkling blue eyes betokened the highest health. Few town ladies had such rosy lips and such pearly teeth. Her soft brown hair, untortured and undisguised by art, was suffered to cluster in rich curls on her fair neck. Her hood and cloak were of domestic manufacture, yet everything she wore seemed to derive a grace and harmony from her person. More than one young officer turned, as the sleigh passed, to glance back on the vision of beauty.

"Dis 'ere colt holds out wonderful, Massa Stanley," said the black. "If I was to let him out now he'd fly away with us. Reckon er deacon sets him pretty high, Miss Lucy?"

"I believe he does, Caesar," said the young lady. "Have you any thoughts of buying him?"

"Me! Golly, no, miss. 'Twould take more'n I could save in ten years, I spect. But I was t'inkin' it wouldn't be a bad 'peculation to sell him to one of the British ossifers."

"What!" exclaimed Stanley, "would you sell so fine an animal to one of the enemies of your country?"

"Yes, I would, Massa 'Tanley," replied the negro, "'wided I could git free times his worth; 'cause I'd be pretty sartin he'd break his neck in free days. Yah! yah! dese British ossifers don't know how to handle Yankee hosses. Dey 'tend to know a great deal more dan dey do, dat's a fact. You 'member dat

old black hoss my friend Sambo used to drive in his sand-cart, eh, Mass' 'Tanley?"

"I think I do, Caesar."

"Well, sir, wat you tink he tuffed him off on a hornet of dragoons for?"

"Five pounds, perhaps," said Stanley.

"No, massa; forty guineas! Tink ob dat. Wy, de hannibal was chest-foundered, an' 'pavined, an' sand-cracked, an' had de heaves. He wasn't worth forty shillings. But Gumbo fixed him somehow, and put him off on de red-coat. Las' time I see him, he was on de lead ob a baggage wagon, goin' on two legs and a half. Yah! yah! Woa, Robin."

They had reached Mrs. Williams's house in Hanover Street.

"I'll go on with you, Lucy, for a minute," said Stanley, "and then I must leave you, for Caesar and I have got some shopping to do."

"You men folks go a shopping!" said Lucy, as she stepped out of the sleigh.

"Yes, Miss Lucy," said the black, who never allowed his tongue to rest. "Mass' 'Tanley and I wants to keep up wid de fashion. Perhaps we'll be wanting to gih balls one ob dese days, eh, Mass' 'Tanley? Den our hands aint dressed 'cordin' to fashion; must hty a leetle powder, eh? Yah! yah!"

"Hush!" said Stanley. "That waggish tongue of yours will get us into trouble one of these days, if you don't look out."

He passed into the house with Lucy, leaving the black to beat his arms and stamp his feet in the most approved fashion of congealing Jehus.

"Mrs. Williams, Miss Eleanor," said Stanley, as he entered the widow's sitting-room, "this is Miss Lucy Maywood, one of our neighbors."

"I am very glad to see you, my dear," said the widow. "Mrs. Stanley has often spoken of you."

"And Henry too," said Eleanor, as she assisted the blushing girl in removing her outer garments.

"Now sit down and warm yourself, Mr. Stanley," said the widow; "I'm sure you must be very cold."

"I'm obliged to you, madam; but I haven't one moment to spare. Good afternoon, Miss Eleanor. Lucy, I leave you in good hands, and don't worry if I shouldn't return till late. There's a full moon to-night." And with these words he disappeared, and a jingle of bells announced his departure in the sleigh.

The young women got acquainted immediately. Nearly of an age, with the same ingenuous and frank natures, no wonder that they were soon on good terms.

The widow, sitting apart, watched them with melancholy interest. They were both beautiful, but her daughter entirely eclipsed the other in the intellectual character of her beauty. Both seemed formed for happiness; yet, while the future of one was pleasant and assured, Eleanor seemed doomed to a life of toil, sorrow and isolation. Her feelings became at last too painful for concealment, and making an excuse of domestic duties, she left the room.

"Dear Miss Williams," said the rustic beauty, "I want to ask you one question."

"As many as you like," said Eleanor, smiling.

"Well, then—don't laugh at me; but did you ever have your fortune told?"

"Never," said Eleanor. "I can read my horoscope myself."

"What!" cried the girl; "can you calculate nativities and tell fortunes by the hand or cards?"

"O, no," said Eleanor; "but I know very well what life I am to lead, without troubling the stars or cards."

"But you don't think it wicked to go to them that do?"

"O no, my dear; it is simply foolish. The whole pretended art is an imposture."

"I don't know about that," said Lucy, mysteriously. "I've heard such strange things about these fortune-tellers; you can't think."

"All delusions, my dear. But what put fortune-tellers in your head to-night?"

"Why, I've heard ever so much about a fortune-teller that lives here in Boston, at the South End. I've got one of his cards, and I should so like to hear what he says! Why, my dear Miss Williams, they do say he knows everything about everybody in the world, and can tell you who you'll marry and when you'll marry."

"I should imagine you wouldn't find it necessary to consult him about the most important event of your life. You know whom you are to marry, I fancy; and as to the time, of course you will name the happy day yourself."

"O, dear! I can't tell anything about it," answered Lucy, blushing. "Henry don't talk near so much about such things as he used to. He talks much more with father than he does with me. And all this talk is of guns, and powder, and minute-men, and fighting. And O, I'm afraid something dreadful will happen before long."

"I am afraid, my dear," said Eleanor, shaking her head, "that this fortune-teller can tell you very little about coming events of a public nature. I am told that the wisest heads, both provincial and British, are at loss here. Some think there will be great troubles—others that peace and quiet will soon be established."

"Well, Miss Eleanor, I don't know; but I should so like to go to this fortune-teller. I didn't dare to say anything to Henry about it, for he's something like you; he reads heaps of books and papers; and I know he would only laugh at me. But I'm sure you won't. O, dear Miss Eleanor, if you'll only be so kind and good as to go with me, I shall never forget it."

"It is getting dark," said Eleanor, somewhat anxiously, "and I have reasons for not wishing to be out after candle-light. Still, with you, perhaps;—well, my dear, I'll go."

"O, thank you, thank you! you dear, kind creature!" cried Lucy, jumping up and clapping her hands with childish glee. "Let's start right away."

While the country girl was putting on her hood, cloak and moccasins, Eleanor left the room, and soon returned, dressed for a walk, with a veil drawn over her face. She told her mother she should be back in a short time.

The two young girls walked briskly through the streets, without meeting with any adventure, and found the fortune-teller's house without much trouble. The old woman who kept it admitted them, and they were shown into the mystic chamber of the seer. Lucy gazed on the symbols and paraphernalia of the room, her large blue eyes wide open with astonishment, a not unpleasant sensation taking possession of her soul. The girls had agreed that they would not give their names, and would refuse them, even if asked for them.

"Fair maidens," said the fortune-teller, in his pretentious, professional style, "the seer awaits your bidding. What would you of the reader of the stars?"

"O, dear!" whispered Lucy, "I'm so frightened and fluttered, I declare I've lost the use of my tongue."

"Fear nothing," said the fortune-teller, whose keen eyes had taken cognizance of her emotion. "No harm can come to the good and pure of heart, who, with no evil intent, consult the oracles of fate. Come hither."

The country maid plucked up courage and approached the table. "I suppose you want to see my hand, don't you?" she said, hesitatingly.

"Ay," said the sage; "give me your hand." And he affected to study it for a few moments.

"You love," he said, at length. "He whom you love is worthy of you."

"That's as true as gospel!" thought Lucy. "What a wonderful man!"

"You are neighbors, Lucy," continued the sage. "You and Henry were brought up together. No dark shadow has as yet crossed your path—none will. The wedding-ring will grace that slender finger, be sure of it—and that while still the bloom of youth is on your cheek and his—ere a line be drawn upon that lovely face or a silver hair woven in those shining tresses. But between the plighting and the bridal there rises a cloud. It is rent by fiery flashes—it is lighted up by the gleaming of steel. Fear not; the cloud will pass away, and sunshine, bright and unshaded, pour forth upon your path of life. Are you satisfied?"

"Perfectly," answered Lucy, laying down a coin, and retiring from the table.

"You have a companion," said the seer. "Will not she too listen to the oracles of Fate?"

"My fortune is already told," said Eleanor, sadly. "Come, Lucy, let us go."

"Your voice is gentle and sweet, lady—the pleasant voice of youth. Strange that its music is so sad. Come hither; my heart is strangely stirred at those tones. If you have nothing to ask of me, I have yet a boon to crave of you."

The language and manner of the fortune-teller were so respectful, that Eleanor did not hesitate to approach him. She even gave him her hand, and begged him to consult it.

"'Tis a fair hand," said the sage; "and if," he added in a tone intended for her ear alone, "there be aught in this so-called science of palmistry, the lines betoken a happy future. I am sure, if an old man's prayers can avail aught, you will be happy. And now for my request: will you not remove that veil?"

Without hesitation, Eleanor removed the veil that concealed her fine features. It seemed as if the astrologer had not been prepared for the dazzling display of loveliness that burst upon his vision, or that he was extremely susceptible to impressions from female beauty. He appeared troubled, his lips moved, but his words were so inarticulate Eleanor could hardly catch their import.

"Yes, she is beautiful indeed. I never saw but one face so lovely—and this reminds me of it. Strange illusions! how they spring up in our pathway, to bewilder and dazzle us! Is it not that the eye, filled with one image, imparts its features to every face we gaze upon? Fair maiden, my art is here at fault. I feel that the sadness impressed upon those features will pass away like the breath that dims a mirror; but I see darkly. You must aid me. The master must become the pupil. I would crave your name."

"It is unnecessary to give it you, sir," answered Eleanor, with reserve. "I did not come to you to have my fortune told, and we part as we met—strangers."

"True, true," said the astrologer; "there are no ties of affection or blood between us, and can never be. Bright faces come and go; fair forms appear and vanish in my dark chamber—that is not darker than the chambers of my heart. The pleasant smile is not for me; the warm hands I press feel no thrill passing from my pulses to theirs. They go from before me, and leave me a solitary old man. The darkest fortunes that I prophesy are not as dark as my own. Good night, fair maiden. An old man's blessing never harmed—and you have mine. May it be of good omen. Farewell!"

He extended his trembling hand in benediction. Eleanor was much surprised and affected at the earnestness of his manner. She silently inclined her head, and withdrew with her companion.

"Yes, I am half mad!" said the fortune-teller, rising and pacing the room, when his visitors had retired; "my reason is deserting me; my fancy is continually playing me tricks. What wonder that the bow, forever stretched to its utmost tension, should at last lose its elasticity! But these visions are growing too frequent not to be alarming. A tone, a smile, a look, carry me back to the past—wile me quite away from the present. That girl's

features—her thrilling voice—a slight resemblance, perhaps, called up one whom misery has long since consigned to the grave. For the moment I was transported out of myself. I was young once more, and full of hope—life's currents racing madly through my veins, the future a fairy land, with every path strewn with flowers. O, dreaming youth! how soon and sad is your awaking. But the hour of dreams is past. Action! action! that is what I crave for. What though my own cup of bliss is dashed to the earth and shivered? I can yet do good to others; I can yet win a name, too, that will extort admiration and respect, even if I cannot carve out a fortune. How long must I play this mummer's part? I sicken of the calling. I am tired of disguise. O, that the hour were come to strike the blow! But patience, patience; we must watch and wait. The hour will surely come at last; and then, be it sooner or later, I am ready!"

CHAPTER XL

AN UNWELCOME SUITOR, AND A FRIEND IN NEED.

NIGHT had closed in before Eleanor and her companion reached the fortune-teller's, and it was quite dark, the moon not rising till late, when they left his house on their return. They hurried along therefore, well knowing that the widow waited supper for them. Lucy anticipated no adventure, but Eleanor, who had her own reasons for anxiety, urged the speed of her companion, and chided the slightest delay. They were passing along Common Street, when they encountered a British officer coming from the opposite direction. They moved to the right, in order to pass him, but he stepped to the left; when they changed their course, he still confronted them. Lucy was beginning to laugh, for she thought it one of those accidental obstructions by which persons wishing to pass each other, contrive sometimes, in their confusion, to baffle each other and defeat their object; but she was undeceived when the officer, raising his laced hat, saluted her companion.

"Fair Eleanor," said he, "whither away so fast?"

"I am going home, Sir Ashley; my mother is waiting for me."

"But you can surely vouchsafe a word to your humble admirer."

Eleanor looked him full in the face. The indignant answer that rose to her lips died away unuttered. Turning to her companion, she whispered:

"Lucy, you had better go home without me. Tell mother that I shall be delayed for a little while, and not to wait supper for me. You needn't say I addressed this gentleman as Sir Ashley; the name has a strange effect upon my mother. Simply say that I am detained by a little business. I will explain everything to you by-and-by."

Lucy nodded, and hastened away towards Hanover Street.

"Now, Sir Ashley, I will devote a moment to you, if you will turn and walk on with me. The interview must be brief and final. Why do you continue to persecute me thus?"

"Because I love you, Miss Williams."

"I told you that I could not reciprocate your sentiments, sir. I have told you that I felt offended at the manner in which you addressed me. I am not used to these clandestine proceedings, nor will I be waylaid in the street."

"By heavens! you shall hear me, cruel girl," said the baronet. "Since I have seen you I have known no peace. Your image has haunted me day and night. I feel that you are necessary to my happiness."

"I regret it most sincerely, then," said Eleanor, gravely. "I have no heart to bestow on you. Were it otherwise, we are entirely unsuited to each other. Our stations are different, our tastes, our feelings. Believe me, Sir Ashley, it is imperative that you abandon all hope. Nothing can change my fixed determination. It was to reiterate my rejection of your suit alone that I made up my mind to remain and speak with you."

"But when I tell you that I now offer you my hand and fortune!" exclaimed Sir Ashley.

The blood instantly mounted to Eleanor's cheeks and temples. Then the fever flush as instantly subsided, and left her face pallid as marble, though the dark eyes flashed indignant light.

"You now offer your hand and fortune! Am I to understand you as making that offer for the first time?"

"My pride is subdued, Eleanor. I am willing to make you my wife."

"Good God! And was it with other views you sought me out? me, a poor, friendless girl! And you call this love! Sir Ashley Glenville, before this, I rejected your addresses, calmly and dispassionately; I now repel them with scorn. Never dare speak to me again, or I shall find friends to take my part and chastise you as you deserve."

"You shall not escape me thus!" cried Sir Ashley, seizing her hand; "you shall hear me."

"Unhand me!" cried the indignant girl, "or I will call aloud for help."

"No one will hear you but British officers."

"There may be some gentleman, even among them," retorted Eleanor. "Unhand me, I say."

"Nay, you shall hear me out," replied the baronet, with an oath.

"Let go the lady, villain!" cried a young man, wrapped in a cloak, suddenly appearing.

"Who are you, sirrah?" exclaimed the baronet. "I don't have the pleasure of knowing you."

"But I have the satisfaction of knowing you," retorted the stranger.

"By what right do you interfere in my affairs?"

"By the best right in the world, sir. This young lady is my sister."

The baronet recoiled, while the stranger made a sign to the

young lady, who was no less surprised, not to contradict his assertion.

"I was not aware—" stammered the baronet.

"That she had a friend, and so took advantage of my sister's helplessness to persecute her. You are a brave gentleman, Sir Ashley Glenville."

"The insult I offered to your sister, sir," said the baronet, "was a tender of my hand and fortune."

"I know not what answer she made," replied the stranger; "I presume from her manner it was a negative. Permit me to say that I most respectfully decline the honor of your alliance. Now go your ways, gallant colonel, and trouble us no more."

"Perhaps you will hear from me again, insolent stripling," said the baronet, drawing his cloak around him.

"I am ready to meet you on any except friendly terms," retorted the youth. "Good night, Sir Ashley Glenville."

The baffled baronet turned on his heel and strode away, in a state of mind very different from his usually frigid temper.

"And now, fair maiden," said the stranger, offering his arm, "allow me to escort you as far as your home."

"I know not to whom I am indebted for this interference, nor why you claimed a relationship which does not exist," answered Eleanor, shrinking back; "and I much prefer to go home alone."

"Fear nothing," said the stranger, drawing nearer to the young lady. "I seek not to harm you. I claimed to be your brother as the nearest way to intimidate your persecutor. It is a feminine stratagem—the prompting of a moment—that occurred to a woman like yourself."

"A woman!" cried Eleanor.

"Yes," said the unknown; "and were yonder rising moon but higher in the heavens, the light would confirm my confession, and reveal my sex, in spite of this masquerading garb."

Eleanor no longer hesitated to accept the proffered arm of the stranger, and they walked along together in a northerly direction, Miss Williams so much engaged in listening to, and observing, her companion, that she did not know that two persons who passed them, scrutinized them closely, and that one of them uttered an exclamation on beholding her.

When the two women had reached the door of a house in Tremont Street, Eleanor's escort paused and said:

"I live here. If you can bestow a few moments of your time on me, I should be very glad to have a little conversation with you. Fear nothing."

Eleanor hesitated for a moment, and then, rather, we fear, to indulge the promptings of curiosity than from any more laudable motive, consented.

The stranger produced a key and unlocked the door, then, entering the house, she took her companion by the hand, and hurrying her up a broad staircase, led her into a small and exquisitely furnished apartment on the second floor. Rich draperies fell before the windows, and a marble Venus, standing in the corner, was bathed in the soft flood of light that fell from a chandelier filled with wax tapers. Here, dropping her cloak upon the floor, tossing aside her laced hat and shaking down her glossy curls upon her neck, stood revealed, as bewitchingly beautiful in her rich male costume as in the garb of her sex, the Lady O'Halloran.

"Do you recognize me now, girl?" she asked.

"You are a woman, I see," said Eleanor, "but still a stranger."

"What! have you never heard of Lady O'Halloran?"

"O, yes, indeed! and have often wished to see her."

"Why so?" asked the lady, quickly.

"They said she was so beautiful."

"And now that you have seen me, child—for I am the Lady O'Halloran of whom you have heard—what do you think of me?"

"That your beauty exceeds my expectations, madam."

"I am not really hideous, then," said the lady, casting a gratified glance at the reflection of her fine person in the Venetian mirror. "Yet I have been rejected, girl; ay, rejected by one I wooed as fiercely as you were wooed to-night."

Eleanor was silent. Beautiful as was the woman before her, there was something so unfeminine, so unhallowed, in the expression of her face, that her warm sympathies were chilled in her.

"Sit down!" said the lady imperiously, throwing herself into a chair. Eleanor timidly obeyed.

"Breathe not a word of what I say to you to-night. Better were it that you had never been born, if you betray the confidence I am impelled to repose in you."

"I do not seek to penetrate your secrets, lady," said Eleanor, gently; "I would prefer to respect them, and thanking you for the protection you have afforded me this evening, bid you good night."

"But I tell you that you must and shall hear me," said the lady. "Circumstances have in some sort interwoven our destinies. The man I love is the same who persecutes you with his addresses."

"Sir Ashley Glenville?"

"The same. I tell you, girl, that he belongs to me; ay, body and soul. Now answer me truly. Have you been playing the coquette with him—or are you in reality insensible?"

"I do not love him, madam," answered Eleanor, simply.

"It is well. He only marked you for his victim. You would soon have been cast aside like a withered flower."

"But to-night," said Eleanor, "he offered me, as he avowed to you, his hand and fortune."

"Did he? dared he?" cried the lady, passionately. "True I heard it from his traitor lips; but I thought it a false profession to avert the anger of a brother. Can he have preferred you to me? You will make me hate you. Yet let the world judge us together. Paris would have given the apple to me. But you have youth and owe nothing to art, while he knows that I and

time are old friends. But he distinctly offered you his hand?"

"He did, madam."

"And I live to hear it!" cried the lady; "and O, shame on me, I love him still. But," she added, "he only fancies himself in love with you. I am sure he loves me; he cannot do otherwise; but he fears my imperious nature—fears a soul with more true masculine spirit than his own."

She rose and paced the apartment for some moments, apparently a prey to violent agitation. At last she reached a calmer mood, and resuming a seat beside Eleanor, said:

"Had I found you a less ingenuous person, or a rival, I should have been a dangerous enemy. It is in my power to befriend you. You are alone and friendless, are you not?"

"My mother and I lead quite a solitary life here."

"Consequently the persecutions of so powerful a person as Sir Ashley Glenville may well cause you anxiety."

"After the decisive answer I gave him to-night, he cannot surely presume to annoy me further."

Lady O'Halloran shook her head.

"How little you know of the dark side of human nature, my poor child. But at all hazards you are anxious to rid yourself of the importunities of this person?"

"At all hazards."

"You may be surprised," said the lady, after a brief pause, "to hear me say that perhaps the best way of baffling the baronet is to assume a less decisive attitude towards him."

"I should be sorry to think so, madam, because deception is utterly repugnant to my nature and my principles."

"There may be occasions when it is necessary to sacrifice scruples. I say," continued the lady, "a contingency may arise

SCENES IN THE INTERIOR OF CAIRO.

The bark which conveys the traveller from Alexandria to Cairo usually stops at the little port of Shoubrah, a villa of the pacha, surrounded by gardens full of roses, cedar and orange trees. This pleasure-house is connected with the city by an immense avenue of acacias and carob trees, whose monstrous trunks, low branches, twisted like serpents, and tufted and metallic leaves, form an arch impenetrable to the burning rays of the Egyptian sun. On beholding for the first time, through the black frame-work of these trees, the city and country of Cairo, sparkling with light and color to a degree that painting cannot imitate, the traveller from other lands is filled with inexpressible joy, if there be aught of the poet in his nature; it seems as if he had discovered and was entering into his true country; he knows it by instinct, and by confused recollections, as it were, of another life. After a long residence in Egypt, this impression only grows upon him, and he can scarcely quit without regret, and many lingering glances, the land of light and romance. On entering the city by the Esbekieh gate, in the midst of camels with wild cries, women with black veils, wrapped in the blue yalek, and carrying their naked and bronzed children astride upon their shoulders, you are particularly struck with the originality of the white houses striped with red, with their *moycharabieh*, a sort of cage of cedar or cypress wood, pierced like lace-work, which supplies the place of windows, their object being to admit the passage of air without the sun's rays, and to conceal the mysterious oriental interior from prying eyes. The farther you advance, the more is your attention engrossed by the curious spectacle of the motley crowd, moving about on foot, or mounted on horses, asses or dromedaries, in the picturesque and sometimes magnificent

cures he if he crushes a few Fellahs? he will always have enough of them, and he cannot stop for a trifle. The people, so strongly characterized, presenting types tinged with all the shades of all degrees of latitude, some white and pale, and others coffee and chocolate colored, some reddish black, others blue-black, offer fine studies for an artist. But it would require a master hand to depict the Egyptian Antinuses, with their features and forms purer than the most perfect models of Greek art; their admirable feet and hands, their eyes so large and sad, their noses and lips so proud and delicate, their intelligent brows, their black and silken hair and their smooth skins, tinged like a Florentine bronze. How much might be made out of the Berber race, taller yet more slender, with features too small perhaps, but of a sweet and charming expression, entirely unknown in our cold climates! To speak the truth, these races require their burning sun; without it, their skins become rough, tarnish, and even change color. After some months of exposure, the darkest negro reddens and fades, more, perhaps, than a white. On first reaching Africa, all these types seem alike; but after a while the eye becomes instructed, loses its prejudice of castes, so to say, and discovers the infinite shades and beauties of these types which differ so much from ours. Nothing is so magical as this variety, this aspect of streets so numerous, that, to become acquainted with them and to find your way in this labyrinth of streets, requires four or five months of continual out-door life. After Venice it is the most labyrinthine city in existence. The streets, so tortuous and so narrow that you can often touch both walls with your two elbows, this mass of buildings with terraced roofs, above which springs an innumerable quantity of domes and minarets, offer no particular point to guide the traveller, and it is only by the walls and



LAKE NEAR ROSETTA—CAIRO.

in which it may be necessary to show a little less rigor to this person. It will only be a momentary occasion, believe me. My brain is now in such a whirl, my passions in such a state of excitement, that I cannot plan calmly and judiciously. Yet I have a glimpse of a scheme that may relieve you effectually, and decide the long struggle at once. I cannot long endure the life I lead; it is wearing out brain and heart both. I must end with triumph or—vengeance."

"Lady," said Eleanor, as she rose to leave, "I have been taught to forgive and forget; the word vengeance jars sadly on my ear from the lips of a woman."

"If I had had such a sister as you," said the lady, throwing her arm round the waist of the innocent girl, and pressing her lips to her reluctant forehead, "I might have been a different being. But alas! I never knew a mother's or a sister's love. Orphanage, a false system of education, fierce passions, crushed whatever germs of good there may have been born with me."

"Is it too late to develop them?" asked Eleanor, timidly, shrinking away from the arms of her companion.

"Yes, it is too late, my little monitor," said Lady O'Halloran, decisively. "The die is cast. All the waves of Lethé cannot wash out the record of the past. But I am not going to burthen you with the story of my former life. Let what I have already told and hinted suffice you, as I know it will. You must let me see you again. I will contrive opportunities of meeting, for we are quite necessary to each other for a time at least. Good night. Will you need the protection of my masculine attire to your door?"

"No, madam; it is but a step licence. Good night."

A rapid pace soon brought Eleanor to her mother's house. She was destined to meet an unexpected guest there.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

labyrinth of Cairo. A bluish twilight, an ambient vapor and radiated by the sun, like a light in obscurity, envelops and relieves in spots the brilliant costumes of all these natives of Africa, Europe and Asia. Here are Fellahs, the true Egyptians; Copts, Egyptians also, but who have remained Christians since the coming of our Saviour; negroes, who have come down the Blue or the White Nile; Arabs from Hedjaz, or the oasis of Ammon; Mamelukes; Meccois, with their red head-dresses, striped with bright yellow, like the mummies of the tombs; Nubians, rolled up in a vast covering of yellowish white, and draped like the Egyptians for four thousand years; black Gallas and Caffres, inhabitants of Sennaar, Darfoor, Dongola and Cordofan; Syrians, their shoulders covered with their white or black abai, shot with threads of gold and purple, or striped with large bands of different colors; then Abyssinians, Caucasians, Berbers, Algerines, Moroccans, Turks, Indians, Jews, Persians, Armenians, Greeks and Franks, all of different races, colors and costumes. Look at this *effendi*, this lord who is passing on a white ass of Abyssinia; he is painfully followed by four or five young girls, poorly covered by ash-colored garments, which reveal their strictly antique forms. By the glass bracelets on their arms and legs, by their bronze complexions, and their hair braided like the kings of the pyramids, do you not recognize poor Ethiopians, torn from their families by the soldiers of the pacha? But what are these outcries? Whence come this flight and general terror? Women and children rush into doorways, men into alleys, jostling and pushing each other. What is the matter? See those runners, dressed in bright blue, and armed with whips, passing swiftly along; they are followed close at hand by a carriage drawn by four horses, dashing at full speed through the tortuous and crowded streets. It is the viceroys of Egypt, who delights in scattering terror in his path. What

doors of mosques, the bazaars, fountains and buttresses of houses, that, by dint of observation, the traveller succeeds in recognizing and shaping his course. In this net-work of passages, crossing each other in every direction, two streets, two principal arteries, cross Grand Cairo in Egypt, as it used to be called, from south to north. One is the great Moristan Street, the other leads directly to the citadel. Let us scale the rock on which it is built, in order to obtain a general view of the marvellous city of the living we have just traversed, and that no less beautiful one of the dead, its neighbor, on one side, while on the other extends the valley which feeds it. From the terraces of the kiosk, the pacha's residence (it is too simple a dwelling to be called a palace), the eye embraces the whole country: to the left, the mournful and arid desert, where rise the tombs of the mamlukes and those of the enlilphs, their sculptured domes enamelled with porcelain—in fact, the city with elegant minarets and cupolas. To the right, the ruins of Heliopolis and its obelisk, witness of French military glory; yonder the venerated sycamore, where, according to Coptic tradition, the virgin reposed. More to the right is old Cairo, where the holy family hid themselves during the massacre of the innocents; then, finally, the broad, verdant plain, bordered by yellow sands, like an emerald set in gold, gladdens the delighted eye. The Nile pours its sandy flood majestically through it. On its banks rise at intervals forests of palms, while beyond lies the desert, with the pyramids of Gizeh and Sakkarah and the plain of mummies up to the last branch of the Lybian chain. The traveller, after having visited the mosques, will often come to rest upon some terrace, or climb to the summit of some minaret, to feast his eyes on this dazzling combination, and to try to comprehend the plan of this curious city, which counts 412 mosques and tombs, 500 minarets, 300 cisterns, 60 baths, 34 fountains, 140 public schools, 11

or 12 bazaars, 1265 okels or caravanserais, 11 principal gates, without counting those of the little streets, and 1170 coffee houses. But no painting, no description, can give an adequate idea of the interior basins, surrounded with verdure, which from an elevated point of view look like dewdrops shining in the sun among the grass. One of these little lakes is called Birket-el-Fil, the Lake of the Hippopotamus. It received this name from a sudden inundation of the Nile, which had swept many of these inhabitants of Sennar into Lower Egypt. One of them, after having laid waste in a single night all the surrounding gardens, was killed in this lake, after a long and terrible defence. The aspect of these lakes, bordered by the gardens and kiosks, where the rich proprietors of the adjoining houses take their rest, is enchanting. No street or path leads to them, and to reach them you must go through the houses. Our engraving represents that called Birket-el-Ginnah, the Fairy Lake; it is surrounded by gardens and pretty kiosks, with Arabic arches, completely covered by a curtain of *dolichos*, with violet flowers, a sort of climbing moss, which tapestries the whole with its thick tissue and hangs in elegant festoons to the water, where it seeks moisture. The scarlet ibis, the red flamingo and the Pharaoh's chicken, white as snow, sport on the tranquil surface of these reservoirs, where they find their favorite fish and water-fruits in abundance. Formed by the inundations of the Nile, some of these birkets are only temporary, and soon dry up. Others are exhausted by the sun's rays and by irrigation, but others are real lakes, and never dry. The principal are Birket-el-Fil, Birket-el-Faravayn, el-Damalchich, el-Abou-Chamat, el-Sabar, el-Sakkavn, el-Fouilleh, el-Ginnah, el-Moulla, el-Rotly and el-Cheykh Samar, the Moon Lake. The lake near Rosetta, in our first engraving, is of large dimensions, and enhanced by the ex-

with their golden fruits and celestial odors, can never be forgotten. We count not, among these wild Edens, the two magnificent gardens of Shoubrah and the Isle of Rodah, created by Mehemet Ali and Ibrahim Pacha, the first laid out in the Italian and the second in the English style. Curious for the flowers and plants cultivated, they present to the artist only an interest of detail, and offer none of the true points and wild attractions of the native scenery. We see that all kinds of beauty are to be found in Cairo. At each step is a picture complete and unparalleled, and the eye of an artist must be dazzled by so many charms and so much magnificence. Enthusiasts pronounce Cairo the finest city of the whole world; the purest in its architectural style, the most complete in the splendors of earth and sky, from its types and costumes, color, startling character, vegetation, animals, in a word, the picturesqueness of its details and grouping. The true barbarians are not the natives, but Franks, who, in their presumptuous ignorance, in their complete absence of artistic intelligence, true socialists in art, would straighten the streets, pull down and enlarge, and in a word, destroy masterpieces, to put up things without a name. Many such impious deeds of destruction have been done in this noble city, in the name of progress—as they call it. If the city of Cairo appear thus beautiful and extraordinary at a first glance, what must it be in detail, and when thoroughly studied! To have a complete idea of it must require a year's residence. The stranger, to see this old capital of Islamism in its most original aspect, and, if we may use the term, its most direct personification, must witness the return of the great caravan of pilgrims from Mecca, and see the festivals of the prophet, whose splendor and originality are in perfect keeping with the most wonderful narratives of Oriental poetry. It may not be inappro-

however, between Old Cairo on one bank and Gizeh on the other, is occupied by powder magazines and mills. Here also is the celebrated Nilometer, a graduated pillar in a large square well, having a subterraneous communication with the river. From a court leading to this structure a flight of steps descends to the water, called the Steps of Moses, from the tradition of that being the spot where the deliverer of the Jews was found among the bulrushes. Most of the higher class of Turks, and individuals holding chief public employments, have their residences in Cairo, where they live in much splendor. These are principally in the square of El Esbekiah; and it was in the garden of one of these that the French general, Kleber, was assassinated. Some of the public baths are very spacious and greatly ornamented; and several public fountains are worthy of notice. The coffee-houses are generally very plain, and the shops are merely small recesses capable of holding two or three persons. Each separate bazaar is usually devoted to one kind of commodity. The commerce of Cairo appears at present to be in a very depressed state, owing, as is said, to the injuries inflicted on it by the pacha's monopoly system, the rapacity of his government, the insecurity of property, the alleged corruption of the courts of law, the depreciation of the currency, and many other causes. The plan now acted on, of transporting all the produce to Alexandria to be disposed of, has also occasioned the removal of many of the principal merchants to that city. Numerous houses are becoming untenanted and falling to ruin; and the new ones that are raised are comparatively mean and poor. There is now no display of Cashmires, rich silks, jewelry, etc., as we are told the bazaars exhibited in the times of the mamelukes; no crowding of strangers to the capital of Egypt. Matters are every year getting worse; and we are assured that



BIRKET-EL-GINNAH—CAIRO.

quisite beauty of its surrounding scenery. There are in Cairo twenty-two principal gardens, called *gheyt* or *geneyneh*, according to their size. In these gardens it is useless to seek for symmetrical alleys, or for grass plots laid out with skill; there are tufted clumps, growing like nature, at their "own sweet will;" groups of orange and citron trees, perfumed mimosas, tamarinds, pomegranates, myrtles, cactuses, napeas and sebbets, above which the sycamore and palm-trees, adorned with parasitic plants, rise majestically the first rounded like a dome, with their tortuous and climbing branches; the second slender as minarets, and contrasted in form and foliage, as well as in color. They cultivate the banana, with its gigantic leaf and delicate fruit, cape gooseberries, and fifty kinds of oranges, lemons and bergamots. It is impossible to picture the splendor of spring in these gardens of orange trees, covered at the same time with ripened fruit and blossoms. In the centre of the thick and deep foliage, seated on grass white with the perfumed snow of fallen blossoms, you smile at the burning sun, which cannot reach you. Fresh streamlets, kept up by the sakies, a picturesque machine which raises the water of the lake to the level of the terraces, impart a marvellous beauty to this vegetation. For vegetable productions, water and heat is blood and life; thus we find in these oases all the luxury of the most splendid nature, and inhale an air embalmed with the sweetest perfumes. Sometimes deep ravines, crowned with palms, intermixed with convolvuli, with red and violet flowers, China roses, the purple achillea and many other flowers, cross these groves and increase their wild character; or you perceive in the midst of this verdure, through an open colonnade of date-trees, the burning desert, with its distances of orange or rose tint, according to the time of day. All these contrasts have an inexpressible charm, and days spent in these veritable gardens of the Hesperides,

appropriate here to add a few remarks upon Old Cairo, compiled from the best authorities. Old Cairo, which is believed by Pococke to have succeeded to the town and fortress of the Egyptian Babylon (Descriptions of the East, i., 95), is chiefly occupied by Copts: it contains twelve Christian churches, some of them large and sumptuous buildings; a grotto, castle, etc., and a machine for raising the water of the Nile into the ancient aqueduct. This, which is exclusively appropriated to the supply of the citadel with water, is raised on arches, and proceeds from Old Cairo by a winding course, and a length of about two miles. Bonlae, the port of Cairo, contains the principal manufactures, and is the seat of most of the trade. It is dirty, nearly as large as Blackwall, and presents the same busy scene, attended with much more noise. "On the banks of the river," says Captain Scott, "are heaped up pyramids of millet, peas and corn, the property of the government, and placed there, exposed to the sun, dew and rain, ready for shipment. The shore is lined with boats of all descriptions, discharging their cargoes or advertised for hire." Along the banks of the Nile, between Boulac and Old Cairo, embosomed in groves of orange, sycamore and acacia, are a number of handsome palaces, the most conspicuous of which is that belonging to Ibrahim Pacha. This palace is built in the Turkish style, and contains some handsome apartments, gaudy furniture, and a large collection of Egyptian antiquities. Its extensive gardens and plantations occupy the plain between it and Cairo; towards the Nile the grounds are laid out in terraces ornamented with statuary, which give them quite a European appearance. In the Nile, immediately opposite Cairo, are the two considerable islands of Boulac and Rodah; the latter, which is nearly two miles in length, is almost entirely the property of Ibrahim Pacha, and is laid out as pleasure-grounds, open to the public. Its south extremity,

unless a change of system takes place soon, Cairo may be blotted out of the map as a place of commerce. Cairo has always been, and still is, the seat of the best schools for Arabic literature and Mahomedan theology. The mosque of El Azhar has attached to it a library and college, where lectures on the Koran, law, ethics, mathematics and medicine were formerly delivered to students, who flocked to it from every part of the Mahomedan world. But Mehemet Ali having appropriated the greater part of the property belonging to this mosque to the service of the state, the college attached to it has considerably declined. This, however, is but a trifling deduction from the advantage that has already resulted, and which, no doubt, will continue to result, from the teaching, introduced by the pacha, of the rudiments of European arts and sciences into the public schools. Nothing short of government interference could have effected this signal improvement. There are three public schools in Cairo, which afford education to 600 boys, who are also clothed and fed. At Bonlae there is a school of engineers, with 180 pupils. At Aboosabul, within a mile of the city, is a preparatory school, with 1500 pupils; a school of medicine with 200 students; a veterinary school at Shoubrah; a school for accountants, etc.; and schools for the artillery and cavalry service at Gizeh, and elsewhere in the vicinity. The prejudice against these schools was at first so strong that the pacha was obliged to resort to compulsion to obtain scholars, and to give them regular pay. The latter is still continued, but compulsion is no longer necessary to obtain pupils. Regimental schools are also established, and primary schools are attached to the greater number of the mosques. The pacha has established a printing-press at Boulac, from which a weekly paper in Arabic issues, and at which many works in history and science have been printed for the use of students.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SIGNS.

BY ALICE CAREY

I think God giveth us the seal
Of love—the sweetest he can give,
When truly in our hearts we feel
How good a thing it is to live.

How worship else! himself so far.
And we so powerless to climb—
Our world itself a shapeless star
Just in the twilight-tide of time.

How know him else, than by the light
And warmth transmuting into gold,
And rising up in flowers as bright
And many as the fields can hold!

To me, our spirits seem as vines
That reach to a serenest ray,
Only by fastening to the signs
Of care God giveth day by day.

No need to search the ages dim
Gone on before, or yet to be,
His providence interprets him,
And since I am, he loveth me.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE ADOPTED SON'S BRIDE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"LINDA, where's Alice?" said Mrs. Iverson, addressing a girl, whom a few minutes before she had called to assist her about some trifling thing.

"She stood at the door when you called me, listening to a man who was playing on an organ."

"It is time to take her out to walk," said Mrs. Iverson.

Linda, who immediately left the room, was somewhat startled to find that the child was not at the door. She thought she might have ventured out on the sidewalk, but on looking, she was nowhere to be seen. The man who had been standing with his organ close to the door-steps, was now moving on to the next house. She hastened to overtake him, and inquired if he saw where the child went, who stood at the door, hearing him play.

He replied that he saw a woman go up to her, and after saying something to her, take her by the hand and lead her away.

"How was the woman dressed?" Linda asked, as the thought struck her that it might possibly be Mrs. Iverson's sister.

"Her dress was nothing to brag of—out at the elbows and not over clean."

"Which way did they go?"

"They turned the corner, here by this house."

Linda stopped to hear no more, but darted round the corner with the speed of the wind. She cast a searching look along the street. Nothing was to be seen of little Alice. She hurried on, stopping occasionally to inquire. Her inquiries were of no avail. No one had noticed a woman with a child answering to the description she gave of Alice. She turned to retrace her steps with a heavy heart. She had taken almost the sole care of little Alice since she was a few months old, and was as much attached to her as if she had been her own sister. It would likely enough cost her her place, but in her sorrow for the loss of the child, she scarcely thought of that.

"Back so soon?" said Mrs. Iverson, who, having gone into another part of the house for something, after she had spoken to Linda about taking Alice to walk, knew nothing of what had happened.

"I am back," said Linda, bursting into tears, "and without the child. She's gone—gone forever, I'm afraid."

"Gone! What do you mean? What has happened?"

Linda answered her questions as well as the excited state of her mind would permit. Mrs. Iverson uttered not a word of reproach, for she recollected that she had called Linda to assist her, and it was during her absence from the door, that the child was enticed away. Mr. Iverson was sent for, and every measure which held out the most distant prospect of success was promptly resorted to, for the recovery of little Alice.

The long summer twilight had, at last, deepened into night. A coarse-featured, untidy-looking woman sat behind a counter, on which were displayed for sale, cakes, nuts, pears and apples, of a quality so inferior, as not to appear particularly inviting. She appeared to be expecting some one, by the manner in which she watched the door. The ill-trimmed lamp, which emitted an unpleasant odor, burnt so dimly as to only partially illumine the small room, leaving in deep shadow a recess at the further extremity. A boy now and then stepped in, and purchased a cake or a handful of pennuts, but it was evident by the look of impatience which crossed her countenance, whenever one made his appearance, that the person she expected still lingered.

She, at length, almost ceased to watch and listen, when a shadow fell upon the place where she sat. The footsteps had fallen so silently on the threshold they did not reach her ear, yet when she felt the gloom of the shadow on and around her, she looked toward the door.

"You've come at last, then?" said she. "It has been four long hours since I sent for you."

"Would you have had me come before it was dark," said he who had entered, "and risked bringing trouble on you as well as myself?"

"The risk has been in your not coming."

"How will you make that out?"

"May be you haven't heard the uproar that's been made."

"How should I! I've been aboard the vessel all day—came straight from there, here. What do you mean by an uproar, Aunt Madge?"

"I will just close the window-shutter and fasten the door, and then I will tell you."

"The affair," said she, when she had resumed her seat, "is in everybody's mouth. Rewards are offered from one to five hundred dollars, to any one who will bring back the child safe and sound, and no questions asked. When 'twas found that that did no good, police officers have been on the lookout, searching every corner and turning everything upside down in the poor people's houses."

"And they've been here?"

"No. I shook in my shoes though, once, I can assure you. Two of 'em stopped and looked in, but some children were at the counter buying cakes and nuts, so I laughed and joked with 'em, and I suppose the men thought I couldn't be so merry if such a thing as stealing a child was on my mind. Still there's no knowing but that some of 'em will be in here yet."

"If you had done as I told you, they couldn't mistrust that she was the one they are in pursuit of, even if they saw her."

"You needn't find fault till you know what it's for—come and look at her."

She rose as she spoke, and taking the lamp, approached the dark recess at the further part of the room. Folding back an old shawl, she disclosed a child, about two years old, in a deep sleep, lying on a sack filled with straw.

"You didn't get the right one," said the man. "That isn't Tom Iverson's child."

The woman smiled.

"Well it don't look much like her," said she. "She looks more as if she belonged to such as we are, than she does like a rich man's child."

"I tell you, aunt, you've made a mistake—'tis not the one."

"Look here, and you'll see what has altered her so," said she, taking an old tin pan from a high shelf. It was filled with soft, silky curls, which rippled by the air, as she passed them quickly along, gave out gleams of gold to the glancing rays of the lamp.

"It seemed almost a sin to cut them off," said she. "I thought of my poor little Mealy, that's dead and gone, and out of this world's trouble, all the time I was about it. Mealy had curls as handsome as these as if she did belong to me."

"Talk of the sin—the sight of 'em does my heart good. Tom Iverson didn't understand who he had to deal with, when he undertook to thwart Bill Harker."

"You've never told me yet, what it was he undertook to thwart you about."

"You know that I lived there last winter?"

"Yes."

"Kathleen Connor lived there at the same time, and lives there still, but if it hadn't been for his telling her of the bad courses, which I'd broke off, for her sake, she would now be my wife, makin', with her willin' hands and smilin' face, a tidy, cheerful home for me to go to, when tired and weary. Well, he's turned my heart's best blood to gall, and he's havin' a taste of its bitterness, which won't leave him for many a day, I'm thinkin'."

"And I'm thinkin' if you'd the spirit of a man in ye, you'd revenge yourself on Kathleen, as well as on Tom Iverson."

"No. Let her go. The heart-ache it caused her to give me up, is punishment enough for her."

"You're little better than a milksop, after all. But come, it's time the child was away from here. There's no safety for you nor me, till she is."

"What if she should wake?"

"There's no danger of that. I gave her what will keep her sound till morning. You don't think she'd sleep so like a log, if I hadn't, do you?"

"Well, hand her along and I'll be off."

"Now, Bill Harker, don't hurt the child, for she isn't to blame for what her father did."

"Who's any thoughts of hurtin' her? Poverty and hardship won't be any worse for her to bear than if she was a poor man's child, and if she lives long enough, I intend she shall have a taste of both of 'em."

"Where are you going to carry her to?"

"I shall find a place for her somewhere."

"You're mighty private. Call again before you start on your v'y'ge—do you hear?"

"I'll see about it, but if the wind's fair, we shall be off before mornin'. Good night, Aunt Madge, and see that you keep a close mouth about this affair."

"You needn't caution me."

Whatever he did with the child, he prevented suspicion from falling on himself. Neither did the most assiduous efforts to find some trace of her on the part of the parents result in anything but disappointment. They had no other child, and when years had gone by, and they had given up all hope of ever again seeing her who was lost, they adopted the son of one of Mrs. Iverson's early friends, whom they treated in every respect as if he had been their own child.

After graduating at one of our principal universities, young Iverson went to England, in company with a gentleman a number of years his senior, who was connected with several families of distinction in that country. The term of his absence was to be three years, a part of the time to be spent on the continent. He had made the tour of those countries generally visited by travellers, and was once more in England.

The morning after his return, he received an invitation to attend a party at a lady's by the name of Westerly. She was a rich widow of forty, still so eminently handsome that one could not well imagine how she could have been more so, even in her youthful bloom. She moreover possessed the mysterious art of compelling her guests, however great the diversity of their tastes, or conflicting their prejudices and opinions, to be pleased with her; the true secret of which was doubtless owing to her never failing success in causing them to be pleased with themselves.

On the evening of the party, as Iverson stood chatting with a young gentleman, whom he had met for the first time since his return to England, he noticed two ladies whom he had never before seen. One of them was apparently about thirty-five, the other not more than half that age.

"What do you think of her, Iverson?" said Bartley, perceiving that the younger lady had drawn the attention of his friend.

"That she is the loveliest girl I ever saw."

"I hardly expected such an answer from you, who have so recently beheld the dark-eyed maidens of Spain and the still more lovely daughters of Italy."

"I have met with some in both countries who were very beautiful, I confess, yet with none that would compare with her. Them I could describe, while around her there seems to float a radiance, too soft to dazzle, yet too bewildering to permit a minute description of her."

"Have a care, or she will bewitch, as well as bewilder you."

"The witchery will be so sweet, that I shall not try to shun it."

"You don't ask her name—have you no curiosity as to that?"

"I never thought about her name—what is it?"

"Olivia Urwin."

"Is she of this country?"

"Undoubtedly. At any rate, her father is an English gentleman of distinction, who owns a fine estate. Who her mother was, I don't know. She has, I understand, been dead a number of years."

"The lady with her is not her mother, then?"

"No. Her name is Preston, and she is Mr. Urwin's sister."

"There's not the least resemblance between them. The aunt possesses what I should term, genuine English beauty, but the niece—hers is altogether of a different type."

"Which might, for instance, be compared to the evening star."

"No, not when shining steadily forth from a clear, blue sky. Let a few gauzy clouds float around and over it, to soften its effulgence, and the comparison will do."

"I believe," said Bartley, "that the best piece of service I can do you, is to introduce you to the ladies."

"You are acquainted with them, then?"

"Yes, and I can assure you that I have met with but few, whose manners and conversation have pleased me so well. You need not fear that an acquaintance with them will break the spell which the younger lady has thrown around you."

There was soon an opportunity for the introduction, and in the course of the evening, Mrs. Preston presented Iverson to her brother, Mr. Urwin. The acquaintance thus commenced, was not suffered to languish, as may be seen from the subjoined extract from a letter, written several months afterwards, by Iverson, to his parents.

"This letter will reach you only a short time prior to the time when I hope to be at home. I shall sail in company with a Mr. Urwin and daughter, and a lady by the name of Mrs. Preston, who is Mr. Urwin's sister. Mr. Urwin is a gentleman of rank, highly esteemed by those who best know him, and is very wealthy. His daughter, whose name is Olivia, is an only child, and has, in the best sense of the term, received a good education. She is, to my mind, perfectly beautiful, yet, as far as I have had an opportunity to judge, her beauty does not transcend her amiability. Sometimes, when I look into her deep, violet eyes, their brilliance softened by the shadow of their long, black eyelashes, I think of you, mother. This may be nothing more than fancy, yet I cannot believe that it is."

"I am aware, that in what I have written, I have betrayed the sentiments with which I regard her. Be assured, however, that I have not breathed to her, a word of love. Yet I will not pretend to say that she is ignorant of its existence, as I am conscious of having betrayed it in numerous ways, more easily remembered than described. My forbearance in this respect is due to her father, rather than to myself, as he wishes that your sanction be obtained, as well as his, ere I make a formal offer of my hand. I think he is somewhat more strenuous than he need be, as I am certain—and have not failed repeatedly to tell him so—that you will approve of my choice. In answer to my protestations, he shakes his head, and tells me not to be too sanguine. But this does not much disturb me, as he has not, like me, the means of knowing what will meet your approval."

As was suggested by Iverson, his letter preceded him only a few days. Mr. Urwin, who, with his sister and daughter proceeded to one of the principal hotels, previously to taking leave of his young friend, told him he should like to have an interview with his father, at as early an hour as convenient on the following day. In reply to this he received a note from Mr. Iverson, saying he would do himself the honor to wait on him at half past eleven.

Mr. Iverson, who did not fail to keep this appointment, found Mr. Urwin ready to receive him. After the usual salutations, followed by a few general remarks, Mr. Urwin alluded to his daughter.

"Perhaps your son has already mentioned her to you?"

"He has, and in terms of the highest praise."

"Not more so than she deserves, as that would be impossible; and yet there is a circumstance, which to your mind may be an insuperable objection to their union."

"After what you have said, it is difficult for me to imagine what it can be."

"I have reason to believe her parents were not only sunk into the lowest depths of poverty, but were degraded by vice."

"Is she not your daughter?"

"My adopted daughter—nothing more."

"And Frank—he is an adopted son—not my own, as you may imagine."

"He has told me; but you knew his parents to be respectable."

"I did. Will you allow me to inquire your reasons for thinking her parents otherwise?"

"The abandonment of the child would of itself be a sufficient reason, had not her little begrimed face and hands, matted hair, and dirty, ragged clothing, made it plain enough that she had been reared in one of those wretched places, where crime as well as poverty abounds; for no mother, however poor, unless hardened and rendered callous by those vices which disgrace humanity, could have been so utterly neglectful of her child, as to allow it to be reduced to such a state of suffering."

"She might not have any mother—she might be dead."

"That may be true, and for the sake of humanity, I am willing to believe that she had not."

"You may think me inquisitive, but I am particularly anxious to know how she fell into your hands."

"A servant found her early one morning on the door-step. My wife was then living, and we were spending the summer at my country residence."

"Was she old enough to tell her name?"

"Not plainly enough to enable us to make it out, so we named her Olivia, for my wife."

"And you have never learned anything of her origin?"

"Not a word, though my exertions for that purpose were for a number of months unrewarded."

"I will confess," said Mr. Iverson, "that I should not care to have my only son marry one, however amiable, who at some unexpected revelation of her parentage, would have cause to blush. Poverty, unconnected with crime, I should count as nothing, but to find that she was the child of vicious parents, would cast a cloud over them both, and occasion more or less unhappiness to us all. At any rate, my wife and I must see her, after which we can better decide."

Mr. Iverson had just arrived at his own door, when he was accosted by a middle-aged, decent-looking woman.

"Is this the house where Mr. Thomas Iverson lives?" said she.

"It is," was the reply.

"I have a message for him."

"Then you may deliver it to me—my name is Thomas Iverson."

"There is a woman at my house who is too unwell to go out, who says she has something to tell you which you would like to know, as you will see by this token," and she handed him a somewhat bulky package, done up in coarse brown paper.

"Step into the house," said he, "and I will examine what she has sent."

"She would like to have the lady of the house see what is inside of the paper," said the woman, as Mr. Iverson handed her a chair, and sought his wife with the package.

He found his wife in her own room. "I cannot imagine what it can be," said he, after telling her how he came by it. "At any rate, I should think she might have compressed the token, as she terms it, into a smaller compass. One clip of your scissors, if you please," and then, unwinding the severed twine, he quickly opened the paper.

The single, earnest glance of Mrs. Iverson at what it contained caused an exclamation, expressive of pain, to escape her lips.

"A child's garments—what does it mean?" said Mr. Iverson.

"They are the same that Alice wore, the day that she was lost," said his wife, as with trembling hands, she took them up one by one, and examined them. They were exactly as the child last wore them. For a few moments Mrs. Iverson was sustained by the excitement produced by so singular an incident, while sweet and bitter memories of the past mingled in strange confusion, swept across her mind.

"The messenger waits below—I will go with her," said Mr. Iverson.

"I will go, too," said she. "I must hear what the woman has to say," but even as she spoke, the vivid crimson which burnt on lip and cheek faded away, leaving them perfectly white. "You must go without me," said she, as she sunk upon a lounge. "Don't wait—I shall soon be better."

Mr. Iverson was soon in the presence of the woman who had sent for him.

"You can tell me something concerning the child I lost sixteen years ago?" he said.

"I can," was her reply.

"First of all, tell me if she's alive."

"She may, or she may not be. Be patient and I will tell you all I know about her. Sixteen years ago, the tenth day of this month, I took her by the hand, in open day, and led her away from her father's door."

"What could tempt you to do it?"

"Poverty. He who employed me, promised to pay me well, and he kept his word. You may remember him—his name was Bill Harker."

"I do."

"And perhaps, you remember, that it was by your meddling that Kathleen Connor refused to marry him."

"Yes, I interfered because Kathleen was a good girl, and Harker, owing to his vicious habits, was unworthy of her."

"Well, Harker had his revenge, and he paid me well for the

share I had in it, which was but little after all, for in six hours from the time I took her from your door, she was on her way to England. Harker and a sister of his were in the same vessel. After they arrived, he left the child with some people he knew, who lived in London. They belonged to a class who depended more on other means for a living than they did on honest labor. He soon returned to this country, but his sister chose to stay where she was. He didn't go back to England for a number of years, and then, when he called on the people he left the child with, they couldn't tell him what had become of her. They missed her one day, they said, after she had been with 'em about a month, and never saw nor heard anything of her afterwards."

"And that is all he told you?"

"All he told me then, for 'twas all he knew; he went to England again about two years ago, and stayed a year and a half. When he came back, his health was failing him. One day he told me that thoughts of the child he carried off worried him a good deal—that sometimes he couldn't sleep o' nights, thinking about her, and that he wished he'd never meddled with her. He kept growing worse and worse, and at last was confined to the house. His sister had been married a dozen years, and her husband had for sometime been talking of coming over to America, and bringing his family with him. They didn't arrive till about a week before Harker died, and then I told his sister how much he laid it to heart, about carrying off the child. In answer to this, she said she might be better off than he thought for. She didn't say anything more then, but the first chance she had she broached the matter to her brother. After her brother was gone she kept round the place a whole day, and at last, when it was beginning to grow dark, she was so lucky as to lay hands on the child, and early the next morning she was left on the doorstep of a gentleman's house, about twenty miles from the city."

"Did she tell the name?"

"If she did, I've forgotten it, but she is here—maybe she can tell you."

The woman who conveyed to him the message, stepped forward and said that their name was Urwin, and that Mrs. Urwin, she had heard, had been dead a number of years.

"It is as I hoped," said he, and turning to the woman who was called Sully, and telling her that she would soon hear from him again, he was about to leave the room.

"Stay a minute," said she who had sent for him. "Maybe, you think you'll see me again, but you won't. I've told you what I promised poor Bill Harker I would, and I'm now ready to rest by his side. Bill was my own sister's son, and I know that he was wild, and reckless, and wicked, but to me he had a free heart and an open hand, and as long as he had a dollar in his pocket, would never see me suffer for bread. His own thoughts punished him for carrying off the child, and mine haven't let me rest very easily."

When Mr. Iverson returned home, his countenance told his wife he was the bearer of good news. Mr. Urwin, his adopted daughter and Mrs. Preston were soon with him. Mr. Urwin's surprise was only equalled by his heartfelt pleasure, when he found, that instead, as he had anticipated, of bestowing on his new-found friends a daughter-in-law, he had the opportunity of restoring to them a long lost child; while she, without any diminution of affection for him, who had been to her a true father, had room enough in her heart for those, over whose lives, without any fault of her own, she had been the means of casting so dark a shadow.

Sully, or Mrs. Ursula Carver, to bestow on her her more maternally appellation, when it was found that she had been deceived by her brother, he having represented to her that the child she took care of on board the vessel, belonged to a deceased friend of his, and that he had promised to provide for it, was well rewarded for her trouble.

The bridal of the adopted children was celebrated with little delay, as Mr. Urwin wished them to accompany him and his sister on a tour to those places most worthy of note in the United States.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

REVIEW OF HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

THERE is no use in talking about "retrenchment" and "hard times" during the holiday season. We lately took an inside peep into some of the attractive shops where "Holiday Presents" were largely placarded at the door. Let us premise, however, that previous to starting we had been discussing the "stringency of the money market," endeavoring by argument to prove that the extravagance of our females was not one of the most obvious causes of the wrecks of fortune. Thus fortified, we purposed to carry out our theory, by sallying forth to select such presents for those to whom we felt obligated, as the state of our finances would reasonably allow. So we put in our memorandum a list of the friends, and carried out the probable cost of the "items," taking care to allow a small margin for uncounted trifles.

First, our own household must be served. For Annie, surely, a nice picture-book and a puzzle would be sufficient, for we remembered how grateful we have ever felt, to this day, for the gift of Mother Goose from a very rich relation, when a child. Next, little Bob must have a mathematical puzzle, for he dearly loved the study of arithmetic. Betty, the maid of all work, must be presented with a new calico frock, and "Biddy the cook" with a plaid gingham, for which she had expressed a liking. Mrs. Aubrey, the poor seamstress, we supposed, would be delighted

with a ton of coal and a harrel of pine kindlings, Nettie Anderson with a set of common furs, and to Phebe Gray—why, as she was rich, and had every want gratified, and yet always seemed to expect a present in return for one given, we gave an opera fan. By this time our purse was quite lightened, but we felt a sort of agreeable consciousness that we should be the cause of so much happiness to others, that we fancy the benevolent smile rested on our countenance, notwithstanding our exhausted treasury. The presents were all sent home in due time, and we cannot refrain from communicating how they were received.

"Nothing but a picture-book for me," exclaims Annie, "and a puzzle. O, fie! I wanted a baby-house, all furnished with a tea-set, and a parlor and chamber, and a place for Dolly—it only costs fifteen dollars, and I do think it mean that I cannot have just as pretty a present as Sallie Fry." Annie looked poutingly, as if she wished book and puzzle in the Red Sea.

Master Bobby came in, with his mittens all snowy, bearing his skates in his hand, and could you have seen the contemptuous look which he gave his holiday present, I am sure you would have read some thoughts he would have expressed, had he dared to utter them. As it was, he threw the puzzle upon the table, and has never meddled with it since.

Betty had but two greasy frocks, and we thought how pleased she would be with a third, so we opened the bundle and displayed the brilliant striped calico, and told her we had purchased it for her; but she kept on dusting, and took care casually to remark, that "Mrs. Green gave her waiting-maid a beautiful raw silk dress, and a splendid trimming to match." Her "thankee" was anything but heartfelt.

"Biddy" was then presented with her gingham. Her eyes dilated a very little, and as she twirled the twine about the bundle with a jerk that snapped it in sundry places, she added, "and I'm thankful to ye for the trifle; but 'pon my honor, I hoped my mistress would have given me a vilvit for a basque-waist, like Mrs. Berry to her servant-maid. And didn't Jinny O'Flanagan git a heap of black boogles to sit round the vilvit that will shine by pale moonlight?"

We left Biddy to carry out her inferences, as she turned the spit and jabbered alone about the "mane Americans."

"Well, thought we, one heart is lightened, and one of our own people is made happy by the gift of the coal and kindlings, and we could see the tear of gratitude before we entered the humble dwelling of our seamstress. But was it so? Mrs. Aubrey sat as unmoved as a statue when we entered, and as she made no allusion to our gift, we inferred it had not yet arrived, so we begged the acceptance of what we had purchased.

"Why yes," replied the poor seamstress, "somebody did tip up a load of coal and pine chips at my door; but I wish they had given me something else. Societies give me enough to burn, and I should be willing to do with a great deal less," and she hesitated, "if my daughter could have a piano, she is so fond of music. Mrs. Treadwell, the laundress woman, who lives the other side of my eutry, has hired one for her Jinny, and my Sophy is so crazy ever since to have one, I don't know how to deny her. Besides, I'm fond of music myself, and poor folks like to hear it as well as rich ones. God gives us just as good ears, and it's a cruel shame that we must be deprived of such pleasures when so many loitering girls have to be hired to learn their lessons of music masters." She thought, perhaps, she could dispose of the coal to some of her neighbors—"she hated pine kindlings, they smoked so." No comments were necessary—we took our leave.

Phebe Gray had looked so cold, and her hands were so blue, we knew she would prize her present of furs; but the little minx looked at the muff, and added, "I wish this could be exchanged for a pair of fur cuffs; they are so much more fashionable."

I next looked to see the fate of my opera fan. "O, it was a love of a thing, just fit to put behind the fifty dollar India scarf and the pink cashmere sack she should wear at the opera." Phebe gave me the first neat "thank you" that I had heard for the morning.

After our return home, we moralized more than we wished to do, and then our thoughts took a retrospect of the people we had that morning met, selecting their holiday gifts. Only large establishments seemed to reap the harvest. Jewellers with diamond hoops for the fingers and ears, were patronized; furriers who sold "real Russia sables" were sought for; importers who kept the richest Honiton laces and showy head-dresses, while little tiny misses, who used to be selecting London dolls, were now examining ladies' watches; mistresses were in search of "seventy-five cent silks," for their domestics, and real cashmere shawls for themselves, or cloaks trimmed with plush or ermine, which would swell the account which had been running since July, and which they dreaded to hear was the sum total.

Times are changed!—was a mental exclamation. It is the reign of extravagance, and if we do not improve when we have discovered our folly, Heaven only can help us. But we were told that our principles were old-fashioned—that the progress of the age demanded these changes, that after a few more weeks the money market would become more buoyant, and that a temporary check being put to our importations, specie would become abundant, and frowning "papas," who uttered coarse exclamations at "January bills," would be lighted with smiles by the next July coming—and this pleasant feature will be quickly understood by those who do not study much into cause and effect, and so no visible retrenchment will follow after the present "hard run" ceases.

We, however, have learned to be more judicious in selecting holiday gifts, and, at the risk of being thought "mean," believe that we shall pocket our cash as the result of our experience, until we find somebody who is in need of our bounty, and grateful for a Holiday Present.

STATE STREET IN 1770.

The scene here sketched by Rowse with so much spirit, carries us back eighty-five years, to a period of exciting interest in our ancient annals. So far as the inanimate objects in the picture are concerned, though there have been great changes in the neighborhood, the general aspect of the scene remains the same. When night is brooding over the city, or the mist rises in a January thaw, so as to smirch and obliterate the architectural details of the surrounding buildings, then, with the Old State House looming up in the centre of the canvass, the ancient aspect of the street seems to be restored. We can easily, by the help of fancy, conjure up the actors of the busy drama of the past. We behold the old Boston merchants on 'Change, with their rich velvet coats, and cocked hats, and gold-headed canes; well-to-do master mechanics, neatly dressed and distinguished by that independent and intelligent air that marks a Boston man, and we can mark the scowls and hear the muttered threats of a little knot of North End caulkers and gravers, as they halt to scan with ill-boding eyes the movements of a large body of men in scarlet and gold, with frowning grenadier caps, and polished muskets, marching by under the command of a slender stripling, who waves the citizens from the sidewalk with a straight

stick. Their numbers momentarily augmented. By nine o'clock the concourse was formidable. Craving for action, they began to tear up the benches and stalls of the market-place, for popular fury is never at a loss for weapons, and to prepare to attack the soldiers. Some influential citizens bestirred themselves to allay the popular fury, strongly urging all well-disposed persons to retire to their homes—but it was like seeking to check the north wind with a whisper, or throwing oil upon flames. Whatever influence this pacific pleading had, if any, was entirely swept away by a counter-blast from a champion, who, instead of combating, stimulated the designs of the populace. This was a tall man wearing a cocked hat, white wig and scarlet coat, who suddenly appeared, no one knew whence, and began addressing the crowd with great energy and acrimony. He delivered himself of a furious philippic against the civil and military officers of the British crown, and the soldiery quartered in Boston. Having wrought up his auditors to the highest pitch of excitement he urged them in conclusion, to move on the "Main Guard!" The watchword was caught up by hundreds of voices, and cries of "To the Main Guard! to the Main Guard!" rang through Dock Square and the adjacent streets. When the popular orator had ended, his harangue, the populace separated into three

King Street. Captain Preston, the officer of the day, promptly marched, with a non-commissioned officer and six men, to the rescue of his sentinel and the protection of the Custom House. The presence of this file did not, by any means, intimidate the mob; their numbers had largely increased, and their words and demonstrations were more menacing. Conspicuous above the crowd by his gigantic stature, a mulatto named Attucks, supported by a strong party of sailors and others, pressed hard upon the soldiers, loaded them with abuse and challenged them to "fire!" Voices were heard counselling an attack on the main guard. The soldiers meanwhile loaded their muskets and fixed bayonets, and stood shoulder to shoulder, mute and motionless. As the crowd pressed closer upon them, they grasped their muskets with both hands and endeavored to keep their line free. But the mob were neither intimidated by their preparation, nor disarmed by their defensive attitude. Contempt for the supposed cowardice of the troops was added to indignation at their presence. The citizens cheered each other on to the attack, crying: "Come on! the cowards dare not fire! down with them! kill them!" Captain Preston used his utmost endeavors to assuage the fury of the populace, but in vain: while he was yet gestulating, for his words were inaudible amidst the roar of the



STATE STREET IN 1770.

steel rapier. The sturdy spirit of the colonists ever rebelled against the quartering of troops in Boston; it was foreign to the spirit of their policy, and moreover, the well-known motive of their presence engendered those resentful feelings which required but a spark to kindle into a destructive conflagration. Just before the tragedy depicted in our engraving, an incident had occurred to rouse the town's people, requiring, as we have said, but little stimulus. On Friday, March 2d, a soldier, having got into a quarrel with the workmen at Grey's ropewalk, was badly beaten. In retaliation, the comrades of the man, returning with him in strong force, beat the rope-makers. All day Saturday, accounts of this transaction, with the usual exaggerations, were floating about the town, and fomenting in men's minds; and though the advent of Sunday opposed a barrier to their wrath, still it only heaped it higher, as a dam collects the waters of a furious torrent. A few days before this event, the death of a young boy, shot by the informer Richardson, in a row growing out of political causes, had served to inflame the public and render them ripe for deeds of violence. Early in the evening of March 5th, bands of angry citizens, armed with clubs, traversed the streets, or gathered in groups, breathing vengeance against the soldiery. Purposely, or from misapprehension, the fire-bells rang, and there was a hurrying to and fro, as if a great conflagration was imminent. The rendezvous of the mob appeared to

divisions, with some degree of regularity, a circumstance that warranted a belief in a preconcerted plan, and went to King (State) Street by different routes; a large body pouring through Royal Exchange Lane. Thatcher tells us that as one of these bodies of men was passing the Custom House, a barber's boy pointed to the sentinel on duty, and said that was the scoundrel that had knocked him down. It seems that a British soldier was in the habit of getting shaved at the shop of the boy's master, who had promised the boy the arrears due, if he could obtain them. Of course the lad was rather assiduous in his applications for money, and the soldier in reply to the last "dun," that very evening, knocked his importunate creditor down. The boy pointed out the sentry as the offending individual. The crowd wanted nothing better than an object whereon to vent their fury. Voices were heard vociferating for the death of the soldier, and a shower of missiles seemed to presage some deadly assault. The attack commenced while the sentry, to intimidate them, was loading his gun. Finding that he gave no sign of using it, their boldness increased, and they dared him to fire, with many taunts at his pusillanimity. Alarmed at these demonstrations, the man sought refuge within the Custom House, but its inmates refused him admittance, fearing that the mob would take advantage of the open doors and pour in. The sentinel then shouted for the main guard, which was on the other side, and at the head of

aroused multitude, Attucks aimed a blow at the captain, which struck him on the arm, and knocked him down, striking down at the same time the musket of one of the privates. The bayonet of this the negro seized, and whether spontaneously or thinking he heard the word to fire given, the soldier pulled the trigger of his musket, and the assailant fell dead at his feet. A momentary recoil took place on the part of the mob, but before they closed in again the squad had fired from left to right, killing three, dangerously wounding five, and injuring others of the citizens. This discharge cleared the street at once, though the populace instantly rallied and removed their dead and wounded. The names of the former were Crispin Attucks, Samuel Gray and James Caldwell; of the latter, Samuel Maverick, who died the next day, and Patrick Carr, who expired on Wednesday of the ensuing week. The momentous consequences of this tragedy were fully realized by Captain Preston. He was informed that the people were gathering by thousands in the neighboring streets, and that they swore to take his life and that of every man in his command. "On the people's assembling again," says Captain Preston, in his written defence, "to take away the dead bodies, the soldiers, supposing them coming to attack them, were making ready to fire again, which I prevented by striking up their firelocks with my hand. Immediately after a townsman came and told me that four or five thousand people were assem-

bled in the next street, and had sworn to take my life and every man's with me; on which I judged it unsafe for me to remain there longer, and therefore sent the party and sentry to the main guard, where the street is narrow and short; then, telling them off into street firings, divided and planted them at each end of the street to secure their rear, expecting an attack, as there was a constant cry of the inhabitants, 'To arms! to arms! turn out with your guns!' and the town drums beating to arms. I ordered my drums to beat to arms, and being soon after joined by the several companies of the twenty-ninth regiment, I formed them as a guard into street firings. The fourteenth regiment also got under arms, but remained at their barracks. I immediately sent a sergeant with a party to Colonel Dalrymple, the commanding officer, to acquaint him with every particular. Several officers going to join the regiment, were knocked down by the mob, one very much wounded and his sword taken from him. The lieutenant-governor (Hutchinson) and Colonel Dalrymple soon after met at the head of the twenty-ninth regiment, and agreed that the regiment should retire to their barracks and the people to their houses; but I kept the picket to strengthen the guard. It was with great difficulty that the lieutenant-governor prevailed on the people to be quiet and retire;

as he had done before, the removal of the most obnoxious regiment (the fourteenth). Then Samuel Adams, advancing to the lieutenant-governor, and speaking with firmness and energy, said: "If the lieutenant-governor, or Colonel Dalrymple, or both together, have authority to remove one regiment, they have authority to remove two; and nothing but a total evacuation of the town, by all the regular troops, will satisfy the public mind or preserve the peace of the province." Both Hutchinson and Dalrymple quailed before the representatives of the people, and the council siding with the petitioners, the request of the citizens was granted, and on the following Monday all the troops were embarked for Castle William—now Fort Independence. The funeral of the victims on the 8th of March was solemn and impressive in the highest degree. The rendezvous for the three hearses that bore the bodies was in King Street, on the very spot of the massacre, and during the passage of the cortege to the middle burying ground, all the bells in Boston and its vicinity were tolled. The trial of Preston and his men before Judge Lynde for murder—their defence, undertaken when popular feeling was at its height, by Josiah Quincy and John Adams, who risked their popularity in the cause of sacred justice, their acquittal by a Boston jury, two privates only being found guilty of

the sidewalk, leaning on the arm of a footman. His active business career is ended; he has played his game out and comes off a winner. A million and the gout! What a prize in the lottery of life! Young America glances at him curiously as he stands apart with his glass to his eye, and wonders if the old fellow is really as rich as he is represented to be, and whether he shall be as fortunate. Luck had less to do with it than energy, perseverance and economy. These old capitalists that you see on 'Change to-day, did not begin their career with fast horses, opera boxes, billiards and champagne. They lived slow at first, and acquired impetus as they moved along. There is scarcely a greater difference between King Street in 1770 and State Street in 1855, than between a capitalist of seventy and a speculator of two-and-twenty. State Street is not wholly devoted to Mammon. Several of our best newspapers issue hence. They occupy offices on both sides of the street, with the Old State House inserted like a parenthesis between them. In stormy political times their banners "hung out on the outer walls," rally their partisans to hear the news proclaimed and comments thereupon. On one side Redding dispenses books, periodicals, newspapers and Russia salve; on the other, Fretledge sells newspapers, books, periodicals and "ye halm." State Street is therefore the most



STATE STREET IN 1855.

at last they all went off except about a hundred." The consequences of this tragic scene in which the blood of the citizens was first shed by a foreign soldiery were indeed portentous. Not only did it sadly verify the predictions of those patriots who had foreseen the result of bringing the troops into the town, but the spirit it awakened throughout the country prepared the way for the determined warlike struggle that followed. Captain Preston and his men were arrested the following day, and committed for trial. That day was one of great agitation and excitement. At a very large meeting of the citizens a committee was chosen to wait upon the lieutenant-governor and the commander of the troops, to represent the impossibility of the people and the soldiers living together safely, and demanding the immediate transfer of the troops to Castle William. Royal Tyler, a member of the committee, painted the fatal consequences of the troops remaining, in forcible and eloquent language, but the application was unavailing, and the committee were dismissed without satisfaction. The citizens, insisting on their point, sent another committee, consisting of John Hancock, Samuel Adams, William Molineux, William Phillips, Joseph Warren, Joshua Henshaw and Samuel Pemberton, to wait upon the governor and their commander, and insist upon the removal of the troops, declaring that nothing short of this would satisfy the citizens. The governor tried again the effect of partial concessions, and proposed,

manslaughter, were memorable incidents. The manner in which the trial was conducted and the verdict, reflected the highest honor on the Bostonians, and created the most favorable impression for them abroad. At every crisis the patriots were equal to the emergency, and on every occasion vindicated by their conduct the righteousness of their cause. Eighty-five years have passed away—our artist presents us with the same locality—but how changed the surroundings. The antique building that looked down on the massacre—successively state-house, post-office and city hall, but now appropriated to the use of private individuals, is little altered; but elegant edifices, stores, banks, a magnificent exchange, busy newspaper offices, brokers' offices, and things not dreamed of in 1770, such as electric telegraphs are here clustered together. The crowd occupies the pavement, but no longer with hostile intent. Here is a motley assemblage of merchants, brokers, note-shavers, shipmasters, newsboys, speculators, politicians and curb-stone peddlers. Beside the little newspaper vender whose whole capital is twenty-five cents, stands a man who could draw a check for half a million. Which sleeps the soundest? or has the best appetite? The man who dines on *dindon aux huîtres*, or the boy who lurches off an apple? Slowly to the gates of some temple of Plutus rolls the low hung carriage drawn by two fat horses, and out of it, when it stops, emerges an old gentleman with very swollen legs and feet, who moves gingerly across

equally divided street in Boston. Add up the capital of the north side and that of the south side, and there is but a fractional difference between the two. State Street is moreover the *Via triumphalis* of the modern capital. Through this street all the great civic and military pageants pass. The volunteer companies always turn into State Street from Merchants' Row, when they parade, the full band bursting forth as the head of the column wheels. It was up State Street that Hull and his gallant tars passed amid the frantic shouts of the assembled multitude. Here too, in stirring times, orators have addressed their fellow-citizens. The eastern balcony of the Old State House serving for a rostrum—just over the town pump that used to be, but is no more, the quality of whose flood, and the action of whose handle, too often resembled the matter and manner of some of the human speakers. It was a sad day for the oldest inhabitant when that old pump was ruthlessly torn from its resting place to make way for a Cochituate hydrant. We fear the ghost of the old pump must put its hand to its nose, when it recalls the praise of the bright, pure water introduced in its place. In a word, the stranger who wishes to revive recollections of the past, estimate the wealth of Boston, or study the character of its people, should go to State Street, and do so many times—should see it at all hours of the day, during the period of its greatest bustle—"Change—and again in the silence of evening.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

JERUSALEM!

BY MARY N. DEARBORN.

Where are the mighty ones who trod
Along this holy ground?
When wealth and beauty clad the scene,
And walled its hopes around?
Jerusalem! thy name can well
Of more than earthly glories tell.

How lofty were thy palaces—
Thy temple, shrouded in gold;
In all the pomp of Solomon,
And house of Judah old.
What raptures does thy sight recall,
And heavenly grace outshining all!

Who lined thy halls and galleries
With frames of sculptured mould?
And decked thy meek-eyed maidens
In wreaths of fretted gold?
When thy proud nation in their prime
Looked down with hope to coming time?

Who reared thy mountain cedars green,
To deck these altars here?
Who clothed thy walls in presents brought
From kingdoms far and near?
When sea-girt Tyre and Egypt sought
The lore thy ancient priesthood taught.

'Twas Israel's God, who gave thee strength,
And taught thy sons of old—
Who shed a halo round thy name—
A glory not yet cold!
Whose remnant o'er the wide world spread
Hath scattered relics of the dead.

O lost and loved Jerusalem!
Thy pilgrims turn to thee,
And claim the promise that their sons
Shall thy salvation see;
Whose hearts, resigned in faith and trust,
Would rest beneath thine hallowed dust.

For, mid thy waste, a voice is heard,
"As from some prophet's urn,"
It cheers the hope so long deferred,
That Jacob shall return.
O long despised, rejected One!
Ope now their eyes, and guide them home.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A VISIT TO WAKULLA SPRING.

BY ERNEST MALVERN.

AFTER many a month of long and weary wandering, I found myself, on a balmy morning in April, in the pleasant capital of Florida. While chatting with some of the fair young ladies, for which Tallahassee is famed, one of them inquired, "Have you been to Wakulla?"

"To Wakulla? where is it? My geography is surely at fault."

"What? don't you know about Wakulla, the greatest wonder of Florida?"

Reader, I was obliged to confess, with much the same feeling of humility you now experience, that I had never even heard of it. I begged her to describe it. Accordingly she proceeded as follows. But stop! Patience, my friend, if I tell you what she said, my own observations will be valueless; so I must reluctantly tear you from the company of the young lady, and invite you to journey for a while with me.

For no sooner had the fair narrator completed the description which my selfishness as an author compels me to withhold from you, than I resolved to visit this strange wonder, and also to see the other curiosities on the road thither. I understood that I was to start by railway, and at eight o'clock in the morning. At that hour I hastened to the depot of the St. Marks Railway, and was astonished and disappointed to find no train in waiting. I supposed that the cars had left, and to miss them in a country where they notoriously never start till a half hour after the time advertised, was humiliating in the extreme. Judge of my relief on learning that the *driver* had just started for breakfast. I supposed that driver was only a Floridian name for engineer, and sat down patiently to await his movements. In due time a car about as large as an omnibus was pushed up, and I was asked to get into it. I did so. Two horses were then attached to it, and we started. The depot is on the border of a kind of swamp, where there is not a building to be seen. I inquired if so much precaution was necessary in leaving the city, and if locomotives were dangerous to the inhabitants of the forest that stretched away interminably before us.

"No," said the man, who performed all the responsible functions of engineer, conductor and brakeman, "but we go all the way with horses. We have no locomotive."

"What?" said I, "no locomotive! and a railroad twenty miles in length! You are jesting."

"No," rejoined he. "They once had such a thing, but it ran away one day; nobody could stop it. It went straight to St. Marks, and roaring and hissing, it dashed plump into the bay; and since that they have never dared to try one."

I soon found that I had little reason to regret the absence of a locomotive. For, on looking down a long line of the road, it appeared about as undulating as the sea. The flat "snake-head" rails had originally been laid on timbers, without any cross-ties. As these timbers rested on sand, they had often separated so far that the wheels on one side of the car must run off the track.

Now we found a sleeper with no rail, now a rail with no sleeper, and sometimes both were gone. The rails were often fastened by a single bolt in the middle, and both ends were curved in the air, like the ends of a broken hoop. The wags say that a negro used to go ahead of the car to hold down one end of the rail till the car came on to it, and then he nailed down the other. A fire in the forest had in one place communicated to the sleepers, and for two miles they were more or less in flames. But on we hurried like salamanders. No effort was made by the driver to save his railroad from destruction; for he declared that with all his honors he was not fireman.

I was philosophically cogitating on the numerous advantages of this mode of railway travelling, when suddenly the omnibus trot of our chargers was arrested. I was aroused from my reveries, when, on looking around, I found that a long freight train was before us, and, what was worse, that it was likely to be so for an indefinite time. It was off the track, and there was no alternative but to help the negroes get it on again. In spite of a long delay, I worked eagerly, with the hope that we could soon pass them at a switch. But on inquiry, I learned that there was but one switch on the road, and that we had passed that already. So we must patiently follow on as we could. For the benefit of all travellers who shall wish to follow in my footsteps in search of the great Wakulla Fountain, let me say that such a delay as this is of almost daily occurrence. It is nearly as bad as it is on the New Haven Railroad.

My patience diminished quite rapidly, and hearing that we were within three miles of a town called Newport, I resolved to walk there, thinking I could make the *detour*, and reach St. Marks before our train. The most striking feature of this little place is the illustration of the American *E Pluribus Unum* sentiment in the construction of its principal building. It is actually used for a church, an academy, a court-house, a Masonic lodge, a jail, and probably by this time for a Kaow-Nothing lodge. Few emotions or affections hath the heart of man, that are not touched by a careful study of this *chef-d'œuvre* of Floridian architecture.

The footpath from Newport to St. Marks lies across the edge of one of the most beautiful of Florida prairies. It is skirted by the cabbage palmetto, which here attains a majesty unusual even in that climate. The air is loaded with the fragrance of the wild flowers, among which our common clematis is conspicuous. In striking contrast with this rich exuberance of vegetable life, so peaceful and so winning, were the heavy clouds of thick smoke that lay all along the horizon, ever and anon lighted up by the lurid blaze from the burning grass and forests.

On arriving at St. Marks, I was sorry to learn that the wealthy city could not spare a single buggy to take me to Wakulla. There was but one owned in the town, and the possessor had unfortunately chosen the day of my arrival to ride out himself. The saddle horses of this buggy-less place were said to be of a very doubtful character, and so I chartered a row-boat. For you may know, even at this early part of my history, thus much of the whereabouts of Wakulla: boats have been rowed to it from St. Marks.

I succeeded in seeing the greater part of the city in a single afternoon; for although it lifts its head upon our school maps with just as much pretension as Savannah or Mobile, it really consisted of two ware-houses (since blown down), about a half-dozen dilapidated, white-washed, weather-beaten dwellings, and the ruins of an old Spanish fort, memorable in modern times chiefly for having been taken by Gen. Jackson. Its moat is still there. Its dark gray stones are almost hidden by the moss and the graceful creepers, that strive to lend to its hoary walls the freshness and beauty of youth.

Having seen St. Marks, we found that just at this season it would be next to impossible to reach Wakulla in a boat, so I returned to Tallahassee and took another route. With a wooden-legged negro as *compagnon de voyage*, guide and driver of a pair of horses, whose legs collectively had not much more elasticity than his, I started again for Wakulla. Our road lay through an almost unbroken forest of pine. What a treasure to me were those mighty pine forests of the South! To one who has through all his childhood been lulled to sleep by the monotonous roaring of the surf beneath his windows, and waked in the morning by its sublime anthems, absence from the coast becomes positively painful. The sighing of the wind through the lofty pines resembles almost exactly the distant roar of the sea. When one stands alone in their midst, far away from human habitations, one seems to hear the awful rustling of the garments of the Most High, as he passes on. I have stood on the summits of the Alps, I have seen the deep seas in their wildest fury, but never have I experienced a more overwhelming consciousness of the immediate presence of God, than in the profound solitudes of a mighty forest.

All along our way I noticed great numbers of those depressions, or "sinks," as they are called, common in limestone regions. Subterranean streams force their way through the fissures of the soft rock, and rapidly wear away the sides of their channels, thus sometimes producing caves, like Weyer's Cave, in Virginia, and the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. Sometimes the water approaches so near the surface that the thin crust of earth and rock breaks through, and forms one of these valleys or "sinks." We saw scarcely a brook or a spring in our path to warn us of our approach to the great fountain of Wakulla. All was parched and arid. At length we turned from the road, and after a gentle descent of a quarter of a mile, reached a beautiful grove, in which were the unmistakable evidences of picnic parties from Tallahassee. I knew that this was a famous resort for such enjoyments, and was therefore confident that my ebony, one-legged Phœbus had guided his steeds aright.

Taking a narrow path I passed through some dense underwood and all at once I stood on the banks of Wakulla Spring. There was a basin of water one hundred yards in diameter, almost circular. The thick bushes were growing to the water's edge, and bowing their heads beneath its unruffled surface. I stepped into a skiff and pushed off. Some immense fishes attracted my attention, and I seized a spear to strike them. The boatman laughed, and asked me how far below the surface I supposed they were. I answered, "about four feet." He assured me that they were at least twenty feet from me, and it was so. The water is of the most marvellous transparency. I dropped an ordinary pin in water forty feet deep and saw its head with perfect distinctness as it lay on the bottom. As we approached the centre, I noticed a jagged grayish limestone rock beneath us, pierced with holes; through these holes one seemed to look into unfathomable depths. The boat moves slowly on, and now we hang trembling over the edge of the sunken cliff, and far, far below it lies a dark, yawning, unfathomed abyss. From its gorge comes pouring forth with immense velocity a living river.

Pushing on just beyond its mouth, I dropped a ten cent piece into the water, which is there one hundred and ninety feet in depth, and I saw it clearly shining on the bottom. This seems incredible. I think the water must possess a magnifying power. I am confident that the piece of money could not be so plainly seen from the top of a tower one hundred ninety feet in height. We rowed on towards the north side, and suddenly we perceived the water, the fish, which were darting hither and thither, the long flexible roots, and the wide luxuriant grasses upon the bottom, all arrayed in the most brilliant prismatic hues. The gentle swell occasioned by the boat gave to the whole an undulating motion. Death-like stillness reigned around, and a more fairy-like scene I never beheld.

So great is the quantity of water here poured forth that it forms a river of itself, large enough to float flat-boats laden with cotton. The planter who lives here has thus transported his cotton to St. Marks. Near the fountain we saw some of the remains of a mastodon which had been taken from it. The triangular bone below the knee measured six inches on each side. Almost the entire skeleton has been sent to Barnum's Museum.

The Indian name for the fountain is beautifully significant. Wakulla means "The Mystery." It is said that the Spanish discoverers plunged into it with an almost frantic joy, supposing that they had discovered the long-sought "Fons Juventutis," or Fountain of Youth, which should rejuvenate them after all their exhausting marches and battles.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LOUISIANA STATE REGISTER. We are indebted to Amos W. Bell, Esq., the compiler, for a copy of this valuable publication, which comprises an historical and statistical account of Louisiana, from its origin as a territory to its present period, with a list of all the State and parish officers.

THE AMERICAN SCHOOL HYMN BOOK. By ASA FITZ. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co.

An admirable collection of hymns suitable to children, adapted to easy airs. Nineteen thousand copies have already been sold.

THE BOSTON THEATRE. Edited by WAYNE OLWINE.

Under this title, Wm. V. Spencer, No. 123 Washington Street, is publishing a series of sterling plays, neatly printed, with editorial remarks, list of properties, scene plots and stage directions. The last out are the "Willow Cope," as played at the Boston Museum, the "Bachelor's Bedroom," and "Sophia's Supper." Mr. Spencer performs a good service to the drama in reprinting rare plays that are out of print.

AMADEL. A Family History. By MARY ELIZABETH WORMELEY. New York: Bunce & Brother. 1854. 12mo. For sale by Federhen & Co.

The moral of this tale is that "love, as a principle, inspired into our duties, works its own reward." It is a delightful book, full of well-drawn characters, of strongly delineated passions and emotions, and is free from that unpardonable sin of a novel, want of interest. One cannot take up the volume without being swept along to the catastrophe—albeit it belongs not to the spasmodic school.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW FOR JANUARY has been laid on our table, by Crosby, Nichols & Co., the publishers. It sustains its high literary character well. Among the articles no one has read with much pleasure are those on the "Moorish Domination in Spain," and "George Berkeley."

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER FOR JANUARY, from the same publishers, contains a number of articles on popular subjects, treated with the ability of the practical writers who contribute to this excellent work.

THE HISTORY OF THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN, DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA. Lockhart's edition. 4 vols. 12mo. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1854.

Every lover of literature will thank the enterprising publishers for giving us this perfect edition of the immortal work of Cervantes. It is a reprint of that edited by the late lamented J. G. Lockhart, Scott's son-in-law, published in Edinburgh, in 1822, and so warmly commended by Blackwood. The text is that of Motteux, unquestionably the best translation of the original. We have compared it with the original in many of the most trying passages, and are convinced that, while it is written in good pure English, a full expression is given to every Spanish thought. The essay on the life and writings of Cervantes is a specimen of learned and enlightened criticism, while the copious notes explanatory of Spanish history, literature and customs are invaluable. Without them some of the author's most felicitous allusions are pointless to the English reader. It is worthy of remark, that no Spanish edition of Don Quixote can compare with the present for completeness and accuracy. Cervantes deserves, and Cervantes alone, to stand next to Shakespeare, nor can the brotherhood of art unite two names dearer to the popular heart.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF THOMAS HOOD. With a Portrait and Biographical Sketch. Edited by EPES SARGENT. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1854. New York: J. C. Derby. 12mo. pp. 400.

This is the only complete collection of poor Hood's poems extant; for, in addition to the contents of the Moxon edition, the present volume embraces many poems collected from various sources excluded by outstanding copyrights from the English work. It is beautifully printed, and embodies copious notes and a brief but interesting biography of the lamented author. Hood is most popular as a punster and humorist, but the melody, pathos and fancy of many of his serious poems are unsurpassed. The "Bridge of Sighs," and the "Dream of Eugene Aram," are sure of immortality. Mr. Sargent, in this, as in every literary labor of the kind he undertakes, has enhanced his reputation as an editor.

THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM COLLINS, THOMAS GRAY AND OLIVER GOLDSMITH. With Portraits and Biographical Sketches and Notes. Edited by EPES SARGENT. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. New York: J. C. Derby. 1854. 12mo. pp. 303.

The name of the editor is a guaranty of the accuracy and completeness of the work. The volume is printed in beautiful style, in large type and on fine paper. There was an appropriateness in grouping these three poets together, since they have a certain elegance and exquisite finish of style in common. Gray and Collins were only poets; but as we read Dr. Goldsmith's exquisite poetical compositions (enough to make the fame of any man), we are reminded that poetry was only one of his loves; that

Through all modes of the lyre, and was master of all."

The present edition contains a poem on chess, which will be new to nearly all of Goldsmith's admirers. These collected poems cannot fail to meet with a ready and extensive sale.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL. LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

A DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT.

Mrs. Young, an English lady who went out to the Crimea, in one of her letters, thus describes a French canteen-woman:—"The wives of French soldiers generally are never permitted to accompany their husbands on service, unless in the case of one or two *cantinières*, whose services to each regiment were likely to be useful. We had only one French woman among the troops on board the Thabor; and she was a middle-aged Norman, who, in a somewhat dirty cap, orange neckerchief, draggled chintz dress and wooden shoes, was anything but an attractive object. Having seen no other woman, however, except our pleasant little Marseilles stewardess, and a chambermaid on her way to Constantinople, I was somewhat startled, the morning we anchored off Smyrna, at the sudden apparition of a brilliant *cantinière*, who, in red trousers, short skirt and tight jacket, came clanking her spurs down the companion ladder at breakfast, and strutting with a most self-possessed air into the saloon, touched her casquette to the colonel, and stated her intention of passing the day at Smyrna. Monsieur le Commandant smiled, bowed, addressed the individual as 'Madame,' and requested that she would have the goodness to be on board again at four. On this, she touched her cap a second time, wheeled round, and re-ascended the 'companion' in most military style. Truly, dress is a great improver of persons; for this dashing *cantinière* was no other than the lady of the wooden shoes, whose chance of creating an impression was entirely the result of this full dress."

YANKEE NOTIONS IN LONDON.—In the Christmas pantomime at Drury Lane Theatre, the following scene was announced as one of the attractions of the piece: "*Great American Baby Show.*—Arrival of the Infantry—Sudden squall—Ma's upon the eve of battle—General attack—Awarding the prizes—Clown and Pantaloon's offspring—The prettiest baby in the world—A model baby and a spirit child—The wonderful effects of Dr. De Jough's cod liver oil—Clown's great prize baby—Fresh arrival of 300 more babies—The judge confounded—Great uproar."

OUR SUPPLEMENT.—Almost every town in New England has sent for at least twenty-five of our Valentine Supplement, which number will be forwarded on the receipt of *one dollar*. Four persons thus joining together, and paying twenty-five cents each, obtain twenty-five elegant missives to send to their lady friends for St. Valentine's Day.

AN AGED PASTOR.—Doctor Kendall, of Plymouth, has preached fifty-six years to the Unitarian congregation there. He is eighty-five years old, but in full possession of his faculties. Not many of his generation are alive.

AN AMERICAN DANSEUSE.—Miss Maywood, the danseuse, owns a splendid villa on the lake of Como. Her father is an inmate of an American Lunatic Asylum. What a sad contrast!

SPLINTERS.

.... At Pekin an editor is decapitated if he prints false news. The Pekin papers are very reliable.

.... Victor Hugo, Wm. M. Thackeray, Douglas Jerrold and Thomas Carlyle intend visiting this country—a galaxy of talent.

.... General Paez, an illustrious soldier of the war of South American Independence, died lately at Buenos Ayres.

.... Bulwer, the novelist, is opposed to the employment of foreign cut-throats by the British government. He spoke against it.

.... Within two months, twenty-two mail-robbers have been arrested in the United States. The secret agents are alert.

.... There is a very large anti-charity soup party in New York. Meanwhile the poor partake of it largely.

.... More farmers are needed in this country. "Hard Times" will drive many thousands into agriculture this year.

.... Within six months, the Five Cents Savings Bank received on deposit four hundred thousand dollars. Little sums count up.

.... The French Colony at Algiers is raising Sea Island cotton, worth a dollar a pound. We must look to our laurels.

.... An avalanche of warm tar lately fell upon a lady in this city, spoiling her dress and plumes. A new case of tar and feathers.

.... The celebrated lion, Martin Van Buren (not the ex-president), died lately at Auburn. He was quite a dandy-lion.

.... Mr. Simpson, of Saxonville, raises two crops of grapes a year off his hot-house. Only those who can't get them call them sour.

.... The brigands in Italy use Colt's revolver, and the London footpads, chloroform. To what base use science is perverted!

.... A gentleman in Kentucky drives a pair of elks. We know that a moose makes a most capital roaster.

.... Lord Elgin discountenances the mediation of the United States in the Eastern question. The parties will fight it out.

.... Four new planets and four new comets were discovered last year by astronomers. The star-system works well.

.... Madame Grisi don't like to see ladies' bonnets at the opera. Will she buy head-dresses for those who abandon them?

.... Sandford, the singer, lately gave 2000 loaves of bread to the poor of Pittsburgh. This is praiseworthy loafing.

.... A highway robber lately made an unsuccessful attempt to exercise his calling on Dorchester Avenue.

THE POETRY OF RAILROADS.

Rapid locomotion has always been a desideratum with the dwellers on this earth, who, by the way, are every second of their lives insensibly progressing through space at an inappreciable speed. The psalmist sighed for the "wings of the dove;" and Dædalus of Crete, with his son, made an experiment with artificial wings, to imitate the speed of birds, which proved a lamentable failure. The bitter Gloster alludes to this gentleman's misfortune in Richard the Third:

"Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,
Who taught his son the office of a fowl?
And yet, for all his wings, the fowl was drowned."

The Eastern story-tellers imagined what human effort, in spite of human desire, had failed to frame, rapid means of moving from place to place, such as bronze horses and flying palaces. Modern science has solved the problem that puzzled centuries, and iron horses harnessed to flying palaces, are common as stage-coaches were of old. Many have exclaimed against railroads as hard, practical things, destructive of all romance and poetry; but we regard them in a different light.

This transporting of a body of men, women and children, large enough to people an ordinary-sized village, with arrowy speed, from one city to another, within the compass of a few hours, is an exhibition of power that, however familiar, never can be witnessed without a thrill. Often on a warm, sunny day in early spring, when the grass was springing up by the wayside, and the birds twittering upon the budding branches, have we seen a long train just arrived from the north, with the snow thick upon the roofs, and icicles pendant from the eaves of the cars. There could be no more striking illustration of speed than this practical annihilation of the difference of latitude.

There is poetry in the motion of a bird that cleaves the air and voyages through its blue depths till it becomes a faint point, and then disappears in the distance. But is it more poetical than the thundering rush of an express train through a narrow valley, passing the spectator like a flash, its huge bulk dwindling instantly to a narrow line as it pierces the remote horizon?

But if you wish a spectacle of surpassing picturesqueness, take post upon a railroad, at a safe distance from the track, of a dark night, about the time a train is expected to arrive. First you hear a low thunder reverberating among distant hills; anon a bright point of light appears, like a star on the drapery of evening. It grows with astonishing rapidity, and now it glares like the fierce red eye of a monstrous demon, becoming larger, redder, fiercer, every moment, while the roar of the engine it heralds becomes more appalling and voluminous as it approaches. An earthquake—a whirlwind—a shower of fire—and the train has passed. If there be not more poetry in this than in an old night-coach, with its dim lamps, drowsy driver, piled-up baggage-rack, snoring passengers, and weary cattle, then we give up our point. To us a railway train is a realization of the wildest fancies of Eastern romancers, the fireman an Afrite, the conductor a magician, the brakemen attendant genii. We are sorry to add, that in railway travelling, to the sentiment of poetry is added the excitement of danger, a frequency of smash-ups rendering a life insurance policy almost as indispensable as a ticket to the railway traveller.

THE DONATION OF JUDGE HELFENSTEIN.

A correspondent of the Pottsville Journal writes of the late donation of coal lands for the benefit of the poor, by Judge Helfenstein, of Shamokin, Pa.: "This is no ordinary gift. It is a large, permanent and lucrative one, and must last for ages to come; it is one that cannot be stolen or plundered; it is the proceeds of about 600 acres of prime coal land which will take ages to exhaust it, for it contains 70,000,000 tons of coal, worth in the ground 25 cents per ton, making the enormous amount of \$17,500,000, which at an annual product of 300,000 tons per year at the above price per ton, will bring \$75,000 a year, and will take 233 years to exhaust. This calculation appears to be extravagant, but I have the opinion of some practical geologists, who are well acquainted with the property, and fully coincide with the above estimate."

UNEQUALLED.—The success of our Dollar Monthly Magazine is a source of amazement; old fogeydom may well open its eyes at the fact of a new magazine printing 50,000 copies on its *second number*! The dollars have poured in upon us from far and near. One hundred pages of reading matter in each number for *one dollar* per annum.

A LADY OF LIONS.—Miss Borelly, a girl of seventeen, has made her appearance at the circus at Paris, who performs all the feats of Van Amburgh. She "enters the cage of the ferocious animals" with perfect nonchalance. How much private cowering do the poor beasts undergo?

STEEL AND GOLD.—It is gratifying to know that the novelette now publishing in the Pictorial, from the pen of our associate editor, is received with unqualified satisfaction by the army of readers who form our patrons.

PAINTING.—Walter M. Brackett's portrait of Hon. Charles Sumner has lately been on exhibition at Cotton's, Tremont Row, and elicited much favorable comment.

CITY PATRONS.—The Pictorial is regularly delivered in Boston to all such persons as subscribe at the office of publication, on Wednesday of each week, at the residence of the subscribers.

BACK NUMBERS.—We can supply any and all of the back numbers of the Pictorial at a charge of six cents each.

FIGHTING DANDIES.

Many young men holding commissions in the British army, are sprigs of aristocracy, scions of nobility, born in the lap of luxury, and reared in voluptuousness and effeminacy. It is stated that many of the young guardsmen, when preparing to leave their club-houses on the Derby and Oaks days, provided themselves with veils to shelter their delicate complexions from the sun and wind. Yet, says an English writer, "these young men, who thought it necessary to guard their faces from the sun of a British summer day, are the same who have lain in their tents upon the heights above Sebastopol, scarcely sheltered from the cold damps of a November night, and have started with alacrity at the first sound of the trumpet or the drum, in the raw mists of the morning, to lead their men into the most terrible conflicts that ever soldiers were engaged in, and to face death in every terrible aspect that death can assume."

The same thing was noticed in the Peninsular war. The Bond Street regiments, who looked like mere holiday soldiers, and who seemed to attach more importance to the fit of a coat, or the polish of a boot, than the culture of the sterner qualities that make the soldier, were the most efficient troops that Wellington commanded. They endured the privations of war without a murmur, they kept up their spirits and strength upon fatiguing marches, and their behaviour under fire was most admirable. Men speedily shake off the artificial habits acquired in the "weak and piping times of peace," as that worthy gentleman, Richard, Duke of Gloster, styles them, in the rough and tumble of campaigning. "I beheld," says the author of "Campaigns of a Cornet," "O! tell it not in St. James, publish it not in Bow Street—I beheld the Hon. Captain Counterscarp, the amiable, the accomplished Captain Counterscarp of the Guards, who always held it to be derogatory to speak to an acquaintance who carried an umbrella—I beheld him, lost to all sense of shame, in his right hand bearing a leg of mutton, and in his left a haversack of cabbages." To such "vile uses" are the dandies reduced by actual service.

AN ODD FISH.—An Indian rajah, with a credit of five millions on Rothschild, lately stopped at Paris on his way to London. One day he stopped opposite a hack stand and compelled every pretty girl who came up to jump into a carriage and ride to her place of destination at his expense. His name is unpronounceable, and his eccentricities inexplicable.

BOSTON SINGERS IN ITALY.—Letters received from Italy announce that Miss Adelaide Phillips made her first appearance at the "Carcano" Theatre, Milan, on the 17th December, in the opera of the Barber of Seville, and met with entire success. The debut of Miss Elise Hensler at "La Scala," in the part of "Linda," was to take place very shortly.

LARGE CANNON.—There is at the present time and has been since 1847, in the government yard at South Boston, a cannon which is the largest in the United States, if not in the world. It was cast in the foundry of Cyrus Alger, in 1845, and weighed 25,520 lbs. Its bore is 12 inches.

OYSTERS.—There has been a dearth of oysters, at times, this winter, in Boston, owing to the non-arrival of the oyster-droghers. The ancient mariners employed in this business should build clippers.

GUN COTTON.—It is said that this powerful agent is about to be made serviceable in the Eastern war, and guns adapted to its use are in process of manufacture for the Austrian government.

RAILROADS VS. ART.—The original painting of Martin's Belshazzar's Feast was lately irrevocably injured by a railroad accident in England.

MARRIAGES.

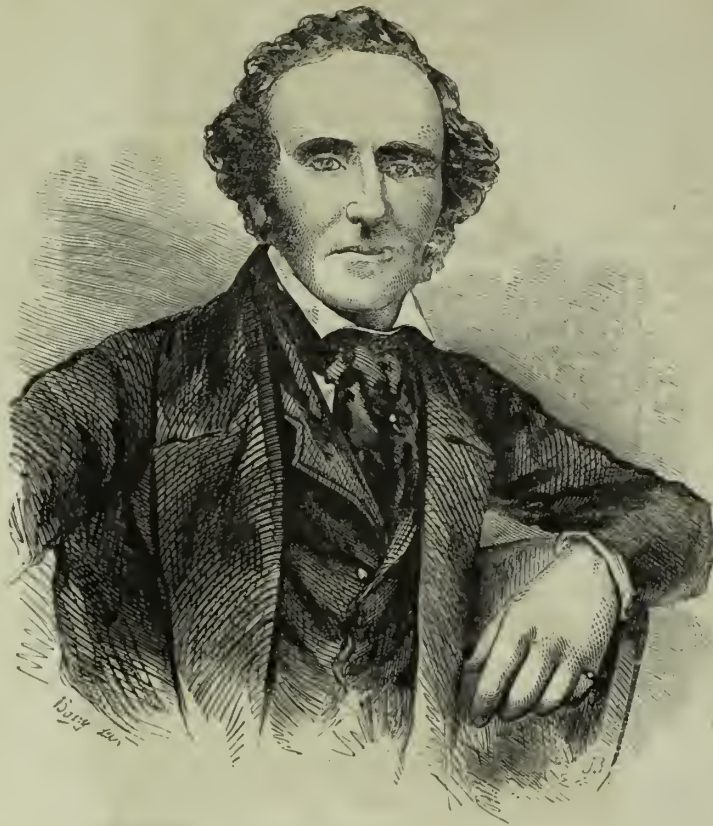
In this city, by Rev. Bishop Eastburn, Mr. W. Wirt Hill to Miss Emilie S. Allen; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Josiah Cumming to Miss Lydia A. Robinson; Mr. Harris P. Babb to Miss Harriet A. Newhall; by Rev. Dr. Neale, Mr. Amos D. Carleton to Miss Sarah A. Davis; Mr. Joshua C. Morse, of Portland, to Miss Annie Plaisted; by Rev. Mr. Burlingham, Mr. Abraham B. Miller, of Fall River, to Miss Abby A. Terry, of Dartmouth; by Rev. Mr. Ellis, Mr. George L. Dodd to Miss Caroline A. Stanton, of Readfield, Me.—At Roxbury, by Rev. Mr. Ryder, Mr. John E. Webster to Miss Phoebe A. Luce, of Boston; Mr. Henry R. Huling to Miss Mary Ann Berne.—At Malden, by Rev. Mr. Adams, Mr. Josiah A. Davis, of Bloomfield, N. J., to Mrs. Anna C. Gregory, of Boston.—At Reading, by Rev. Mr. Fuller, Mr. Albert Jenkins to Miss Mary E. Fuller, both of Stoneham.—At Stoneham, Mr. David A. Fuller to Miss Ann M. Shahan.—At Andover, by Rev. Mr. Mills, of North Bridgewater, George H. Mills, Esq., of Dover, N. J., to Miss Mary B. Smith.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Merrill, Mr. Robert L. Reed to Miss Mercy H. Fox, of Draught.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Leeds, Mr. William Stort, of South Reading, to Miss Mary Jacques.—At Danvers, by Rev. Mr. Murray, Mr. Charles T. Treadwell, of Ipswich, to Miss Hannah A. Rand.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Reed, Mr. William S. Brown, of Exeter, N. H., to Miss Caroline Pike, of Salisbury.—At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. James, Mr. Joseph Stockwell to Miss Caroline Hildreth.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. John Lawrence, 32; Mrs. Arthia M., wife of Mr. Joseph B. Edwards, 21; Mrs. Elizabeth Scott; Mrs. B. Baker, wife of the late Mr. John K. Baker, formerly of Portland, 69; Capt. George Cannon; Mr. Arthur L. Payson, Mr. Jacob H. Brown, 25; Mrs. Ruth Ann, wife of Mr. Gardiner D. Evans, 33; Mr. Caleb Francis Whorf, 33.—At Charlestown, Mr. Henry Forster, 53; Isaac Williams, Esq., 90; Miss Mary A. Waldron Bachelor, 21; Miss Barbara Austin Junio Cook, 28.—At Brookline, Dea. John Robinson, 91.—At Dorchester, Mr. Edward A. Williams, Jr., 22.—At Quincy, Mr. James Kettell, 80.—At Hingham, Mrs. Susan, wife of Mr. George Wright, of Boston.—At Leicester, Mr. Geo. D. Chilson, 24.—At Canton, Mr. Bradford Tucker, 24.—At Taunton, Mr. Joseph Barrows, 19; Mr. Levi Bissell, 28; Miss Mary C. Stanton, 42.—At Wayland, Mrs. Meliscent, wife of Mr. Sylvester Reeves, 67.—At Worcester, Mrs. Anna M., wife of Mr. Norris Chandler, 20; Miss Marcella L. Gibbs, 62; Mrs. Sarah E., wife of Mr. Alvin T. Burgess, 30; Mrs. Rebecca, wife of Hon. Rejoice Newton, 63.—At New Bedford, Capt. Charles Wood, 68.—At Langborough, Mrs. Maribah, wife of Russell Gibbs, Esq., 35.—At North Adams, Mrs. Jane P. Chee, 55.—At North Becket, Mr. Lewis Moore, 19.—At Dalton, Mrs. Julia Riche, 64.—At Lee, Mr. Robert Leishman, 80; Mrs. James Winterbottom, 38.—At Nantucket, Miss Lydia Joy Cartwright, 19.—At Portland, Me., Rev. Caleb B. Davis, late pastor of the Baptist church in Paris, 47.

EDWARD L. DAVENPORT.

We are quite sure that our readers will thank us for presenting them with a portrait of our distinguished townsman, Mr. E. L. Davenport, who, having concluded a prosperous and brilliant engagement at the Boston Theatre, is now performing a yet more successful one at the Museum. Mr. Davenport has been welcomed back to Boston, as only a sterling actor, and a man whose heart is in the right place, can be welcomed back. On the part of his townsmen, his first reception was a generous effusion of good feeling towards the man; his subsequent triumphs, the tribute rendered by satisfied judgment to genius and art. Mr. Davenport's laurels are all legitimate. Less than any other popular performer, who has a high position at his age, is he liable to a charge of *ad captandum* tactics. He does not seek to take his auditors by storm—he is content with winning them. In his impersonations, severe judgment controls his impulses; his action and declamation are never measured and gauged by the popular applause, but regulated by his own correct taste. He appears utterly unconscious of the presence of his audience. The first point with some actors is to establish a line of communication with the audience; to enlist them by appealing looks and gestures; to make them the partisans of the man, not judges of the actor, and then, as far as applause is concerned, their triumph is secure. If necessary, a direct appeal will secure the coveted "three rounds" at any given moment. To no such violation of the proprieties of art does Mr. Davenport ever descend. His conception of character, matured in his closet, is produced upon the stage as he has learned to understand it. He leaves nothing to chance, though, of course, like every man of genius, he is not insensible to, or unaided by, the inspiration of the hour. In reviewing any one of his delineations, we are struck with its harmony. We find that none of its local lights and shades have been exaggerated, but that the various parts have been duly balanced, so that the impression left upon the mind is precisely that produced by a well-drawn, well-grouped and well-colored picture. Mr. Davenport's mental qualifications for his profession are, in the first place, a hearty love of it; and next, a sound judgment, great energy, and an aptitude for study. Physically, he is possessed of a good face and fine figure, and a voice which, though not adequate to long-continued rants in the "Erebus vein," is yet sufficiently powerful, musical and flexible. His attitudes are picturesque and statuesque, without exaggeration; his gestures graceful and appropriate. His versatility of talent is quite remarkable. Within the course of a few weeks he has been known to play with success, Romeo, Falconbridge, Iago, Brutus, and William (in Black-Eyed Susan), parts as dissimilar as can well be imagined. He sings a good song, and dances a good hornpipe. Few persons on the stage can do so many things so well. Mr. Davenport was born in this city in 1820, and gave early indications of his aptitude and fondness for the stage—a manifestation better relished by his schoolfellows than by his older friends. His father wished him to adopt commerce as a profession, and he began life in a counting-room. "Once a clerk, always a clerk," says Charles Lamb; but before young Davenport was fairly broken into harness, his employers became bankrupt, and "the world was all before him where to choose." Without his father's knowledge, but with the consent of his mother, he left the paternal mansion and repaired to Providence, where he resolved to follow the bent of his inclination. He made his first appearance at the Providence Theatre, in 1836, as *Willdo*, in "A New Way to pay Old Debts," and rapidly gained possession of an extensive range of characters. He was next engaged at the Tremont Theatre, and by the end of his first season had attained a very respectable position. From Boston he went to Philadelphia, where he remained eight years; he subsequently enlisted under the banner of Hamblin, on the Bowery stage, and at once became a favorite. An important event in his theatrical career was his engagement with Mrs. Mowatt, who, after making the tour of the States, embarked with him for England, in 1847. Mr. Davenport's first appearance on the British stage was as Claude Melnotte, in the *Lady of Lyons*, at Manchester. In



EDWARD L. DAVENPORT.

London, he made his debut at the Princess's Theatre; and his reception, both by the public and the critics, was cordial and hearty. At the old and new Olympic Theatres, when he played with Mrs. Mowatt, he was equally successful; the press teemed with favorable and discriminating notices of the young American actor. His Armand, in Mrs. Mowatt's play of that name, and his Farmer Truman, in the same lady's comedy of "Fashion," increased the number of his admirers; while his personation of a British sailor, William (a hazardous experiment, since the great T. P. Cooke, the idol of the British public, was identified with the character), was a triumph of which any man in the profession might well be proud. Nothing better exhibits the elevated rank which Mr. Davenport has attained than the fact that Webster, of the Haymarket, engaged him to support Macready during the final engagement of the eminent tragedian at that theatre. Alternately with Macready, he performed Othello and Iago, Brutus and Cassio, besides the various juvenile tragedy parts that fell to his lot on other occasions. The British press was remarkably unanimous in its commendation of our countryman; the most influential journals and the severest critics uniting in awarding him unqualified approbation. Mr. Davenport has returned to us in the prime of life, a more finished actor than when he left our shores, but as careful and laborious a student as ever. With a heart thoroughly American, the applause of his own countrymen is the dearest of his triumphs, though warmly grateful for the generous hospitality and

appreciation that met him abroad. We have but to add, that Mr. Davenport is highly esteemed in private life, and that, as a man, he reflects credit on his profession. He proves a great favorite at the Museum, and attracts large audiences.

SAVIN HILL AND OLD COLONY RAILROAD.

No one who has visited the spot delineated in the accompanying engraving can fail to certify to its accuracy. Mr. Barry has treated the scene with true artistic feeling. It represents evening twilight—the tremulous and almost motionless water reflects the piers of the bridge and the long line of cars filled with New York passengers, gliding swiftly over it, the lanterns already lighted within. The hill rises mellowed and mingling with the sky. The whole forms a pleasing scene. Savin Hill is a famous resort in the summer season for our citizens; its nearness and accessibility from Boston, the salubrity of its locality, and the beauty of the views it commands, rendering it peculiarly attractive. It is delightful to sit at the close of a summer day on the brow of the hill, and look upon the bay, with its fringing islands and picturesque shores, the various craft with their white sails spread before the breeze, or beating up close-hauled against it. As twilight deepens, and lights begin one by one to twinkle forth out of the darkness, while the sharp lines of rocks and houses are mellowed by the obscurity, the scenery acquires a very romantic character. The wide reach of land and sea-scapes then becomes a boundless field for speculation, and a basis for building up a very pretty number of air-castles. There are in the neighborhood remains of earthworks erected by the Americans during the revolutionary war, for hereabouts there was "mounting in hot haste," planting of batteries, marching and countermarching, and all the bustle incidental to extensive military operations. There are few material traces, however, of the revolutionary struggle either here or elsewhere. The lines of fortification are fast disappearing before the ploughshare—agriculture is no respecter of battle monuments, and where bristling bayonets stood up in defiance, the tall spear-heads of wheat and barley nod in the passing breeze. But though these memorials of a by-gone age are disappearing, there is no danger that the story of the past will be lost. Traditions are garnered up, and art and literature give them a permanent shrine.

RUSSIAN SOLDIERS.

The soldier is always hungry; when he discovers a field of cucumbers, water-melons or gourds, he eats them, without washing, with the rind on. If with this the poor wretch has a little salt and a mouthful of brandy, he would not exchange with a prince. These men are mere children. They must be led, but they obey readily. Every four months they receive their pay of three rubles, 2s. 10d. The soldier who is not in active service, wears always, in summer and winter, a cow-skin cloak of a mixed gray and red color. This is his garment and his bed. Once a year they receive a new cloak, with three pairs of ankle boots of Russia leather, with excellent soles. He does not use them, for he takes great care of his kit. His ample belts are always dazzling white, his arms shine like a mirror, and are always in good condition. Such are the men. In respect to the officers, their small pay is usually paid once in four months, and it is always immediately gaily lost at dice or faro, in true Samaritan fashion, on a cloak spread on a bed. The winner regales the others with champagne. The Cossacks are an excellent troop as outposts. They are brave, intelligent, clever, gentle and faithful. If one has Cossacks with him, he is safe from surprise. They have a natural prudence which surpasses the instinct of the savages of America, and scents the enemy before he shows himself. Without apparent precaution, a picket of Cossacks will place itself close to the enemy; four lances stuck in the ground, with a horse-cloth thrown over them, is their habitation. They make no fire in the night. Their horses are loose around them. At a whistle the good beasts return of themselves.—*London Examiner*.



SAVIN HILL RAILROAD BRIDGE, DORCHESTER.

THE ARCHITECTURE OF BIRDS.

The study of the mechanism of animals is one of the most delightful features in natural history, and the architecture of birds is well calculated to excite our interest and admiration in a high degree. The skill and ingenuity displayed in endless variety, by mysterious instinct, we may trace with pleasure—but the motive-principle must remain an enigma to us, forever! For the entertainment of the reader the powers of our artists have been invoked to produce the accompanying sketches representing, in a truly natural manner, some specimens connected with this interesting subject. "A nest," says the French Academy, "is a sort of cradle, a species of dwelling-house, which birds construct wherein to lay their eggs and rear their young." The Academy might have added that it is a regular, solid, skillful and elegant structure, commenced, with tender solicitude and prudent forethought, under the impulse of (so called) blind instinctive necessity, and continued with zeal and perseverance—a work the skill of which is inexplicable, and a matter of astonishment. Each kind of bird has its own peculiar form and sort of nest, its own regulations and chosen spot. Birds of prey choose the summits of rocks and crags or high deserted towers, where they build their capacious dwellings with large twigs and sticks, to which purpose the great muscular power nature has bestowed on them is admirably fitted—and at much cost of time and trouble, for these buildings are destined for children and great grand-children, it rarely happening that the first or second offspring forsake the place of their birth. Accordingly we find that these nests are so substantially built that they



ROCK-SWALLOW'S NEST.



SOCIAL WEAVER BIRD'S NEST.

mouth of which is too small for even a rat to enter. Another variety unite a kind of chalice to form their nest, in which the old ones are accustomed to take rest from the cares of housekeeping. The nest of this bird, which is one of the smallest and weakest, is generally eight inches high by four broad, within—which may be considered enormous dimensions in comparison with the size and force of the little architects. The structure is commenced in the middle of winter, and is not completed, although diligently carried on, until spring, when the female is ready to begin laying her eggs. As they often lay and hatch to the amount of twenty, this occupies some time. The sedge-bird exhibits the instinct with which it is furnished in a different form. In order to protect its young from the element amongst which it is born, this bird adapts its nest to the twofold capacity of a land-house and a ship! The nest, which is formed of perfectly water-tight cement, is suspended to a willow branch, which is often reached by the water when it rises, when the nest, like a boat, floats securely and comfortably with its precious live freight, shortly again to swing in the air! The nests of others of this species are so artfully constructed, and so firmly interwoven and glued together, that the knot must be cut in order to see within. No less curious are the nests of the field-fare, yellow-hammer, finch—but most particularly so are those of the weaver-bird, or cherry-finch—which congregate in large masses of from five to six hundred, and live together in one harmonious community. Many hundreds of them club together and go to work to build an immense roof on a tree, or perhaps one over another. This they make of stalks, leaves, clay, etc., so thick



NEST OF THE LONG-TAILED TITMOUSE.

withstand the assaults of time and weather for a lengthened period. Most birds build in trees amongst the branches of hushes or behind a clod of earth, making use of twigs, straws, moss, down, cotton and a thousand little materials, gathered here and there with infinite industry, to be carried (often from no inconsiderable distance) with unerring exactitude, to the selected spot. Then, having only feet and bills to work with, all these various substances are arranged and fitted together, until a masterpiece of workmanship is completed. Some of the feathered tribes, with wonderful skill attach their nests to a supple bough which is moved by every breath of wind, a perfect swing. Others collect clay and gravelly mud, which with leaves and water carried in their bills, they form into cement and build compact houses for themselves, impervious to rain, cold or dampness, against chimneys or on ledges of walls. These nests, outwardly a work of great art, appear within, a very masterpiece of skill and ingenuity. They are divided into separate chambers, allowing the parent bird a room to himself, when his services are not required, where he can repose at ease, or whence he can watch and look out on the world beyond. How many, many journeys must these indefatigable artisans perform, what an amount of ceaseless industry, what enduring patience does this instinct exhibit! Those which build upon the ground are less particular, and display less skill, but the desired end of warmth and protection is attained. Others are content with a hole in the sand. Here they lay their eggs, which they leave during the day-time to be hatched by the heat of the sun, returning homeward at night to sit upon them. The nest of the long-tailed titmouse is a most remarkable construction. This bird, which is not bigger than a wren, takes innumerable means of precaution for the comfort, safety and concealment of its dwelling. It is made like a hollow ball, with a small opening on one side, as may be seen in the engraving. This orifice serves the double purpose of door and window, and is so well barricaded that neither cold nor rain can penetrate into the interior. This is effected by an admirably contrived screen, before the entrance to the little citadel, of downy feathers, which is very pliant, to admit of ingress and egress, and yet exclude the weather. Yet this is not all. From its very diminutive size, this bird is afraid of numerous enemies, and therefore has recourse to wise artifice to conceal its asylum. It fastens its nest to the trunk of a tree, and covers it carefully and skillfully with the twigs and leaves of the parasitical plants that cluster around the stem to which it adheres, and contrives to give to the imitable structure the appearance of being a part of the bark. Having exhausted its skill in the deception, intended only to deceive enemies, the little creature enters its mansion and rears a family under protection of the pious fraud. Another kind, belonging to the same tribe, carries its precautionary measures even to a greater extent. Being a frequenter of the



NEST OF THE TITMOUSE.

borders of water, it has everything to dread from the vermin that infest those places. What then is to be done as a safeguard from the insidious foe? It is at no loss, for choosing the bough of a tree that overhangs the water, it builds its bottle-shaped nest, the

and strong that it is absolutely impervious to the rain. When this work is accomplished by the united labor of the association, the under surface of the roof is divided amongst the members, and they commence building their nests to this covering. They are all of a size, and built the one touching the other. Each of these dwellings has its own entrance, but it sometimes happens that one door serves for three windows, for one apartment is on the right, another on the left, the third in the background. Some of the neighbors are on such friendly terms that they allow one doorway to serve for both families. Thus these buildings are erected at the least possible expense to the individual birds, as each one makes use of the sidewall of his neighbor as a portion of his house—yet the additions are so contrived as never to leave the thin partition-walls exposed to the weather. The nests, which are about three inches in diameter, are formed of finer leaves and grass than the roof, very closely woven, and the inside of them is lined with down. As the population increases, new nests are built over the old ones. Those which have been forsaken are turned into streets and avenues leading to the new structures. The learned Vaillant examined one of these roofed cities, and counted in it three hundred and twenty houses or nests. Each of these must have contained one pair, making a colony of six hundred and forty members. It would be interesting to watch the proceedings of such a community for the course of a year, especially to note the care and kindness bestowed on the rising generation. It is supposed that the barracks are deserted when the young ones are fledged and capable of flight, and remain empty until the next season. We know not how the association is first formed, when dissolved, or by what intelligence they again unite. This has not yet been discovered, so we are ignorant of that precisely which it would be most interesting to know. There is one species of nest which figures in the annals of *gastronomy* as well as *zoology*; we mean the edible nest of the Indian swallow, which is the occasion of a vast trade in Chinese and East Indian seas, and is esteemed by the Dutch, as well as the Celestials, as the choicest dish of their cookery. This dish is not, as formerly supposed, composed of fish eggs and other animal substances, but the veritable nests of these swallows, formed, in like fashion to those of the family to which they belong—of sprigs of sea-grass glued together in the required shape. Lameour, the naturalist, thought he recognized this grass in some which he discovered in the Indian Ocean, containing a great amount of saccharine. These nests are found principally in caverns of the islands of these seas, at Timor, Flores, Amboyna, Tahiti, and the Marquesas Islands. In order to obtain these much-sought nests, it is requisite to descend steep rocks for some hundred feet, to reach the caves formed by the action of the sea. It is truly a perilous employment, and life is often endangered.



NEST OF THE TITMOUSE.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Invitations were given by a wealthy lady of New York city, a short time since, to attend what she called a "Calico Ball." Each lady invited was to come to the ball in a calico dress, which dress was to be sent the next day to one of the charitable institutions for clothing the poor. — A little son of the editor of the Manchester Mirror swallowed a silver thimble a few days since. — The whole number of soldiers in the militia of Maine at the present time is 2617, of whom 272 are commissioned officers, 320 non-commissioned officers and musicians, and 2017 privates. Twenty-seven companies have been petitioned for during the year past, and fifteen organized. — The Jesuits of Spain have been ordered to withdraw to the island of Mayore. — The Lynn shoe manufacturers are beginning to receive orders more liberally than for some time previous; and the indications are that they will have a very good spring trade. One of the largest and oldest of manufacturers has recently received orders to quite a large amount—sufficient to put most of his workmen on the bench. — According to late census returns, there are 4971 Mormons in the State of Michigan, the most of whom are on Beaver Island. — Russia virtually is inaccessible. No power or powers can enter and remain on her ice-bound and snow-covered territory. She says to the world: "Come with a small force, and I will overwhelm you; come with a large one, and you will overwhelm yourselves." Charles XII. and Napoleon both experienced this truth. — The immigration at the port of New York last year was 319,223; at Quebec, 53,183; at Baltimore, 31,151; and at Boston, 22,000. Total, 428,557. — A party of robbers armed with revolvers entered a house in Thorold, Canada West, lately, presented their pistols to the inmates, and robbed the house of \$134. The next evening they walked into a house occupied only by women, and robbed it of \$900 in the same manner. — At Philadelphia, Mrs. Emma R. Coc, a distinguished participant in Woman's Rights Conventions, was registered as a student of law in the office of the District Court. — At St. Louis, Thomas Kain was sitting in the house of Philip Keating, talking to the wife of Keating in a familiar manner, when Keating came in, and rushing upon Kain in a fit of jealousy, struck him several blows with his fist. The assaulted man fell upon the floor, and was found to have his neck broken, and to be dead. — Advice from Nova Scotia represent the people as being highly pleased with the effects of the reciprocity treaty, and arrangements are making for much larger exports of coal from Pictou next season. — A black snake, measuring four feet in length and big in proportion, was killed in the town of Hamden, Connecticut, lately, by Mr. Edmund D. Bradley. It is a rare circumstance to kill a snake in the month of January. — The steam fire engine recently built at Cincinnati for this city, has received the name of "Miles Greenwood," in honor of the chief engineer of the Cincinnati Fire Department. — Mr. T. Cunningham, boiler manufacturer, Charlestown, has just closed a contract with the government for the construction of four iron fog boats, to be supplied with bells, and to be placed at different stations on the coast. — The Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church (New York,) has adopted a rule in the Synod, that the title of "D. D." shall not hereafter be attached to the names of any of their ministers. — During the year ending on the last day of November, 1854, nearly live thousand tons of copper ore were brought to Chicago by the Central Railroad, from the mineral regions of Upper Georgia and Tennessee. — The number of Christian Jews in the world is estimated by one of their number at 15,000, of whom several hundred are in the United States, many of them occupying highly respectable positions. — The Lynn News says that Mr. Blaney Alley, of that city, made twenty pairs of gaiter boots in twelve hours, lately. — Some six thousand firkins of butter have been put aboard vessels for California, lately, in New York, and some four thousand at Boston, making a total of over ten thousand firkins of sound quality, the best in the market. — Mr. Peter Preterre, a French physician, has been convicted at New York of selling laudanum without the word "poison" being labelled on it. This is the first conviction that has ever occurred there under the statute which imposes the penalty. — A little child of Mr. Freeborn Lawrence, of Fitchburg, was burned to death, lately.

ITALIAN PATRIOTISM.—At a meeting of the Italian patriots in New York recently, it was unanimously resolved that a mass meeting of patriots of all countries should be held on the 9th instant, to commemorate the deposition of the Pope and the proclamation of the Roman Republic by law, in 1849; and also to rejoice over the fact that the foreign armies which destroyed the Roman armies and restored papacy, notwithstanding the universal execration of the people, will probably be withdrawn from Rome and Italy at an early day.

THE ROXBURY ATHENÆUM.—From the annual report of the trustees of the Roxbury Athenæum, as published in the Norfolk County Journal, we learn that the library of that institution now contains 6500 bound volumes, 500 volumes of unbound periodicals. The number of books taken out during the year was 5850. The receipts were \$627, which were about \$10 less than the expenses.

SOUND DOCTRINE.—In England there are two maxims which generally prevail in society, and which might be adopted here with advantage; they are that: "It is vulgar to live above your means," or "To dress above your station."

JUDAH TORO.—A monumental tablet in honor of the memory of this wealthy and benevolent member of the Hebrew faith, has been placed in the Jewish synagogue in Warren Street, in this city.

Wayside Gatherings.

Professor McKay, of South Carolina, estimates that the cotton crop of this year will exceed that of 1854, by 270,000 bales.

The work of tunnelling the Hoosac will be re-commenced in the spring. Meanwhile it is best not to hore the 'public much about it.

Governor Gardner has issued his official proclamation that the district of Boston Corner has been ceded to and made part of the State of New York.

Mr. Nathaniel Estland, on Monday week, fell into a vat of hot tan liquid, in Mr. John W. Gillion's patent leather factory at Danvers, and was so badly scalded that he died on Wednesday.

E. Carter, Jr., collector of Portland, has paid this winter for fishing bounties to fifty-seven vessels, \$8300. There are more vessels yet to be paid.

Redmond Ryan, the well-known delineator of Irish character, and the singer of Irish songs, died at Galveston, a short time since, of cholera.

James T. Ball, a youth of Prince Georges county, Md., lately killed four birds with one stone. Huzza for young America. Two birds with one stone is as much as our fathers ever dreamed of killing.

In Detroit, Baber, who participated in a burglary and attempted to kill a clerk, has been sentenced to fifty years in the State Prison, or till 1905, when he will be sixty-eight years old, he being now eighteen.

The Courier assures its readers that there is no foundation for the report that the "Black Swan" has been engaged to sing before the members of the House of Representatives at the close of each daily session.

The actual defences of New York harbor are 1064 guns, of various calibre, though most of them are heavy pieces. This includes 318 guns at Throg's Neck, and takes in the works on Governor's Island, Staten Island, and at the Narrows.

John Faulkner, a young man, dumb and idiotic, escaped from the Dexter Asylum, at Providence, on Wednesday week, and on Thursday he was found hanging dead by his heels from the top of a picket fence surrounding a burial ground.

The report of the Upper Canadian schools for 1853, shows that the aggregate sum raised for all educational purposes is £199,674, an increase on any preceding year of £23,958. Still twenty-five per cent. of the population, one in four, cannot read and write.

While excavating the pile of ruins caused by the burning of Judson's Hotel, in New York, a human body was dug up. It is supposed to be the body of an English gentleman, who was staying at the house when the fire occurred.

Mr. Powers, the American sculptor, has a copy in bronze of the east of Napoleon's head, made by his physician, Antomarchi, immediately after his death, from the clay of some rich Etruscan vases, broken up for the purpose, there being no suitable earth at St. Helena.

The country residence of Asher C. Havens, of the firm of Havens & Co., commission merchants of New York city, at Fort Washington, about twelve miles up the Hudson, was recently destroyed by fire, and three of his daughters, aged from 14 to 22 years, perished in the flames.

There is a party of four gentlemen in Boston, who have been in the habit of meeting every Friday night for the last twenty-seven years, to enjoy a sociable game of whist. They are still hale and hearty, with a fair prospect of seeing twenty-seven more years.

The Atlanta (Geo.) Examiner says over eight hundred bushels of sweet potatoes have been raised by Mr. Edward Shepard on two acres of land near Columbus, Georgia. He is reported to have discovered a mode of cultivation by which such large crops can be raised as a general thing, [on rich land.]

The children of Schiller, the great German author, are endeavoring to obtain from the Prussian Chamber an extension of the copyright which they now enjoy in the works of their illustrious parent. According to the present law their peculiar property in Schiller's works is secured until 1858, and they pray that the term may be extended twenty years.

About two years ago, Mr. Elijah Moore, a Virginia farmer, moved to Iowa, and at the late Agricultural Fair in Washington county, in that State, took the premium for the best crop of corn. He raised one hundred and twenty bushels to the acre. The corn was planted on the 7th and 8th of June, and cribbed the last day of September.

In 1838, Mrs. George N. Briggs spun and wove a piece of cloth, for which she obtained a premium at the Berkshire Agricultural Fair, and this premium cloth was made into a dress coat and worn by her husband in Washington, where he had the reputation of being the only member for whom his wife spun and wove his coat.

The monster grizzly bear from California, which has been exhibited in various parts of the country, broke loose in Philadelphia recently, and was secured with much trouble and labor. During his brief freedom, Bruin gave an omnibus horse an affectionate hug, paid his respects to a mule, stole a joint of beef from a butcher, and terrified everybody in the vicinity.

The sober people of Guildhall, Vt., and vicinity have been favored with a "blow" recently. The bridge across the Connecticut was lifted from its place and set down across the river below, where it is still safe for foot passengers, and quite a havoc was made among chimneys, roofs, sheds, and other material that came in the way. The damage to the bridge alone is \$2500.

Petitions have been presented to the Legislature of Delaware asking that body to so alter the law as to allow orderly, industrious and well-behaved free colored persons from other States to come into that State for lawful purposes, on the permit of any judge, or the chancellor of the State, and to extend the period of absence, whereby free colored persons going beyond the limits of the State are deprived of their residence.

The Emperor Napoleon has just granted an annual pension of 600 francs, from his privy purse, to an old man, aged seventy-three, named Noel Pepin, who was formerly private gamekeeper at the chateau of Navarre, the residence of the Empress Josephine. He is now the only survivor of all those who formed the household of the empress, and has frequently seen Louis Napoleon playing in the gardens of that chateau.

The brig "Ethiopian Queen," built expressly for the conveyance of Christian teachers to the eastern coast of Africa, was launched opposite to the city of Hamburg, in Germany, on the 27th of last September. She was built by a poor but charitable congregation in the German village of Hermansburg, and cost 13,000 thalers, of which 150 came from some unknown person in America.

Foreign Items.

The total shipment of coffee from Rio Janeiro during November was 176,400 bags, of which 22,450 were for New York, and 10,000 for Baltimore.

An English paper says that the son of a Mr. Perkins, an American gentleman, has proposed to supply the British government with a steam gun capable of throwing a ball of a ton weight a distance of five miles.

The revenue of the British colony of Victoria, during the quarter ending June 30, amounted to the enormous sum of \$4,081,975. During the quarter ending June 30, the revenue from gold licenses and escort fees amounted to \$841,450.

The British expenditure in the year ending the 10th October last, on account of the army was £7,060,882; on account of the navy £10,057,769 5s 10d; on account of the ordnance £3,690,890 11s 9d; Kaffir war £230,000, and the vote of credit; additional expenses, war with Russia, £220,000.

No country except France, outside of Italy, sent a larger number of prelates to the late feast of the Immaculate Conception at Rome, than the United States. France sent seven, the United States six, England six and Ireland six. The other states were represented by a smaller number.

Great progress is making with the Industrial Palace at Paris. Workmen are now employed in laying down the flooring of the basement story and forming the foot-paths connected with the building. Many artists are at the same time engaged with the decorative paintings.

The Roman beggars are a great curiosity to a stranger. They sit in chairs at every church door and rattle their tin boxes at the passers-by. One copper is usually the extent of their demand, and if the charitably disposed person has no copper coin, they are always ready to change a piece of silver.

The London Athenæum has Mr. Bentley's authority for saying that the following sums have been paid by his firm for American copyrights to three American writers: to Mr. Washington Irving, £2450; to Mr. Prescott, £2495; and to Mr. Fennimore Cooper, £12,590—in all, £17,535.

Sands of Gold.

.... All noble enthusiasms pass through a feverish stage and grow wiser and more serene.—*Channing.*

.... Murmur at nothing; if our ills are reparable, it is ungrateful; if remediless, it is vain.—*Colton.*

.... Money and time are the heaviest burdens of life, and the unhappiest of all mortals are those who have more of either than they know how to use.—*Johnson.*

.... Love sees what no eye sees; love hears what no ear hears; and what never rose in the heart of man love prepares for its object.—*Lavater.*

.... The real wants of nature are the measure of enjoyments, as the foot is the measure of the shoe. We can call only the want of what is necessary poverty.—*St. Clement.*

.... True friendship is a plant of slow growth, and must undergo and withstand the shocks of adversity, before it is entitled to the appellation.—*Washington.*

.... He that does good to another man, does also good to himself; not only in the consequence, but in the very act of doing it; for the conscience of well-doing is a very ample reward.—*Seneca.*

.... A nation's character is the sum of its splendid deeds; they constitute one common patrimony, the nation's inheritance. They are foreign powers, they arouse and animate our own people.—*Clay.*

.... We should amuse our evening hours of life in cultivating the tender plants, and bringing them to perfection, before they are transplanted to a happier clime.—*Washington.*

.... There sometimes wants only a stroke of fortune to discover numberless latent good or bad qualities, which would otherwise have been eternally concealed; as words written with a certain liquor appear only when applied to the fire.—*Greville.*

.... Those orators who give us much noise and many words, but little argument and less wit, and who are the loudest when least lucid, should take a lesson from the great volume of nature; she often gives us the lightning without the thunder, but never the thunder without the lightning.—*Burritt.*

Joker's Budget.

Modern girls are true labor-saving machines. They save all the labor by doing nothing.

Why does an omnibus conductor always try a silver fourpenny-piece with his teeth? To prove that it's a fourpenny bit.

Tolerance means allowing you to think as I do; but directly you want me to think as you do, then it's gross intolerance.—*Punch.*

An infallible remedy for redundancy of style, is for the diffuse author to form the habit of writing advertisements, and paying for their insertion.

It is proposed to appoint an officer, to be called the state astrologer, whose duties it shall be to calculate the nativities of all persons applying for office.

What is the pleasantest to a homely woman—to become good looking, or to see her dear, beautiful friend, Maria Jane, catch the small pox and grow ugly like herself?

"Daddy, I want to ask you a question: why is neighbor Smith's liquor shop like a counterfeit dollar? Because you can't pass it," said the urchin. Exit old toper.

In frosty weather we are told we should lop our timber out of doors. The most sensible way of lopping your timber will be to cut your stick and go in doors to a comfortable fire.

We always feel sorry for illustrious brides and bridegrooms who have to put "their mark" in the parish register; for it seems ominous that their wedded life should begin with crosses.

We hope the commissariat supplies provision enough to sustain the energy of our forces before Sebastopol. Plenty to eat must be necessary to such capital trencher-men.—*Punch.*

The ancient Roman ladies are said sometimes to have adorned themselves by tying a live snake round their necks. The reptile, in that case, may be said to have been the lady's live stock.

Messrs. S. D. & S. H. Carpenter, proprietors and editors of the Madison Patriot, happening to be both absent from home, there appeared in their paper the following notice: "Wanted immediately at this office, the services of two Carpenters. Good wages and permanent employment will be given."

One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, \$4 00 per annum. Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU,



IMPERIAL MUSEUM AT ST. PETERSBURG IN RUSSIA.

IMPERIAL MUSEUM, ST. PETERSBURG.

This splendid edifice, of which we furnish above an accurate and highly finished front view, is the Imperial Museum of the Arts at St. Petersburg, built by the celebrated architect, Leo von Kleurze of Munich. Notwithstanding the excellent execution of this engraving, it is far from being able to convey a thorough idea of the colossal proportions of so vast and magnificent a building as the new Museum—or new Hermitage—of St. Petersburg. This structure, which is truly a palace of the first order, was expressly designed to contain a perfect museum of every description of works of art. Sculpture, ancient and modern, statuary, paintings, vases, antiaglia enmeos, medallions—a collection of all sorts of coins, engravings, drawings—illuminated manuscripts and a most magnificent library. The entire length of the building is 1840 feet. The principal entrance is on the facade of the east side. It will be observed that this, being considerably elevated above the level of the ground, is reached by steps. The portico is roofed and supported by eight pillars and ten statues, which are formed out of solid blocks of granite from Serdohol. The beauty and nobleness of style of the sculpture, the purity and accuracy of workmanship, and the splendid polish of these columns and figures command universal admiration, and leave nothing to be desired in their connection. It may also be affirmed, that even if the Egyptian Pharaohs—equally large, colossal monoliths of granite—were carried away, these Telamons, in point of beauty, as objects of art, would exhibit a monument of the North surpassing, by far, anything of the kind to be found

elsewhere. In fact, the whole style and ornament of the exterior is in keeping with the high meed of praise awarded to the part we have noticed. In reference to the interior decorations we might enlarge almost without limit, and ever, with truth, in terms of the highest admiration; for indeed the magnificence and splendor, which extend throughout the whole of this wondrous masterpiece of art, are inconceivably grand and imposing. Throughout the whole building the ornamental character of the architect's design is perfectly carried out, in accordance with which the construction is so arranged that, with the exception of some flooring and the inner doors, no wood is employed. The whole of the roofs and the ceilings, covering a surface of 80,000 square feet, are covered with *iron*—and all the ornaments thereof are formed of copper galvanized, the effect of which is splendid beyond account. The walls are faced partly with real marble and in part with stucco (imitation) marble, and the one hundred and forty pillars of the monoliths, comprised within the building, are of the most beautiful specimens of marble and granite. The floors are formed either of marble or richly ornamented mosaic work of wood. The cornices around the base of the pillars and the Ionic caps are of the marble of Carrara, at which place they were worked to order, from designs furnished by the architect. The pillars are of beautiful polished Finland granite, of the color of Egyptian sienna. The crownings of the pillars on the principal staircase are also from Carrara, and were in like manner there fashioned and prepared according to the designs of the architect, while the pillars which they adorn are monoliths of pol-

ished gray granite from Serdohol. The steps of these stairs, about twenty-four feet long, are of beautiful white Carrara marble, as are also the door facings on the landing place at the first story.

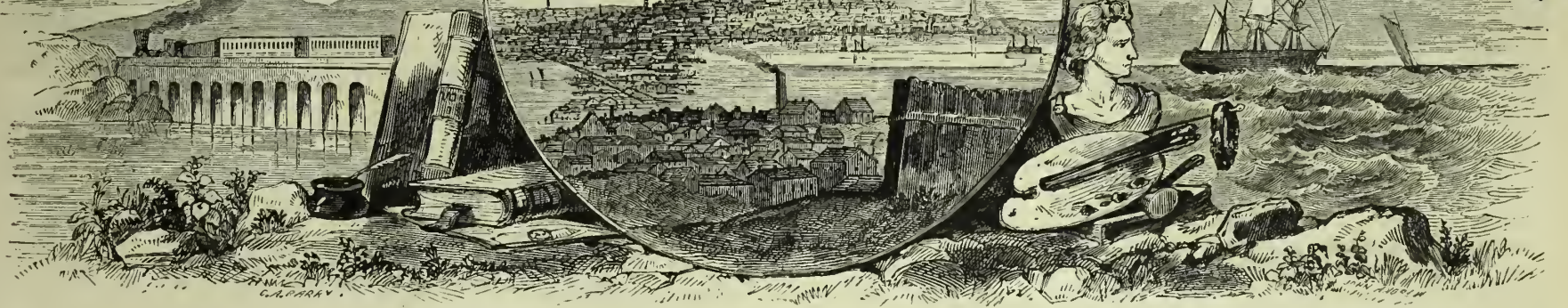
SPANGENBERG FORTRESS, IN KURHESSEN.

Our view represents the ancient fortress of Spangenberg, and the small town of the same name, at the base of the hill on which the stronghold is situated. Spangenberg was a feudal castle so far back as 1225, when it belonged to the lords of Trefurt and Spangenberg. When it was originally constructed is unknown, but shortly after the period mentioned, Henry II., Landgrave of Cassel, purchased the fort, the town and the jurisdiction of Spangenberg for 8000 silver marks. The fort is surrounded with high walls and ramparts and a wide dry ditch, which is crossed by two drawbridges, one being only for foot passengers, the other admitting wheel carriages. Within the walls there is a well about four hundred feet deep, from which water for the garrison is raised by a treadmill worked by asses. The town is watered by two small streams, the Pfiefe and Oese, and is situated about twenty-five miles from Cassel, and eleven from Melsungen, amid a very hilly and sterile district. Spangenberg is no longer of military importance, but has of late become celebrated as the place of confinement for state prisoners, who are here treated with more than usual severity and strictness, and under the absolute authority of the state direction, without distinction as to the standing of the parties or nature of the offence charged, and independent of the usual mitigatory appeals.



SPANGENBURG FORTRESS, IN KURHESSEN.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT
AND BROMFIELD STS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1855.

\$3.00 PER ANNUM. { VOL. VIII., No. 6.—WHOLE No. 188.
6 CENTS SINGLE.

THE VALENTINE.

The subjoined engraving, the design of which is from the graceful pencil of Rowse, is more eloquent than words. A lady, and a fair one, is plunged in a blissful reverie, pursuing the train of images awakened by the valentine missive she has just been reading and which lies, as it has fallen, in her lap. The favored King Charles spaniel is watching his pretty mistress with his bright little eyes, as if an almost human jealousy divined her secret. Without the ellipse we have Cupid performing the office of Mercury, and again in his own roguish character, with how an shafts. Next week the anniversary of St. Valentine occurs, and it is perhaps because the bishop lost his head, that so many heads are turned on this occasion. No one can estimate how

much love there is in the world, till he reckons up the number of booksellers' stores, and the reams of paper devoted to the service of Cupid. There must be a great demand to cause such a supply. And this periodical outpouring of affection embraces all classes—for here you find the penny valentine and the one sold under cost, owing to the hardness of the times, for five hundred dollars. It is not a little amusing to watch the purchasers of these wares. Here comes a verdant youth from the rural districts—verdant, but pure and innocent in his feelings, one hand immersed in a pocket convulsively clutching the coin he has made up his mind to expend for a pictorial expression of his passion. He colors up to the roots of his hair when he asks for a valentine, and as soon as he has obtained it, throws it into his bell-crowned hat,

adds his bandanna by way of wadding and disappears. He is perhaps followed by a cooler dealer in the article, who "has kissed and has prattled with fifty fair maids;" he is a wholesale purchaser of valentines, and designs them only as compliments. He is succeeded by a roguish maiden, who is very choice in her selection. She is evidently untouched by Cupid's shafts—in "maiden meditation fancy free," and has a mind to send off a batch of missives, written in disguised hands to create a fluttering in the hearts of her acquaintances, and thus they come and go. We are not sorry that St. Valentine's day is so generally celebrated—we need more relaxation than we have hitherto indulged in, and the number of holidays is not sufficiently large to be alarming.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

STEEL AND GOLD: —OR— THE HEIR OF GLENVILLE.

A DOMESTIC TALE OF REVOLUTIONARY DAYS.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XII.

SHADOWS ON THE CURTAIN—AND THE HEART.

WHEN young Stanley left the widow's, he drove to another house in one of the by-streets, opening from Hanover Street, where he left the sleigh, after giving certain orders to the black, which the latter promised faithfully to execute. Entering the house without knocking, the young man went up one flight of stairs and entered a room at the head of the stairs. Clarence Grey, seated at a table covered with books and manuscripts, rose to meet him, and seemed by his manner to have anticipated his visit.

"Well, my friend, how goes it with you?" asked Clarence. "Do you bring me good news of the temper of your people?"

"They are prepared to resist further encroachments to the last extremity. We are collecting arms and ammunition in quantities, to which every day adds its tribute; and any attempts to disarm us would produce the consequences the British authorities seek to prevent."

"It is well," replied Clarence. "I know that such an attempt will be made, and when the colonists are defenceless, Gage hopes to reduce them to submission."

"But they never can be defenceless," said the yeoman, his eye kindling as he spoke. "He can never get possession of our arms and ammunition. But should he accomplish that—we have still nature to fight upon our side—rugged hills, stern defiles, thick woods. Our agricultural implements would become, in the last extremity, formidable arms in the hands of freemen. The scythe and axe would make bloody work for an invading column, and secure an honorable death at least, if not victory."

"Give me your hand, Stanley," said Clarence. "I see you have caught the true spirit of our leaders. Believe me, with such a spirit, and in such a cause, failure is impossible. Now hear me—the plan I have hatched at will certainly be attempted. Troops will most certainly be sent into the adjacent country—to all those local centres where military stores are likely to be found. But you shall not be taken unawares; bold and vigilant spirits are at work in this town, who sleep not, neither night nor day. You shall have ample warning when the hour of action comes."

"I long for the first drum-beat!" said the young man.

"You will hear it ere long," said Clarence Grey; "and now let me initiate you somewhat into the position and prospects of our cause."

The young men passed a long while in an earnest conversation, the details of which would hardly interest the reader. When Stanley thought it time to go, Grey accompanied him, and so much did he still have to communicate, that, instead of going directly to the widow's in Hanover Street, they continued their walk along Tremont Street, towards the Common. It was here that they unexpectedly met Eleanor walking with the disguised Lady O'Halloran, and engaged in earnest conversation, so earnest, indeed, that she did not notice or answer the salutation of the two young men.

"You know Miss Williams, then?" asked Stanley.

"I have some acquaintance with her," replied Grey, making an effort to conceal his emotion.

"Then perhaps you can tell me, Mr. Grey, who the young gentleman is that is with her. They seem very intimate."

"I do not know him."

"He is evidently a young fellow of fashion," said the young farmer, turning and gazing after him. "A rich laced hat and cloak. Probably some young cornet, for his dress is half military. I thought Eleanor sympathized too warmly with us to associate with our enemies."

"A woman's heart is a riddle," answered Grey, bitterly. "How we deceive ourselves when we rank them but little lower than the angels. I dare swear her mother knows not of this new acquaintance."

"Very likely. But let us turn back, Mr. Grey, if you please. It is getting late, and I really must be on my way. I feel a little uneasy, though I have a pass for the lines on the Neck."

"Turn back, by all means," answered Grey, who secretly desired to follow Eleanor. The young men retraced their steps in silence, Grey keeping his eyes fixed upon the shadowy forms of the persons who had so deeply interested him. He traced them as far as Lady O'Halloran's door. The young men then passed on in company, until nearly arrived at Mrs. Williams's, when Grey halted and held out his hand, saying:

"I will bid you good-night here, my friend."

"What! I thought you were coming in."

"I had forgotten a little business. Perhaps I may yet see you a moment before you start. Good night."

As soon as Stanley had left him, Clarence returned directly to Tremont Street, and, without reflecting how idle such conduct was, posted himself opposite Lady O'Halloran's, and stood staring at the house, as if in expectation that some circumstance would reveal the mystery he so much desired to see enlightened. The house was dark, with the exception of one window on the second floor,

and here the snow-white curtain that fell before it, framed in the heavier damask draperies, was brilliantly illuminated by the full glare of the lustre within.

On this curtain, after he had watched some time, fell the black shadows of two figures. The pure outlines of one could only be those of Eleanor—the other was the figure of a young man. They came close together. An arm encircled the slender waist Clarence had never dared to touch, and the lips of the male shadow were pressed to the young brow bent to receive the kiss.

Smothering a deep groan, Clarence sprang from the necursed spot, with a darker shadow on his heart than that which had revealed the inconstancy of his mistress. He rushed in the direction of the widow's, and had entered her house, before he asked himself with what purpose he went there. Why should he tell the widow what he had seen? There were probably no secrets between mother and daughter. He had been rejected; but did that give him any claim to bar the advances of another? No; he must bear his burden—he must conceal his grief—he must strive with the passion that unmanned him, and strangle it. If happiness were lost to him, labor and duty were before him yet. Hastily subduing the external traces of his emotion, he entered the parlor, and was soon engaged in careless conversation with the inmates.

In a few minutes Eleanor returned. She started with surprise on seeing Grey; but her emotion, though it tinged her cheek with scarlet, was far from being an unpleasant one. Indeed, the frankness of her nature did not allow her to disguise the pleasure that surprised her, and her words and manner betrayed her, as she greeted the guest cordially, and extended her hand to him.

Clarence affected not to see the motion, and hoped, coolly, that Miss Williams was well.

"I am quite well, thank you; but you, Mr. Grey, are looking quite pale and poorly. I'm afraid you study too hard."

"I think so myself sometimes," answered Grey, fixing his eyes upon her. "There are cases where ignorance is bliss. The spirit of inquiry sometimes leads us to despair."

"You are surely not going, Mr. Grey," said the widow, as her visitor rose.

"I have engagements that cannot be put off," said the young man, once more turning his eyes upon Eleanor, and emphasizing his words with intention—"engagements of duty and honor, to which I am never false! Friends and foes know always where to find me!"

"I trust you have plenty of the former and none of the latter," said Eleanor, speaking with effort.

"It is often difficult to tell them apart," said Grey; and not trusting himself with farther speech, he took his leave.

In a few minutes more, the jingle of bells announced the arrival of Caesar and the sleigh. Stanley and his fair friend were ready, and with a kind farewell to the widow and her daughter, they took their seats and were soon dashing swiftly towards the Neck, the balls flying from Robin's heels and bounding against the dasher and the rough coat of the driver. Every now and then Caesar laid the whip across the colt's back, notwithstanding he tightened the reins as he approached the guard-house on the Neck.

"What are you doing that for?" asked Lucy. "Don't let him abuse the horse, Harry. One moment he whips him, and then he holds him in. He'll fret him so that nobody can do anything with him."

"Am I right, Mass' Tanley?" asked the black, appealing to the young man.

"Go ahead," said Stanley.

"I thought you had more feeling for a horse, Harry," said the girl, reproachfully.

"The black knows how to drive," said Stanley. "Let him alone."

Lucy pouted and was silent. As they approached the lines, the gates were closed, as they expected. The sentinel challenged them, and Stanley replied by exhibiting a pass. The corporal of the guard turned out and came to the side of the sleigh. He wore a foraging cap, and was smoking a long pipe, just lighted, the wind, as he came into the open air, sweeping a long trail of sparks from the bowl. As Caesar turned suddenly round on his seat to look at the new-comer, he awkwardly struck the pipe with his whip and broke it. The bowl fell shattered to the earth, and the fire was immediately extinguished on the snow.

"You stupid black dog!" said the corporal; "what do you mean by that?"

"Berry sorry, Massa Redcoat; nebber do so nex' time."

"I'd rap you on the head if I didn't think it was labor lost," said the corporal.

"Try 'um massa—better, p'raps," said the negro, grinning.

"Silence, you imp of darkness!" said the soldier. "Well, Mr. Stanley, if that's your name, you know I can't let you pass without examining the contents of your sleigh."

"We have nothing here to speak of," said Stanley, opening the buffalo robes; "a few bundles of dry goods and a handbox full of women's knickknacks."

"It's all right, I dare say," said the soldier; "but I must have an eye to your baggage, for all that. So I'll lead your horse to the light."

He stepped forward and laid his hand upon Robin's check. A furious shake of the head, a plunge and a sweeping side-stroke from the animal's near fore leg was the unexpected result of this manoeuvre.

"What the deuce is in the horse?" cried the soldier, recoiling. "You get out and take hold of him, darkey."

"Golly, Massa Redcoat, nobody can take hold ob his head in de night time. He's bound to go home, and I'd advise you, as a

Christian frien' and brudder, to open dem are gates, or he'll charge troo 'em, to de intricate peril ob our lives."

As if in corroboration of the assertion, the fiery horse stood nearly bolt upright on his hind legs and shook himself furiously, coming down upon all fours again with a snort.

"What an ugly brute!" cried the corporal.

"Yes, Massa Corporal, he's a fiend in garnet," replied the negro. "Woa! ho! ho! Robin."

High reared the horse again. This time he struck the gate with his feet and shook the whole structure.

"Awny with you, in the fiend's name!" said the soldier, flinging wide the gate.

No shaft ever flew swifter from a steel cross-bow than that horse, as he dashed through the gateway, and covering the ground closely, like a greyhound coarsing, made play over the snow at a tremendous rate; the snow-balls flew from his heels against the dasher in a continuous volley, as, with ears laid back and neck stretched out, he darted over the whitead road, now gleaming a broad silver path in the full rays of the high risen moon.

"Dat's you, Robin!" shouted the black, cracking his whip; "hie 'way, hie 'way, hie 'way, dah! Yah! yah! dem's 'um, Mass' Tanley. Hurrah for our side!"

"You see now, Lucy," said the young man to his companion, "why Caesar treated the colt with such apparent cruelty on the Neck."

"I see that he rendered him almost unmanageable at the time."

"Very true; if it hadn't been for that, the corporal would have overhauled our sleigh."

"Well, I guess he wouldn't have disturbed my calicoes and ribbons."

"No; but there are other dry goods in the sleigh."

"Five hundred ball cartridges and a hundred pounds of powder, Miss Lucy!" cried the black.

"Good heavens!" cried the girl.

"All right now, Miss Lucy. But I tell you, I felt a kind of streaky wen I see dat British boss-a-fire lumberin' up to de sleigh, smoking a pipe in de high ole wind. I see him out ob de corner ob my eye—which is built bulgin', like a bull's, at my 'tickler request, so that I can see both fore and aft—and I kind ob slapped my whiplash ober backwards, slantin' dencularly, and obliterated de whole smokin' arraagement. Den you see, I've taught de colt when I say, woa, ho! ho! ho! with a tickler nempphasis, to rare and pitch; it's only fun wen folk tiaks he's in a tearin' passion. And dat's de way we got off. Now, Miss Lucy, please don't tell de deacon how I licked de colt; and please don't say nuffin' about my teachin' him to rare, and nuffin' whasomdlever 'bout the rate I streaked him at, 'cause it wout hurt him no how, and afore I go to bed dis night I'll rab him down as dry as a bone."

The young lady promised silence, and the party, continuing their course at a high rate of speed, reached home in some minutes less than two hours from the time of leaving Boston. Lucy was escorted home by Stanley, and, before they retired for the night, he and the black had secured their dangerous cargo in a place of safety.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE PROJECTED FLIGHT.

THE same slovenly boy who had handed Paul Bolton the card which led to his acquaintance with the fortune-teller, might have been seen prowling about the door of Sir Ashley's quarters, in Tremont Street, one winter morning, varying his lurking guard by turning cart-wheels and summersets, walking on his hands and standing like a reversed caryatid, head downwards, against the wall of the King's Chapel burying-ground.

Mr. Paul Bolton sallying forth to take an airing, was saluted by a prospect of the soles of the boy's boots, and fearing the young gentleman might die of apoplexy, took him by the ankles, set him on his feet, and then asked him what he was doing there.

The gymnastic young gentleman jerked his right thumb over his shoulder and replied that he wanted him, and being required to specify the individual answering to the pronoun, condescended to reply the "fortune-teller."

"Very well," replied Mr. Bolton, eyeing the diminutive and old-headed being before him with a contemptuous glance: "perhaps I'll look in there in the course of the day."

"That wout do, master," said the urchin, planting his feet apart, setting his arms a-kinbo, and looking up snucily in Paul's face. "You're to go there, straight off. Something important."

"O, very well!" replied Paul, "be off with you and say I'll follow hard upon your heels."

The Mercury of the Fates threw half-a-dozen consecutive summersets and then taking to his legs, ran off with the speed of a greyhound. Mr. Paul Bolton followed more leisurely. More than one laced hat was touched in answer to his nod, and more than one fine lady smiled a recognition as he passed. As for two vulgar dogs of soldiers who used to be his room-mates, and now saluted him cordially—he didn't know them.

In this way, patronizing aristocrats and scorning the canaille, Paul marched to the fortune-teller's, where, after entraining the virago who waited upon the door with his usual ironical compliments, he made his way into the sanctum of the diviner.

"You sent for me, and I am here," said the adventurer, throwing himself into a chair, and eyeing with satisfaction his elegantly polished English boots, and the swelling contour of his lower limbs.

"Yes," replied the fortune-teller, "I have some intelligence that may possibly surprise you!"

"My dear friend," said Bolton, "nothing you can tell me can possibly surprise me. In the great world in which I move, to be

surprised is the absurdest of solecisms—and we of the upper circle hear of the death of a horse or the loss of a friend with the same untroubled equanimity of temper."

"I congratulate you on your being able to bear the loss of a friend," said the fortune-teller. "For you are about to lose one who professes to be such."

"As how?" inquired Paul, raising his eyebrows incredulously.

"Sir Ashley Glenville is going to Halifax."

"Impossible!" cried Bolton, with an oath, springing to his feet, and forgetting his late boast as he resumed his barrack-room expressions and gestures. "Has the old scoundrel dared, without consulting me?—but this is nonsense—you are jesting."

"I never jest!" said the fortune-teller. "And you know that my information is always accurate. Sir Ashley is certainly going to Halifax."

"Then I go with him, that's all," said Paul, settling himself into his chair again.

"Pardon me," said the fortune-teller, "that, I fear, will be more easily said than done. He has made his arrangements for the passage without mentioning your name."

"Then I'll engage a passage for myself on board the same vessel."

"Sir Ashley has been too deep for you. He goes on board a government vessel—the *Spiteful* cutter, as bearer of despatches to the commandant at Halifax. He solicited the employ, being desirous of absenting himself for a short time from Boston. The despatches are sealed—but I have read their contents."

"You!"

"I can read through foolscap and vellum, you know," said the fortune-teller, smiling.

"You can read through stone walls, I believe," muttered Bolton.

"Well then," continued the fortune-teller, "you will credit me when I add that Sir Ashley Glenville has engaged a state-room for a female companion."

"A female companion! Her name?"

"That I could not mention."

"It can hardly be the girl. Lady O'Halloran—he has seen more of her of late," he muttered, half to himself. "Can she have played me false and connived at Sir Ashley's giving me the slip? Fools! they little know the man they would hoodwink. I thank you, my old friend, for this information. What service can I do you in return? I am well aware there is no such thing as disinterestedness in this world."

"Promise that if possible, you will prevent Sir Ashley's leaving Boston—that you will aid me in trying to prevent it."

"Old man!" said Bolton, dashing his hand upon the table, "he shall never leave town—without me—alive! Rely on that. And now let me go, I must probe this affair to the bottom."

Paul Bolton retraced his steps from the fortune-teller's with much more speed than he had used in approaching it. He noticed no one in the street, and soon the brazen knocker at Lady O'Halloran's front door pealed with his vigorous alarm.

He was admitted immediately, and without stopping to ask a question of the servant, bounded up the staircase, and flung himself into the boudoir. The hostess, though taken by surprise at the abrupt entrance of the visitor, was perfectly calm and unconcerned. Bolton dropped languidly into an arm-chair.

"Upon my word, my lady, those stairs take a man's breath away."

"I thought you looked agitated."

"An affection of the heart—madam—but that must be quite an ordinary complaint with those who visit you."

"My dear Mr. Bolton, you overwhelm me."

"I don't see, my lady," continued Bolton, "how you can contrive to exist in this wretchedly dull town—where there is nothing more attractive than the society of a set of officers all built on the same model and trained in the same school. Don't you regret London—with its halls and routes and drawing-rooms?"

"I know very little of London life."

"Well—Paris then! Don't you regret Paris! dear, delightful Paris!"

"I am contented here."

"Really?" asked Bolton, scrutinizing the lady closely, as he spoke.

"Really and truly, sir."

"And have no intention of leaving it?"

"None whatever, I assure you."

"Then I shall have to push my inquiries elsewhere," said Bolton. "You can't probably answer the question I was about to ask you."

"Let me hear it at least. I can judge better then."

"Well, then, I wanted to know why Sir Ashley Glenville was going to leave Boston so suddenly?"

"Sir Ashley Glenville going to leave Boston!" exclaimed Lady O'Halloran, turning deadly pale in spite of the rouge upon her cheeks.

"I thought perhaps it might be a bridal trip—though he had not imparted any matrimonial project to me."

"A bridal trip—and why a bridal trip?" cried the lady. "I command you to speak out."

"Why, then, my lady, if I must, I must. To make a short story of it, I have learned—no matter when or how—that Sir Ashley Glenville is on the eve of sailing for Halifax in the *Spiteful* cutter, and that he has secured a state-room for a lady."

"Eleanor Williams!" exclaimed Lady O'Halloran. "He hopes to win her. But he mistakes her character and heart. Were he to throw millions at her feet, she would never accept him. She loves another. Now hear me, Paul Bolton; this matter is of dear concern to me. Let me manage this affair—I promise

you that I will not lose sight of your interests, if you are true to mine. You shall not be parted from Sir Ashley, except by your own volition, and on terms entirely satisfactory to myself. I knew the cutter was about to sail—though they keep her movements secret. If the wind serves she weighs anchor this evening. She lies now at the end of Long wharf, and is fully equipped for a cruise. Dare you trust me with the management of this affair?"

Paul Bolton preserved a thoughtful silence for some time and then he said:

"Yes, I'll trust you, my lady."

"And obey my directions?"

"To the letter."

"Very well. Don't let Sir Ashley suspect that you have the slightest knowledge of his projected movements. Tell him you are going out of town for the rest of the day, and may not be back at night. Then communicate with me again, and soon."

"I will do as you direct, my lady."

Leaving Lady O'Halloran to plan and scheme, Paul returned to his patron, who received him with a wearied and uneasy smile.

"My dear patron and benefactor, how do you find yourself to-day?" inquired Bolton, with much appearance of interest.

"I am quite well, Mr. Bolton. Don't I look so?"

"Rather pale and feeble," answered Bolton, shaking his head.

"I haven't felt better or younger for years," said the colonel, with animation.

"My dear Sir Ashley, I am delighted on two accounts; first, because your health is as precious to me as my own, and always interests me—and secondly, because, to-day, I was planning a little excursion into the country which might detain me over night."

"Well, I'm sure there's nothing to prevent your going," said the baronet, briskly.

"My dear Ashley, you forget that it is as hard for me to leave you as for a lover to quit his mistress even for a single day. You know my soul is wedded to yours."

"I beg, Mr. Bolton, you will not think it necessary to tie yourself forever to my footsteps, like my shadow," said the colonel, rather impatiently.

"Ah," answered Bolton, with a hypocritical sigh, "I place a stricter construction on my duty. The Germans have a pleasant tale that is apropos. A certain man, living in a certain house, was haunted by an imp—a very unpleasant character, with cloven feet, forked tail, and horns—and addicted to the ungentlemanly practice of substituting brimstone for tobacco. My German friend was so annoyed by the constant presence of his familiar, that he concluded, at last, to change his residence, and accordingly, he placed all his household effects in a cart and started for his new home, congratulating himself that he had got rid of his pertinacious acquaintance in the horns and tail. But as this thought passed through his mind, the cover of a churn was lifted, and the omnipresent imp poked out his head, nodded, and remarked pleasantly, 'I'm going too.'"

"What do you mean by that story?" asked the baronet, looking daggers at his friend.

"Nothing—Sir Ashley, nothing—unless to add, that for fear you should regard me as the German did his familiar, I meant to absent myself a whole day."

"Be careful of yourself, Bolton."

"For your sake, certainly."

As Paul passed down the stairs and into the street, he muttered to himself:

"Leave you! Never till death do us twain part. Ha! ha! does he think to whistle me down the wind at his pleasure? Colonel Sir Ashley Glenville, you may go to Halifax, if you please, but like the imp in the legend, 'I'm going too.'"

CHAPTER XIV.

FLIGHT OF SIR ASHLEY GLENVILLE.

SIR ASHLEY GLENVILLE TO ELEANOR WILLIAMS.

"DEAREST ELEANOR:—For why should I not give you the epithet coupled with your name in all my thoughts, sleeping or waking? How often have I deplored the rudeness of my bearing when I last accosted you. But could you look into my heart—could you read there its hopes and wishes—could you but see your image there enshrined like a Madonna, you would pardon my want of self-control, for you could understand it. You would know, too, that no thought of mine ever wronged you. Did I say aught at our last meeting that conveyed a different impression? If so, charge it to a confusion of ideas, that did not permit me to control my utterance."

"Eleanor, I know that in offering you my hand and fortune, I tender you that which is valueless for that which is above all price. The world may regard my name and gold as a rich guerdon for a humble maiden; but I shall not share their views. The richest gifts the devotee can heap upon the altar do not enhance its purity or measure its value. And you may despise these worldly gifts. I can picture your look of serene disdain when your eyes rest on this allusion to worldly goods. And yet, Eleanor, it is this same gold that sharpens the steel of the assassin, spurs the zeal of the politician, commands the smile of beauty, and strings the sinews of war. Gold and steel divide the empire of the world. But gold has its mission of good as well as evil. It sometimes comes like a ministering spirit. If we have a right to despise it for itself and for ourselves, we cannot reject its agency of good to others. You will pardon me if I allude to your circumstances; but I am well aware that your mother is poor, and dependent upon your exertions for her support. Suppose you fail her—it is not always youth that outlives age. Ah!

Miss Williams, what a painful subject is there for contemplation! Secure for her protection, secure for her declining years, peace, comfort, luxury. As your mother she will be as dear to me as my own."

"Were I not certain that your hand and heart are free, I would assume your disdain as a fixed feeling and a permanent rejection of my suit. But I know that your fate is linked to that of no human being save your mother. You are then free to accept or to reject me. Pause, reflect, I conjure you, before you adopt the latter alternative. I am older than yourself, it is true, but time and care have drawn no furrows on my face. It is not in despair of conquest that I turn from the brilliant circle to which my name is the password, and address myself to you. I am unaccustomed to the frown of beauty, and I fear it not. But I turn from the world, wearied and worn out with its perfidy—from that glittering carnival where every face wears a mask, and every voice is disguised—yearning for better natures whose souls irradiate their features, like the flame within an alabaster lamp, whose free voices utter the words that rise spontaneously to their lips. I have had enough of greatness, enough of fashion—I sigh for truth and nature. I am standing now on the brink of an imminent crisis. It is life or death with me. I am surrounded by enemies—I know not that man or woman I can safely call my friend. They press my hand, they smile upon me, their eyes brighten as I approach; but I trust them not. It is my gold they love, not me—the rank they count, and not the man. I am weary of this sycophancy and inequity. I crave a purer atmosphere, I crave a companion who will aid my efforts at regeneration, who will help me to begin the world anew. To such a one I can give much—the means of doing good, the position to wield power, the devotion of a life."

"More I could say, but I would not trust to paper what my lips should utter. But I have said enough, I trust, to convince you of my sincerity. And now I will dare to solicit—or rather I claim—an interview. I am watched, my every motion scrutinized; I am no longer my own master. Therefore I must be cautious till I can throw off all reserve and defy all enmity. The time for doing that will depend upon yourself. My destiny, my life is in your hands. This evening at eight o'clock I shall be at the southeast angle of the wall on Copp's Hill. Let me see you there, if only for a moment, even if you here make up your mind to a final rejection of my suit. Even if I am doomed, I must learn it from your lips. If such be your sentence, I will withdraw without a murmur, and my shadow shall never cross your path again. Faithfully and ever yours,

GLENVILLE."

"It is well worded," said Glenville to himself, after he had dismissed a trusty messenger with the letter, "the case is well put. It is earnest, for I am in earnest. Perhaps if I have one fond young heart to lean upon, these evil shadows that beset me will fly from the sphere of her pure influence. She may save me from myself and from the hereafter. I have pleaded passion, I have offered gold, my name and rank are temptations; I do not utterly despair, at least of the meeting. Once in my power I can compel her to accept my hand. Captain Transom I can rely upon, and the rest of them are sure."

He threw himself upon a sofa, took up the weekly Gazette, and resolved to wait patiently for the return of his messenger. In less than half an hour there was a tap at the door. He opened it eagerly, and tossing a guinea to the messenger, tore open a little note. It ran as follows:

"I have received your letter and grant your request. At eight o'clock I will be at the appointed place. ELEANOR."

"She is mine!" cried the baronet, "mine! If she were not disposed to accept my suit, she would not have written me. The wind is fair—I shall soon have left this accursed town forever. Now, Paul Bolton, I can at last defy you!"

The night-wind, cold and gusty, was sweeping over the brow of Copp's Hill, as, half doubting his good fortune, Glenville, wrapped in his furred cloak, took post at the rendezvous at the appointed hour. A servant was in waiting with a dark lantern, which he was directed to throw open at a signal from his master. Hard by, a chariot drawn by two horses was stationed in charge of a coachman.

Glenville had not long to wait. A light footstep announced the approach of a lady; a figure enveloped in a cloak approached the officer; a sweet, low voice, modulated to a whisper, breathed his name.

"Eleanor!" he exclaimed, advancing and taking her hand, which she did not offer to withdraw. "Is it life or death?"

"Why did you write me that letter, Sir Ashley?" replied Eleanor. "Why did you take advantage of that proneness to pity which is our sex's weakness? I wept over that letter—I hesitated—I am here."

"Then you no longer disdain me; you believe in my sincerity—you forgive my errors!" cried Glenville, passionately; "you are willing to trust me?"

"My presence is a sufficient answer."

"You encourage me to tell you all. I am going to leave town to-night, for Halifax. Official business affords a cloak for my departure. They shall not say I fled the town. Once in Nova Scotia, I think it very unlikely I shall return to my command."

"You leave me, then, at the moment you become dear to me."

"No, dearest, we do not part again. Come with me. Our brief voyage ended, my first act on shore will be to claim your hand."

"To fly with you to-night!" said Eleanor, shrinking back.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



CANE-HOLING.

SUGAR MAKING IN THE WEST INDIES.

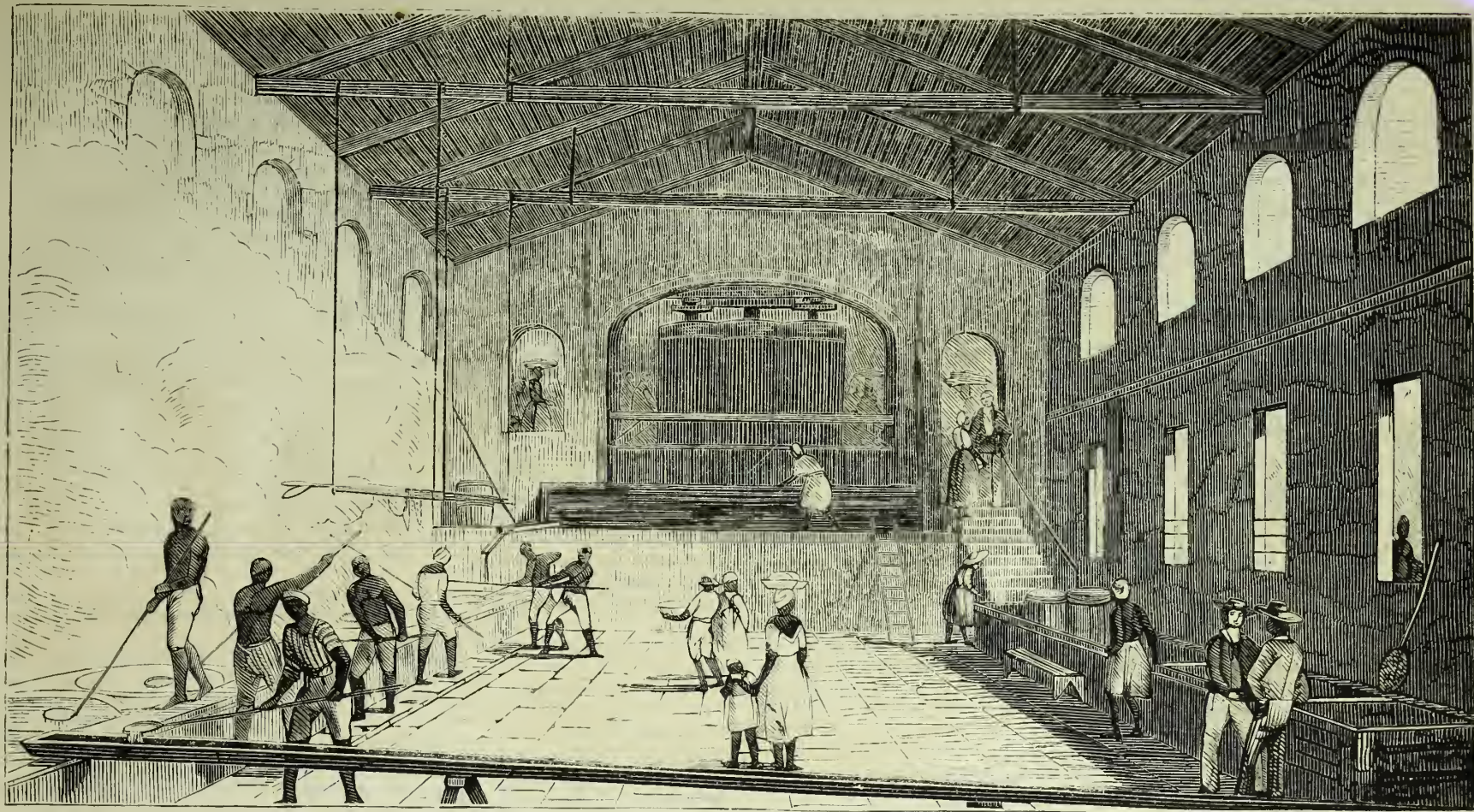
The accompanying engravings represent the culture and manufacture of sugar in Jamaica, and are from the designs of an artist who resided for a long time in that island, and may therefore be relied upon as perfectly correct representations, while they are spirited and effective as pictures. The first illustration shows a gang of negroes, male and female, breaking up the ground and making holes for planting the canes, a process locally known as "cane-holing." The whole chain of West India Islands is mountainous in character, and large boulders are frequently met scattered about on the fields, so as, in many places, to preclude the possibility of employing the plough. The negro, moreover, is prejudiced in favor of the hoe, even on land capable of being ploughed. The time represented in the engraving is morning—in the distance are seen the sugar-works of the estate, while a herd of cattle is being driven to the pasture, and a young mountain cabbage-tree forms the boundary of the picture. The superintendence of the working gangs is entrusted to a black field-driver, or to the overseer of the estate. The ground to be hoed is marked out, by placing small pieces of stick at intervals, which serve as tallies for the quantity done, and also to regulate the size of

the hole. The gang lighten their labors by singing some negro melody, which times their movements; their hoes rise and fall simultaneously with the regularity of a piece of machinery. The overseer, having a large number of acres to traverse, is usually provided with a mule or horse, and is distinguished by a single spur worn on the right or left heel. The cutting and carrying of the canes constitutes the actual commencement of crop-time or harvest, and is a period of bustle and excitement throughout all the West Indian colonies. Nothing is heard but shouting of laborers, cracking of whips, neighing of mules, lowing of cattle, and rimbbling of mill machinery; amidst all this are seen the laborers, armed with their cutlasses and cane bills, hurrying to the field, the women, with their petticoats tucked up to their knees so as not to impede their movements, carrying their little tin cans of provisions, and laughing, singing, talking, and showing their rows of white teeth. Mules and donkeys, harnessed and hampered with crooks for carrying the canes, are driven to the field by the "cattle boys." Then comes a wagon rimbbling slowly along to the measured step of heavy oxen accompanied by their drivers, whose exertions to urge on their teams are vented in screams, yells and hootings. The appearance of a fine field

when the canes are ripe for cutting, waving their lofty and delicate rods of blossom in the mildest motion of the breeze, forms a picture equally interesting and beautiful. The flower, which is of the lightest delicate lilac color, hangs down round the upper extremity of the stem like floss silk, and is so extremely fine in its fibres that on its becoming dry, all attempts to preserve it in its original form are unavailing. The second engraving represents a sugar-mill at work. That here delineated is one of the most simple and common. It is a vertical mill with three rollers. The centre one, which propels the two others, is either driven by steam, wind or water, and sometimes by cattle power. The iron surfaces of the rollers are slightly grooved to grasp the cane, and the compressed juice runs down the grooves into the cistern or strainer, whence a pipe conveys it to the boiling house. The negroes who supply the rollers are called feeders. Holding the cane by one end, they place the other between the outer rollers and the centre one, when, the cane being drawn through, is completely crushed, and the refuse or vegetable skin passes to the back, from whence it is continually cleared away by other laborers, and removed to the yard. This refuse is called megass, and is stacked in large buildings termed megass-houses, generally supported on



SUGAR MILL AT WORK.



SUGAR-BOILING ROOM.

pillars, and open on all sides, with a tiled roof over it. Our third sketch shows another step in the process of sugar-making. It is the interior of the boiling-house, the mill and rollers being shown through the open arch at the extremity. On the right-hand side of the picture are seen the row of boilers, which are large cast-iron cauldrons firmly set into masonry, and heated by fires underneath, supplied by a furnace or furnaces, whose fuel chambers open on the exterior of the building. The boilers are set into a platform raised a few feet from the floor, the top of which is inclined inwards, on all sides, round the mouth of each boiler, and is paved with smooth tiles, neatly set so as to prevent all waste in passing the boiling liquor from one to the other. As the juice is pressed from the canes, it flows through a strainer by a pipe into the first boiler next the mill, where having boiled a

proper time, it is passed from that to another; and so on, till it has arrived at the sufficient state of refinement to admit of crystallization, when it is poured off, generally by means of a long wooden trough, into shallow vessels for that purpose. During the period of boiling, the contents of each boiler are continually skimmed by men provided with skimmers and strainers attached to very long handles. The boiling liquor is called sling. It is a very agreeable drink, and is much liked by the negroes. The last of the series represents the carting of sugar for ship, and was drawn from the life at Barbadoes. During the shipping season, the wharves in the vicinity of the Carenage, from the news rooms to Trafalgar Square, present a scene of bustle and confusion that may be compared to Brighton on market-day. The animals employed in drawing the loads are oxen, and the roads they traverse

in Barbadoes are excellent. The enormous weight of the bar of wood pressing on their neck, by which they are yoked together, and their dull heavy look and pace, create an idea of suffering which cannot be compensated for, more particularly when to this is added, in too many instances, great brutality on the part of their drivers. The teams of oxen generally consist of five pair to convey two hogsheads of sugar. Sugar is the constituent part of a large number of plants, but enters largely into the composition of sugar-cane, the maple and the beet. It now ranks next to rice and wheat in importance. The sugar-cane belongs to the family of grasses. It attains a height of seven or eight feet, sometimes more, and its large bright leaves and silky panicles, give it a beautiful appearance. The stems are smooth, shining and filled with pith, not unlike those of our Indian corn.



CARTING SUGAR FOR SHIPMENT.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SNOW BIRD.

BY GEORGE W. BENGAT.

Gay wanderer of the wintry air,
Blithe drifting to and fro:
A cheerful life amid the storm—
Companion of the snow.

The light of summer tints thy wings,
Fluttering my path along;
Art thou a tenant of the cloud,
Or feathery flake of song?

Although the storm pipes on the hill,
And deep the wintry gloom,
Thy presence greets the earth again,
And makes the meadows bloom.

Why leave thy snug, warm nest to-day,
Amid the boughs so fair?
Did hunger drive thee from thy home,
In the unchartered air?

Are there no berries on the tree?
Why seek'st thou man's abode?
Our heavenly Father sent thee here
To cheer our solitude.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE TRIAL OF FAITH.

A SKETCH FOR THE TIMES.

BY ALICE H. NEAL.

"I AM very sorry, Mrs. Bond—I would give you work as soon or sooner than any of our hands, but now that the press of the holiday business is over—really there is nothing doing."

The fashionable upholsterer might have told her that with all her need, he was scarcely less troubled than herself. He knew not how to meet his daily engagements, their sales had been so much less than their importations had anticipated. On the floor below them, whole bales of costly damasks and brocades were lying unpacked, and in the sales-room, usually so thronged at this season of the year, the richest fabrics were untouched upon the shelves, and boxes of rare lace and embroidery seldom saw the sunlight they were destined to temper.

The poor woman knew that he spoke the truth, yet she had clung so to this last hope of employment. If they who had known and trusted her so long, could not furnish it, what hope was there of a chance engagement, when thousands of her own sex were unable to earn the bread they ate, and strong active men roamed the streets idly, while their wives and children starved at home!

In all the reverses and sorrows which Mary Bond had met with before, she had been brave and even thankful. She had been a proud and happy wife and mother, the mistress of a comfortable home. One by one these blessings had been withdrawn by the hand that gave them, and she had not mourned sinfully. Her husband's long sickness and death, laying her first-born beside him the same fatal summer, her noble boy, so frank and loving, to whom she had come to look for love and sympathy in his father's stead—these were enough to shake the firmest faith, yet she had "glorified God in the fires."

Such blows made it easier for her to give up her comfortable home, and accept her lot henceforth with those whose daily labor supplied their daily needs. She had grown almost cheerful again, in this busy life, and sang at her needle, to quiet the little one lying on the floor at her feet, whose pretty supplications it had been at first so hard to resist. She took up lovingly the burdens of those among whom she was thrown, and cheered them with sympathy and hopeful words. But want—actual want of food and fire in this bitter weather, stood before her now, and temptations to doubt the goodness and wisdom of Providence grew stronger and stronger. She could bear the cold and hunger herself; she had done so many a night already, wrapping her shawl more closely around her with benumbed fingers, and trying to forget that she was supperless, as she watched her children in their deep and healthful sleep. She had even been thankful for the necessity to employ every moment, lest in ease and plenty she should have found time for murmuring. This wretched idleness, then, to which she must look forward, was doubly hard in the prospect of suffering through the need of her children, and the temptation that came with it to their lonely room.

"I would work at half price, Mr. Mereer, willingly," she said, lingering at the staircase, with her heart chokingly full, at the morning's disappointments. She knew, when she offered to do so, that she had scarcely been able to live thus far, even with the little hoard saved from the sale of her furniture to draw upon. That was all gone now, her last coin was slipped in her well-worn, well-mended cotton glove, to purchase a loaf on her way home.

"I am sorry," Mr. Mereer said again, kindly, considering the hourly applications that were made to him, and his own mental disquiet, "but every one is willing to do the same. We really have no work to give at any price."

In spite of her strong resolutions, the tears nearly blinded Mrs. Bond, as she groped down the long, dark staircase to the sales-room below. The clerks still retained for appearance sake, walked idly backwards and forwards, watching the weather through the plate glass of door and windows, measuring their strides down the room by the medallions of the velvet carpet. She hurried past them into the wet and muddy street, where the snow was

falling, not thick and fast with promises of merry sleigh bells, and gay parties, but floating drearily down, as if loth to stain its purity by melting into the mire below. The store windows made a jest of being gay with their display of holiday wares, and the carriages of those still considered wealthy, splashed the passers-by. Mrs. Bond paused before a low store, where she had sought occasional employment, before her more profitable engagement with Mr. Mereer.

"I will try once more," she said to herself, as she waited for a gay carriage party to cross the pavement. It was apparently a mother and daughter, the young girl just "out," radiant with expectation and beauty, heightened by every charm of dress. There was no suggestion of "hard times," though the prophetic cry, now realized, was on almost every lip—in the perfect toilet of these elegant women. The little feet exposed to the inclemency of the day, almost as much by their Parisian boots as her own by worn-out shoes, hands gloved so daintily, flounces rustling, velvet cloaks touching her own coarse clothing as they swept past. Two younger children with their nurse remained in the carriage. The seat just vacated had its litter of half opened parcels, toys and cakes, and tempting confectionery, which they appropriated without rebuke or scruple. A feeling almost of hate crept up into the poor woman's heart as she contrasted with these gaily dressed puppets, her own little ones locked up in their ill-furnished room, without an attendant, and waiting their long deferred meal of the dry bread she would bring.

There was a half sullen, half defiant air about her, as she followed the mother of these children, which would have frightened her if she had known it, for it embodied the war and rebellion of her own mind, not only against these favorites of fortune, but Him who had made them so to differ.

There the same answer awaited her—there was no work to be given out, their own regular hands were unemployed. It was the same cry everywhere. Well then! she must starve—or beg! of such pampered, purse-proud favorites of fortune as those she just encountered. But for her children she would die first.

"How long must this state of things continue!" said one gentleman to another, as they waited on a lady's slow selection of an embroidered dress. "There will be terrible distress among the poor."

"God alone knows—business must revive a little in the spring. I think we have seen the worst. If we can only get through the stagnation of February, and the early March payments."

"Two months yet!" thought Mrs. Bond, as she caught the words. Up to that time, by the pre-payment demanded of poor lodgers like herself, she would have a shelter, but food and fire—where were they to come from!

"But, mama, this is so much more elegant," urged the young girl, who was hesitating between two flounces of lace, destined to drape her first real ball dress.

"And the difference in cost, so trifling," added the ready shopwoman.

The lady opened and shut her gold-bordered *porte-monnaie* mechanically.

"How much did you say?"

"Only ten dollars, ma'am! in the whole flounce."

"Only ten dollars—well, that is but a trifle compared to your being really suited, Augusta. We will take the Brussels—only don't let your father know, for mercy sake, how much the whole dress comes to. He will be preaching 'hard times' again, before you know it."

The girl, thus taught a lesson of duplicity and extravagance, and by a mother, responded by an expressive glance, that said plainer than words, "never fear—trust me for that!" and drew her dress out of contact with the poor woman passing.

"Some beggar," said the polite shopwoman, looking after her; "the store is crowded with them, and they are so impertinent sometimes."

"They really ought to enforce the law against street beggars," the lady returned, with a nod of her plumed velvet bonnet. "Forty-five dollars, you said—I believe those are good bills—the boy can take the parcel to the carriage, we are going directly to Madame Roguet's."

Mary Bond faced the chill unpleasant atmosphere, and turned towards the obscure street in which she lived. Never had the way seemed so weary, or God's providence so strange! "Only ten dollars!" five weeks' hard earnings it was to her—two months respite from inevitable suffering. How little the rich know of the comfort that may be wrung from every penny, when it is expended with the forethought of days!

Something of the load was lightened as she stepped from the creaking stairs and turned the key of her own room. Within was the quick patter of feet across the floor—dear childish voices, and the welcome—

"O, it's mother! mother's come—O good! good! I'm so glad."

The threadbare dresses and the blue pinched faces went to her very soul as she divided half of the loaf among them, wondering as she did so where the next was to come from. She could not borrow of her neighbors, they were as poor as herself; poorer, for when she took Willie, the youngest, into her lap and chafed his little cold hands and feet, he began to tell her of poor Johnny Lane, who came and cried through the key-hole because he was so hungry, and his mother was not come home yet, and now it was dark. "Wouldn't his mother go for Johnny, and give him some of the bread too, and keep him till his own mother came?"

Mrs. Bond sat still for a moment; should she take this last mouthful from her own children for a stranger? It was only a moment, and Willie was set gently down, and she went out to seek the lonely, hungry little child.

She had not far to go, for he had drawn his feet up under him

on the entry floor, within sound of her children's voices, for companionship, and so had cried himself to sleep, his head on the lower stair. The tears were yet on his cold cheeks, and his unprotected feet were like ice. So she carried him back to her own room, where the chill had been softened at least, by the morning's fire, and held him on her lap with Willie, while he ate the bread ravenously. Her poverty had not yet debarr'd her from the greatest pleasure in life, ministering to the needy.

"Are we not going to have a light?" asked the oldest girl presently. "I don't think it seems so cold when there's a light."

"Not to-night, Olive; I have no sowing to do, and it will soon be bed time."

"No sowing—O, that's nice," said Willie, nestling closer still. "Then you can tell us a story, mother. Does your mother ever tell stories, Johnny?"

"No," answered Johnny faintly, and then he began to cry and sob so violently that the children were frightened.

Mrs. Bond understood it better than they, for she had more than once met her neighbor reeling on the staircase, and heard the sound of blows and cries from her room. Poor little Johnny! no wonder he trembled as he hid his head in her bosom.

"There, never mind! my little man!" she said soothingly. "What shall I tell you about? The three bears, Willie?"

The very effort to speak cheerfully to them, and perhaps the contrast of poor Johnny's lot with that of her own children, loved and cherished at least, made her feel less desponding.

"No," said Willie, "not the three bears—Joseph and his brethren."

His mother had purposely chosen a tale of enchantment. She avoided her favorite treasury of stories, conscious of the rebellion in her heart.

"Not that either," pleaded the more thoughtful Olive. "I know it all by heart. I'd rather hear the new story about the brook, and the ravens, and the little cake of men!"

"O, yes, that's a nice one, and wouldn't you like a little hot cake, such as mother used to make nights for father's supper?" said Eddy, on the other side of her.

Mary Bond could not help the sudden start at this unconscious reproving of her lack of faith. Left to herself, when she reached the shelter of her own room, she would have given way to the bitter tears of disappointment and envy that she had put aside for their sake. Her heart was too hard for prayer or seeking comfort where she had ever found it, in the pages of Holy Writ. Doubt and murmuring had seemed to rise all day, as a heavy cloud between her and her God. But the flinty rock was touched by the hand of a little child, and there was still the fountain of sweet waters to be stirred beneath it!

She carried the now sweetly sleeping Johnny to his bed, and laid down with her own little ones, calmer and happier than she had been since this last trouble threatened her. "For the morrow shall take care of the things of itself," was the last coherent thought that floated through her mind.

But the cold wintry morning came—dead ashes on the hearth, frost on the window pane, sleet and storm without, and the children hanging, half satisfied and fretful, about her. How thickly and bitterly the old temptations came thronging back! But she knew they were temptations now, and resisted them with a silent prayer for strength. "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in Him!" But as she turned over the slender wardrobe of herself and children, adding here a button and there a string, the heavy thoughts would come back. There was not a friend in the great city she could apply to; they had come there as strangers, the year before her husband's death. Beneath that roof were ten families as destitute as herself by this sudden cessation of nearly all business.

"O, if people only knew how the poor were suffering, they could not waste so much!" she thought, as the scene of yesterday returned to her mind. Poor Edward! she was glad that he had died without dreaming of the want to which his wife and children would be reduced. There were the clothes he had laid aside the day before he took to his bed, almost sacredly preserved, at the bottom of the drawer. All else had been sold—those, old and well worn, she could not part with! It was not foolish self-indulgence either—no one would give her anything for them, and some day Eddy would need the suit her skilful hands could piece from the remnants. Why not do it now! there was nothing else she could do, and yet she touched the almost threadbare garments lingeringly, reverently, they recalled so keenly the day they had been thus folded and laid aside.

A bit of waste paper fell to the floor, a memorandum made perhaps that very day. The dear handwriting of the dead! no matter how trivial the record—was sweet to her, and she stooped down and raised it to her lips. There was something within, lighter still; she held her breath as she unfolded it; it seemed almost too much of a miracle to be believed. Yes, the date was that very day of his sickness, and he had forgotten to mention it to her.

"Received of B— & C— the enclosed \$10, considered by me as a bad debt."

The precise, clerical hand told the story, and the money was still there, a gift from the dead!

No wonder that the children crowded around her, and asked if she was "sick," or "sorry," for the revulsion was like grief at first, as she swayed to and fro, her face hidden in her hands, and realized that her wants were supplied, her faithfulness rebuked in love and gentleness.

This is not a record of the present want and trial around us; but though it happened long ago, it is recalled with the hope of strengthening some weary heart and confirming a waning faith in the promises of the Lord.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WE MET IN CROWDS.

BY CHARLES STEWART.

We met in crowds! who used to meet so lonely,
When the sweet twilight softly lit the shade;
And for the vows we interchanged, now only
Are the cold courtesies of fashion paid.

We met in crowds! when gaiety was lighting
The flashing eye, with all a syren's art—
Where pleasure steeped the soul with smiles inviting;
My face was happy, but O, not my heart.

We met in crowds! Ah, how unlike the meeting
Our bosoms knew in hours too quickly gone!
But once I met thine eyes' reproof, though fleeting,
It haunts my heart—reproaching and alone.

We met in crowds!—and I who loved so fondly,
Deemed fondly, for a while, that I loved not;
But now thou'rt gone, thine image grows more strongly
Within my bosom—ne'er to be forgot!

We met in crowds! as strangers, coldly, sadly,
Who ne'er so met, and may not meet again;
As last we parted!—I had dreamed how gladly,
But no, O no!—my heart still lives in pain!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE STRANGE PICTURE.

BY GEORGE P. BURNHAM.

HORACE MELVIN was an artist by nature, and a skilful delineator of character. He had practised his art from his very earliest years, and could really paint a capital picture; but he was poor as a church mouse; his family were poor, his friends also, and he found small encouragement in his profession. He did not succeed, while many an inferior in the business, whom he knew, and who actually looked upon him as a youthful Hogarth, were getting along bravely in the world—some of them acquiring riches, and all doing respectably.

Horace couldn't pay his board, he couldn't meet his monthly rent bill for his studio; his washerwoman was unpaid, and he was in a miserable condition generally; while his artist-friends were obtaining fame, and laughing in their sleeves at their own good fortune and Melvin's poor "luck."

"How it is," argued Horace to himself, as he sat one day alone in his painting-room, brooding over his prospects, "how it is that these dabs find purchasers at all, is more than I can conceive of. I don't know that it is altogether strange that my pictures (or better ones) won't sell, but it is singular how these fellows contrive to palm off their worthless trash upon a credulous public, when there is positively no merit whatever in their sight-aching green foliage and flashing-red skies, with clear blue mountains in the backgrounds! But they do sell—more's the pity!"

Horace Melvin didn't read the papers. The public did—and the "public" don't learn too much, by this operation, occasionally.

But the poor artist was compelled to find means to buy colors with, occasionally, and he must needs have a few coals in winter to keep him from freezing, for he passed most of his time in his studio, and so he was forced to pawn his pictures, sell them at auction, barter them off, or give them away, almost, to keep above-board at all. All this was humiliating, irksome and undeserved (in Melvin's case), for he was really worthy of better fortune.

He took, or rather sent, one day, three very pretty landscapes to a picture dealer and antiquarian, a sort of Jew, in his way, and withal ignorant of the merits and faults of such works, but one who bought what would sell in his own peculiar line. And the needy artist, who had spent nearly four weeks upon these three efforts, soon followed them to the picture-shop, where he was confident he could obtain a decently respectable sum for them, since they were really well executed.

When he got there, he looked about for his pictures. Mr. Cressman was there, and said, "How'd' do?" as he came in; but his pictures were nowhere in sight.

"Did the boy leave three pictures here this morning?" asked Melvin.

The old man turned and said, "Yes; but they're no use—no use whatever."

Melvin found them stowed against the wall, in the corner, with an old dusty mat lying upon them. They had just been varnished, too, and in his haste to realize something on their sale, the artist had sent them away before they were thoroughly dry.

"What can you give for them—the three?" asked Melvin, hoping to do something with them.

"Nothing; don't want 'em; got no money. Such things ain't no use; people don't want 'em; leastways, my customers don't. You'd better take 'em back. I want the room here. Why don't you go to house-painting? That's profitable. Man over the way wants his room painted—give you eight shillings a day. See, Mr. Scrubb, on the door yonder, told me so yesterday."

Melvin looked out of the door, and wished himself safely in heaven! But as there existed some doubts in his own mind as to the certainty of his reaching that place if he started in the mood he then was, he turned back, and said:

"Well, Cressman, what have you got that you will exchange with me for the pictures?"

The old fellow looked round a moment, and replied:

"Nothing as I know of. What d'you want? Here, look these over. I bought 'em at public vendue two years ago. They ain't

much, and I didn't give much for 'em. If you can find anything there, I'll swap, with proper boot. See what you can find."

Melvin was in a poor condition to barter, but he concluded to overhaul a mass of lumbering and ancient frames and pictures that were piled up in a far-off corner off the antiquarian's shop, and finally his eye fell upon a massive old-style frame, dingy with smoke, and dirt, and age, in which he discovered the head of an aged man, well painted, and plainly the effort of an artist, though the picture was marred and badly defaced. With difficulty he got it out to the light, for the frame was of oak and very heavy.

"What do you ask for this, Cressman?" he inquired.

"Four dollars," said the Jew—"four dollars for the two large ones, and two and a half for the others."

"You price them by the size, eh?"

"Yes; and that's a good frame, too; worth half the money for fire-wood."

"How can we trade, then?"

"What, for your three pictures?"

"Yes."

"Give me a dollar to boot—that'll be three dollars for yours—and it's a bargain."

"My canvass cost me near three dollars," said poor Melvin, "and I haven't a dollar to my name. I'll exchange even with you, nevertheless, if you say it."

"No. You may owe me the dollar. Any time within a week will do. Bring it in—take it. I shan't git two dollars apiece for them things of yours; but you can take this and send down the money."

Melvin hailed a porter, and sent the great picture to his studio. Upon a subsequent inspection, and after rubbing away the filth, that had accumulated upon the canvass, Melvin found it an admirably handled portrait of an old man, whose features were finely portrayed. The frame appeared to be of solid oak, and was very cumbersome. The painter desired to remove the picture from it, but it stuck fast, as if the whole had been made, or had grown, together. He took his mallet and struck lustily at the corners, when the old frame suddenly came apart, and a roll of heavy metal, from a groove cut into the ends of the frame, fell out upon the floor at his feet.

He dropped the frame, took up the parcel, and found it to be a roll of Louis d'ors—gold coins of the time of an ancient French king. He fastened the door, knocked away at the frame again, dashed it in inch pieces, almost, and made firewood of it, as old Cressman had suggested, but he found no more gold pieces. There were two hundred of them, worth about five dollars each. A thousand dollars! all at once! all in his hand—in poor Melvin's hand—the miserable and indigent painter, who couldn't pay his rent or his washerwoman! Fortune had not deserted him, verily.

He said nothing, but proceeded to pay his debts. By degrees, he slowly and carefully exchanged the coins for what he termed "civilized money," and then he sat down to determine what he should do. Soon afterwards he gave up his garret room, and read the newspapers daily. From time to time, he saw notices favorable to this "accomplished artist," and that "life-like painter," and the other "splendid natural genius," the *originals* of whom he was acquainted with, personally, but whom he never before knew were any such beings at all! And those men, without a tithe of the talent which Melvin possessed, were, he also knew, at that moment winning fame or fortune, without the asking.

Horace Melvin continued to read the newspapers, for a month, for two months, and then he resolved what to do. He went "down town," hired a splendid room, furnished it handsomely, purchased a few flashy frames, distributed his pictures about, and got an introduction to the junior editor of a daily journal. Half a dozen quarter-eagles found their way into the editor's drawer one morning, and on the next, the artist "awoke to find himself famous!" after the following style:

"We do not often permit ourselves to speak in terms of commendation of any of the thousand and one excitements of the present day, that glare so impudently at every corner of the city, almost, and which are so often mere gulls to deceive a confiding public, or to wheedle from them their money. But what we see we know of; and it affords us great pleasure to inform our numerous readers that Horace Melvin, Esq., of Spruce Row, has on exhibition at his splendidly appointed studio, a rare collection of magnificent paintings, which he has now consented to part with, or at least a portion of them, as he contemplates leaving this country for France and Italy, in a few weeks; and our friends, the lovers of the beautiful in art, must not fail to examine and procure some of these gems, before they are all taken up. Mr. Melvin's collection may be examined between the hours of eleven and two only, as he is now closely engaged upon orders that he must complete before leaving this country, and with the execution of which he is now very busy. He is an artist of exceeding excellence, in his way; but we presume that the public already know the merits of our friend Melvin, and we will only add, secure one or more of these *chefs-d'œuvre* in season."

This "first-rate notice," which cost Mr. Melvin fifteen dollars, in a respectable daily, did the business for him, off-hand.

Mr. Melvin was soon overwhelmed with calls, and purchasers, and commissions. He had scarcely leisure to eat or sleep. Everything he had left in his possession, of every description, that he would own himself the author of, was sold off, and the prices were munificent; while the three pictures which he had sold to old Cressman were still hanging undisposed of in the antiquarian's window. He bought them back at two dollars each, and sold them within a week after, for a hundred dollars apiece, and still the anxious public asked for more.

Melvin forgot how to spell the word *fame*, and he hired poor artists, by the week, to lay in pictures, which he finished up him-

self, off-hand, to supply the numerous demands for his *chefs-d'œuvre*! He didn't go to Italy—he couldn't get away! The dear, confiding, generous public wouldn't let him go. They besieged him morning, noon and evening. He ate sumptuous suppers, rode in the carriages of the wealthy, and was pointed at by fashionable people, as he passed in the streets, with "that's Melvin. That's the splendid artist." And three years afterwards he was rich, and portly, and lazy, and gouty, and *ruined*, almost.

Horace Melvin had by this time experienced the *lights* and the *shadows* of his art. The dark foreground of the picture had been relieved, temporarily, by his late brilliant fortune; but he had thus far realized no "middle distance" to balance the effect in his excited career. His present prospect was opaque with the heavy background in view, and he asked himself, seriously "what have I gained?"

The coloring had been false, the drawing had been "effective" only upon his own constitution; the "execution" of his schemes had brought woe to his heart, and the fame he had suddenly acquired was but superficial and unsatisfying. Horace Melvin repented, and began anew.

He departed for Italy at once, where for two years he studied the old masters, and recuperated his declining health, by economy and a cautious regimen. At the end of that period he returned to his native land, vastly improved in his style and in his powers of execution. The vanities, and follies, and charlatanism of his profession he had got rid of, both in his precept and practice, and he sat himself down modestly, but assiduously, to the pursuit of his calling, eschewing all clap-trap and deceit, and with the remnant of his fortune he supported himself respectably, and waited upon time and true talent for success in after years.

And it came—slowly, but certainly. At the expiration of another year he was employed upon *good* pictures, that paid him generously for the labor and care bestowed on them. He was no longer petted, and flattered, and cajoled, and champagne—the butterflies of fashion forgot that Melvin existed; but he was restored to health, and while he enjoyed the solid patronage of those who could appreciate him and his rare talents, he became happy and contented; and, amid an almost entirely new circle of acquaintances, whom he chose with caution and good judgment, he soon came to be esteemed for his excellent social character, and finally beloved for his continual uprightness and the purity and goodness of his heart.

TILTING.

The picture of rural sport, which we give on page 92, requires no explanation. It is a simple scene, and will carry back many in imagination to the happy days of childhood. Those two boys bristling the extremities of a balanced plank, and rising and falling alternately, are quite as happy as a man who rides a chestnut horse instead of a chestnut rail. An elder sister, with an infant in her arms, is looking on, enjoying the sport, and the mother is seen at a little distance, under the shadow of the trees. One may behold in this simplest of all sports an emblem of life—of the ups and downs of fortune. An elastic spirit is never depressed by sinking, for he knows he can count on rising again. The politician laughs, or ought to laugh, when his end of the plank has a tumble, and he sees his *vis-a-vis* soaring in the air, because if he doesn't absolutely stick in the mud, his side will be up again, and he will have the pleasure of seeing his opponent in the same predicament. In the game of see-saw we have an exemplification of the law of compensation, and a proof of the proverb, that, "what is one man's meat is another man's poison." And we see how very foolish it is in the tilting of the great world, to try to push our neighbor off the end of the plank; the moment he is gone the counterpoise is destroyed. If we shake him from his seat, we can never hope to rise ourselves. Fellowship is as important in this game as in the serious interests of life. What is the balance of power, so much talked of in Europe, but a game of see-saw, in which wise heads seek to keep up a healthy action by an equal distribution of weight? The centre of the plank exhibits the political condition of a quiet little state in the midst of the system, like the Swiss confederation, which does not suffer the vibrations of the extreme powers, but enjoys the tranquillity of him "who keeps fast the golden mean." Thus much philosophy is there in a pine plank and a pair of boys, and thus we may derive many wise saws from the object which one old saw has shaped.

ROMAN ROADS.

In many things it is very manifest the world has made no progress, as the excavations of Egypt and Pompeii attest. There are no roads in the world now that will at all compare with those of ancient Rome. Even our best street pavements hold no comparison with them. The Appian Way, which was made three hundred years before Christ, ran from Rome to Capua, about one hundred forty miles, and part of it was through the Pontine Marshes. Nine hundred years after its construction it was described by Procopius as showing no appearance of waste or ruin. It is described as composed of large square blocks of freestone, so well fitted as to show no joint, the whole looking like one stone. The bed underneath was broken stone, grouted with cement. Parts of this road are still sound, and bid fair so to remain. The Flaminian Way, made one hundred ninety years before Christ, was of this kind, and it was one hundred eighty miles long.—*Philadelphia Dollar Newspaper*.

A CHEERFUL SPIRIT.

Cheerfulness and a festival spirit fill the soul full of harmony; it composes music for churches and hearts; it makes and publishes glorifications of God; it produces thankfulness and serves the end of charity; and, when the oil of gladness runs over, it makes bright and tall emissions of light and holy fires, reaching up to a cloud, and making joy round about; and, therefore, since it is so innocent, and may be so pious and full of holy advantage, whatsoever can innocently minister to this holy joy does set forward the work of religion and charity. And, indeed, charity itself, which is the vertical top of all religion, is nothing else but an union of joys concentrated in the heart, and reflected from all the angles of our life and intercourse. It is a rejoicing in God, a gladness in our neighbor's good, a pleasure in doing good, a rejoicing with him; and without love we cannot have any joy at all.—*Devery*.



RUSSIANS ATTACKING A BATTERY.

CORRESPONDENCE FROM THE CRIMEA.

A few days ago we were agreeably surprised by the receipt of a ship letter from the East, which proved to be from an English gentleman, a surgeon, now with the army in his professional capacity, whose acquaintance we formed in this city some three years ago. He was then passing a few days in Boston on his way home from Canada. He has been so kind as to send us, with an unnecessary apology, several very spirited pencil sketches, made by himself from actual observation. We decided at once on placing them in the hands of Mr. Billings, an artist fully competent to preserve their spirit and to give our readers these fresh and original memorials of the battle-field, making no doubt they would possess the same interest in their eyes as in our own. We are not without hope that our correspondent may again remember us. We have assured him that his favor is warmly appreciated by ourselves, and ventured to promise him in advance the good will of our readers.

Camp before Sebastopol, Nov. 23, 1854.

MY DEAR SIR:—I little thought when I left you (how long ago was it? the space has been so crowded with events of a public and a private nature that it seems an age), I little thought, I say, that the time would arrive when I should be redeeming a broken promise by addressing you from the theatre of a bloody war, surrounded by all the evidences of carnage and desperate preparation. In speculating upon the future of Europe—an amusement, by the way, in which you Yankees are very fond of indulging—we were agreed that peace might again soon be disturbed, but neither of us ever dreamed that the eruption would take place in the East. That we should be waging war against our old ally, the Emperor of Russia, and be supported by our old enemy,

France, and in behalf of those half washed out Turks, whom I despise more heartily than ever, now that I have seen them and know them intimately, came not within the scope of my wildest imaginings. What a change from the position of affairs forty years since! What a change from the days of Codrington and Navarino, when we were knocking the Turks to pieces in behalf of those Greeks—the Carthaginians of these later days! It is a great thing to go into an action of this sort with a clean conscience—though it looks so murderous at a near view, that one almost sickens of war entirely, and is ready to take sides with Bright and the Quakers. But our quarrel is a just one, and I make no doubt we have the sympathies of all whose opinion is worth having. I presume your countrymen are with us in heart. Indeed it can hardly be otherwise. The overshadowing power and grasping ambition of Russia menaces not only the west of Europe, but in the far future, the liberties of the world itself. The military resources of the emperor are prodigious. To realize them you must see them in actual operation. Before I came here I believed that the power of the Russian emperor was greatly exaggerated, and that it seemed formidable only because viewed from a distance. I believed, with thousands of my countrymen, with the admiralty and the war office, that the preparations of England and France were ample to inflict a severe chastisement upon Russia, in the very first campaign. But in war you cannot be too strong. In the Russians we have "foemen worthy of our steel." What has Charley Napier done with that magnificent armada which sailed up the Baltic freighted with so many hopes? Nothing worthy of mention. And this, not because the fleet was not splendidly appointed, and manned by as gallant hearts

as ever upheld the honor of any flag, but because the natural and artificial defences of Russia in that quarter were far more formidable than the most intelligent engineers estimated. And here—the truth must be confessed—we have made no impression on Sebastopol, notwithstanding our incessant cannonading and bombardment. Perhaps one fourth of the houses are knocked to pieces, but the walls are not essentially damaged. Our Lancaster guns, on which the engineers placed so much reliance, have not effected a breach, and are only occasionally used, though still in battery. So much for the inanimate defences of Sebastopol. Then the conduct of the Russian soldiers has entirely dissipated the popular idea entertained of them. We had all supposed that they lacked fire and activity—that a passive obstinacy was their principal characteristic. But they have thus far proved themselves as good soldiers as ever took the field. The fact is, that while they have been drilled most admirably by their officers, the proclamations of the emperor and the teachings of their priests have roused them to a degree of fanatical fury like that which inspired the Saracens when they swept the north of Africa, invaded Spain and hurled back the Gothic chivalry to their mountains. They fight to the last gasp. At Inkermann hundreds suffered themselves to be hacked to pieces rather than surrender. In that fortitude and spirit of endurance, which are so essential to the character of the soldier, they are unsurpassed. I have performed painful operations on some of their wounded, and never did I see men exhibit such unflinching fortitude. Not a cry, not a murmur! You might imagine them under the influence of ether—a luxury we can afford to indulge very few of the poor fellows with. Their sanitary condition is excellent—as proved by the miraculously rapid healing of their wounds—though an Englishman or even a Frenchman would starve on the fetid garbage on which they are fed. They are not generally large men, rather of medium size, and exhibit

of no use for your paper, the quite forgotten your polite at for the first time, and pass as ing between an Englishman; ed something more ambitious to give you the details, for i plate them. If I were not should find ample employe occurring which would make is a draughtsman here at wo folio is crammed full of stud month than his employers coe cers are constantly making a drawing is an almost univers course of military study it is in an academy of the fine an are really finished artists. C engaged the other day, in an the enemy's bastions, when a mined him and toppled him e He got up unhurt, shook him who was with him, "on a abn crayon." These Frenchmen steel, there is not the slightest but much of the old knightl exhaustive fund of gaiety an ert's staff, watching the ex smoking a cigar quite as coo movement of a battalion on t are admirably drilled. They



CHARGE OF TI



THE FIELD AFTER A SORTIE.

the Russo-Tartar type, broad foreheads, flat faces, pointed chins, salient cheek bones, the hair light and rather thin. They are well armed. Many of their muskets have grooved barrels, and discharge the conical ball. Their rifle-carbines are excellent and have a long range. Many of them are most capital marksmen, and they have been taught to pick off the officers—no difficult task, for our brave officers are always in the "fore-front of the battle," and with true British pride wear the insignia of their rank. The French officers too exhibit this chivalric contempt of danger—while the Russians, though leading their men gallantly, baffle the discrimination of our rifles and the chasseurs by wearing overcoats like the privates. The Russian officers killed, in proportion to their numbers, show nothing like the ratio of loss that we and our allies have experienced. I have said that the fanaticism of the Russian soldiers was stimulated to the highest degree—their cupid-ity is also inflamed by their leaders. On the eve of the battle of Inkermann, Menchikoff told his men that there were millions of treasure in our camp—that one-third of it should be distributed among the soldiers, and that each man's share would probably amount to a thousand roubles! It is by such devices that the utmost energies of the poor fellows are developed, and they rush to the encounter with desperate valor. I hope that my desultory remarks have not wearied you, for I am in the humor to continue my gossip. Who knows whether I may ever have the opportunity of doing so again? The Russian balls have no particular respect for the medical staff, and are quite promiscuous in the payment of their regards. In the midst of these scenes of carnage and desolation, my memory has a trick of conjuring up scenes of a totally different character; just as, when I was dabbling in art, as a very unpromising student in De La Roche's atelier in Paris, one color would suggest its opposite. And by the way, I have not quite forgotten my first love, as you will perceive by the rough sketches I enclose, which are all studies from life, and alas! from death; and which I send you just as I dashed them off, in the hope that if they are

under a heavy fire, with the r Their discipline is strict, but th the part of the men. Their arm and in detail. I have watched de Vincennes with much interest ticing the execution done by th —I was incredulous as to its pei at a distance of three-quarters c you. The chasseur is the mos tives. Obeying the Irish injunc it." Our rifles are not far behi ly in marksmanship since the c actual service as a school for t tions does more for a regiment peace. The soldier sees a reas is a why and a wherefore appar ituated to perform on trust—a discipline. He sees that the e upon the intelligence of his offi of peace the private too often cials, exempt from hardship, sh act its rigid performance on his officer to the same level. From rades and brothers. There is t satisfies the most ultra agrarian drummer's head, deprives a co ball that grazes a dragoon's e The varnish that glazes the f "piping times of peace," is all fancies he can form an image of campment, with its white tents, pipe-clayed belts, bright spurs, a

now you that I have not
on I visited your city
entente cordiale exist-
I would have attempt-
ard at work—I forbear
nal nerve to contem-
professional duties, I
Scenes are constantly
for illustration. There
ed News, whose port-
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ear. The French offi-
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in France—while in a
t as great an extent as
rench engineer officers
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making a sketch of
in the ground, under-
drawing board and all.
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rs. The French troops
complicated manœuvres

men and officers *en grande tenue*, the sooner he gets rid of the notion the better. The actual picture is as different as darkness from daylight. Nothing like this is exhibited on the vast area occupied by our troops in the Crimea. Picture to yourself an uncovered but rugged tract, with ravines, and rocks, and rolling ridges, valleys gullied by rains, the “stormy Euxine” spreading away in the distance, the yet unsilenced and uninjured lines of Sebastopol frowning before you, and you have a faint idea of the theatre of war. As regards the camp, everything wears a stern and ugly aspect: soiled, patched and discolored tent-cloths, shanties dignified by the name of barracks huddled in hollows, or perched on eminences protected from shot by higher ridges; long lines of earthworks with their grim batteries; men delving in ditches, wheeling and shovelling dirt, long lines of riflemen standing in wet holes; heavy pieces of artillery painfully dragged over rugged ground; officers in threadbare cloaks and glazed caps, riding about on gaunt steeds; bodies of infantry moving about from point to point, with uniforms so weather-stained and powder-marked that the original scarlet is scarcely discernible—can anything be more different from a parade ground in time of peace? Add to these sights the hum of the camp, the thunder of heavy cannon fired at intervals, the screaming of shells as they curve through the air, an occasional drum-beat or bugle-call, and from these images you may obtain a slight conception of the sights and sounds about me. But the progress of a cannonade is fraught with the deepest excitement. Men go about perfectly crazed by the smell of powder, the roar of the guns and the concussion of the air and the vibration of the earth. A thunder storm in the mountains is nothing to it. The rattling peals of thunder have a very different sound from the heavy booming of artillery, mingled with the peculiar screaming of the shells, and the rushing hiss of war rockets. Perhaps if you could infuse the screams of forty or fifty locomotives into the thunder-chorus



READING NEWS FROM HOME.

enough. It was an exploit with which the world will ring to the end of time. “To have seen it “were worth ten years of peaceful life.” I regret that my position on that day did not permit me to witness that painful but heroic feat of arms, unequalled in ancient or modern days, except, perhaps, by the valor displayed

“When Charlemagne with all his peerage fell,
By Fontarabia.”

When six hundred of our brave fellows rode right on the guns and bayonets of an entire army in position, you can easily imagine that they do not draw rein when they find a few light artillery pieces unlimbered in their pathway, as I have indicated in my very imperfect cavalry sketch.—Another sketch, which has had some vogue here, having been handed about till it is almost worn out, is an effort to show a skirmish with some Russians who had got into a French battery by surprise. The French sentinel did not give the alarm, supposing them, in the opening of early dawn, to be English—the few distorted words of our mother tongue, in which they answered the challenge, sounding like pure Anglo-Saxon to Gallie ears. I have done the best I could with a scene that only Horace Vernet could do justice to. If you have seen a print from a study of his—the taking of one of Garibaldi’s batteries, at the siege of Rome, you will understand what I was aiming at. If you know how devoted a soldier is to his piece, you will comprehend the fury with which a French artilleryman defends it. The French gunners make a precious row under such circumstances, I can tell you.—By way of variety, I send you

a sketch of a bivouac, with soldiers grouped round the fire, reading newspapers and letters from home. It is an interesting episode in war times. Living as you do in the midst of papers, you can hardly conceive the rapture—yes, that is the word—of receiving familiar journals from home, when you are hundreds of leagues away. In my batch of sketches you will find a group I dashed off from memory, for I saw it *en passant*, though I made studies of the individual figures afterwards. It exhibits the rejoicings over the sad victory of Inkermann. You remember Gen. Wolfe’s song:

“Why, soldiers, why
Should we be melancholy, boys,
Whose business ‘tis to die?”

The soldier is, and ought to be, mercurial. My last sketch gives a *cantiniere* in her dashing uniform, pouring out liquor to the soldiers. Some of these women are young and pretty. They are always married in the French service to some man in the command to which they are attached. They frequently exhibit traits of heroism, and are devoted nurses. If, my dear sir, you can make any use of the drawings I send you, I shall be pleased to think my scrawls have not been made in vain. But pray don’t try to immortalize my lucubrations. I might lay the fault of their absurdity to my apparatus—a camp-stool and a drum-head—but I know you will absolve me in virtue of my good intentions. Possibly I may continue my correspondence. With renewed apologies for intruding my scrawls on the sanctity of your sanctum, I remain, yours faithfully, R. R. C.



CAVALRY.

le celerity and precision.
npt at insubordination on
achine, complete in whole
of the famous *Chasseurs*
ad an opportunity of no-
e weapon—the Minie rifle.
But it is certainly effective
ange as it may appear to
le and adroit of destruc-
ever he sees a head he hits
y have improved immen-
ned; there is nothing like
One week of active opera-
months’ drill in time of
order he receives. There
thing that he has been hab-
es the vital importance of
himself and fellows hangs
articles of war. In time
officers only pampered of-
themselves while they ex-
war reduces private and
servant, they become com-
in the enemy’s fire that
ne shot that carries off a
leg—and the same rifle-
erence a peer of the realm.
grim-visaged war” in the
in actual service. If one
ne aspect of a holiday en-
nsward, brilliant uniforms,
nyonets, shining knapsacks,

of your own Catskills, you might approach a conception of the row. Notwithstanding discouraging circumstances, in spite of hardships and privations, there is but one feeling throughout the army; that is, Sebastopol must fall. Our commander-in-chief is pressing for reinforcements, and some have already arrived, and when our hands are strengthened, the probability is that a *coup de main* will be attempted. Then you shall see how the solid pluck of our fellows and the fiery valor of our allies will tell upon the foe. All the sufferings and loss of time will be avenged when we once get within their works. So that not many days after this reaches you, you may reckon upon receiving news of the fall of Sebastopol. Inkermann was an awful day, though a victory, and a splendid one, under the circumstances. One of my sketches is an attempt to give you the impression produced by a field of battle after the engagement. The broken gun, the wounded and dead men, the general aspect of the whole was dismal. This was jotted down after witnessing the repulse of a sortie. Judge what the field of Inkermann must have presented! It was full forty-eight hours before we could take care of our wounded, a delay, I regret to say, attributable to the deficiency of our means of transportation: our allies were well provided, however, and aided us. The Russians could not receive any attention till the third day after the affair—the 8th. Some of them were in a terrible condition. They submitted to operations with great fortitude, and seemed, to a man, surprised at the care we took of them. Our grenadier guards suffered severely. We lost two old Waterloo men, Sir George Cathcart and General Strangways. Sir Colin Campbell was preserved by a miracle, with generals and staff officers falling all round him. You will find among my scraps a charge of cavalry on the retreating Russians, which will serve to show you how our fellows ride at the enemy when they get a chance in a fair field. At the onset of the campaign we were sadly deficient in this arm. A thousand horse at Alma would have done us yeoman’s service. Of the charge of the light brigade at Balaklava you have doubtless heard



CANTINIERE OF THE REGIMENT.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

GONE.

BY M. HELEN LUCY.

Down in that lone quiet valley,
Where the shining waters flow,
Once there lived an angel-tender,
In the years of long ago.

Where the starlight over the water
Fell with pale and trembling ray;
Where the jewelled dew-drops sparkled
On each rose and leafy spray:

There when purple eve-light mantled
All the distant hills afar,
Watched we in the dreamy twilight,
For the silvery evening star.

Like the mist-wreaths o'er the river,
Fading at the early day;
So from all who fondly loved her,
That pure spirit fled away.

Sad and innely now I wander,
Where together once we strayed;
Grieving that my gentle Alice
In the churchyard cold is laid.

Still the starlight o'er the water
Gleams and trembles as before;
Still the roses bloom and wither,
But she comes back never more!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A SPANISH COLONEL.

BY FRANCIS A. DUFFAGE.

SOME years ago, an American traveller, stopping at a small posada in Andalusia, was particularly struck with the appearance of a Spanish officer wearing a colonel's epaulettes, who was whiling away an hour at the inn. He was a tall and muscular man, strikingly erect, and his movements, as he walked to and fro on the piazza, smoking his cigarette, with the steel scabbard of his sabre clashing on the flooring, were singularly free and graceful. He had the true air of the soldier, without a particle of the martinet. His complexion was clear olive, and his hair, that flowed in thick curls over his coat-collar, as well as his neatly-trimmed whiskers and moustache, were intensely black, with blue reflections in the light. His features were handsome, the nose Roman, the lips arched and delicately cut; but his eyes had a peculiar fascination. They were bright as a falcon's, rolling in liquid lustre, and their glance was searching as an arrow. The American sat, smoking his cigar, his eyes rivetted upon the officer, until the latter, calling for his horse, vaulted into the saddle, and rode off with the equestrian grace of an ancient paladin.

Beckoning the landlord to him, he asked the name of the person who had so much interested him.

"No sabe, señor," was the reply.

"You don't know! Has he never been here before?"

"Nunca jamas—never, señor," said the landlord, as he shuffled away.

"Humbug!" said a burly Englishman, who was slightly acquainted with our friend, who had come up in time to hear the landlord's remark—"the fellow lies; he knows him well enough, and he has been here often, particularly before yon Spaniard wore the epaulette. His posada then had much the same sort of reputation as the inn at Terracina. You know all about Fra Diavolo."

"Of course. But who is this officer?"

"Don Jose Maria."

"I think I have heard that name before."

"Very likely."

"Has he been long in the army?"

"Only a few years."

"Was he bred to the profession of arms?"

"Why, yes; but he bore them without a commission. In short, a few years ago, this Spanish colonel was one of the most notorious brigands in all Spain—the terror of travellers, the scourge of Andalusia."

"You astonish me!"

"It is the truth, strange as it may appear. Our supple landlord was an accomplice of his, and this inn his favorite rendezvous. Don't start—it's all right now. Five years ago, this Spanish colonel took my purse and watch. There were six of us in the diligence. We were surrounded suddenly by twenty men. The driver was thrown under one of the front wheels, and we were all made to lie with our faces to the ground, while the rascals rifled our trunks and valises."

"But had you no escort?"

"O, yes; but the scoundrels galloped off at the first glimpse of Jose and his band. The fellow had about a hundred and fifty men under his command, all mounted on the fleetest Andalusian jennets, and carrying bell-mouthed blunderbusses and Toledo blades. Some traders paid him black mail, regularly, and their goods were never molested. At last, the stupid, lazy government bestirred themselves about it, and, having ascertained the whereabouts of Master Jose, sent a detachment of dragoons to capture him. Col. Yriarte, the commandant, rode straight to this inn, and sent for the landlord."

"Do you know Jose Maria?"

"No, señor," and the rascal crossed himself devoutly.

"Has he never been here?"

"Never, señor—I swear it on the cross."

"Jose was at that moment in bed up stairs. His men were picketed in the neighborhood. Colonel Yriarte professed, however, to be satisfied, ate a hearty supper, drank a bottle of Xeres, smoked half a dozen cigars, and went to bed. The next morning, at the usual hour, he sat down to breakfast. An excellent meal had been prepared for him. When the waiters had withdrawn, the landlord entered himself with a fresh dish, which he placed before the dragoon officer. 'A roast duck for El Senor Commandante.' Yriarte took up his knife and fork and made an incision to reach the stuffing; but, instead of garlic and bread, it was filled with doublets. 'Take this bird up into my room,' said he, carelessly, 'I'll have it for luncheon.' The landlord obeyed, seeing that the hint had been taken. About eleven o'clock he came out on the piazza, with the duck-stuffing in his pockets, ordered his bugler to sound to horse, and rode back with his command to head-quarters, reporting that Jose Maria had not been seen for some time, and had undoubtedly evacuated Andalusia. But the very next week the diligence was robbed again. Another squadron of dragoons, commanded by a man above the suspicion of venality or cowardice, was sent against the bandits; but Jose ambushed him, emptied two-thirds of his saddles, and sent the cavalry home in panic flight. Finally the government was forced to buy him off the road. For a round sum of money and a full colonelcy Jose consented to disband his troops and give up his profession. But he is a terrible gambler, and I fancy he regrets the opportunity of levying unlimited supplies when he is short. Just before the gang was disbanded, an incident occurred which illustrates their boldness. A British officer from the garrison at Gibraltar rode out one afternoon, along the bay of Algeiras into the Spanish territory, to exercise himself and horse. He was walking his charger along, when one of Jose's men sprang out from a clump of bushes, seized his horse by the rein, and presenting a pistol at my countryman's head, demanded his purse. The officer instantly drew his sabre, the action throwing up the robber's pistol, which exploded without harming him, and dealing a stroke with all his might, rising in his stirrups to give it full effect, clove the scoundrel to the chin, and then wheeled his horse and spurred homeward. This is a true bill, sir; and let me tell you that the queen of Spain has worse fellows in her pay than Colonel Jose Maria, of the royal cavalry."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE IDEAL IN ART.

BY GILBERT LE FEVRE.

SIR Joshua Reynolds laid it down as a general and invariable rule, that "the great style in art, and the most perfect imitation of nature, consisted in avoiding the details and peculiarities of particular objects." This rule is deduced from the master-pieces of Greek art, and the traditional details which have come down to us of the processes of the glorious masters of that art confirm the theory. We have reason to believe that, though surrounded by glowing specimens of beauty and manhood, they did not confine themselves to individual models. When the inhabitants of a Greek city commissioned one of their most celebrated painters to execute a Venus, they sent him a number of their loveliest maidens, that from a study of all their charms, he might select the features of a goddess that should enchant the world.

That imitation of nature, then, which is recognized by the professors of high art, consists in the careful reproduction of her excellencies, combined in such a manner as to make the result unique and original, while the eye and heart is assured that the great model is not violated in any detail. There is always internal evidence of partiality or generalization in a work of art. You never see a portrait, even if you do not see the original, without at once feeling it to be such. Thus Dufosse's Adam and Eve never struck us as ideal representations of our first parents, but as portraits of a French dragoon and a Parisian lorette, which they undoubtedly were. The human race is so degenerated from the primitive type, that it is impossible to find a perfect individual specimen. The artist must take a hand from this, a foot from that, a leg from one, a torso from another, and must combine the parts according to certain rules deduced from the master-pieces which the persistent admiration of centuries has consecrated as models.

It rarely falls to the lot of an artist to have such a living model as Canova had for his Venus Vietrix—Pauline Bonaparte, sister of the emperor, a woman in whose person the graces of the old Greek models seemed to have revived. It is always dangerous for an artist to have a very good model, because perfection existing in no individual, the presence of extraordinary beauties in a model is apt to bewilder his judgment, and lead him to too close an imitation of the form before him. When Powers's Greek Slave first came out here, the connoisseurs, after noticing the defects of the figure, beautiful as it was acknowledged to be, declared that the sculptor must have closely copied from some one model. Such is said to have been the case. While the great American artist was engaged upon his work, his well-known purity of character and devotion to high art procured him the advantage of studying the unveiled loveliness of a lady celebrated for the exquisite proportions of her figure. He evidently availed himself too far of the advantage, and copied the peculiarities in which the individual fell short of the standard of perfection, as well as those in which she came up to it.

Individuals and whole schools of art have revolted against the rule laid down by Sir Joshua Reynolds. There are galleries full of fine Dutch paintings which depict pots and pans, cabbages, turnips and sun-flowers with marvellous fidelity. There are por-

trait painters who pride themselves on copying every hair in a man's eyebrow, and every cutaneous blemish they discover in his face. Some of the Dusseldorf pictures would bear a microscopic examination. The Greeks and Romans of the French school are not Greeks and Romans, but hired academy models with unmistakable French faces.

Among the opponents of the ideal theory of art may be mentioned William Hazlitt, an excellent art-critic, but fond of brilliant paradoxes. But, in his "Essay on the Fine Arts," in which he attacks Sir Joshua Reynolds, he says: "The ideal is not the preference of that which exists in the mind to that which exists in nature; but the preference for that which is fine in nature to that which is less so." He does not seem to be aware that in the latter clause he is conceding precisely what the idealists claim. In the former, he has mistaken their position. The idealists do not claim to substitute a purely mental conception for reality; but to form a mental combination out of parts actually existing in nature, instead of adopting combinations made to hand.

To select and combine beauties is the office of high art; to accept existing combinations of defects and beauties is enough for non-ideal artists.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MAY AND DECEMBER. *A Tale of Wedded Life.* By Mrs. HUBBACE. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. 2 vols. 12mo. 1855.

Mrs. Hubbard paints the hopes, trials, joys and sorrows of domestic life as only a woman can do, and out of simple materials weaves a story of thrilling interest. Her stories have a purpose and a moral. We are inclined to consider "May and December" her best. For sale by Redding & Co.

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN. By ELIAH J. LEWIS, M. D. Illustrated. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. 1855. 8vo. pp. 480.

While this elegant volume ought to be in the hands of every sportsman, the superb embellishments, profusely lavished on it by the liberality of the publishers, renders it a very suitable volume for the parlor table. The drawings are mostly from the pencil of George G. White, who has shown himself an accomplished artist, many of his smaller vignettes having much of the spirit and feeling of Bewick. The book is capably written, evincing on the part of the author a thorough acquaintance with the history and habits of game, with guns, dogs, and all that appertains to their use. Hints for cooking game are not omitted in his encyclopedic treatise. We have rarely seen a book that more completely redeems the promise of its title-page. For sale by Redding & Co.

THE SCHOOL JOURNAL FOR THE USE OF SCHOLARS. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co.

This is a blank book with a printed preface explaining the importance of keeping a school journal, and the style of entries. A good idea.

NELLY BRACKEN. *A Tale of Forty Years Ago.* By ANNIE CHAMBERS BRADFORD. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 377.

The sceptre of romance seems to be wielded now exclusively by female hands, and, if held always as gracefully as by the authoress of the present volume, we are not sure that we should rebel against the sovereignty. If this be a first work (as the preface seems to intimate), it exhibits unusual ability and promise. Redding & Co. have it for sale.

THE AMERICAN ALMANAC AND REPOSITORY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE FOR 1855. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

Besides the scientific department of this excellent publication, its records of events, and domestic and foreign statistics are so full and accurate, that its possession is indispensable to every man who desires to keep well posted up.

MY COURTSHIP AND ITS CONSEQUENCES. By LENNY WIKOFF. New York: J. C. Derby & Co. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 438.

The subject matter of this volume is a version of the famous Gamble courtship, by the disappointed wooer, and will not probably lack for readers. It is a very long and circumstantial, though readable, account of the author's warm pursuit of an American lady, his conduct towards whom led to his trial and imprisonment in Italy. He labors to prove that his detention of her in Geneva was not a serious matter, but a mere farce, and that he was wrongfully condemned, having been throughout the whole affair more misled than misled. It remains to be seen whether the plea will be considered by the public as satisfactory. Much anecdote and gossip respecting noted persons is scattered through the book.

AFRAJIA: or, *Life and Love in Norway.* Translated from the German of Theodore Muggé. By Ed. Jor Morris. 4th edition. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blackiston. 1854.

This is the fourth edition of this charming work. The author has chosen for his localities scenes never before described by the writer of the romance. He sketches the customs of the frozen north with the picturesque minuteness of one familiar with them from his youth. His delineations of character are no less vigorous and pleasing; and while his story is highly interesting, there runs throughout it a vein of lofty sentiment and high morality, which commands equally our respect and admiration. The translation is executed with great spirit and elegance.

CHEMICAL ATLAS. By E. L. YOUNG. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 4to.

This work is by the author of the "Chemical Chart," and "Class Book of Chemistry," valuable contributions to science; and it is devoted to an explanation and illustration of the general principles of chemistry. The letter press describes and explains the numerous ingenious colored diagrams which give its title to the book. It is a work that no student of chemistry will dispense with after having once examined it.

FIRST THOUGHTS: or, *Beginning to Think.* New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855.

It appears to us that this guide to the shaping of thought, arranged progressively, and aided by pictorial illustration, cannot fail to be of much assistance to teacher and pupil. It is designed for the use of very young children.

CORNELL'S PRIMARY GEOGRAPHY. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This is the first of a series of School Geographies by S. S. Cornell, designed to be strictly progressive. The text is clear, simple and accurate, and the neat colored maps which illustrate it, contain only so much detail as beginners can thoroughly master. Elegant wood cuts of scenery, cities, buildings and costumes are liberally introduced. We most cordially commend this work to teachers, school committees and families. It may be had of Redding & Co.

SWIFT AND HIS SERVANT.

Dean Swift, while on a journey, and stopping at a tavern, desired his servant John—who, by the way, was as eccentric as his master—to bring him his boots. John brought up the boots in the same state they were when the evening previous.

"Why didn't you polish my boots?" said the Dean.

"There's no use in polishing them," said the man, "for they would soon be dirty again."

"Very true," said the Dean, and he put on the boots. Immediately after he went down to the landlady, and told her on no account to give his servant any breakfast. The Dean breakfasted, and then ordered his horse out. As he was ready to start, John ran to him and said:

"Mr. Dean, I haven't got my breakfast yet."

"O," replied the witty divine, "there's no use in your breakfasting, for you would soon be hungry again."

John, finding his theory thrown back on himself, submitted to the privation with the same stoicism as did his master with the boots. On they rode, the Dean in front, reading his prayer-book, and the man behind, at a respectful distance, when they were met by a gentleman, who, after eyeing the Dean very closely, accosted the servant with:

"I say, my man, you and your master seem to be a sober pair; may I ask who you are, and where you are going?"

"We are going to heaven," said John; "my master is praying and I am fasting."

The gentleman looked again in wonderment at the master and man, and rode off.—*Life of Swift.*

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.
LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

A NEW TRAGEDY.

We are much gratified to learn that a new tragedy, from the classic pen of Epes Sargent, Esq., will shortly be produced, under the title of "The Priestess." Mr. S. is well fitted to shine as a dramatic poet. He has fervor, feeling and imagination; he writes with elegance, force and precision; is possessed of great tact, and is thoroughly familiar with the requirements of the stage. His "Velasco" and "Bride of Genoa" were performances of great promise, and were particularly noticeable for their stage effect, a quality in which early dramatic efforts are generally deficient. Mr. Sargent is well-read in ancient and modern dramatic literature, and has formed his taste on a study of the best masters. We are confident, therefore, that his play will add much to his established reputation. It is to be brought out at the Boston Theatre, with all the accessories of correct scenery and costume which distinguish the pieces produced under the regime of Mr. Barry. Miss Julia Dean has been engaged to perform the leading character, and she will be well supported by the powerful *corps dramatique* of the Museum. We look forward with pleasure and impatience to the first presentation.

PARIS.

Writers from Paris say that the capital of France was never gayer than it has been during the present season. It is marked by a perpetual bustle; the shops are filled with rich displays of goods brought from every quarter of the globe; all kinds of festivities are continually on foot, and hundreds and thousands of persons are abroad intent only upon pleasure and dissipation. During the holidays the Boulevards and other of the principal streets were lined with small wooden sheds, placed at the edge of the pavements, and occupied by petty dealers in every vendible knickknack. On the two Sundays preceding Christmas and New Year's days, and on those days themselves, the number of shops closed throughout the city was without precedent in former years.

BOUND VOLUMES OF THE PICTORIAL.—To any person who will enclose us fourteen dollars, we will forward the seven volumes of our illustrated paper, the Pictorial, elegantly bound in gilt, and forming a splendid array of valuable reading matter, and superb engravings, upon every conceivable subject. An ornament for any home, and a source of lasting entertainment for both sexes and all ages.

BEGINNING WELL.—The first white child born in Lawrence, Kansas, was presented with a city lot by the people. If that baby lives he will see his birthplace a vast city, and be able to sell his lot for four cents a foot.

HUMBUG.—Mr. Barnum has been lecturing out West on the "Philosophy of Humbug," a very prolific subject, and one which he handles with admirable felicity.

SPLINTERS.

.... William Warren—the inimitable Warren—is still the card of the Boston Museum. We have yet to see his equal.

.... Each number of our Dollar Monthly Magazine is complete in itself, and may be purchased at the periodical depots for ten cents.

.... To understand the Coutts dodge, as connected with Grisi and Mario, one must read P. T. Barnum's life, by himself!

.... The revolution in Mexico is spreading all over the country. Santa Anna is always getting into trouble.

.... The police are looking sharply after the coal-holes, since a lady broke her ankle in one the other day.

.... A lady in Virginia has a pet pigeon that dances to her harp. We suppose it can cut pigeon wings.

.... It costs \$5000 in Rhode Island to promise marriage and then neglect to tie the hymeneal knot.

.... Money is getting easier, and Hard Times is preparing to abdicate. We have had enough of H. T.

.... Gen. Osten Sacken now commands at Sebastopol. This is sacken (sacking) it before it is taken.

.... They are building a railway at Balaclava, while the English papers rail away at mismanagement.

.... A fashionable lady in New York gave a ball lately, at which the prescribed costume was a calico dress.

.... A mountain in Scott county, Arkansas, has given signs of an eruption. We want a volcano for variety.

.... 2,986,670 tons of coal came into market in 1854. Pretty well for a warm winter.

.... Mr. Shaffner talks of running a telegraph round the world. The scheme is perfectly feasible.

.... A Yankee, speaking of Booth's Othello, said "the nigger played as well as any of the white fellows."

.... Baker, for robbery and attempt to kill in Detroit, was sentenced to fifty years imprisonment—a long term.

.... Another famine is threatened at the Cape Verd Islands. They seem doomed to suffering and starvation.

.... A panther walked into a dining-room in Louisiana, lately. He was not invited to remain for pot-luck.

.... The steam fire engine, of which we lately gave a representation, is to be called the "Miles Greenwood."

.... Mr. George Peabody, of London, is worth \$3,000,000, so situated that he can convert it in thirty days into cash.

BRITISH ARROGANCE.

It has been charged upon Americans that they are quite too ready to find fault with the mother country, and to impute to her designs and feelings to which she is a stranger. Some British writers have told us that nothing can be more absurd than the idea that they (the Britons) look with a jealous eye upon our growing greatness. On the contrary, we are told, they view our prosperity with the same heartfelt rejoicing that animates a father when he sees a young and active son flourish in a business that he has entered into on his own account. No sooner, however, does the repetition of such assurances begin to create a warmer feeling towards our transatlantic neighbor, a generous wish to bury the hatchet and forget past grievances, than a rude blast of defiance and menace from the surly British lion sets our eagle to screaming, flapping his wings, and fiercely answering the challenge. As a people, we are not near so thin-skinned as we used to be, and the yelping of small dogs does not in the least disturb our equanimity; but when the mastiffs and bull dogs begin to growl, then we naturally enough assume a belligerent attitude.

When the war in the East broke out, there was a general sympathy felt for the allies. Without liking the governmental system either of England or France, we still felt that they were engaged in arresting the march of a despotism so tremendous and threatening to the future of the masses, that we wished them god-speed in their momentous undertaking. We were willing to be silent on the antecedents of England—to France we looked, as we have always done, with grateful interest. Our good feelings towards the English were apparently appreciated and reciprocated; but no sooner did the spurious news of the fall of Sebastopol reach London, than the most influential presses changed their tone, and, according to their old custom, from grinning at their foes, began to show their teeth at us. The North British Review said, commenting on the intelligence: "Our foes have had a forewarning with what sort of people they will have to deal; and our transatlantic cousins will become a trifle less insolent and overbearing, when they find that the fleet which summers in the Baltic, can, without cost or effort, winter in the Gulf of Mexico." Blackwood's Magazine followed suit, with flippant insolence, in the following strain: "England and France joined are strong enough to bind nearly all the world over to keep the peace. When Russia is settled, France may abate her army and England her navy; but we must not disarm. We must still be able to say 'no' to our lively young brother across the Atlantic, if he wants Cuba, or takes any other little vagary into his head."

Unluckily for Johannes Bull, Esq., he has quite enough to do to attend to his own business. If, as this sheet goes to press, we receive news of the fall of Sebastopol, we yet know very well that it is only one point gained in a desperate game, and that it will cost as much to hold the Crimea as to conquer it. And, moreover, a little less boasting would become the spokesmen of a nation that has so signally failed in all its efforts to subdue the "lively young brother" whom they address so cavalierly. In 1775 the "lively young brother" showed himself stronger than his elder; and in 1812 the same vivacious young gentleman repeated the lesson. Long may it be before another quarrel arises, and we sincerely deprecate the utterance of such menaces as those we have above quoted; at least we advise the "North British" and "Blackwood" to adopt an American custom of keeping silent till they get out of the woods. When Lord Raglan dates his despatches from the citadel of Sebastopol, it will be time enough for Johnny to talk of what he will do next.

ITALY.—The friends of liberty in this downtrodden country are looking up since the French troops have been withdrawn from Rome. Mazzini and his compeers are working hard, and there is hope that "something may turn up," as Micawber says. It's "heads we lose" with the patriots, if they fail. It is about time for Italy to be politically regenerated. The London Times don't like the prospect—or republics generally and individually. Nor is it much to be wondered at—free principles will ever make trouble among monarchists.

THE LONDON TIMES.—George Gilfillan says of this world-renowned journal:—We are, in general, no admirers of that "perpetual prospectus," that gigantic Jesuit of the press, that Cerberus with three heads, three tongues, and no heart; which can be bribed, though not bought; sopped, but not enticed to the upper air (and the Hercules to drag up this dog of darkness has not yet arrived).

WORTH THINKING OF.—What more agreeable gift could a city friend present to a resident of the country, far or near, than a year's subscription to our Pictorial? Its regular weekly visits, while they imparted entertainment and profitable pleasure, would, fifty-two times in the year, remind the receiver of the donor's kindness.

THE MAGAZINES.—Redding & Co. have sent us Putnam, Harper, Graham, Godey, and the International Magazines for the present month. Our country has reason for pride in these excellent and popular serials.

EARTHQUAKES.—They have had a couple of earthquakes at Portland, lately—no great shakes, to be sure, but enough to frighten the women and jar the crockery.

THE PICTORIAL.—This illustrated paper could only be sold at its present rates in consideration of the immense circulation it enjoys all over the country.—*Evening Transcript, Boston.*

JULIA DEAN.—This popular actress has turned play-wright, and written a drama called "Mary of Mantua."

NATURAL HISTORY.

The engraving on our last page embraces a large number of curious animals, delineated with great skill and spirit. No. 1 is the bison, which inhabits the prairies of the North American continent in innumerable herds. No. 2 is the Wapiti (*Canadensis*), the largest of the deer tribe, and often confounded with the moose. No. 3, the pine martin, belongs to the weasel family, which is found all over the world. It is destructive to domestic poultry. Its fur is fine and valuable. No. 4, the sable (*Zibellina*), is famous for its costly fur, which is so valuable as only to be within reach of the wealthy. It inhabits Siberia, and its capture is difficult and dangerous on account of the piercing cold and storms of the regions in which it dwells. The skins are worth from five to fifty dollars, according to quality. No. 5, the beaver, the architect of the animal kingdom, is found abundantly, but not exclusively, in North America. No. 6, the European elk, a large and powerful animal. The skin is almost bullet proof. It is sometimes used as a draught animal, like the reindeer. No. 7, the reindeer, the wealth of the Laplanders, is found throughout the arctic regions of Europe, Asia and America. No. 8, the otter, is an almost amphibious animal, is excessively rapacious, and very destructive to fish, of which it only eats certain dainty portions. No. 9, the wolf, is found in America, France, Russia and Asia. Although of the dog tribe, dogs are the deadly enemies of wolves. Ferocity, craft and cowardice are their well known characteristics. No. 10, the ibex, a native of the Alpine regions of Europe and Asia, is easily recognized by its magnificent horns. Nos. 11 and 14 are the elephant seal, so called for its proboscis, and the common phoca (seal) and young. No. 12. The walrus, or morse, inhabits the northern seas, and is hunted for its oil, flesh, skin and teeth. No. 13. The polar bear, a most formidable animal, lives in the arctic region, and feeds on seals, fish and even the walrus. Its feet are covered with hair, to enable it to keep its footing on the ice. Nelson nearly lost his life in an encounter with one of these savage animals.

SUTTER'S FORT.

A San Francisco paper says that this venerable relic of the past history of California, the structure which was once the peaceful residence of Col. Sutter, the farmer, has now become renowned in history, and which, linked as it is inseparably with the prominent events of the last few years on the Pacific shore, has found its way in lithograph and letter-press to every nook and corner of the globe, has been razed to the ground, and is now no more. It seems almost sacrilege to remove this old building, this adobe masterpiece of the pioneer style of architecture. But some ruthless Vandals of engineers, who could discover nothing more interesting or valuable in the walls than a pile of handsome sun-dried bricks, tore it down and used the adobes to construct a turnpike across a slough.

NEW BOOKSTORE.—We would refer our readers to the advertisement of Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., on another page of the present number of our paper. It will be seen that they have removed from their old stand to a new store in Winter Street, and a splendid establishment it is. We shall have more to say of it in a future paper.

LIFE INSURANCE.—The late Arthur L. Payson, Esq., who died so suddenly, in this city, had a policy upon his life for \$10,000. The late Marshall P. Wilder, Jr., of Dorchester, who died a few weeks since, was insured for \$5000.

VALUABLE INVENTION.—We refer our readers to Mr. W. B. Gny's advertisement on another page relative to his invention for glass lining of water pipes. A matter worthy of note.

MEDFORD.—Rev. Charles Brooks is preparing a history of this town, which will be a very interesting work.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Dr. Jenks, Mr. Edwin A. Lovejoy to Miss Julia A. Gordon; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Cyrus S. Lombard to Miss Hannah L. Guild; by Rev. Mr. Banister, Mr. John L. Gilbert to Miss Charlotte A. Snow; by Rev. Mr. Skinner, Mr. Elijah Spare, Jr., of East Cambridge, to Miss Martha Emerson; by Rev. Dr. Vinton, Mr. William Wadleigh to Miss Mary E. Fuller, of Medford.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Robbins, Mr. Charles L. Pook to Miss Hannah Ann Hamman, of Boston.—At Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Skinner, Mr. John W. Chapman, of Boston, to Miss Agnes Jane Allen.—At Salem, by Rev. Dr. Worcester, Mr. James Kinney to Miss Mary Allen Atwood.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Studley, Mr. Alvin M. Stowell to Miss Angeline Randall.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Dr. Dimmick, Mr. William F. Lent to Miss Charlotte C. Coggins.—At Harvard, by Rev. Mr. Dodge, George M. Howe, M.D. to Miss Harriet M. Howe, of Pepperell.—At West Dennis, by Rev. Mr. Burnaba, Mr. Augustus Farris, of Dennis, to Miss Tabitha D. Kelley, of West Haverhill.—At Pittsfield, by Rev. Mr. Starks, Mr. Henry C. Bennett to Miss Harriet A. Newton.—At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Faunce, Mr. Joel B. Fuller to Mrs. Mary A. S. Scott.—At Taunton, by Rev. Mr. Titus, Mr. Edmund T. Harris to Miss Ann F. Flanders.—At New York, Sept. 24th, 1854, by Rev. Henry Anthony, at St. Mark's Church, Mr. George M. Knight to Miss Ellen White; January 14th, by Rev. William Quinn, of St. Peter's Church, Mr. Peter Denning to Miss Catherine Fitzpatrick.

DEATHS.

In this city, Isaac P. Davis, Esq., 83; Mrs. Emily Mason, wife of Mr. Francis Wyman, 37; Miss Mary Belcher, 89; Mrs. Moses Morse, 31; Mrs. Hannah, wife of Mr. Moses P. Moulton, 45.—At Charlestown, Mr. Charles H. Phelps, 36; Mr. George Washington Smith, 20; Mrs. Isabella M., wife of Mr. Thomas J. Elliott, 30; Mrs. Betsey Dalton, 20.—At Roxbury, Dea. Nathan Watson, 80.—At Chelsea, Mrs. Hannah Morse, 91.—At Cambridgeport, Mr. George W. Parks, 43.—At Cambridge, Leonard Foster, Esq., 68.—At Somerville, Capt. Gustavus Dorr, formerly of the U. S. army, 47.—At Lynn, Miss Susan D. Breed, 34.—At Salem, Mrs. Hannah Donahue, 61; Mrs. Lydia Studley, 66.—At Hingham, Mr. Ansel Pratt, 65.—At Provincetown, Solomon Rich, Esq., 79.—At Duxbury, Mr. James Woodward, 70.—At Coleraine, Mr. Samuel Eddy, a revolutionary soldier, 91.—At Barnstable, Timothy Reed, Esq., 61.—At New Bedford, Widow Catherine Cook, 82.—At Kingston, Horace Holmes, Esq., 46.—At Grafton, Mr. Benjamin Heywood, 73.—At East Bridgewater, Mr. Fitzwilliam S. Worcester, 35.—At Brewster, Mr. Isaac Foster, 83; Mrs. Lydia, wife of Mr. Nathaniel Myrick, 43.—At Chatham, Mr. Hiram T. Eldridge, 32.—At Northampton, Dr. Charles Walker, 52.—At Chester Village, Rev. Samuel R. Allard.—At Jewett, Conn., Mr. James Tyler, 98.—At South Coventry, Stephen Dunham, Esq., a soldier of the revolution, and an exemplary man, 98.—At New York, Mr. Jonathan Richards, formerly of Cambridge, 38.

SAMUEL F. B. MORSE.

Samuel F. B. Morse, the inventor of the electric telegraph, was born in the neighboring city of Charlestown, April 27, 1791. He is the eldest son of the late Jedediah Morse, D. D., the minister of the first Orthodox Congregational Church of Charlestown, and the father of American geography. Professor Morse had an early passion for painting as his father had before him for geography. It was the desire of the father of the subject of this notice that he should follow in his steps and become a minister; but as his son seemed determined to be an artist, he reluctantly consented that he should "throw himself away." After young Morse graduated at Yale in 1810, he sailed for England, under the charge of Allston, the painter. In London he became intimately acquainted with Leslie, and their first portraits were likenesses of each other. Mr. Morse made rapid progress in his art, so that in 1813 he exhibited at the Royal Academy his picture of *The Dying Hercules*, of colossal size. This picture was much praised by the connoisseurs, and the plaster model which he made of the same subject, to assist him in his picture, received the prize in sculpture the same year. With such success at the outset, our artist determined to contend for the prize in historical composition, offered by the academy the following year. His subject was the grand one of "The Judgment of Jupiter in the case of Apollo, Marpessa and Idas." The picture was completed in time, but the author was obliged to leave the country before the premiums were adjudged, and thus he failed of the prize, which, in the opinion of celebrated artists, he would otherwise have received. On his return to America he settled in Boston, but art was too little appreciated, even here, at that time, for him to receive the support he deserved. He afterwards lived in New Hampshire, where he painted portraits at fifteen dollars a head! By another removal, he found, in Charleston, S. C., more encouragement in his profession. About the year 1822 he made New York his abode, where he found employment in painting a full length portrait of Lafayette, who was in the country at the time, for the city. It was shortly after that he formed an association of artists, that proved to be the nucleus of the National Academy of Design, of which he was elected the first president. He gave, too, the first course of lectures ever delivered in America on the subject of art, before the New York Athenæum. These lectures were subsequently repeated before the Academy. In 1829 Professor Morse visited Europe again, and remained three years. This was the visit that proved to be of so much importance to the world, for it was on his return in 1832, on board the ship *Sully*, that he made his great discovery, that has given us the present



SAMUEL F. B. MORSE.

system of telegraphing. A gentleman on board had been describing the experiments made in Paris with the electro-magnet, and the question arose as to the time occupied by the fluid in passing through the wire, stated to be one hundred feet in length. On the reply that it was instantaneous (recollecting the experiments of Franklin), Professor Morse suggested that it might be carried

representatives, which passed into the hands of an English gentleman. He still loves his art, and we are not without hopes of seeing his pencil once more employed upon some work that will give him lasting fame. Meanwhile the name of Morse will be honored among the worthies who, on our own continent, have advanced the cause of philosophy and science.

to any distance instantly, and that the electric spark could be made a means of conveying and recording intelligence. Here was the idea, but a greater triumph was the application of the theory to practice, which he did, after much study and many experiments, in New York, in 1835, where he put in operation the model of his recording electric telegraph. And it was during the year 1837 that he felt compelled to abandon his business as an artist, in order to devote his time to perfecting his invention. It was during the same year that he filed his caveat at the city of Washington. But his work was not fully done, for we find him in England in 1838, to secure a patent there, in which he failed through the influence of Wheatstone, who had made an inferior invention in the same year that Morse invented his. In 1840 Professor Morse perfected his patent at Washington, and four years later there was a telegraph between Washington and Baltimore, and the first despatch that passed over the wires was the news that James K. Polk had been nominated for president by the democracy at Baltimore. Now the triumph of the inventor was complete. He had gained at once fame and fortune, amply repaying him for his long struggle in perfecting his discovery and in securing his patent against all pretenders. Who can conceive the joy that filled his breast as the news of that first despatch reached his ears, and assured him that his triumph was past all question? Professor Morse resides on the Hudson River, at Locust Grove, in the suburbs of Poughkeepsie, New York. From an idea of his own, he has seen the system of telegraphing established over this country and Europe. His system is generally preferred abroad to any other, and the time is approaching when all civilized nations will adopt it. Morse has a name now with our own Fulton and Whitney, and with Watt and Arkwright, as an inventor. For his beautiful invention he received the first foreign acknowledgment from the Sultan of Turkey, the "order of glory," or a diploma with that name, with a decoration in diamonds. The king of Prussia sent him a splendid gold snuff box, containing in its lid the Prussian gold medal of scientific merit. These are but specimens of the pleasant testimonials he has received of the value of his invention. As a painter, he made, while in Paris, a beautiful picture of the Louvre gallery; and he painted a large picture of the interior of our national House of Representatives, which passed into the hands of an English gentleman. He still loves his art, and we are not without hopes of seeing his pencil once more employed upon some work that will give him lasting fame. Meanwhile the name of Morse will be honored among the worthies who, on our own continent, have advanced the cause of philosophy and science.

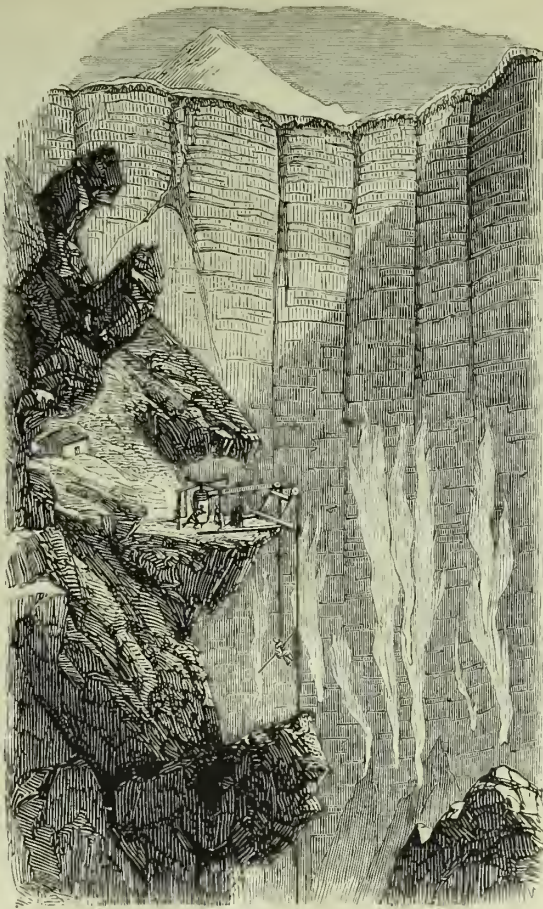


TILTING SAW.

[For description see page 87.]

ASCENT OF MT. POPOCATAPETL, MEXICO.

An artist, now resident in Mexico, who has furnished the accompanying sketches, thus describes his ascent of the famous mountain, Popocatepetl. After having climbed for about 3000 feet the steep slope of eternal snows which crown the volcano, it seemed to me impossible to breakfast there. The yawning lip of the crater, which appears to you suddenly, presents an almost acute angle, whose exterior side is garnished with ice and snow melted by the heat of the summer sun. The interior side is perpendicular; in half of it, a rapid path, worn by workmen in the sulphur mine, descends over wrecks of lava, scoriae and ashes as far as a projection of lava which overhangs the crater. On this projection a sort of axle has been raised for the operation of the mine, and near it a hut for the workmen has been built. This hut resembles a dog-kennel. It is the Popocatepetl Hotel, where travellers can pass the night. From the windlass to the bottom of the crater, there are two hundred yards depth; but in descending by the earth, you land on the slope of the sulphur mine, and descend on foot some hundred yards to the bottom. The human voice is scarcely heard from that depth to the top. This will give an idea of the distance which I found it impossible to measure. The bottom of the crater may be compared to a vast cauldron once filled by matter in a boiling state, the foam of which had remained attached to the walls, and suspended over the void left by the cooling of substances in fusion at the last eruption. This foam is the *solfatare*. It is the sulphur mine, the subject of a very old lawsuit between the company which possesses and works it, coining gold out of brimstone, and the company which claims this rich property. The vacuum over which this substance hangs is certainly fully fused, and capable of new eruptions at any moment, which may become a means of making a rise or fall in the company's stock. In some parts of the bottom of the crater, puffs of vapor escape, producing reports. If you thrust a stick into one of the apertures, it becomes charred, which shows that the focus of the heat is close at hand. The sulphurous evaporation from these holes is suffocating; it has sufficient power in certain places to rise and show itself upon the lips of the crater. Other jets, less powerful, have forced their way in other parts of the crater, even the highest. The upper circumference of the crater is full a mile and a half, but it would be impossible to make the circuit as with Vesuvius. The crater of *Ætna* alone can be compared with that of Popocatepetl, and even that wants its majesty, regularity and sublimity. The picture I have just drawn of the interior of the crater of Popocatepetl, and which I think is the first ever taken, embraces the half on the Puebla side. You see the layers produced by various eruptions from the beginning. The last which borders the crater is composed of black scoriae. It may be twenty-five feet thick. On this last layer rests the ice, cut perpendicularly, and internally as green as glass; the ice crust



CRATER OF POPOCATAPETL.

the top of the volcano. The excessive fatigue produced by toiling over the ice takes away the breath, and annihilates the physical strength to a degree that renders the traveller unable to step one foot before the other—that is all. But, having reached the height, and found shelter in the crater, you experience no sensible difficulty in the exercise of your faculties. The workmen, who labor fifteen days in succession in the sulphur mines, go up and down the ice slope of which I have spoken, often twice a day, without losing breath. Every traveller likes to appear extraordinary, and particularly wishes to incur danger. Another error consists in the assertion that the refraction of the snow causes blindness, and the first man who ascended to the top of Orizaba, remained four days deprived of sight; this is poetical, but nothing more. There are entire countries in the heart of the valleys in the Alps, where the inhabitants live eight months in the midst of the most shining snow, and no one is blind. St. Bernard, the valleys which lead to it, the Little St. Bernard, in Savoy, and the Pyrenees, confirm this truth. I have lived winters in these regions, and if I am blind, it is not for want of eyesight to see it clearly—these are mere travellers' tales. The time will come, and that before long, when ladies may make the ascent of Popocatepetl, as they do of Vesuvius, *Ætna*, and even Mt. Blanc, without becoming blind. The ascent of Mt. Blanc by Chamouni, to descend into the vale of Aosta, requires travellers to journey three days on ice and snow, and to sleep one night in the centre of the European colossus. I returned without being blinded. The Duchess of Berry visited the Breach of Roland, and the Circus of Gavarry, and came back with both her eyes. I ascended Mount Perdu, and various mountains in Switzerland, which I have travelled over six times, and lost neither breath nor eyesight in these mountain trips. The interest daily felt in Popocatepetl, requires that the Mexican authorities should issue a general permit for travellers to visit it. Volcanoes, as well as earthquakes, are both probably the effects of the same subterranean process. There are certain regions to which volcanic eruptions and the movements of great earthquakes are confined. Volcanic vents are commonly distributed in a linear direction. There is abundant evidence of the continuous action of the volcanic fires throughout the intermediate spaces. Convulsions of the earth, jets of carbonic acid gas, and the bursting forth of hot springs are among the proofs. The volcanic region of the Andes is the best defined of these tracts, and extends from the 46th to the 27th degree of south latitude; the light of Villarica, one of the principal volcanoes, is never extinguished, and can be seen at a distance of 150 miles. Not a year passes in those regions without some convulsions, and tremendous earthquakes occur from time to time. The great volcanic chain which pursues its course from south to north for several thousand miles, turns off in a side direction in Mexico, and is prolonged in a broad table land between the 18th and 20th degrees of north lati-



POPOCATAPETL FROM THE HACIENDA OF LA VEGA.



POPOCATAPETL FROM THE RANCHO.

is about fifty feet thick. It is full of irregularities, crevices and asperities inaccessible to man. I could not get any foothold for the panoramic view I proposed to take. You see nothing from above but the vapors of the *tierra caliente*, and three or four summits which overlook them—the peak of Orizaba, etc. The other half of the internal circumference, which looks on Mexico, is more picturesque on account of its chasms. You can start from Mexico, and reach in one day the rancho at the sulphur mine where you sleep, and next morning, at six o'clock, commence the ascent. It is useless to attempt to climb the crater before sunrise, to enjoy the spectacle. It is five hours' march from the rancho to the crater; it would be necessary to start at midnight, and the forest road, in the midst of trees overthrown by the tempest, as well as the passage of the ice, would make it a breakneck expedition. I do not see how you can be at the crater before sunrise, without sleeping there. You ride for two hours on horseback through a wood of firs, and over volcanic cinders, as far as the beginning of the ice-fields. There horses are useless, and you begin to climb the ascent of eternal ice and snow. The inclination of this part of the volcano is thirty-five degrees, and it is absolutely terrible to turn and look down this steep, rendered more vertical by the melting of the ice, and more sensible at the lower part than at the height of the volcano. It forms a convex curve, excessively difficult to climb. The final ascent requires three hours—in all five hours from the rancho to the crater. You can descend the next morning, and return the same evening to Mexico. The trip costs three days and thirty dollars, with the permission of the governor of Puebla, who is no friend of the natural beauties of his country. It is a received error, that the rarefaction of the air impairs respiration at



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE RANCHO OF POPOCATAPETL.

tude. Five active volcanoes cross Mexico from east to west, viz.—Tuxtla, Orizaba, Popocatepetl, Jorullo and Colima. Jorullo is forty leagues from the ocean, which shows that the proximity of the sea is not a necessary, though a common condition of volcanoes. In 1759, there was an eruption of this mountain, the memory of which is still preserved in its neighborhood. The surrounding plain was then occupied by fertile fields of sugar cane and indigo. In the month of June, hollow sounds of an alarming nature were heard, and earthquakes succeeded each other for two months, until, in September, flames rose from the ground, and heavy stones were projected upwards to a prodigious height. Six volcanic cones, composed of scoriae and fragmentary lava, were formed on the line of a chasm which ran in the direction of from N. N. E. to S. S. W. The smallest of these cones was nearly 300 feet in height, and Jorullo, the central one, was elevated 1600 feet above the level of the sea. Another eruption of Jorullo happened in 1819, accompanied by an earthquake. This eruption covered the city of Guanajuato, 140 miles distant, with ashes to the depth of six inches. Throughout the globe it is supposed that there are about 2000 eruptions in the course of every century. Subterranean changes must therefore be going on constantly on the grandest scale. Lava consists of earthy and alkaline bodies ejected in a state of intense ignition; and it is associated with vapor, explosions of hydrogen gas, and with the production of nitrogen; and, in short, there is every concomitant circumstance to lead to the conclusion that there exist in the bowels of the earth masses of those highly inflammable bodies constituting the bases of the earths and alkalis; and these and water are the essential requisites for the production of the phenomena connected with the eruption of volcanoes.

EDITORIAL MELANGE

The New York Journal of Commerce says that for the first time in five years there is a surplus of seamen, although it is not a large one. It is only sufficient to enable the ship to select a better crew than formerly. The only change in the rates of wages that has taken place is, that a portion of the "advance" is now withheld. — A son-in-law and daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Chalmers of Scotland, have gone out to minister to the wounded, sick and dying, at the naval hospital on the west shore of the Bosphorus. — There is an on dit that several of our first citizens are getting up a monster concert at the Music Hall, to which the price of admission will be two dollars, the proceeds to be devoted to alleviating the great distress among the poor of this city, and at which several young ladies of our "first families" will display their vocal abilities in public for the first and only time. — Mrs. Gaines is again before the courts at New Orleans, to establish her claim as legatee under the will of her father. — Dr. Gideon B. Smith, of Baltimore, who has given much attention to the subject of the seventeen year locusts, says that they will appear this year in small numbers in various parts of Maryland, Virginia, Ohio and Massachusetts—about Barnstable and adjacent towns. He says they may now be found in those places buried a foot or two deep in the earth, wherever trees, shrubbery or woods grew in 1833. — In Philadelphia about nine thousand dollars have been collected in aid of the suffering poor—the churches, the banks, the corn exchange and the board of brokers, having each contributed to the fund. — The New Orleans Picayune of the 14th ult. says that the population of the Crescent City has increased rapidly of late, every boat and steamer bringing with it crowds of passengers. The hotels were well filled, the places of amusement abundantly patronized, and business was improving. — The United States government have contracted with the American Brass Tube Works of this city for the manufacture of brass boiler tubes for the steam frigate "Minnesota," now building at the Washington Navy Yard. — A farmer of Newton, L. I., was waited upon recently by a parcel of men and boys, who summoned him to deliver to them some of the fruits of his farm for "the poor of New York." He opened his cellar-door, telling them to "be merciful," when they took out two wagon loads of pork, potatoes, carrots, cabbages, etc., and started for the city. — Vermont marble is used by artists throughout the country, and is second in quality to none upon this side of the Atlantic. — The appropriation for schools in Charlestown last year was \$28,000. The amount asked this year by the school committee is \$34,166. The increase for the present year is required by an increase of the current expenses, and a deficit of the last year of \$2921. — The Emperor of Austria has nominated the Emperor Napoleon III. a Grand Cross of the Order of St. Esprit. Detachments of the Imperial Guard, to the number of twelve hundred men, are about to proceed to the Crimea, in order to form, with selections from the troops already there, four battalions *d'élite*. — The railroad bridge across the Susquehanna, on the line between Philadelphia and Baltimore, is a very formidable and expensive undertaking. It will require a year and a half from the present time to complete it. — A cargo of guano has lately arrived at Richmond, Va. The Post says the captain of the vessel obtained it from an island he never visited before, but refuses to give any further information. — Private letters from English governesses in Russia state that it has been intimated from high quarters that it is desirable for them to return immediately to their own country. The cause of this measure is said to be, that the Czar thinks that, as the war will reduce a great many wealthy persons to poverty, their daughters ought to find employment open to them. — Among the curiosities which will be sent from Australia to the Paris Exhibition is part of the trunk of a gum-tree, now growing at Botany Bay, on which the great navigator, La Perouse carved his name when he anchored off that part of the coast.

A POINTED PRAYER.—A chaplain out west praying for the members of a legislature at the close of a session, said, with more fervor than consideration for the feelings of his auditors, "Hasten them to their homes, where they may direct their attention to good works and general usefulness among their families and neighbors. May the people resolve to keep them there, and in future elect men of sound morals and temperate habits, so that good may hereafter result from legislation; save the good people of this State from disgrace, which must follow if the same crowd should again come here to make laws."

DE SOTO THE SPANISH DANCER.—This brilliant artiste, who not long since closed an engagement at the Boston Theatre, is a finished artiste. Pleasing in face and figure, she is light as a fawn and lithe as a panther. Her wild and passionate national dances, such as the "Bolero," "Jalco de Xeres," "Manola," and "Cachucha" are rendered with a fire and freedom of which only a daughter of Spain is capable. She is an admirable timeist, and the coquettish grace with which she handles the castanets is truly admirable.

LOUIS NAPOLEON.—This successful adventurer went "go to London to see the Queen," like the pussy-cat in the nursery rhyme. Cause why—in 1848 he volunteered to act as a special constable to aid in putting down the Chartist, and he fears they may serve him as the brewers did the butcher Hayman.

THE PARK, NEW YORK.—There is talk of selling the Park, in New York city, to the general government, for the erection of a post office, and the plan elicits much opposition. The popular lungs of a city should never be choked up.

Wayside Gatherings.

The estate on which Delmonico's Hotel, New York, is situated was sold a short time since for \$111,000.

The Detroit Tribune gives the number of Mormons on the Mormon Island at 4971, and they all reside in 240 houses.

The surface of the water of Lake Erie at Cleveland is seventy-six feet below the surface of low water in the Ohio river at Wellsville.

It is estimated that the loss on sour flour and damaged corn in the United States equals the sum of five millions of dollars annually.

In Baltimore, recently, a little child fell into a large kettle of boiling water, during the absence of its mother, and was literally boiled to death.

It is said that more money is spent in the United States for cigars than for common schools. Such facts as this contain much of the secret of hard times.

Ten thousand three hundred pounds have been subscribed toward the erection of a new Episcopal diocese in Western Canada; twelve thousand pounds being the sum required.

Thomas H. Keefe, of Middletown, Conn., while skating on the Connecticut River, opposite Cornwall, a short time since, plunged into an open glade and was drowned.

It is confidently stated that the net proceeds of the recent charity ball in New York will amount to upwards of \$4000. People are very charitable when charity and pleasure walk together.

Mrs. Mary Furnix, wife of Thomas Furnix, of Troy, disappeared on Tuesday week, and her husband has been arrested on suspicion of thrashing her through the ice in the river.

Mr. Benjamin Haywood, of Grafton, committed suicide lately by cutting his throat with a razor. Mr. H. had been ill for several months and confined to his bed most of the time. He was seventy-two years of age.

The cholera is raging in Caracacas, and a letter dated December 16, states that one tenth of the inhabitants had fallen victims to the disease. In Cumana, a city of six thousand inhabitants, eight hundred had died.

A few weeks since, Mrs. Julia, wife of Mr. Lewis Phinney, of Cotuit Port, committed suicide by drowning. Mrs. P. was an amiable woman, and much esteemed in the community in which she resided.

One hundred fifty boxes, each containing fifteen gallons—in the aggregate 2250 gallons—of fresh oysters, destined for the populous shores of Lake Erie, are shipped by every steamer from Norfolk for New York.

Last month three fine rounds of beef, cut from oxen fed by Prince Albert, at the model farm in Windsor Park, were sent off to the Crimea, by order of her majesty, for Lord Raglan, General Canrobert, and the Duke of Cambridge.

The total supply of anthracite coal from all the different coal regions in Pennsylvania, since the commencement of the trade in 1820, amounts to 48,907,860 tons, of which the Schuylkill region furnished 25,190,604 tons.

The Charlottesville Jeffersonian says a young lady in that place has a pet pigeon, which dances very gracefully whenever she plays on the harp, and when the music ceases it will jump up and pull the harp strings itself.

Connecticut has twenty-eight clock factories, employs 5279 hands in the manufacture, has \$1,000,000 invested, and makes annually 760,000 clocks. One-fourth of these time-keepers find a market in England.

St. Paul and St. Anthony have increased the past year in population beyond all precedents. An elegant suspension bridge has been erected over the Mississippi at St. Anthony, to connect them with Minneapolis on the opposite side of the river.

The late graduation law of Congress seems to have stimulated the business of land entries to a fever heat. Over one hundred thousand acres of the public domain in Missouri were entered at the land office in St. Louis, during the month of December last.

It appears by a parliamentary paper that up to October 10, 1854, the war with Russia had cost over twenty-one millions sterling—viz., army, £7,060,882; navy, £10,057,765; ordnance, £3,690,890; additional expenses, £220,000. Since October the cost has increased.

A family of German emigrants recently arrived at St. Louis from New Orleans, consisting of father, mother and seven children. Between the hours of five and seven o'clock in the afternoon, shortly after their arrival, every one of the children sickened and died, of cholera.

There are in the Auburn Prison, New York, 732 prisoners; in the Sing Sing prison, 1041; and in the Clinton prison, 220; total, 1994. The aggregate amount of productive earnings for the fiscal year ending Sept. 30, 1854, was \$180,567 69—expenditures for the same period, \$269,648 81.

Charles Carpenter, of Kelley's Island, from a single acre of grapes, last season, expressed 808 gallons of juice, making 700 gallons of wine. Beside this, he sold \$100 worth of grapes, and his family and fifteen hands ate all they chose during the season. The single acre yielded at least \$1200.

M. C. Richards Weld, a London barrister, is preparing for publication a life of his uncle, Sir John Franklin, embracing his early naval career, which was chequered by many remarkable events, and his various Arctic expeditions, with the measures taken to search for his last unfortunate expedition.

A writer in the Tribune states that a New York gentleman has discovered a new species of light, equal in quality to gas light, and superior to it, inasmuch as it will be cheaper, portable, and not easily put out of repair. The inventor thinks it may be made to warm houses, cook dinners and propel steam engines.

Mayor Wood has issued his ultimatum to the liquor sellers of New York. He says to them, "If your shops are open, or you again sell liquors upon Sunday, I shall resort to every legal means at my command to close your establishments for the sale of liquor, not only upon that day, but for every other day in the week."

Five orphans, who had been placed in charge of a lady residing at Maspeth, L. I., were suffocated some nights ago under the following circumstances: They were all put to bed in one room, by a domestic, who, in order to make them more comfortable, kindled a coal fire in a stove, and closed the room tightly. The coal gas and the impure air suffocated all five of the sleepers.

The Manchester, New Hampshire, Mirror, says it is understood that Hon. J. McK. Wilkins has left his property by will in the following manner: \$12,000 to his relatives; \$1000 to two benevolent societies in New York, \$500 to each; the remainder of it, about \$35,000, to a state reform school in New Hampshire, provided it shall go into operation in five years; otherwise to the two benevolent societies.

Foreign Items.

A letter from Berlin states that the French government is buying up most of the stocks of wine in the Moselle for the army.

Fourteen hundred and twelve eminent artisans of Prussia have entered their names upon the roll at Berlin, as exhibitors in the industrial exhibition soon to be opened at Paris.

A vast project has been started in Australia. It looks to the construction of a railway 1000 miles in length, to connect the three colonies of South Australia, Victoria and Sydney.

The Russian government has issued orders to its agents to engage as many rifle gunmakers as possible in Germany and Belgium, and to forward them to the imperial arms factories at Tula and elsewhere.

Rev. Dr. Martin Joseph Roult the venerable President of Magdalen College, Oxford, died December 22d, after a few days illness. He was in his 100th year, and had held the presidency of this college 63 years, having been elected in 1791.

It is said that an Englishman named Palmer, has invented a ball for guns and cannon, which will expand to six times its original diameter after its discharge, and cut, wound and lacerate to kill. The velocity of the ball is not perceptibly affected by the expansion.

The London Times perseveres in its attacks upon the present war administration. In an article on the 5th ult., it remarks that the art of managing great armies, and carrying on war on a scale befitting the dignity of a first-rate power seems to be lost in England, and to survive only in the golden east.

A special military commission has by order of the Sultan, investigated the charges against the two generals who commanded the Turkish batteries which were lost at Balaklava, and having found them to be well grounded, sentenced Soliman Pasha and Hamet Bey to degradation and seven years' hard labor.

Two merchants of Lyons, both capital players at dominoes, agreed a few days ago to play for a certain time, the first stake being for five francs, and the stakes being doubled at every game. Chance constantly favored one of the players, so that he won fourteen times in succession, and the sum he gained was not less than 40,960 francs.

Sands of Gold.

... Love mocks all sorrows but its own, and damps each joy he does not yield.—*Lady Dacre*.

... Ingratitude is a kind of mental weakness. I have never seen an able man who was ungrateful.—*Goethe*.

... Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.—*Washington*.

... This world of ours is like a fair bell with a crack in it; it keeps on clanging, but does not ring.—*Goethe*.

... No preacher is listened to but time; which gives us the same train and turn of thought, that elder people have tried in vain to put into our heads.—*Swift*.

... The various passions and motives, by which men are influenced, are concomitants of fallibility, and are engrafted into our nature.—*Washington*.

... I forget whether advice be among the lost things which Ariosto says are to be found in the moon: that, and time ought to have been there.—*Swift*.

... In fashionable circles, general satire, which attacks the fault rather than the person, is unwelcome; while that which attacks the person and spares the fault, is always acceptable.—*Jean Paul*.

... How difficult it is, with the very best intentions, for a woman who lives in the world to steer entirely clear of suspicion or misinterpretation, unless there exists between her and her husband a frank and cordial understanding.—*Lady Dacre*.

... Pride may be allowed to this or that degree, else a man cannot keep up his dignity. In gluttony there must be eating, in drunkenness there must be drinking: 'tis not the eating, or 'tis not the drinking that is to be blamed, but the excess. So in pride.—*Selden*.

... Idolatry is a man's own thought, not in the opinion of another. Put a case—I bow to the altar, why am I guilty of idolatry? Because a stander-by thinks so! I am sure I do not believe the altar to be God; and the God I worship may be bowed to in all places and at all times.—*Selden*.

Joker's Budget.

If mahogany wood will make a nice table stand, what will make one fall?

The man who "barely escaped with his life," has been discarded by the modest young lady.

Sherry cobbles are now called "liquified cordwainers." The age is certainly getting refined.

Why is a certain western city like a man trundling a barrow on a steamboat? Because it is Wheeling on the Ohio.

The poor fellow who "couldn't hold his own," has got himself into a worse difficulty by trying to keep another's.

When a young lady offers to hem a cambric handkerchief for a rich bachelor, she means to sow in order that she may reap.

The fellow who "broke loose," has gone into partnership with the one that "broke the news," and the anticipate doing a *smashing* business.

A woman has suggested, that when men break their hearts, it is all the same as when a lobster breaks one of his claws—another sprouting immediately, and growing in its place.

"We have a span of horses at our house that support themselves without any expense to any one." "Why! how's that?" "Simple enough—one is a saw horse and the other is a clothes horse."

"Can you tell me," asked a pundit, "why a conundrum that nobody can guess is like a ghost?" "Shall I tell you now or next month?" "Now, if you please." "Well, sir, sooner or later, everybody must give it up."

An English judge recently gave it as his opinion that the principle of "no cure, no pay," is very improper in the legal profession; of course then the reverse, or "no pay, no cure," should hold good in the clerical.

The Gazette thus hits off the winter style of coats: "We notice that our young men are now adopting habits of economy. We note with pleasure that they wear their fathers' old coats. They are perhaps a little longer, but it saves money."

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS. One page only of this paper is devoted to advertisements. The immense circulation of the PICTORIAL (being over one hundred thousand copies weekly), forms a vehicle of advertisement that is rarely offered to the public. Another fact which greatly enhances the value of the PICTORIAL as an advertising medium is, that it is preserved, and not destroyed after being read, being regularly bound up every six months, so that each advertisement (all being placed on the inside of the paper), becomes a permanent card of the advertiser's business for years to come.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—Fifty cents per line, in all cases, without regard to length or the continuance of the same. Terms, cash on receipt of the advertisement. Advertisements must be sent in two weeks in advance of the period of their publication, as our edition is so large that it occupies fourteen days in printing. Address, post-paid, M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor, Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & Co.,
BOOKSELLERS AND PUBLISHERS,
BOSTON, MASS.,

RESPECTFULLY announce to their friends and the public, that they have leased the building No. 13 WINTER STREET, and have refitted it throughout for their business. They have opened upon the first floor a *Retail Department*, where purchasers will find all the **STANDARD BOOKS**, as well as the more recent publications. The trade will be supplied, as heretofore, from the *Wholesale Rooms*, in the stories above.

Booksellers, Librarians and Teachers are invited to examine this Stock, which is believed to offer advantages to purchasers unsurpassed by those of any establishment in the Union. They beg leave to mention the following, among their recent publications:

IDA MAY. A Brilliant Story of Southern Life.
SUNNY MEMORIES OF FOREIGN LANDS.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

THE RELIGION OF OEOLOGY.

BY DR. HITCHCOCK.

THE GEOLOGY OF THE GLOBE.

By the same author.

MARTIN MERRIVALE, his X mark.

BY PAUL CREYTON.

SARGENT'S EDITIONS OF THE BRITISH POETS.

THE CONFLICT OF AGES.

BY DR. E. BECHER.

WAYLAND'S LIFE OF JUDSON, the Missionary.

WAYLAND'S INTELLECTUAL PHILOSOPHY.

SARGENT'S SERIES OF STANDARD READERS.

Catalogues of P. S. & Co.'s Publications furnished upon application, post-paid. feb 10

JUST PUBLISHED.

SOMETHING NOVEL AND NEW!

A VALENTINE SUPPLEMENT to BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, designed for FEBRUARY 14th; price only five cents.

FORMING A VALENTINE FOR EVERYBODY.

Suitable for a gentleman to send to a lady, or a lady to a gentleman; and being entirely devoted to original illustrations appropriate to the day, and full of original reading matter, in prose and verse, relative to good St. Valentine.

For sale at all the periodical depots.

Any person enclosing one dollar to the office of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, shall receive twenty-five copies of the SUPPLEMENT by return of mail.

M. M. BALLOU, PUBLISHER,
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston.

NEW AND VALUABLE INVENTION.

WILLIAM B. GUY,

PATENTEE FOR LINING PIPES WITH GLASS.

A DESIDERATUM long needed, as the oxidation of iron or lead, produced by the action of water on metallic pipes, renders the water very injurious and unwholesome.

Also, inventor of a Glass Strainer for the bottom of wells and springs, which cannot fail to come into general use.

Also, several new patterns of Pumps, which will be put up to order. Call and examine. feb 3

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THE ORIGINAL ESTABLISHMENT.

J. W. WILCOX, 152 WASHINGTON ST.,

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Printers and publishers are respectfully requested to call and examine specimens of work, of every variety adapted to their wants in business.

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No. 152 Washington Street.

R. H. SPALDING,

MANUFACTURER OF

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ALSO, SUPERIOR CAMPHENE AND ALCOHOL.

FLUID CHANDELIERS AND LAMPS

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O. L. SANBORN.

EZRA CARTER, JR., } Nos. 25 and 29 CORNHILL.

THOMAS H. BAZIN, } 3t feb 3

BOOK AND NEWSPAPER

ILLUSTRATIONS ON WOOD.

BY JOHN ANDREW.

NO. 129 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

REFERENCE, "BALLOU'S PICTORIAL" jan 20

"YE CONSTABLE."

Ye constable a daughter had,

With form divinely blest;

But freckles, ye were on her face,

And ye maiden could not rest.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

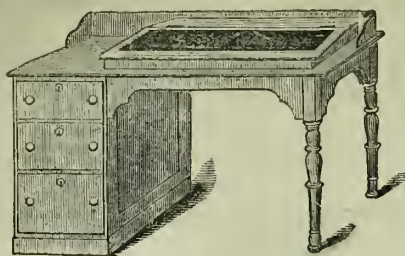
EMPLOYMENT!

PERSONS wanted in every part of the country to sell New and Popular PICTORIAL WORKS. For particulars, address, post paid, ROBERT SEARS, 181 William Street, New York. feb 10

BOUND VOLUMES OF THE PICTORIAL.

We sell the bound volumes of our illustrated journal to those who wish to sell again at a very low rate, so that a handsome profit is realized by the retailer. Any information given by addressing this office, by letter, post-paid. jan 6

OFFICE DESKS AND TABLES



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PUBLISHED JANUARY 25TH.

ROOT'S MUSICAL ALBUM.

A Vocal Class Book for Female Seminaries, Academies and High Schools. By G. F. Root.

THIS new work is now ready. It is, in many respects, similar in its general plan to the "Academy Vocalist," first published a few years since by the same author, which has met with more general acceptance in the institutions for which it was designed, than any similar work. The Musical ALBUM is intended as a complete vocal text book for higher schools and academies. The Elementary Instructions, Solfege and Rounds, together with the Hymns, Anthems and Chants, are taken, by permission, from "The Hallelujah," Mr. Lowell Mason's new work, which, in the few months since its publication, has proved more popular, and had a more extensive sale, than any other music book ever published in America. They form, undoubtedly, the most complete, progressive and philosophical course of elementary musical instruction which this distinguished author has yet issued.

The Musical ALBUM also contains a large number and variety of secular music, consisting of Songs for one, two and three parts, Glee, Rounds, Duets, Trios, etc., selected from the best authors, or original. No pieces which are included in the "Academy Vocalist" are included in the Musical ALBUM; the intention being to furnish an entirely new work. It is believed that, in its department, it will prove the most useful and attractive book yet published. Retail price, 62 1-2 cents, on receipt of which we will send a copy by mail, post-paid, to any address desired. In press, and will be ready in a few weeks.

THE YOUNG SHAWM.

A NEW JUVENILE MUSIC BOOK. By Wm. B. BRADBURY.

PRICE 38 CENTS.

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33 CORNHILL, BOSTON. feb 10

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DAGUERREAN ARTIST,

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The arrangement of light at this Gallery is upon a new and scientific principle (not used in any other Room in the city). Possessing such facilities, I feel confident I can please the most fastidious with single Miniatures or Groups of any size.

Daguerreotypes cleaned and made to look as well as new. feb 10

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Importers, Manufacturers, and Dealers in

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(Opposite Old State House, Boston.)

A. L. LINCOLN. 3t CHARLES N. FOSS.

feb 3

TO ECONOMISTS. LADIES' DRESSES, SHAWLS, ETC.

GENTLEMEN'S COATS, PANTALOONS AND VESTS are dyed at the MALDEN DYE HOUSE, corner of Court and Hanover Streets, Boston.

N. B. White Cape and Cashmere Shawls cleaned in the best manner. feb 10

THE BOSTON POST, THE PRESS AND POST, AND THE BOSTON STATESMAN AND WEEKLY POST, FOR 1855.

THE Terms of our Journals for the ensuing year are:— For the DAILY POST, \$8; for the PRESS AND POST, semi-weekly (Tuesdays and Fridays), \$4; and for the STATESMAN AND WEEKLY POST (Saturdays), \$2.

These papers have been published in Boston during the last twenty years, and have steadily increased in popular favor. Their range of subscription is exceeded in extent and aggregate by no paper in the New England States.

They are edited by CHARLES G. GREENE and RICHARD FORTUNHAM, JR., and employ a large and competent corps of assistant editors, reporters and correspondents. Neither labor nor expense is spared to make their columns valuable and interesting.

Their reading matter is arranged in the most careful and systematic manner. In its variety may be found the source of the success which the Post has enjoyed, and we flatter ourselves, merited. In the editorial department, the amount of correspondence, foreign and from different parts of the Union, the condensed news paragraphs, the reports of home matters, lectures and entertainments, the thorough and accurate marine information, the daily financial and monetary remarks and weekly reviews, the gleanings from London Pictorials and European publications, the political records, musical notices, humorous and epigrammatic matter, and poetical contributions, which make up the daily issue of the Post, the reader may gratify every desire, whether for amusement or information. The "first side" of the paper is a daily recurrence of spicy variety, selected and original, designed to meet every taste.

Their advertising columns embrace an almost entire synopsis of the business of New England; and from that department alone can be obtained a correct impression of the character of trade, its facilities, and its operations; while the financial editorials give an accurate view of passing events in the commercial world.

The PRESS AND POST is made from the DAILY, and published Tuesdays and Fridays. It is handsomely printed on fine paper, in clear type, and the price is \$4 a year.

The BOSTON STATESMAN AND WEEKLY POST already enjoys a very large circulation; and its rapidly increasing list attests the preference which the public entertain for it. Its contents form a history of every week; foreign news in detail, domestic information, agricultural items, commercial and monetary articles, statements of trade, of the weather, of crops, etc.; accounts of meetings, of political records, news of every description, poetry, pleasant reading matter, humorous items, epigrams; in fact, a thoroughly furnished general Newspaper—a brief and comprehensive history—a vehicle for every species of useful and entertaining information. The STATESMAN is published at the rate of two dollars a year for subscription. Clubs, taking ten or more copies in one package, will be furnished at a liberal discount.

These journals are carefully conducted, and, as our patronage proves, in accordance with the public want. They are edited in a faith in democratic principles, but in a spirit of forbearance and conciliation towards all parties. As advertising mediums they are unsurpassed; penetrating, as they do, into such a variety of households scattered over the whole Union, and read as they are by all classes of the community, they furnish an opportunity for the diffusion of information which can scarcely be obtained elsewhere. feb 10

UNITED STATES CLUB AGENCY.

THE undersigned having made arrangements with the publishers, offer to furnish any two of the following publications for \$3 00, being a discount of twenty-five per cent. from the price per single copy:

BOSTON.—The American Union, Olive Branch, Weekly Traveller, Weekly Telegraph, Star-Spangled Banner, Yankee Privateer, American Patriot, Know Nothing and American Crusader.

NEW YORK.—The Scientific American, Home Journal and the Weekly Tribune.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Moore's Rural New Yorker.

PHILADELPHIA.—McMakin's Weekly Courier, Saturday Evening Post, Peterson's Ladies' National Magazine, and Arthur's Home Magazine.

Also, either of the above, and one copy of either of the following \$3 00 magazines for \$3 50:

PHILA.—Godey's Lady's Book, Graham's Magazine.

NEW YORK.—Harper's New Monthly.

Any two of the \$3 Monthlies for \$4.

Any one of the Monthlies and two of the Weeklies, for \$5.

Any two of the Monthlies and one of the Weeklies, \$5 50.

Any one of the Weeklies, and either of the following \$1 publications—Forrester's Boys' and Girls' Magazine, The (Monthly) Schoolmate, The Phenological Journal, The Water Cure Journal—for \$2 25.

Also, Ballou's Weekly Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion, and either of the \$2 Weeklies for \$3 75, or the Pictorial and one of the Monthlies for \$4 25.

Publications will be sent to different addresses and to different post-offices, if desired by those getting up the clubs, and additions to clubs of single subscriptions will be taken at club rates, viz., \$2 for the Monthlies, \$1 50 for the Weeklies.

Single subscriptions received for the Magazines at \$3; and for the papers at \$2 per annum—\$1 for six months. We warrant the reception regularly of all publications subscribed for to us.

N. B. All publications will be forwarded from the different offices of publication. Terms—cash in advance.

Postage Stamps may be sent for fractional parts of a dollar.

Specimen copies of any of the papers on our list sent, if required.

All publications discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

Postmasters are respectfully requested to act as agents.

Address E. A. NORRIS & Co.,

feb 10 Olive Branch Office, Boston.

MODEL MELODEONS, manufactured by MASON & HAMLIN. The attention of the musical public is invited to the newly improved MODEL MELODEONS made by us. We believe them to be unsurpassed in all the essential points pertaining to a good instrument, especially in regard to equality, power and sweetness of tone, perfection of tuning, promptness of action, and beauty of finish. Our prices are from \$60 to \$175, according to the size and style of the instrument. Recommendations from Lowell Mason, Wm. B. Bradbury, George F. Root, L. H. Southard, Edwin Bruce, Silas A. Bancroft, and many other distinguished musicians, may be seen at our warehouses.

The opinion of the above gentlemen gives them a decided preference to all other Melodeons. Circulars containing full descriptions of the "Model Melodeons" will be sent to any post-office by addressing the undersigned.

MASON & HAMLIN,

Cambridge Street (corner of Charles), Boston, Mass.

HENRY MASON, } (Directly in front of the Jail),

EMMONS HAMLIN, } feb 10

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL IN PHILADELPHIA.

A. WINCIE, 116 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, is the agent for BALLOU'S PICTORIAL for that city. He will receive subscriptions for single copies, or supply the PICTORIAL in quantity to dealers, on reasonable terms. Persons can subscribe by the year at 116 Chestnut Street, and have the paper regularly left at their residences in the city. feb 10

PATENT FIRE-PROOF SAFES.—The subscriber continues to manufacture for sale his PATENT CHAMPION

SAFE, with Hall's Patent Powder-Proof Lock, both having received separate medals at the World's Fair, London, in 1851, and in New York, in 1853 and '54. Depot, Green Block, corner of Water and Pine Streets, New York. feb 10

EILAS C. HERRING.

FETRIDGE & CO. HAVE JUST PUBLISHED THE COQUETTE:—OR,—THE HISTORY OF ELIZA WHARTON.

A NOVEL FOUNDED ON FACT. BY A LADY OF MASSACHUSETTS.

With an Historical Preface, a Memoir of the Author, and a beautiful Steel Engraving of

ELIZA WHARTON,

THE ILL-STARRED VICTIM OF HER ARISTOCRATIC COUSIN.

"The most remarkable feature of whose character," says his Biographer, "was his unbridled licentiousness."

In the Historical Preface, the real names of the principal actors in this most affecting and lamentable drama are, for the first time, given to the public by the daughter of the Author, who possessed peculiar means to ascertain the FACTS. Many of the actors occupied the highest places at the Bar and in the Pulpit.

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3 and 5 State, 72 and 74 Washington Streets, BOSTON. feb 10

FOR SALE.—A ton of fine box-wood, large logs and clear—a very nice article; price, one hundred and ten dollars. A good chance for engravers and designers to supply themselves. Address A. B., this office. 3t feb 10

BALLOU'S HISTORY OF CUBA: OF, NOTES OF A TRAVELLER IN THE TROPICS. Whoever wishes to know the facts about Cuba, will find ample satisfaction in this clear, condensed and historical narrative. But the statistics are not the only features of interest. The author's sketches of Society and Manners, and his skill in the arrangement of his materials, have given the volume the charm of a romance.

Any person enclosing the price of the book will receive the same by return of mail, free of postage. Price, in paper, 50 cents; in cloth, 75 cents. Illustrated.

PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass.

CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD!

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE is a work containing one hundred royal octavo pages of reading matter in each number—being more than any of the Philadelphia \$3 magazines—and forming two volumes each of six



ILLUSTRATIONS OF NATURAL HISTORY.

[For description, see page 91.]

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT
AND BROMFIELD STS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1855.

\$3.00 PER ANNUM. { VOL. VIII., No. 7.—WHOLE No. 189.
6 CENTS SINGLE.

FLORIDA.

It was on Palm Sunday (which the Spaniards call *Pasqua de Flores*), in the year 1512, that the chivalrous Ponce de Leon landed near the present city of St. Augustine, and named the land in commemoration of the day. This was the commencement of upwards of two hundred years of Spanish rule, one of the most marked phases of which is chronicled in the tale on page 106 of this sheet. But in 1819 the Spanish yoke was broken, and Florida was admitted into the Union as a territory, to take rank among the States in 1845. Florida covers 34,000,000 acres, with extensive lagoons and everglade swamps. Here, amid huge trees clothed in weeping moss, the smaller animals roam in almost unmolested freedom, although occasionally the planters make a nocturnal

foray. One of these our artist has ably represented, and on the other hand is a scene peculiar to the small islands which dot the almost impassable swamps, retreats, for ages past, for the red-men of the forest, who pass their time in dancing, hunting or preparations for war, while their patient wives toil under heavy burthens. The climate of Florida is almost tropical, and among the staple productions we find sugar, cotton, tobacco, oranges, lemons, figs and bananas. In some sections the dew is never congealed on the grass, nor is a flake of snow seen floating in the air. Invalids refresh themselves with melons in January, and the sugar-cane, growing unharmed in the old Indian retreats, attains the height of a good-sized tree. The forests of live-oak afford an abundance of unequalled material for ship-building, and the recent erection

of steam saw-mills enables the inhabitants to export large quantities of yellow pine lumber. The Seminole race until recently have prevented the colonization of Florida, but since the Indians have been removed, the population has increased, a wise law assigning one hundred and sixty acres of land to every actual settler. St. Augustine is a noble monument of the Spanish dominion, and the old Fort of St. Mark yet towers over its houses built of concrete, and embalmed in flowers. Here, a few years since, was discovered some relics of the Inquisition in two deep vaulted cells, far under ground. In one of them a wooden machine was found, which some supposed might have been a rack, and in the other a quantity of human bones. The doors of these cells had been walled up before the fort passed into the hands of the Americans.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

STEEL AND GOLD: —OR— THE HEIR OF GLENVILLE. A DOMESTIC TALE OF REVOLUTIONARY DAYS.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XIV.—[CONTINUED.]

"Do not hesitate," cried Sir Ashley, "time presses."

"But my mother—"

"In one hour she will receive a letter from me explaining my intentions and enclosing a remittance; in one month she shall meet Lady Glenville in Halifax."

"Lady Glenville!" cried Eleanor: and the keen sense of Glenville detected exultation in the tone.

"Ho, there! Louis!" he cried to his servant. "Open your lantern, and send the carriage hither."

Before Eleanor had realized to what she had consented, the carriage was driven up, the door flung open and the steps let down. It seemed as if a will superior to her own influenced her actions. She stepped unresistingly into the carriage and threw herself back on the seat. She was conscious that Glenville entered too, she heard the door closed and her companion say: "Remember my instructions, Louis. Long Wharf!" The next moment the carriage was dashing through the darkness. A few moments' rapid driving brought them to the water-side. Here and there the rays of a lamp flashed out on the gusty waves that were rolling moodily away from the shore. They rapidly glided past a row of low stores, and then their speed was suddenly checked, the carriage whirled round, the door opened, and Glenville springing out, aided his companion to alight.

She gave him her hand as her foot touched the ground. They were now at the extremity of the pier. The tall masts, yards and rigging of a man-of-war schooner, dimly lighted by battle-lanterns at the gangway, rose like a huge black skeleton before her eyes. The tide was going out and the schooner lay low, but a gangway plank, with side ropes manned by sailors, afforded a safe descent on board. As Eleanor and her companion went down the vibrating platform, the sentinels presented arms, and an officer in naval uniform raised his laced hat, presented his hand and aided the last footsteps of the lady. This was Captain Transom, the commander of the cutter.

"You had better go below, Sir Ashley," said the officer, "and be out of the way of the noise and confusion. I will pay my respects to you when we are in blue water."

Glenville bowed, and the captain led the way to the cabin.

"This, Eleanor," said Glenville, when they were below, pointing to a door on the starboard side, "is your state-room. Mine is on the other side. You will find in your room a wardrobe as ample as I could procure on short notice. I had hoped to secure the services of a maid to attend upon you—but in that I was disappointed."

"You are truly generous, Sir Ashley. But you will pardon me when I tell you that I must now bid you good night. The emotion—the surprise of this sudden step—the agitation I have been in ever since receiving your letter require repose. Good night, then!"

"Good night! is that all, Eleanor?"

She offered her hand. Glenville raised it to his lips and kissed it rapturously. The little hand was suddenly withdrawn, the graceful figure vanished into the state-room, and the click of the lock as it secured the door showed that the lady had no intention of re-appearing again that night.

Glenville threw himself upon the transom.

"Mine!" he murmured to himself. "Mine! a beautiful, pure young being—guileless and confiding. She shall have no cause to repent the confidence she has reposed in me. But that woman's heart is a riddle—her acts as uncertain as the course of a weather-vane—I should have been surprised at the event of this evening. But she must have loved me secretly—yes! I will believe she loved me—and it is not from a dazzling estimate of the worldly benefits of the match, that she has placed her happiness in my keeping. She shall not repent the step she has taken. My future shall redeem the past—if redemption at this hour is possible."

Meanwhile the crew of the Spiteful had not been inactive. The gang-plank had been hauled on board, the fasts cast off, and the bows of the little cutter, yielding to the helm and the action of the tide, swung off, while the sails one by one expanded overhead like dark wings, soon exerted their full power of propulsion. Standing steadily up before the strong west wind, she dashed through the bay, her prow sheeted with foam, her white wake in the groaning water marked by myriads of phosphorescent sparkles.

"The wind is blowing almost a gale, pilot," said Captain Transom to the helmsman, a tall man, with his great coat buttoned close to his throat, the huge collar drawn up, and his son's wester pulled well down to ward off the fury of the pitiless winter blast. "It is rather hazardous to put her under so much canvass."

"The wind is unsteady," answered the pilot, after a glance at the weather quarter, "and will chop round before long, and then I think we shall have dirty weather. We must make the most of it while it holds, and get a good offing. Time enough to ease her half an hour hence."

"You'll catch cold here," said the captain, advancing to a gentleman wrapped in a cloak, who stood leaning against the bulwark. "Don't let your politeness keep you up here. Go down into the cabin, I'll rejoin you before long."

"Very well, captain," replied the stranger. "I was just thinking of running off."

Bowing to the officer, the gentleman descended to the cabin, where, dropping himself upon the transom, he threw off his cloak and hat, and nodding to Glenville, exclaimed:

"My dear friend—how are you?"

The baronet sprang to his feet in amazement and indignation.

"Paul Bolton!" he exclaimed. "Villain! how came you here?"

"Softly, softly. By the same course that you took, my dear friend," replied Bolton, coolly. "Only that I came on foot, while you rode in your carriage. Do you recollect the little German tale I told you this morning? 'I'm coming too.' Ha! ha! Sir Ashley. Give me the credit of adroitly managing an agreeable surprise!"

"But—but—" stammered Glenville, "how did you know of my proposed departure?"

"Ah, Sir Ashley—that is my secret. Suffice it to say, your faithful Paul learned of your project, and he is here to share your fortune. It matters not where I live, in Boston or Halifax, so that I enjoy your society. And I trust that your bride will have no objection to mine."

"And this fiend to be beside me forever!" thought Glenville.

"I thought I would make myself known in private," said Bolton, rising and resuming his cloak and hat, "as it was quite unnecessary to let Captain Transom into the secret of my taking you by surprise. Because I was obliged to inform him that I was associated with you in your mission. Otherwise I could not have secured my passage. And now you must excuse me. I know I must tear myself from you for a few moments, for it is blowing rather hard, and I am anxious to see how the cutter carries sail."

Blowing a kiss to the astounded Glenville, Mr. Bolton lightly ascended to the deck.

"That man is my evil genius!" groaned the baronet.

"And am not I your good angel?" said Lady O'Halloran, coming out of the starboard state-room.

"Agatha!" cried Glenville, recoiling in despair.

"Ay, Ashley—Agatha! you cannot escape me, any more than you can escape that man. Know that she to whom you addressed this passionate letter this morning," and with a smile of triumph she produced Glenville's letter to Eleanor, "despises, fears and loathes you, as much as it is in her nature to do. Were her heart free, she would never bestow her hand on you. Nor is she formed to make you happy. Your passion was a wild, delusive dream. Had your plans been crowned with success, you would have wearied of your conquest. Your vacillating, broken will requires strength of mind to lean upon. I possess that resolution and that fixity of purpose that you want. Fate has brought us together—we cannot part."

"I would that this hour were my last!" said Glenville, gloomily.

"You wish no such thing," said Lady O'Halloran. "You have not the courage to meet death. Listen! Do you not hear the wrathful roar of the wind through the rigging—the rattling of the blocks—and the trampling of the seamen overhead? It is a wild night. A single mischance may precipitate us into eternity—are you prepared to die?"

"No, no, Agatha," answered Glenville, cowering, "God knows I am unprepared—and—and—I am afraid. It is, as you say, blowing hard. Do you think there is danger?"

"Danger? yes!" replied Lady O'Halloran, with a wild laugh. "And I glory in it. My spirits always rise with peril. Give me your hand—poor trembler—I have courage enough for both of us."

As Glenville stretched forth his hand to meet hers, as she stood there, triumphant in her beauty, her eyes glittering like a serpent's, with a wild and strange fascination, there came a sudden shock that nearly threw them from their feet.

"What is that?" exclaimed Glenville, trembling violently.

"O, Agatha, we are lost!"

"Come with me, quick!" cried Lady O'Halloran. "Something dreadful has happened. We must go on deck."

Obedying the strong will of his companion, Glenville sprang up the cabin stairs.

"Dog! villain!" he heard Transom exclaim, as he came out on the flax deck. "You shall meet your deserts!"

The exclamation was addressed to the pilot. He had run the cutter aground on the bar off Long Island head. The captain, cocked a pistol in his wrath. But the pilot had not stopped to listen to his words. The moment the schooner struck, he abandoned the helm, dropped over the side and gained his boat which was towing astern, cut the rope, and drifted away. The splash of his oars was distinctly audible.

"Hurrah for the sons of liberty!" were the words borne from his lips by the blast as he made his escape. Transom fired his pistols after the fugitive, but his shots were wasted.

"Hard and fast!" he exclaimed with an oath; "blowing like fury—and no chance of getting off till the next tide."

He was about issuing his orders to take in sail, when the dismal cry of "fire!" was heard from the crew. Alarmed at this new danger, he rushed forward. Smoke and flame simultaneously poured out of the main hatch. A moment's examination satisfied the captain of the imminence of the peril, and the impossibility of saving the vessel. It was useless to inquire how the fire originated. It was enough to know that it had got under way to

such an extent that only instant activity could save their lives. The boats were launched, there was still water enough on the bar to float them, though the tide was falling rapidly, manned, and the passengers and every soul of the ship's company embarked. They hurriedly put off from the schooner, and pulled vigorously for some minutes, while almost as rapidly as a piece of fire-work is ignited, the flames darted like hissing serpents up the rigging, coiled up the masts, ran along the yards, and kindled the sails into a blaze. Soon two pyramids were seen swayed to and fro, sometimes blended in one mass, waving and crackling and scattering showers of sparks, like stars over the troubled waters.

"Are the guns shotted?" asked Bolton of the captain.

"Yes," was the reply, "but we are out of their range. Ha! there goes the starboard battery!"

As he spoke, the heated guns on the starboard side exploded in quick succession—followed by the roar of the port guns, sending their harmless shot ricocheting over the waste of waters.

"Now, pull lads, for your lives!" cried Transom. "I would give a thousand guineas if we were half a mile further from the cutter."

Every eye was fixed intently and fearfully upon the burning wreck. Huge folds of flame, like the surging drapery of a blood-red banner suspended in the air, waved to and fro, while below, streaks of bright orange and yellow blazed with intensity, and lit up the islands, the bay, the ocean and the distant town. All at once, a dull, crushing thunder blast, followed by shooting spires of flames, radiating in all directions, and suddenly quenched by utter darkness, announced the explosion of the magazine. Nothing but a few gleaming coals, indicating the fragments of sundered knees, remained of the gallant little cutter, that had so lately swept through the channel like an osprey.

"Poor little Spiteful!" said the captain. "She was as saucy a craft as ever swam. I shall never find a better sea-boat."

It required hours of hard pulling against wind and tide, to bring them to the wharf. They encountered several boats which had been sent to their relief, and quite a flotilla pulled up to town in company. A carriage was procured to take Lady O'Halloran home, and on parting from her at her door, Glenville, bowed down by disappointment, fatigue and despair, promised to see her in the morning, feeling sensible that henceforth he was an instrument in her hands.

CHAPTER XV.

THE NARROW ESCAPE OF MR. PAUL BOLTON.

SOME time has elapsed since the incidents recorded in the last chapter and we have now to ask our readers to accompany us once more to the habitation of the fortune-teller, and to stand within that darkened chamber wherein it is the sage dealing out the oracles of wisdom, or the charlatan imposing on the credulous, according to the varying opinion of the public.

A lady stood alone in the mystic chamber—the person who had accompanied her, having retired. This time, a heavy, black curtain fell directly behind the place where the diviner usually sat, while the dim lamp flickering in its socket—every ray of daylight was excluded by thick curtains—faintly illuminated the figure of the fortune-teller, as he stood, drawn up to his full height, gazing with eyes she felt, rather than saw, at his visitor. But Lady O'Halloran was, as we have seen, a high-spirited woman, and though she acknowledged that the scene was well got up, yet she shook off the strange feeling of awe that was insensibly creeping over her, and said:

"Mr. Zamora, or whatever else you call yourself, I came here to oblige a friend, and to have my fortune told. You will oblige me by going through the form immediately, as I have little time to waste in such folly. So I request you will examine my hand, or shuffle your cards."

"Your ladyship," said the fortune-teller, "will not humiliate me by supposing I will subject her to the quackery of palmistry and cards. I snit my oracles to the taste of my patrons. You are a fine lady—you know what tableaux vivants are."

"I have often performed in them myself," replied Lady O'Halloran.

"Well, then, I will give you a pictured vision of the past, and if you then will it, of the future."

"Proceed with your mummeries," said the lady, impatiently. "I told you I had no time to waste."

The fortune-teller bowed and disappeared behind the curtain, while the single lamp died away after a few flashes, and left the room in utter darkness. In a very few minutes, however, the curtain parting in the centre, was drawn to one side, and a strong light from behind was thrown upon what seemed the wall of an elegant apartment. Through the aperture of a large window appeared the roofs and chimneys of a city, and in the distance rose two square structures which Lady O'Halloran recognized as the towers of Notre Dame. If the scene was painted, it was so skillfully done that the illusion was complete, and she fancied that she was gazing once more upon the spires and battlements of Paris. Ere she could recover from her surprise and hallucination, a female figure glided in. She could scarcely suppress a scream when she recognized in the stately form and fine profile of the face, her own image, as the mirror had reflected it in her eyes twenty years before. A male figure richly attired, but the face concealed, now entered and knelt at the feet of the fair image. The gestures were those of a lover. The mimic Lady O'Halloran pointed to the wedding ring upon her finger. But the suitor yet continued his mute wooing. Then the lady bent forward, raised him, pressed her lips to his forehead. The curtain closed.

"How like you my first tableau?" asked a voice.

"I do not understand it," replied Lady O'Halloran, with a voice which was the firmer since the darkness concealed the expression of her agitated countenance. "Have you finished?"

"Not yet," replied the fortune-teller. "One more scene of the past ere we attempt the future."

After a long interval, the curtain was again withdrawn. The scene represented a chamber, very dimly lighted. Through a gothic window the stars were seen shining in a midnight sky. It was sometime before Lady O'Halloran could distinguish a bed whereon lay some person writhing as if in agony, the whole face and figure concealed by a white sheet. Again that appalling image of herself entered in a white dress, and carrying a night-lamp in one hand and a wine-glass in the other. The figure approached the bed, removed the bedclothes, and bending over, seemed to administer the contents of the glass to the occupant of the bed. She then replaced the sheet. A convulsive struggle of the recumbent figure, and then silence and rigidity indicated death. The spectre-lady turned from the couch, and as she tore the wedding ring from her finger the curtain fell for the second time.

The fortune-teller came forward with a lamp and placed it on the table. He then advanced to question his visitor, but Lady O'Halloran had fallen from her seat with her face to the floor.

"The arrow was well aimed!" said the fortune-teller, as he raised the fallen lady. "She could not stand the test!"

He touched a bell, and the old housekeeper appeared.

"Margaret," said the fortune-teller, "is the carriage still in waiting at the door?"

"Ay, master; the coachman is swearing outside because I wouldn't let him in."

"That's well. Now dame, help me down stairs with this bit of painted flesh, while she is yet unconscious."

The fortune-teller, assisted by the old woman, now lifted the lady carefully and bore her down the staircase to the hall where they placed her in a chair. The fortune-teller then put a small phial in the old woman's hand.

"Apply this to her nostrils," said he, "and the moment she begins to revive, leave her to herself. After she has gone, you can admit the person I described to you, if he calls."

As soon as the fortune-teller had disappeared up the staircase, the old woman applied the open phial as directed. The contents must have been powerful, for the lady had no sooner begun to inhale them, than she sat up and opened her dark eyes; whereupon the old woman instantly hobbled away with all the speed she could muster. Lady O'Halloran gazed round her for a few seconds in astonishment, unable to recognize the locality or recall her wandering senses. At last, her recollection apparently returned to her—she rose, moved to the door and opened it. The bracing air without soon revived her, and she walked with a firm step to her carriage.

Not long after she had driven away, a second visitor was admitted to the presence of the fortune-teller. The long furred cloak he wore could not conceal his profession, for his spurs jingled as he walked, and the steel end of a scabbard appeared below the garment.

"You are Rudolph Zamorn, the pretended fortune-teller?" said his visitor.

"Sir Ashley Glenville shall judge of my skill with his own eyes," replied the fortune-teller.

"I confess that I am incredulous," said Glenville, somewhat vexed at being recognized. "In what does your skill consist?"

"In reading the future by the past," returned the magician.

"You don't pretend, fellow, that you know all my antecedents?" said the baronet, haughtily.

"I know not that I know aught of them. My skill can conjure up images and visions of the past—whether they are true or false is for those reflected in the pageant to decide."

"Well, well, cease thy jargon—and let me see the show," said Glenville, impatiently.

"Directly, Sir Ashley."

The fortune-teller disappeared behind the curtain. It was soon drawn aside, and a gothic chamber was displayed to view. Sir Ashley started, for he thought he recognized the pictured furniture, the portraits on the wall, the cabinet, the bedstead—nay! the figure, though the face was turned away, of a man kneeling with clasped hands, before the portrait of a lady. Anon a masked figure stole upon the scene. He suddenly approached the kneeling figure—a knife gleamed aloft in his hand—and the other figure started to its feet. A death struggle ensued. The mask fell from the face of the assassin just as he dealt a deadly blow. The victim put out his hands exclaiming, "brother! brother! spare me!" But the fatal thrust was given; murder was committed. The curtain fell.

"Villain!" shouted Sir Ashley, beside himself with passion, and with his drawn sword in his hand, he sprang forward and pushed aside the curtain. Only the fortune-teller was there, and he too was armed and masked.

"Dog!" said the baronet, "who are you? No matter! you have offered me a deadly insult, and you shall answer for it at the sword's point."

"Cypriani did not fear your sword, Sir Ashley, nor do I," replied the fortune-teller as he threw himself on guard.

Glenville dropped his sword-point.

"Cypriani!" he echoed. "What know you of him? He died long ago."

"My dealings are with the dead and living," answered the fortune-teller. "Come on! or do you decline the combat?"

"With you—a juggler, a mountebank—of course," muttered Glenville, restoring his sword to its scabbard.

"Very well, Sir Ashley. You wished to know who I was. The secret I refused to betray when the sword was at my throat—I have no longer a desire to keep it. Look on me! but first, I warn you to make allowances for the ravages of time and misery."

Stepping a pace farther forward, the fortune-teller slowly raised his mask. If the action had disclosed a grinning death's head, Sir Ashley Glenville could not have exhibited more amazement.

"You here?" he cried, after a long pause. "You! I never thought to look upon your face again."

"Nor I on yours."

"Yet it is to me you owe your life," said Glenville.

"And to you I owe it that my life has been accursed."

"Why do you rise before me like a spectre?"

"Why did you come hither in the host that seeks to carry fire and bloodshed through this peaceful land? Why do you come among us armed? I sought you not. Chance has brought us once more together."

"I warn you not to darken my path," said the baronet; "there is danger in it."

"Danger!" said the fortune-teller, smiling contemptuously.

"Talk of that to one who fears death!"

"But there is shame."

"Talk of shame to one who has a family to be blighted by exposure. I stand alone in the world, Sir Ashley; a blighted, wasted man. You can no longer harm me."

"I do not seek to harm you. Nay, I would befriend you. Are you poor?"

"Yes."

"Then take this as an earnest of what I will do for you provided you will leave the place I dwell in, provided that you will put at least a thousand miles between us."

The baronet, as he spoke, extended a heavy purse, through the green silk meshes of which a mass of gold glittered in the light. But the fortune-teller pushed it back scornfully.

"I want not your gold," said he. "I would not have it if I were starving. It is not yours to bestow. While I live the honest labor of my hands will support me. You ask me to leave you—I tell you to begone! I have learned enough of you this night. Fear not that I shall haunt you—horror and scorn will keep me from your side."

Glenville had not a word to answer. He glided away from the presence of the fortune-teller, and hurried into the street.

Meanwhile the latter was pacing the room to and fro. He had pulled down the curtains from the windows, and the full glare of day fell upon the painted hangings, the theatrical dresses, the waxen masks and all the litter which had served him in his tricks and delusions.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed, "every doubt is now driven from my mind. I now know that this man was my deadliest enemy. I now know that to him I owe a life of shame! But the legal proofs! Can they exist? If so—where? All is yet dark and mysterious. But in that Providence which never has forsaken me I will still trust—and still hope on."

Leaving the fortune-teller, Sir Ashley Glenville went directly to Lady O'Halloran's, and was admitted to her boudoir.

"You cannot imagine where I have been, Agatha!" was his first exclamation.

"You have taught me, Ashley, that I must no longer watch your footsteps."

"I have been—laugh at me as you will—to the fortune-teller's."

"The man is an impostor," said Lady O'Halloran.

"Impostor or not—he can read the past if not the future," replied the baronet.

"It is easy enough for an impostor to learn facts about a man like yourself."

"But—but—Agatha!" said the baronet, shuddering, "he showed me the image of events I thought known only to God, to the dead and to myself."

Lady O'Halloran turned deadly pale, as she drew her chair closer to Glenville's, and whispered:

"I have been to him myself."

Glenville went on, without heeding her, speaking fast as if the words poured from his lips defiant of his control.

"He showed me the past, I tell you—the past! a word and a world of horror! He pictured forth a crime I committed for your sake."

"Ashley!" said Lady O'Halloran, "hear me in turn. To free my hand that I might bestow it on you, I too, committed a nameless crime. The innocence of one will not sever us hereafter—shall not the guilt of both unite us here?"

"Agatha! Agatha!" cried Glenville, "Do you never, in broad daylight, see a dark shadow stealing into your room?"

"Never!" cried Lady O'Halloran. "I can see nothing but your image. I have a braver heart than yours."

"Give me your hand," said the baronet. "It does not tremble. No! you are fearless."

"Tell me, Ashley," said the lady, suddenly withdrawing her hand, "did you visit this conjuror of your own accord?"

"No—Bolton urged, or rather insisted on my going."

"And he induced me to go," said Lady O'Halloran. "My life upon it—that man is in league with the fortune-teller, and is our deadliest enemy."

"He knows too much for my safety," said the baronet, shuddering. "How much, I cannot conjecture."

"When you go home, will you tell him that I shall be happy to see him here?"

"For what purpose? Do you wish to question him about me?" said Glenville.

"No, Ashley. Your own lips shall tell me all."

"I will tell you all, Agatha. I must have a confessor."

"And I am one who will shrieve you in advance."

"Agatha!" said Glenville, taking her hand, "I feel now that you are essential to my existence. The film has fallen from my eyes—fate has brought us together. Yet I can but offer you the lees of a wasted and unhappy life."

"Pledge me your word, Ashley, that when this momentary excitement and passion have passed away, you will not reconsider your offer."

"I will not, so help me heaven, Agatha! If I live, I will atone for my past neglect and inconstancy."

"Enough! enough! And now away—and send Bolton here."

Half an hour afterwards, Mr. Paul Bolton was in the lady's boudoir. She received him with great gaiety and cordiality.

"My dear Mr. Bolton," said she, "I can never be too grateful to you for the amusement you procured me this morning. Your fortune-teller is a dear creature—the most amusing fellow in his line I ever saw."

"I am glad he treated you favorably, my lady," replied Bolton, eyeing her closely, as he spoke. "He sends away some of his visitors looking rueful enough."

"Ha! ha! the creature failed of making any such impression on me, I assure you. He undertook to show me my past life—but it was a failure, a failure, *mon cher*."

"I repeat that I am very glad of it, my lady. Sir Ashley gave me the same account of his visit—he said the fortune-teller was an impostor—but he shook like a leaf while he was speaking. Did he give you the same account?"

"Much the same."

"It is strange that he should come here just after his visit. I thought recent occurrences would keep him away from you—that he would never forgive your going on board the cutter in disguise!"

"O, that's all made up."

"Indeed!"

"We were never better friends—but I suppose he'll tell you that—you, his bosom friend and companion, Mr. Bolton."

"He is rather reserved to me of late."

"O, by the way, Mr. Bolton. Let me offer you a glass of *liqueur*. I have some very fine. You won't refuse it, if I am your cup-bearer."

"I never refuse," said Bolton, smacking his lips in anticipation.

There was a little French *liqueur* case on the mantel-piece, and Lady O'Halloran going to it, took out a small wine-glass and a case bottle. Her back was turned to Bolton, and he could not have known her movement, if a mirror hanging at an angle from the wall over the mantel piece had not reflected her image clearly. By the aid of this reflection, then, Bolton distinctly saw Lady O'Halloran pour a white powder into the glass intended for him before she filled it with cordial. Then, pouring out a glass for herself, she took the prepared glass in her right hand, and the other one in her left, and advanced with a smile to her guest.

Bolton received the glass with a bow.

"Your health, Mr. Bolton," said the lady.

Bolton raised his glass to his lips, while the lady drank off hers, and then he paused without swallowing a drop.

"On second thoughts," said Bolton, "I remember my physician told me never to drink French cordial. Have you taught your lap-dog to drink liqueurs?"

"Certainly not," said the lady.

"It's a great pity. If I could only make him lap it up, I think it would do him good," said Bolton, glancing at the animal that always sat beside the lady's chair.

"I don't wish any one to drink against his inclination," said Lady O'Halloran, and snatching the glass from his hand, she threw the contents in the fire, and replaced it on the mantel-piece.

"Lady O'Halloran," said Bolton, rising, "I advise you to have that glass thoroughly cleansed before you offer it to a friend again."

"What do you mean, Mr. Bolton?" said the lady, turning deadly pale.

"O, nothing! only that this morning I'm an obstinate fellow who won't take his medicine, though disguised in wine, and offered by the whitest of white hands."

He raised the lady's hand to his lips as he spoke, imprinted a kiss on it, and then sauntered out of the room, leaving Lady O'Halloran confounded and conscience-stricken.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANTICIPATION OF THE FUTURE.

It is an elevating and spiritualizing exercise of the mind. It tends to carry the soul a little way towards its proper region. It tends to lessen the false importance of the things of this world, and to slacken their hold. It contributes to obviate that unnatural and pernicious estrangement and dissociation between our present and future state. It tends to habituate the spirit to seek and find the grand importance of its existence in its hereafter. It tends to awake a lively and a sacred curiosity, which is surely a right and worthy state of feeling with which to go towards another world, and to go into it. It may help to turn to valuable account the varieties in the present system of our existence—the facts in surrounding nature—the immediate circumstances of our own being—by prompting, on each particular, the thought and the question, "What corresponding to this—what is contrary to this—what instead of this—may there be in that other world?" It may aid to keep us associated with those who are gone thither. It may give new emphasis to our impression of the evil of sin, and the excellence of all wisdom, holiness and piety, by the thought, "What manner of effect is this, or this, adapted to result in, in that future state?"—*Foster*.

All laws and rules of action have been made by old people and men. Young people and women favor the exception; old people, the rule.—*Goethe*.

THE HOLIDAY.

This exquisite scene is the beau ideal of the pastoral. The old moss-grown cottage, that has sheltered many generations, completely embowered in foliage, the pollard willows throwing abroad their verdurous branches, the vista through the trees, with the dark burn gliding by and pouring under the old stone bridge that supports the road, all are features of one of those lovely and quiet spots that meet us here and there in the country, and arrest our footsteps by the mute appeal of their beauty. But the scene is not wholly inanimate. A group of flowers, fairer than ever bloomed in garden parterre, or by brookside, occupies the centre of the picture. Look at the sturdy boy trudging along with the ponderous old-fashioned wheelbarrow. On cushions of clean straw lolls as happy—happier than a queen, for those awful personages cannot escape headaches or heartaches—the little sister, a very fairy, but for her plumpness and flesh-and-bloodness. Her tiny hand is held with tender solicitude by an older girl, lest some sudden jolt of the one-wheeled carriage should endanger her security. A second boy, not yet emancipated from the thralldom of a frock, is pursuing the dog, who in his audacious glee has snatched the urchin's cap, and is galloping away with it. The sunshine pours down upon this picture of innocent happiness. But the children will not linger here. It is a holiday, and they are bound for the merry green-wood. No elves sporting on the green by moonlight, will be happier than these little beings. A holiday! Is not childhood, with its light task, its frequent pleasures, its ever-springing hopes, all one holiday?

"Young thoughts have music in them, love,
And happiness their theme—
And music wanders in the wind
That lulls a morning dream.
And there are angel voices heard
In childhood's frolic hours,
When life is but an April day
Of sunshine and of showers."

Yes, "angel voices" do indeed whisper to the ear of childhood; it hears them in the song of the morning birds, in the ripple of the brook, in the hum of summer noontide; and angel eyes look down upon it from the stars when the simple prayer is breathed, and the little head, weary with play, is laid upon its pillow. But a holiday certainly has a significance. It means, if not release from toil, at least a change, and that idea is bliss to every youthful mind. For this day, then, there will be no necessity of trudging the dusty road that leads to the dame-school; there will be no need of plunging from the bright sunshine and fresh air into the dark interior, although the old lady who presides at the desk is certainly not an ogress. But what infant of tender years would voluntarily pore over those a h, ahs, and e b, ebs, in the spelling-book, when the flower-alphabet of nature is written on the velvet margin of the brook, and the fringed borders of the woodland? The good old lady's voice is not harsh, but then out of doors the robin is pouring forth its full-throated whistle from the apple-tree bough. The blue jay, with its jaunty cap and blue suit, screams with all his might from the rocking branches of the cedar-tree, and the red squirrel is running along the stone wall; and every voice, whether of bird, or brook, or breeze, is urging truce as a moral virtue. But the old school dame announces a holiday. A holiday! All the voices of the free air seem to echo it. The impudent cat-bird in the currant bush, close behind the school-house, announces the fact; the shrilly locust screams it; away goes the blue jay with the news; the bobolink rolls it forth in liquid numbers; the brook rings its changes on its pebbly bed; the sunshine proclaims it. Forth swarms the infant hive. Involuntary summer-sets are achieved in the rush. Cheers in treble voices rend the welkin. Eager, joyous, babbling, the little people pour along the road-side to their respective homes. The village blacksmith pauses, with a horse's hind foot in his lap, and hammer suspended, to survey the homeward-bound troop with an intelligent smile; the cart cracks his whip at them playfully as he crosses their path. And so our little friends are going forth to the woodlands. Would that we were going with them. They will pause many a time and oft by the road-side, to gather wild flowers, or the berries that will supply a royal feast in the forest-glade. Care will not sit there unbidden, as at the banquets of grown people. No skeleton, veiled or unveiled, will stand in the dark framing of the trees, intruding the grim lesson of his presence. There will be merriment and frolic in the last strawberry vanishes from the green leaf on which it is

served up. We couldn't have such picnics as those little creatures enjoy. Every man has his skeleton, and the worst of it, that when he dines out he carries his skeleton along with him. These grimly guests wait behind our chairs, and hob-nob to each other across the festive board. They are easily constructed—being composed of broken promises, darling sins, imperious obligations, articulated and made up into shapes of terror. Sometimes a man's familiar takes the shape of a creditor, shuffling along like a Jew broker, or sliding onward like a wine-merchant. It is idle to attempt to plant the roses of youth in the ice-palace of the aged heart. When once the stern campaign of life is entered, we must bid farewell to holidays; to attempt them would only be to make miserable failures. There is but one holiday be-

THE TEMPLE OF SERAPIS.

M. Auguste Mariette has been, for years past, employed by the French government in making researches in Egypt. Most of his labors have been spent in the excavation of the famous Temple of Serapis. A correspondent of the Journal of Commerce says: "He has completely cleared the Serapeum of the sands under which it lay buried for so many centuries. The fusion of Greek and Egyptian art at various periods is established by a number of statues which were among the images of Serapis. Sculptured representations of Apis were found by the side of statues of Min-dar. Homer, Lycurgus, Pythagoras, Plato and Euripides. An alley, or avenue, of six hundred sphinxes is terminated by a series of figures representing the principal Hellenic divinities—genii



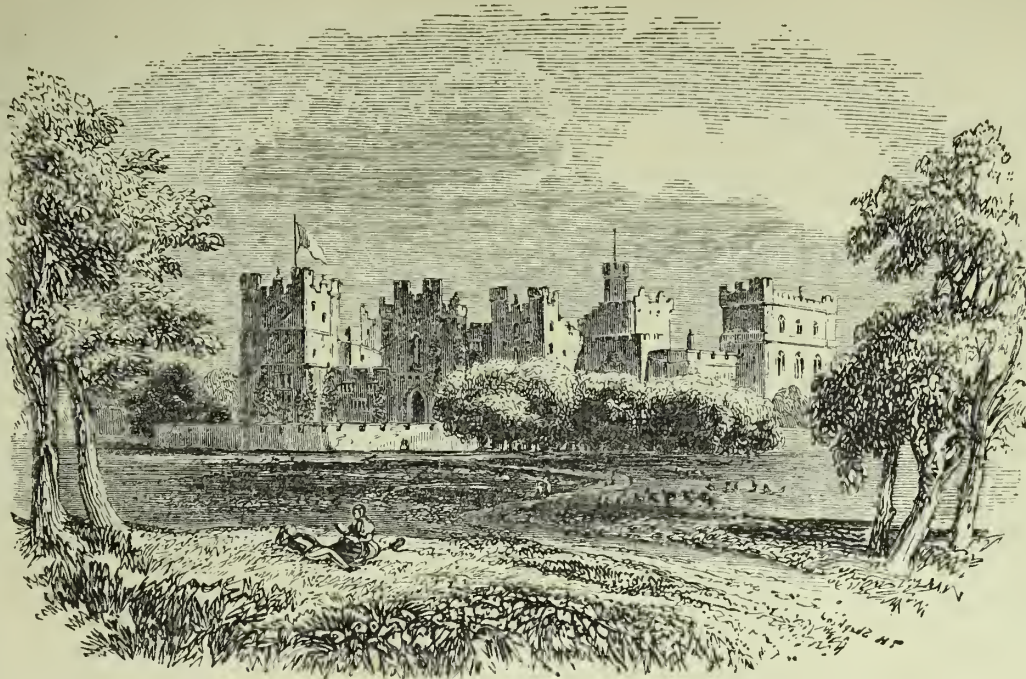
THE HOLIDAY.

fore us, and that is when the grim janitor, death, throws wide open the portals of this school-house, that we call life, and dismisses the graduating spirit. Manhood has its joys, but they are stern and high, yet are the best of them not worth one hour of childhood in the lap of nature. One may laugh at the frolic sports of these little ones; but the smile dies away if he weigh his own enjoyments with theirs. It is only towards the close of life, when the fierce excitements of passion, ambition, war, and the pursuit of wealth have ceased to agitate, that the wearied and worn out mind begins to give back a full reflex of early joys and hopes. Then it sometimes overleaps the intervening gulf, full of vague shadows, and rests upon those brighter scenes—so bright, indeed, in the glittering rays of youthful hope, that the actual sunshine of middle life has nothing half so effulgent.

placed, in the Egyptian manner, on animals that symbolize those divinities. The most important of M. Mariette's discoveries was the tomb of Apis, a monument excavated entirely in live rock. There are a hundred vast chambers, and a considerable number of galleries and streets, the ensemble of a real subterranean city. They supplied the discoverer with a multitude of statues (monoliths, shafts, statuettes, images of all dimensions and of every age), deposited by the ancient Egyptians in the chambers and compartments of the funeral structure, as tokens of their pious devotion to the mummy of the god worshipped at Memphis. There are records forming a chronological record of the Apis buried in the common tomb. The sculpture is of the date of the pyramids; the statues are in the best state of preservation, and the colors are perfectly bright; altogether the execution is admirable."

SCENES IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Raby Castle, illustrated in the pretty sketch accompanying this article, is situated in Durham, about one mile from Staundrop, on the east side of an extensive park. The earl of Westmoreland (John de Neville) in the year 1379 obtained a license to "make a castle of his manor of Raby, to embattle and castellate its towers." Its present aspect is not, however, the same which it presented in the fourteenth century, as subsequent owners have made such additions and alterations as they saw fit, though there is a certain uniformity of style in the structure of the whole. It is one of those grand old strongholds of feudalism, rich with historical association and antiquarian interest, which give such a picturesque charm to the lovely scenery of Old England. The castle occupies a rising ground and covers about two acres of land. Our second illustration in this series presents a view of Thomastown Castle, in Ireland, the birthplace of Father Mathew. The scene is not without interest to us, since the "apostle of temperance" made this country the field of his labors, administering the pledge of total abstinence to many thousands of his countrymen, and others, and became widely known in most of our great cities and towns. Father Mathew was quite a marked man in his personal appearance. We very well remember a little old gentleman, attired in a suit of black, with small clothes and silk stockings, a benevolent expression on his rather large but handsome features, with a bright, intelligent eye, and the manners of a gentleman. We last heard of him in Madeira, where he was said to be ill and destitute of funds.

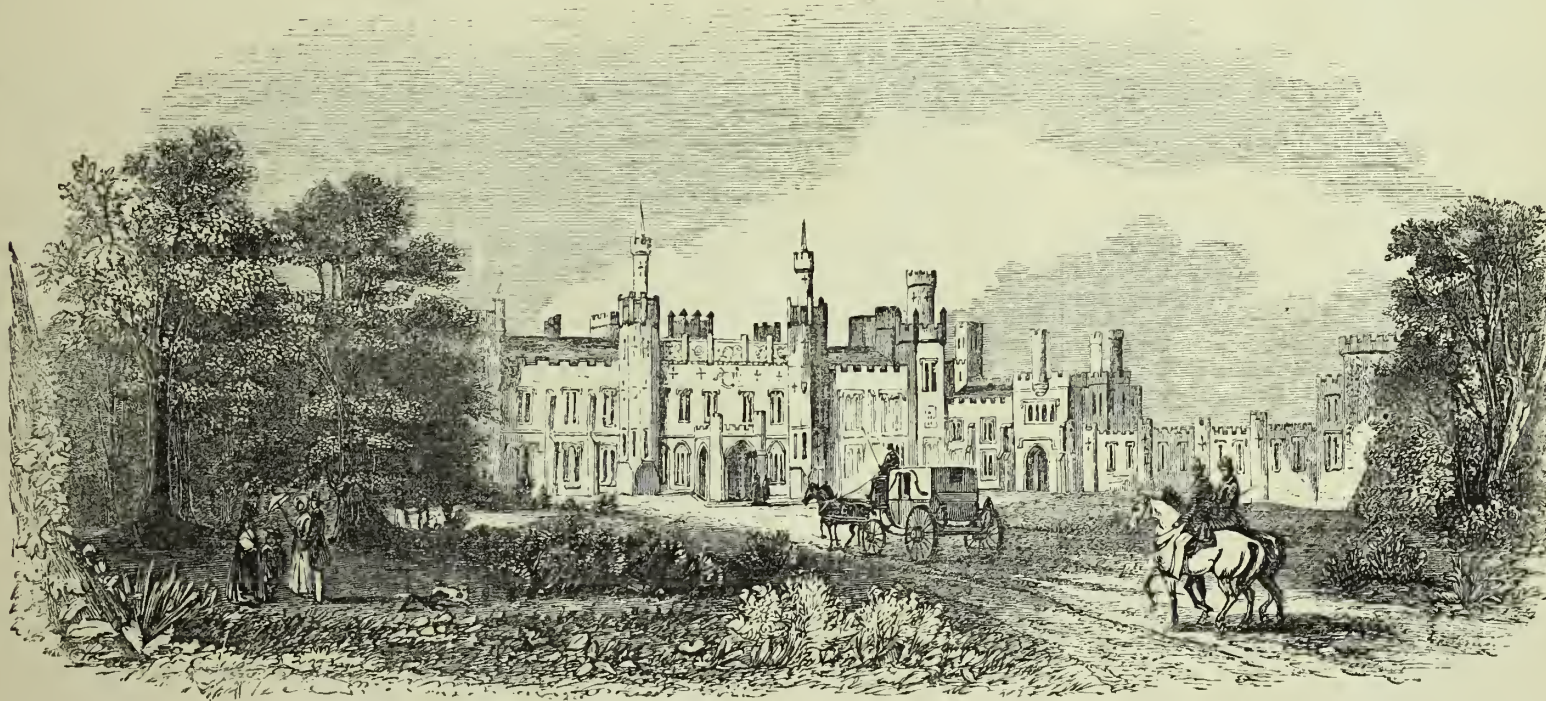


RABY CASTLE, DURHAM, ENGLAND.

Walmer Castle in Kent, the last of our series, is quite a striking locality. The town of Walmer is about a mile distant from Deal, and is a thrifty place, where a large number of wealthy in-

dividuals are located. The cottages are famous for their picturesque beauty and the beauty of their surroundings. The scenery is lovely and pleasing. The castle has been a fortress since the days

of Henry VIII., and several successive lords warden of the Cinque Ports have made it their official residence. The Cinque Ports are eight seaports of England, on the coasts of Kent and Sussex—Dover, Sandwich, Hastings, Hith, Romney, Winchelsea, Rye and Saeftord. They were originally only five, as the name imports, but the three last mentioned places have been added subsequently to the original institution. They are under a royal warden and enjoy considerable privileges. They are all borough towns, and send each two members to parliament, under the title of barons of the Cinque Ports. Though these cities have long since lost their commercial importance, their harbors being filled with mud to the exclusion of men-of-war, most of their privileges continue, and so does the sinecure office of lord warden, which affords the British government an opportunity of bestowing fifteen thousand dollars a year on a favorite. The Duke of Wellington, who held this office, frequently made Walmer Castle his residence, and for a number of years spent some portion of every autumn there, admiring its quiet and seclusion. From the windows and roof of the castle there is a fine view of the noble roadstead called the "Downs," between the shore and Goodwin Sands, which is the usual anchorage place of vessels of all dimensions. Occasionally two or three hundred sail are riding here, wind-bound, or awaiting final orders, except during heavy gales from the north and east. In times of war it used to be the resort of the North Sea fleet. The sea is only divided from the castle by a few yards of beach, which at this place is flat, the cliffs commencing about half a mile nearer Do-

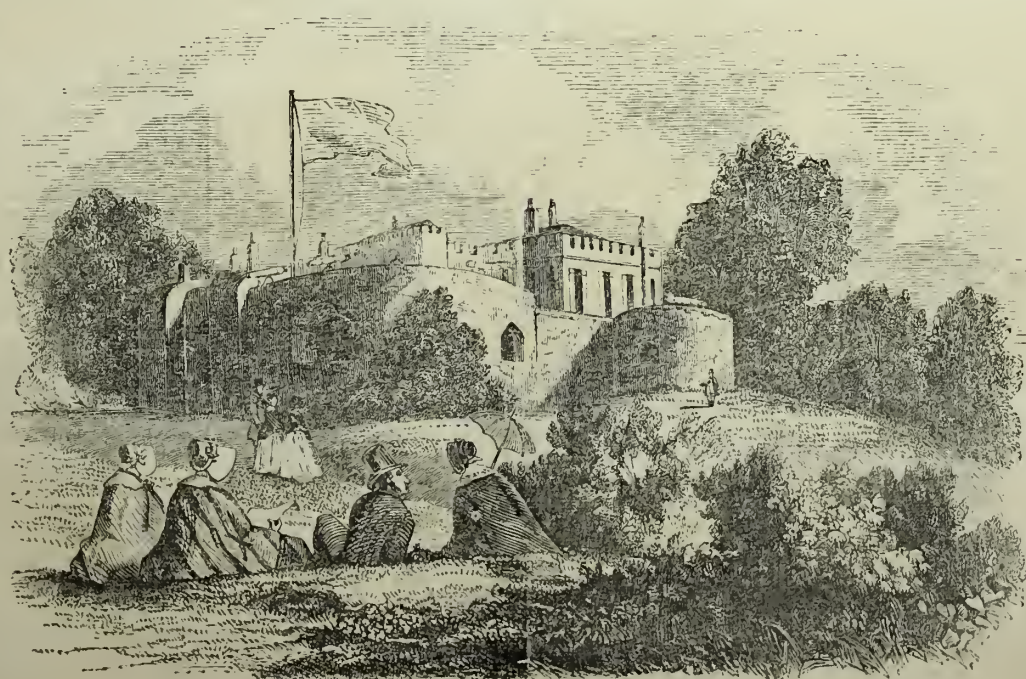


BIRTHPLACE OF FATHER MATHEW, THOMASTOWN CASTLE, IRELAND.

Whether he went to Madeira to administer the pledge to the inhabitants, or to induce them to abandon wine-making, their principal means of support, we know not; he may have sought the benefit of his health. There is no question that he is a man influenced by the purest motives, and we believe that no discussion of political principles or religious creeds ever entered into any of his numerous discourses. He was received with a welcome everywhere. Thomastown Castle has been occupied by Father Mathew's family ever since they went to Ireland from Wales, in 1610. The castle with its domain is considered as one of the most beautiful places in Ireland. It is situated in what is called the Golden Valley, about four miles from Cashel, in the county of Tipperary. Although it has been the seat of this once celebrated family through its various descents, it has at last been most singularly devised to one a stranger in blood to its old owners. The family of Mathew is of very great antiquity. The Welsh records carry his pedigree back to Gwaythvoed, king of Cardigan, in direct descent from whom was Sir David Mathew, the standard-bearer of Edward IV., and whose monument is in Llandaff Cathedral, as are also two splendid altar ornaments in alabaster to two of his grandsons, namely, Sir William and Sir Christopher Mathew, of about the date of 1530. From Sir Christopher was descended the brave admiral, Thomas Mathew, so celebrated and yet so ill-used by government in 1744, at which time he was member from the county of Glamorgan.

dividuals are located. The cottages are famous for their picturesque beauty and the beauty of their surroundings. The scenery is lovely and pleasing. The castle has been a fortress since the days

ver, to which place, with but little intermission, they extend. The neighborhood is pleasant, the healthful sea breeze lending a charm to the inland scenery.



WALMER CASTLE, KENT, ENGLAND.

The great statesman, Pitt, when warden of the Cinque Ports, used to make Walmer Castle his summer retreat. In 1842 the queen and Prince Albert paid it a visit, creating, of course, a stir in the neighborhood. Walmer has become quite a resort in summer on account of its salubrity, picturesqueness and quiet. England has many similar places of interest, and no tourist can spend six months there without returning with portfolio filled with sketches and his memory crowded with picturesque images. To the American artist, British scenery presents the striking charm of contrast. Everything in England is old, as everything in this country is new: the former points to the past, the latter to the future. In the great cities of England, even new buildings are soon toned down to the prevailing hue of antiquity, for coal smoke and moist skies combine to take off all external freshness. The rural scenery of England is unsurpassed; the verdant vales, the green meadows, the winding streams, the ancestral parks, the thriving farms: and when you reflect that these are interspersed with the very objects that the painter would wish to place before him—that this breezy eminence is surmounted by an old windmill, that you valley holds the ruins of a gothic abbey, that through this vista you have a glimpse of the crumbling towers of a feudal castle, you wonder not that some of the finest poets and painters in the world have here lived.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A SHADOW ON THE SILL.

BY GEORGE W. DEWEY.

The gate is gone, and briars grow
Along the unfrequented way
Which leads beneath a blighted row
Of aged poplars, in decay.

The door, ajar, swings to and fro,
Complaining of the ancient trust
Which latch and staple now forego,
Corroded in their idle rust.

Those silent walls the secrets keep,
Confided to their faithful ears
By those whose ashes softly sleep
Beneath the dust of other years!

Of other years, when lithe and young,
And led by wild Adventure's torch,
Through shadows, by the woodland flung,
I passed without that sheltered porch!

Allured by foreign lays and themes,
Resistless came the wish to roam—
Enchantment filled my youthful dreams,
I could not hear the songs of home!

I could not hear the voice of one
Whose hand the last in mine was prest—
That voice, alas, is lost and gone—
And long that hand has been at rest!

I could not see a form that lay
Upon the threshold I had crossed—
Two shadows passed the sill, that day,
And one remained where mine was lost!

Alas! the romance now has fled,
The charms I sought evade me still,
The pathway to that door I tread,
But find that shadow on the sill.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

NELLIE AND HER LITTLE BROTHER.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

Two children, a girl of twelve years old, and her little brother, only five, sat sadly hovering over a stove in which Nellie had gathered together a few nearly consumed brands. Night was fast approaching; already gloomy shadows were gathering stealthily into the corners of the room, on whose walls dampness and mould had gathered. A bed stood on one side of the room, whence, half an hour previously, a woman, the mother of the children, had been taken and conveyed to the lunatic asylum. The shock caused by the loss of her husband, who came to his death by being crushed beneath the walls of a burning building, had rendered her insane.

"Nellie," said the boy, "how lonesome it seems, now mother is gone. I wish they had let her stay here."

Nellie made no answer, but with one hand drawing her little brother more closely to her side, with the other she brushed away the fast-falling tears.

"You had better go to bed, now, Georgy," said his sister, after they had remained silent a few minutes. "The room is getting cold, and the wood is all gone. You feel sleepy, don't you?"

"Yes, I feel some sleepy," he replied.

He rose, but before going to bed he approached a small cupboard and cast an eager look over the shelves.

"Is the bread all gone, Nellie?" he asked.

"Yes, dear; but I'll try to get some for your breakfast."

"Well, it isn't much matter, for as soon as I go to sleep I sha'n't know that I'm hungry, and I shall forget all about being lonesome, too—sha'n't I, Nellie?"

"Yes; and maybe you'll have pleasant dreams," she replied, smoothing the bedclothes and arranging the pillows.

"Now, Nellie, let me take hold of your hand while I say 'Our Father,' as mother told me, and then I shall soon be asleep."

Nellie clasped his hand in hers, and sat down on the side of the bed, while he said his prayers. As he had said, he was soon asleep. Then putting on her shawl and hood, she took from a shelf in the cupboard a quantity of small paper bags, such as are used for garden-seeds, and put them into a basket. An acquaintance of her mother's, employed in making them, had succeeded in getting some for Nellie to make, and, after what little money there was on hand at the time her father died had been spent, the family had had no other means of support. There was not more than half the number she had heretofore made daily, but after her mother, who with wild earnestness begged to remain with her children, had been taken to the asylum, the blinding tears fell so fast, and her hands trembled so badly, that she could not work.

It had, in truth, been a trying day for a child of twelve, with a brother seven years younger than herself, now that father and mother were both gone, looking up to her for support and direction. Though her earnings for the day had been small, they enabled her to purchase a loaf of bread, with which she hastened back to the dreary room where she had left her sleeping brother.

In the morning little George did not wake, till after Nellie had risen. The light of a bright smile broke over his face when he opened his eyes, for the first thing he saw was Nellie cutting a loaf of bread into slices. His next thought was of his mother, and before he had time to remember that she was gone, his eyes were turned from his sister in search of her. The sight of the vacant chair, where, after her mind was disordered, she used

sometimes to sit early in the morning, with smiles on her pale face, and a too brilliant light in her eyes, humming snatches of the sweet melodies she loved to sing in happier days, brought with it a pang, such as it is said to think can ever pierce a heart where the May-flowers of life should alone have had time to bloom.

"O, Nellie, if she could only have staid with us!" said he, with quivering lips.

"She will have better care taken of her than she could have here, so the man said who came for her," said Nellie; "so maybe she'll soon get well, and then she'll come back again."

The thought that she might soon return comforted the poor child, and brought a smile to his tear-stained face. They had eaten their breakfast, and Nellie was cutting the large sheets of straw-colored paper into pieces of the right size to make the little bags for garden-seeds, when there came a loud rap against the door, and before there was time to open it, a man entered.

"Is this the place where Mrs. Farnsworth lived, the woman that was carried off to the asylum yesterday?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir," replied Nellie.

"Well, I've come to tell you that you, and that little pale-faced fellow, there, must find some other place to go to. I've had orders from Mr. Wardour, the landlord, to call and let you know. He says you needn't trouble yourself about gettin' anybody to move the furniture, for your mother owes him what that's worth, and more too, for rent."

"Must we go now?"

"Why, Mr. Wardour said you must clear out between this and night, and it's my opinion, the sooner you begin to look round for a place to go to, the better 'twill be for you."

"I'll try to find one," said Nellie.

"You'd better look out pretty sharp, that's my advice, if you don't want to stay in the streets all night."

"I'll go now and begin to try," said Nellie, gathering up the pieces of paper she had been cutting and putting them into the basket.

"You aint to carry off anything that belongs here," said the man.

"Please, sir, these belong to the woman I make paper bags for."

"Very well: and now be off as soon as you can, so that I can lock the door and leave all safe."

"Aint we coming home again, by-and-by?" said George, as his sister took him by the hand and led him from the door.

"This isn't our home any longer," she replied. "I am going to find another."

Nellie knew only a few, even by name, of the poor people who lived near, and as she walked slowly along, leading her brother, she looked earnestly at the dreary, decaying houses, hoping to catch the glimpse of some face so kindly in its expression as to give her courage to ask for a shelter for herself and George. None such was to be seen. A sullen, dogged look, imparted by the sufferings of abject, long-continued poverty, to which was too often added crime, was stamped upon faces, which, could they, by looking into the future, have seen the dawn of a better day, for themselves and those dependent on them, might have beamed with the softening light of humanity, at the sight of the two lonely, sad-looking children.

They wandered along, stopping only to rest on a door-step now and then, till the day was fast spent. They had called where the woman lived who had procured employment for Nellie, but she was gone, no one could tell them where.

"Nellie, I'm so tired, and my feet ache so, I'll sit down and wait till you find a place," said little George, as he sank down on the sidewalk, pale and exhausted. He trembled, too, with the cold, for his clothes were more fit for July than November, and at the approach of night, a raw, easterly wind swept down the street, carrying with it clouds of dust.

"Let me put my shawl round you, to keep you warm, and I will go and ask her," said Nellie, indicating a woman with a handkerchief tied over her head, who was just stepping into a house, at a little distance. Nellie was soon at her side.

"You must ask Miss Harlin—I don't live here," said the woman, in answer to Nellie, who, in a timid, hurried manner, made known her request.

"What does the child want?" said Mrs. Harlin, looking up from some coarse sewing, with which she sat close to the window, for it was already dark enough for a candle.

"She wants to know if she can stay here to night," replied the woman.

"I and my little brother," said Nellie.

"There's two of you that wants lodgin', then?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, I've none for neither of you. If I give you a chance inside my door, some bread must be given, too; which I must take from my own children's mouths, as 'twere."

"Wont you let us stay, then?"

"No; go away, and don't ask me again," and quickly turning her chair, so that she could not see the poor, tired-looking face, that was looking so pleadingly into hers. At the same time she murmured to herself, "It's of no use—I must be hard-hearted. My own children are in want, and 'tis robbin' them to give away even a mouthful of bread."

Nellie lingered a moment at the threshold, and then went to her brother.

"Are we going there, where you've been?" said he, eagerly.

"No, dear, we must go a little farther, as soon as you've got rested."

"If it's only a little ways, I'll go now," said he.

At that moment, a light, the first which had made its appearance, suddenly gleamed from a window a few rods distant, send-

ing long, quivering rays through the gloom, till they reached the spot where Nellie and her brother stood.

"Are we going there, where that light is?" inquired George.

"Yes, we'll go there," replied Nellie, for the bright beams seemed to shine into her heart and give her confidence. Before she knocked at the door, she saw through the window, whence the light shone so cheerily, two women and seven children. Her courage almost failed her when she saw how many there were in one small room. As she stood hesitating, her brother looked up with a smile.

"It looks warm and pleasant in there. We'll go in, Nellie," said he.

Nellie took one more look, and she saw that one of the women who, at that moment, happened to turn towards the window, had a pleasant, cheerful-looking face, which made her think how her mother used to look before her father died, when of an evening they all sat together in their comfortable though humble home. Without longer delay, she rapped at the door, which was opened by one of the larger children.

"My little brother is tired and cold," said Nellie. "May we come in a little while?"

The timid, plaintive voice was heard by the mother of the girl who opened the door.

"Yes, indeed," said she, in hearty, cheery tones; "come in and welcome, and share the warmth of the fire; 'twill make none of us the colder."

"I'm so glad, Nellie," said George.

"It's late for such a little pale-looking boy to be in the streets, when it's so raw and cold," said the woman, placing a seat for him close to the stove. Then turning to Nellie, she asked how far they had to go, before they reached home.

"We haven't any home now," replied Nellie. "They carried mother away to the asylum, yesterday, and this morning a man came and told us we couldn't stay where we were any longer."

"And you've been wandering in the streets ever since morning, this cold day?"

"Yes, ma'am. I asked one woman to let us stay with her all night, but she said she couldn't."

"Well, I've only one room, and a little one at that, for me and my six children, and Mrs. Vance and her little girl. Why, you know, Mrs. Vance, that a single night in the streets, such as children hardened to it wouldn't mind much, would be the death of both of 'em."

"'Tis as you say, Mrs. Daley; but poverty makes people selfish, and there aint many poor widows, with six children to feed and clothe, that would do as you have done this evening."

One day after another went by, yet Mrs. Daley did not find that she had the heart to turn the two friendless children away, any more than the first night that she gave them a shelter. Nellie had a place at Mrs. Daley's work-table to make the paper bags for garden seeds, which, by unremitting industry, enabled her to earn bread for herself and brother, who, drawing a little cricket close to her side, sat quietly coming the pages of some old worn school-books, belonging to the little Daleys, for his clothing was too thin to enable him to venture out much in the cold winter-weather which had now come. They had been thus situated a number of weeks, when one bright day, remarkably warm for the season, Nellie, when she went to carry her work to her employer, took George with her.

"Do, Nellie, let us go a little farther," said he, as his sister turned to go towards home, for he felt cheered by the warm sunshine.

So they kept on, and after a while emerged from the street where they were walking into one broader and handsomer. Little George was soon attracted to a bow window where were displayed some colored prints. As he stood looking at them, his hand clasped in Nellie's, whose sweet, patient face was illumined by a smile, as she listened to his expressions of childish delight, a gentleman and lady came walking slowly along. The boy's thin, delicate face, surrounded by bright, curling hair, which looked the brighter from being crowned with a little faded cloth cap, attracted their attention. They stopped involuntarily, remarking to each other the striking contrast between the child's handsome countenance, lit up by large, brilliant eyes, beaming with pleasure, and his mean, threadbare garments. Neither did Nellie escape their attention. The lady inquired her name.

"Nellie Farnsworth," she answered.

"And this little boy?"

"He is my brother."

"Have you a mother?"

"Yes, ma'am; but they took her away from us and carried her to the asylum."

"These must be the two children Mrs. Brooks and I tried to find a few weeks since," said the lady, whose name was Anvers, addressing her husband. "We succeeded in finding where they lived at the time their mother was taken to the lunatic asylum, but the room was deserted, and no one could tell us where they were gone. Where do you live now?" she inquired, turning to Nellie.

"Mrs. Daley lets us stay with her."

"Why not accompany the children to Mrs. Daley's, Isabel, as the first step towards accomplishing whatever you and Mrs. Brooks have in view for them?" said Mr. Anvers.

"That is just what I was thinking of," she replied; "but first let us make this little fellow glad by giving him one of these pictures with which he appears to be so much charmed."

"Which of these pictures do you like best—this one?" said Mr. Anvers, speaking to George, and at the same time indicating one more showy than the rest.

"I like that one," he replied, "but not so well as I do this."

"Why not?" said Mr. Anvers, with some surprise.

"Because this one looks like Nellie."

The picture he pointed out to them represented a little girl in a rustic garb, with a basket of flowers on her arm.

"He is right; it does look like her," said Mr. Anvers; and it did—only it was so much more full of life and health, while the countenance was lit up with an expression, free and joyous as the summer breeze.

The picture was purchased and presented to little George, who for the time being was a proud and happy child.

Twenty minutes' walk brought them to Mrs. Daley's. When she was told that there was a place in the country where Nellie and her brother could go, and where they would be much better off than in the city, she replied that she was glad, for their sake, and wished them to go.

"But then we shall miss them," said she, "as we should the bit of sunshine that every day, towards night, comes in at the top of the window; and a bit of sunshine, to us poor people, who have so few bright things, is of more value than the rich, who live in the midst of splendor, can have any idea of."

Nellie and George were received into the family of a wealthy and worthy farmer, by the name of Hildreth, who, as well as his wife, was well educated. Their mother soon died, and then their thoughts and affections no longer wandered to the city, where they had suffered so much, but found rest with those kindly hearts, which made the old farm-house a home as well as a dwelling-place.

Ten years afterward, as, near the close of a fair summer's day, the brother and sister stood together on the banks of the peaceful river, which, on one side, formed the boundary of Mr. Hildreth's farm, it would have been hard to imagine that they were the two friendless children, who, on a cold November day had wandered homeless through the streets. Nellie looked healthful and blooming in her rustic beauty; it was of that higher type which draws the line of distinction between the loveliness of an intellectual woman and the careless, uncultured child. In her brother, the change was still greater. Now, a warm, ruddy glow gleamed through the bronze, which out-door labor had planted on the well-rounded cheek of the boy of fifteen, and his eyes, which were fixed on a gorgeous cloud-palace, which seemed floating on a sea of gold, were flooded with a dreamy, yet sunny light.

"Do you know, Nellie," said George, as they turned and walked slowly away, "that I am sometimes almost tempted to weave into rhyme those fancies, some of them sad, some of them bright, yet all possessing an inexpressible sweetness, which come thronging to me whenever I stand watching one of those lovely sunsets which has just faded away?"

"And why not yield to the temptation?" said she.

"I think I shall, when the long winter evenings bring with them more leisure, for the beauty of those bright, serene sunsets, which mirror themselves in the bosom of the placid river, haunts me wherever I go."

At that moment, a light, as of a distant star, shone with a soft radiance through the foliage of some maples at a little distance, among which the wind made pleasant music.

"Does not that remind you of a time long ago?" said Nellie.

"You mean that bleak November evening, when I had sunk down on the pavement, hungry, tired and shivering with the cold?"

"Yes; and what seems a singular coincidence, the light which now beams on our path, shines, as it did then, from the window of Mrs. Daley."

"For which our and her thanks are due to those, who, for the last ten years, have been a father and mother to us."

By this time they had reached a cottage, which, like a bird's nest, peeped out from the midst of sheltering boughs. They were met at the door by Mrs. Daley, in whose comely face was written the story of her better fortune. All now in the neat and tasteful cottage spoke of peace and plenty. The two younger children were still with their mother. One, a lad about the age of George, with an open, intelligent countenance, was amusing himself with a book, after having faithfully performed his daily labor in the field. The other, a girl of twelve, with rosy cheeks and nut-brown hair, did not at first make her appearance. In a few minutes, however, she entered the little parlor, with a dish filled high with large and luscious strawberries, cultivated with her own hands. As she invited George and Nellie to partake of them, her mother said, with a smile:

"There is quite a difference between gathering strawberries, which look so beautifully among the green leaves, and are of such a delicious fragrance, and in picking bits of iron and rags, or whatever else she could find among the street-sweepings, as Jenny, poor child, used to have to do, when we lived in the city, and were so pressed down by poverty."

"I'm so glad that Nellie and George called at our house that cold night I've heard you tell about, mother," said Jennie, "for if they hadn't, I might be like poor Milly Harlin, who, when I told her we were going to live where plenty of flowers grew, said she never saw one growing in her life. I wish she could see our roses when they are in bloom."

"You might not only never have seen a flower grow," said her mother, "if they had not called, but you might be suffering with want, instead of being surrounded by so many comforts."

"And if, when they did call, you had turned them from your door, 'the blessing of those ready to perish' would not rest upon you," said a mild, deep voice at the door.

They looked up and beheld Mr. Hildreth.

"Come, my children," said he to Nellie and George, "if you are ready to walk towards the old farm-house, I shall be glad of your company."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TWILIGHT.

BY WILLIAM R. LAWRENCE.

'Tis twilight's holy hour!
The sun is sinking to a sweet repose;
In beauty each fair flower
Its petals softly, silently doth close.

Dim shadows slowly ereep
O'er hill, and dale, and ancient mountain wood;
Down many a sloping steep,
Where moss-grown rocks for centuries have stood.

The stream whose crystal breast
In noonday sun with crimson blushes burned,
Now peacefully doth rest,
Soft shadows veiling its fair face upturned.

Sweet harmony doth reign!
While softly, richly, mellow fades the light,
The day-beam's sweet refrain,
This silent hour which heralds in the night.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ALEXANDRIA AS IT IS.

BY REV. F. W. HOLLAND.

ALEXANDRIA looks magnificently from the sea. Above the forests of masts, partly merchantmen of every nation, partly Egyptian ships of war, tower the Pharos on one side and Pompey's Pillar on the other, the viceregal seraglio spreading its palm-groves down to the very shore in another direction, the mounted battery full before you, the curiously built Arabian streets, and, in the distance, a crowd of ever busy windmills, very much out of place in such an Oriental presence.

The city is at least half European now. But when five days' steaming has carried you from Malta to a landing-place among kneeling camels, screaming Arabs, crowding donkeys and drowsy Turks, and when your road to the Frank quarter is through the funniest little shops, under gaily-latticed windows, among shrouded women, and smoking or praying men, it seems as if Aladdin's lamp were at work, or you were dreaming wide awake. And this impression, which no one but Miss Martineau describes, often overtakes one in Egypt, every custom and action is so strangely reversed from our own. To see a man whipping his wife right in the street, or a woman bewailing her husband straight before your donkey's head, or a calf "butchering" directly upon the common highway, or the clear voice of prayer going up at noon in the market-place, is so different from home scenes, that it takes some time for one to realize that he is really himself, and in the veritable body still.

Alexandria, the favorite city of Alexander the Great, the only convenient seaport for thousands of miles, though twenty-two hundred years old, is the youngest of the daughters of Egypt, but has notwithstanding a history of renown.

The fine double harbor is easy of entrance. A corkscrew channel winds through rocks, which require the practised pilot and full daylight to manage. But on one occasion an American brig was driven towards the port in a storm; it was evening, too, I think. The people looked on from the shore to see her strike, then go to pieces. The captain knew his danger, and met it like a man. He crowded all sail, and kept all hands ready for a word. Having fortunately struck the deep water, the force of the wind and the swollen waves bore him safely over every obstacle, and soon he was riding peacefully at anchor in forty feet of water, as the natives thought, by special miracle.

The ancient grandeur of "Iskandirich" is familiar to us as the most famous library of antiquity, the headquarters of eclectic philosophy, the throne of a Platonized Christianity, the granary of Rome and Greece. When the "great city of the West," as it was termed, fell beneath the Saracen onset, four thousand palaces, four hundred places of amusement, twelve thousand shops and four thousand baths are said to have been the conquerors' prize. And to heat this multitude of bathing places, the unrivalled collection of books and manuscripts of the great library sufficed for six months—the caliph having said if these Greek books agree with the Koran, they are useless; if they contradict the Koran, they are pernicious! A very unlikely story!—never heard of till six hundred years after the event, inconsistent with the destruction of the principal part of the library in 389 by Christian fanatics, and entirely at variance with the well-known liberality of the Caliph Omar. And now it is gone, we can safely say that a great deal of mere lumber perished in it—piles of allegorical sermons, shelves of fanatical dreams, tons of vain philosophy, and only a very little that would have made the world wiser, better or happier. When we know that a single modern sermon would have been counted a volume then, we abate at once the magnitude of the loss; when we attempt to study the brainsick fancies of the Alexandrine school, we are forced to conclude that the world is not such a sufferer, as it has thought, by this great literary holocaust. But this is notorious—wherever the earth is turned up around the city, classical remains are brought to light; the whole Frank square is built of disinterred ruins, the Pasha's palace, and all the government works.

There can be no doubt that there was a gorgeous capital upon this spot (one unlike any now existing), decorated with lavish wealth, and adorned in the richest style of Grecian art. The column of Diocletian, erected in memory of the capture of the city, and absurdly enough named after Pompey, was once part of a range of colonnades; now it looks melancholy enough, gazing in

solitary grandeur upon an open desert of neglected graves. If it had not been for the trouble of breaking up this single stone, no doubt the Turks would have used it for building materials long ago, as it seems to be undermined, and is at a handy distance from the growing city.

On the other side of the city, near where the grand library was, are the two Cleopatra-needles, one fallen, the other mourning over its prostrate sister. These rudely-cut obelisks, bearing the hieroglyphics of the earlier Pharaohs, stood originally up the river at Heliopolis, but were brought down the Nile to grace the palace of the Cæsars. The prostrate one was given to the British Museum, but, though ancient science found no difficulty in moving even greater masses down from their quarry-bed, no practical plan has yet been suggested of transporting this single stone across the open sea. And so it reposes safely in the friendly native sand, an emblem of the contrast of ancient and modern art; one dealing more easily with giant masses, the other bringing every work to a delicacy of finish hardly imagined in olden time.

The "Catacombs," one of which is called Cleopatra's Bath, few travellers see; they are of vast extent, and are generally uniform in structure, with some heavy columns and Doric mouldings, but full of bones and exposed to the dashing-in of the sea. So that, either these ancient graves must have sunk, or the sea has arisen and is advancing upon them, as I thought it was upon the Grecian tomb of Themistocles.

Alexandria is a specimen of that entire revolution in human affairs which suffers hardly anything to be "new under the sun." The old India trade, turned aside by the discovery of the passage around the Cape, has come back to its deserted thoroughfare. The genius of Mehemet Ali, the Napoleon of the Orient, saw the necessity of rebuilding the Mahmoudée Canal, by which the city communicates with the Nile forty odd miles distant, and receives a part of the year its supply of water. A fierce outcry is kept up because many thousand lives were sacrificed upon this grand internal improvement; had they been thrown away in another battle of the Nile, not a word would have been said. But here, the people dug the mud with their hands, and carried away the earth without any help from modern art, in baskets, I believe. Well, it is very sad that in any part of the world human lives should be cheap as dirt; but so they are to-day all over Egypt, and so they would be were England or France master of this coveted prize. And the simple Fellahs do not fancy our tools, and will not use them if they can help it. All along the Nile they seem to enjoy digging mud with their hands, and transporting it in baskets; and when a wheelbarrow is furnished, either one man carries it on his head, or two bear it between them, unless an overseer is at hand. And nobody could persuade the Egyptian blacksmith to stand up at his forge, or the native carpenter at his bench. The peasants have a perfect horror of government work, and are only brought to it by the whip, and kept at it by a guard of soldiers. To escape the army and navy, they knock out an eye, chop off the right finger, pull out the cartridge-tooth—I suppose because they are so poorly paid, and wretchedly fed and awfully lodged. In Alexandria, they occupy some mud cabins and burrows, where certainly no decent man would keep his horse or his dog. It was an ingenious trick of Ibrahim Pasha to form a one-eyed regiment, and then these poor fellows found that mutilation was no deliverance from this hateful conscription.

Marshal Marmont speaks with admiration of the changes wrought by Mehemet Ali's enterprise. "How, without copper or iron, without wood or workmen, without officers or engineers, he had constructed a spacious arsenal, built the largest ships, erected vast magazines, and set an extensive ropewalk to work."

And now a railroad assists in the transportation of the India mail and the Calcutta passengers from Alexandria to the steamer at Suez; and Alexandria is multiplying its population, losing its peculiarities, and becoming essentially European. Indeed, there is no part of the world where the traveller is better taken care of, his independence more complete, or his comforts more cheaply furnished. Go to a supreme court, and the cadi will insist upon the honor of a friendly smoke with you; go to the mosque, and every part is open gratuitously to your inspection; go to the pasha's garden, and they will fill your arms with the richest of oranges; go to the police with a complaint against your boatman, and he will be flogged in a trice, guilty or not guilty; go to the market, and a ridiculous coin like a fish-scale, or the tiniest piece of silver, will get more eggs than you can eat, or more fruit than you can comfortably carry.

A sad drawback upon commerce is the government monopoly. The viceroy is the only merchant. Monstrous granaries, reminding one of Joseph's, store up all the produce of the country, which the pasha sells at auction for cash at particular times. No worse system could be invented. He has to furnish the seed, not half of which ever reaches the peasant; then there is no motive except compulsion for the culture of the soil; then a good share of every crop perishes through mismanagement; then these cash-sales, according to the convenience of the government, are oppressive as possible to the purchasers, who may have to buy when money is at a premium, and the foreign market is falling. Thus the pasha controls the coffee of Mocha, the tobacco of Latakia, the gums of Arabia, the elephants' teeth of Ethiopia, besides cotton, rice, indigo, lentils, and all the cereal grains. Any change might be disastrous at first; but a more flagrant violation of nature cannot be imagined. No country but one of such inexhaustible productiveness as Egypt could survive it. But now that the indolent debauchee, Abbas Pasha, is removed by a sudden death, and succeeded by a man of promise and of progress, we hope better things for the future; and the land, famous for royal splendor in the past, may win a higher glory in the future, in the prosperity of its people, the peace of its borders, the joy of its homes.



THE CHASE.

WHALING.

The series of views here presented is drawn by Wade in his best manner. The subject treated is a national one, since the fisheries engage a large amount of our capital, while the American whalers are renowned the world over for their enterprise and daring. Romance has consecrated the pursuit, and Long Tom Coffin, the type of the whaler, stands forth as a bold representative of his class, and as noble a monument of Cooper's genius as his inimitable portrait of Leatherstocking. The life of a whaler is hard and hazardous; he is cut off for many weary months from terra firma, but then the pursuit of the monstrous game he strikes at so calls out the best energies of man, is so surrounded by captivating circumstances of peril and grandeur, that there is never any lack of gallant and high spirited men to engage in whaling ventures. Nearly a thousand American ships are engaged in this trade. Nantucket was formerly a great depot for whale ships, and so is New London, but all other ports are entirely eclipsed by New Bedford. It has been proved by experience that the whale can live in all the zones; it is found in fact, in the tropical regions, on the coasts of Africa and Brazil, in the Gulf of Panama, and on the shores of Arabia Felix. It is met with under the equinoctial line, as, for instance, in the Galapagos Islands, as well as in the midst of polar icebergs, beyond the 86th degree of north latitude, and south of Cape Horn. Formerly, quantities of whales peopled the Gulf of Gascony and even the Mediterranean. It is certain that the whale is nomadic: thus, that of the western hemisphere frequents the different bays of the western coast of Africa, from the Cape of Good Hope to ten degrees of south latitude, or thereabouts. They sojourn there from the month of June to that of September, after which they move to the west, towards the coasts of Paraguay and Patagonia. But the steady pursuit of fishermen has produced numerous changes in their stations and localities; for centuries whales have abandoned the Mediterranean, although they unquestionably did once appear there, as Plutarch, Pliny and other ancient authors inform us. The small cetaceous species were at this epoch the object of an important fishery in the seas of Greece. Later yet, in the 12th and 13th centuries of our era, the Biscayans devoted themselves actively to the whale fishery; but as they went farther and farther from the coast, the hardy mariners tracked them in their retreat. They pursued them across the ocean, arrived, it is said, at Canada, meeting on the way the banks of Newfoundland, and then applied themselves to the cod fishery.



LOWERING THE BOATS.

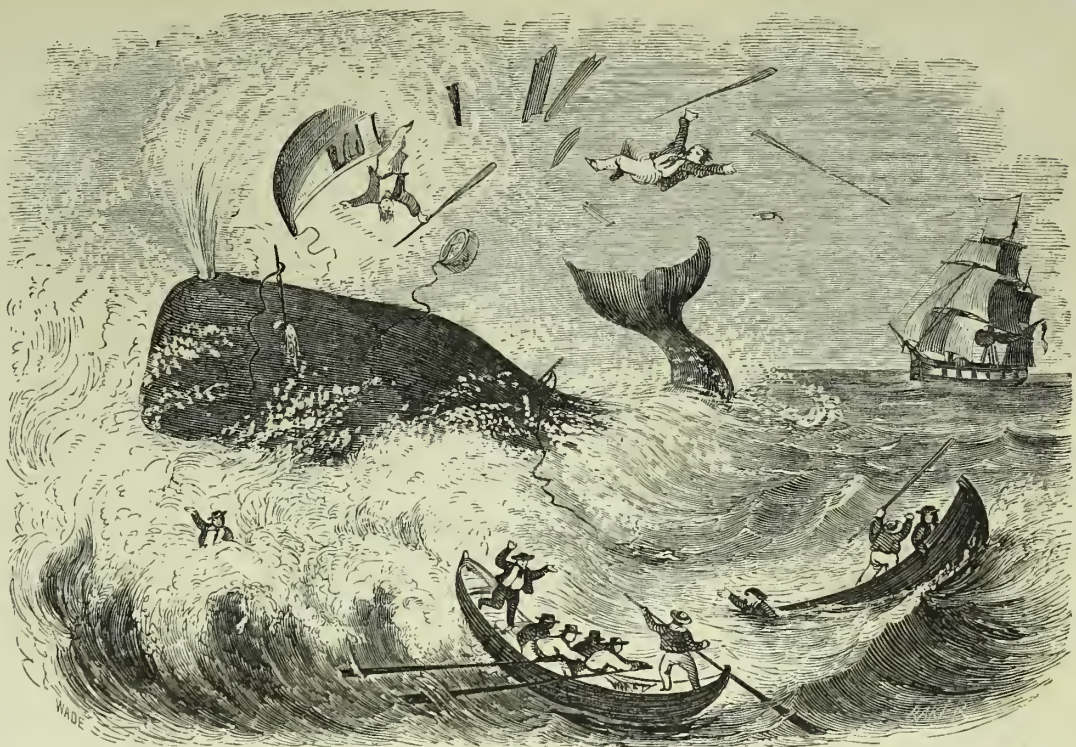


LAYING ON.

It is to these different circumstances that we must attribute the fable circulated shortly after the death of Christopher Columbus, relative to a Biscayan pilot, who had, according to Fernando Lopez de Gomara, the honor of priority in the discovery of the West Indies. The Americans, as we remarked above, have distinguished themselves more than any other people, in daring and activity in the pursuit of whales. Edmund Burke, in the last century, spoke thus of our hardy New England whalers. "Look at the manner in which the New England people carry on the whale fishery. While we follow them among the tumbling mountains of ice, and behold them penetrating into the deepest frozen recesses of Hudson's Bay and Davis's Straits; while we are looking for them beneath the arctic circle, we hear that they have pierced into the opposite region of polar cold; that they are at the antipodes and engaged under the frozen serpent of the south. Falkland Island, which seemed too remote and too romantic an object for the grasp of national ambition, is but a stage and resting-place for their victorious industry. Nor is the equinoctial heat more discouraging to them than the accumulated winter of both the poles. We learn that while some of them draw the line or strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others run the longitude, and pursue their gigantic game along the coast of Brazil." Though whales (*Balaenæ*) resemble fish in form, and are generally considered such, they are not in reality fish, and differ from quadrupeds only in their organs of motion. They are warm-blooded, breathe atmospheric air only by their lungs, and suckle their young like quadrupeds. Hence the whale and her offspring are called "cows" and "calves" by the observant whalers. The head is of enormous size, frequently occupying one third of the entire length. The nostrils are the blow-holes on the top of the head, through which the whale inhales atmospheric air when he rises. Under the skin is a thick coating of oily fat, commonly called *blubber*. The common or Greenland whale (*Balaena mysticetus*) is destitute of teeth, but instead thereof the upper jaw is furnished with transverse layers of a horny substance, called *baleen* or whalebone. This animal produces the greatest quantity of oil, and from its bulk and sluggish movements is more readily taken than the other species. Its greatest length is about sixty-five feet, its greatest circumference forty feet, and its ordinary weight seventy tons. A boat full of men can be contained in the mouth of a whale. A whale sometimes weighs one hundred tons, and when wounded will throw out fifteen gallons of blood at a breath. The razor-back whale, commonly

called the fin-back by our fishermen, from its being distinguished by a dorsal fin, is often one hundred feet in length. It possesses great activity and strength, and is a dangerous object of attack. It has been known to dive with such velocity when harpooned that four hundred and eighty fathoms, or half a mile of line has been payed out of the boat in about half a minute's time. The cachalot or sperm whale differs from the others in many important particulars. The month is almost destitute of whalebone, but the lower jaw is armed on each side with a row of about twenty thick, conical teeth, which fit into corresponding depressions in the upper jaw. The blow-hole is towards the left side, and placed at the extremity of the upper part of the snout. The head is full of large cavities containing an oil which condenses, when cold, into the substance known as spermaceti. This is the principal object of the fishery. The sperm whale is found in almost every sea. It is gregarious, and two or three hundred are frequently herded together. The males are very ferocious and pugnacious. The principal implements used in the whale fisheries are harpoons, lances and cutting spades. The harpoon is an iron instrument about three feet in length, terminating in an arrow-shaped head, the two branches of which have a reversed barb. When the instrument is driven into the blubber the barbs seize on the strong ligaments and fix it. The lance is an iron spear six feet in length, terminating in an exceedingly sharp steel head. The knives and cutting spades are also kept sharp and bright. The harpoons are fastened to lines in the bows of the whaleboat, which are suffered to run out as the animal dives down. Sometimes the line of one boat is exhausted, and when this is foreseen, another boat, for several are always employed in the attack, pulls up, and a new line is spliced on before the first is exhausted. When the animal has become nearly spent, the lances are employed to finish him. The boat pulls close upon him, and the lances are thrust deep into his "life." The harpooner stands in the bow, and waits the word from the boat-steerer to strike. The whale boats are exceedingly light, and are clinker-built, that is, sharp at both ends, for it is sometimes necessary, when the animal is in his "flurry," or death struggle, to pull back from his reach with the speed of light. When a whale is expected, a breathless state of excitement exists throughout the vessel. At last the lookout calls, "A whale! There she blows, blo-o-ows!" "Where away?" cries the officer of the watch.

"Three points off the weather bow." In an instant all is commotion, but order and system are observed in the midst of the excitement. The sailors spring to the davits, the boats are lowered into the sea, the boat-steerer takes his place, the harpooner his, the oarsmen bend to their oars, and the sharp prow cuts the wave with the speed of a barbed arrow. Honor to the one who gets up first! If the whale sleeps, what silence! if he flies, what ardor! They approach—the boat-steerer keeps her head right, and the harpooner brandishes his glittering weapon, keeping his keen eye on his enormous prey. The word is given—the weapon whizzes through the air and strikes the ponderous victim—deep—deep. Now, boat-steerer, mind your eye! The wounded animal brandishes his tail and fights the waves with aimless fury—the waves already tintured with his blood. Look out for the line! Down, down, he goes with the speed of a ray of light. The line smokes as it is payed out. Finally it rises, indicating the direction in which the leviathan is to re-appear. Sometimes on gaining the surface to breathe, the vast animal flies over the wave with the rush of a flying-fish. The whale boat darts through the water in his wake, the waves rising up like walls of glass on either side. But the tremendous pressure of the sea at the depth to which he has plunged has exhausted him—he is worn and discouraged. Now the boat is pulled directly on to his body. The lance flashes through the air, penetrates through the blubber and bites into the life of the whale. "Stern all! my hearties! stern all!" The fury of a dying whale is sometimes fatal, and you have yet to fear the colossal strength of the monster of the deep, though the foam and water he blasts through his blow-holes are tinged with the deepest crimson hues. The whale rolls his enormous bulk in every direction, and sometimes the scene of carnage lasts for hours. But at length the tragedy comes to an end. The creature breathes his last, and his huge bulk, rolling over like a dismayed hull, displays a streak of the white belly, moist and glittering in the sun, while myriads of sea birds hover round, or light upon his inanimate carcass. Our readers are now prepared to study and enjoy the graphic pictures which accompany this sketch. Our first engraving represents a sunrise scene. A noble New Bedford whaler is seen under a press of canvass, bearing down on a school of sperm whales. On the three gallant cross-trees (only whalers and men-of-war carry them), are seen men on the lookout. These seamen never abandon their stations, until relieved by others, except at night, while a vessel is cruising for whales. Our second engraving represents the active preparations



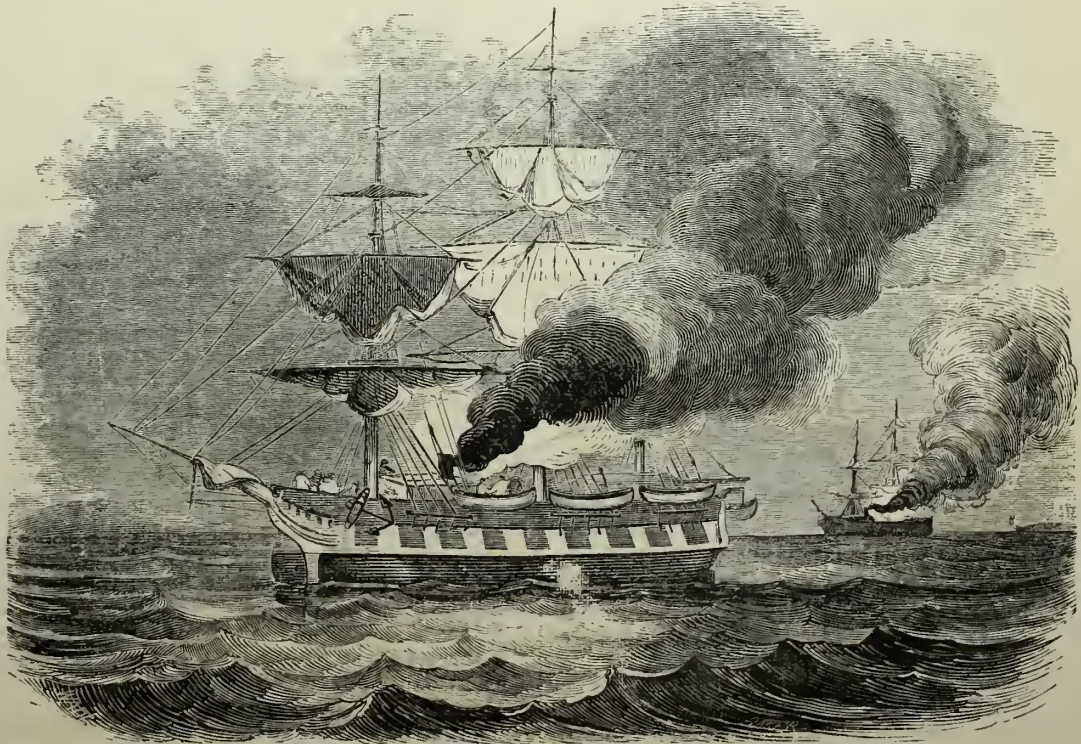
THE FLURRY.

The night is employed in melting the lard; the fires are kept up by the help of the scraps which are impregnated with oil, and the flames, colored by a thousand fantastic tints, rise on high. Around these lambent tongues of fire pass the whalers, black with smoke, like demons on a witch's sabbath. The ship under her lofty sails—the darkness without the sphere of light, upon the lonely ocean, is intense. The whole forms a strange picture. After the operation of melting, the oil is to be taken care of, and for this purpose the empty water casks are filled with it, and struck into the hold. It takes thirty whales to fill a ship of ordinary capacity. Thus the whaler is often at sea, with only occasional visits to the nearest seaport, for three years. The immense number of fishermen engaged in the business has at last begun to tell upon the number of whales, and it is much more difficult to fill a ship now than formerly. Moreover lard oil and burning fluids have entered so largely into consumption, that it would seem as if the time would come when the whale fisheries would cease to be profitable. A large portion of the wealth of this country has been derived from this source. We have thus glanced at a pursuit involving wealth and enterprise, and some of the best qualities of manhood—a pursuit which has a direct and incidental bearing on the general maritime interest of the United States. We have seen that it presents many interesting phases, and that it enlists the sympathies of the practical man as well as the lover of romance. To those fond of dwelling on the poetry of the ocean, the annals of whaling present many a scene the wildest imagination would scruple to depict, and volumes might be compiled from the narratives of the hardy mariners engaged in this warfare with the leviathan of the deep. The habits of whales present in themselves an interesting study. We add a few particulars not enumerated above. A writer, speaking of the depth to which whales descend after being struck, says that they have been known to go down to the perpendicular depth of a mile, and with such velocity that instances have occurred in which they have broken their jaw-bones by striking against the bottom. They feed upon mollusca, shrimps and other small crustaceous animals. Their manner of taking their food is singular. They swim with great speed below the surface with their jaws wide open; consequently a large stream of water charged with the animals they subsist upon, enters the mouth—the food is caught and retained by the whalebones which are so arranged that the minutest particle is not permitted to escape, while the water is expelled at the sides.



CUTTING IN.

for the chase—the lowering of the boats. One of them is carried on the stern, one on the starboard, three on the larboard side of the ship, and two spare ones on the quarter deck. The boats are always steered by oars—rudders would be useless. The harpoons are seen in the engraving resting in the crotch, ready to the hand. The third sketch represents what is technically called "laying on." We have described above the method of attacking the whale. The whale generally flies from his pursuers, but sometimes attacks the boats and dashes them to pieces. The line is coiled away in a tub in the stern of the boat, passed round a loggerhead, carried forward between the men and made fast to the harpoon. The fourth design represents that momentous and exciting scene—the "flurry." In the view we give of this tremendous spectacle of commotion, the ship is seen bearing down to the scene of trouble. The next picture represents "cutting in." The whale is here seen lashed alongside the ship, which is careened by the great weight of the animal. The tars are seen cutting off the blubber. The blocks, ropes and hooks used are of immense size. Two hooks are used, so that before one piece is cut off a hook is made fast. The windlass is abaft the foremast. One man is stationed on each side of the gangway, to cut, and one man on the whale, who has to be lashed. If the vessel is under canvass, the sails are furled, only enough being spread to keep her steady. The strips are cut spirally, and the whole carcass of the whale, slowly revolving, is at length completely denuded by the operation. When the end of the piece has reached the block at the end of the yard, another hook is inserted lower down, the part already hoisted is cut off, and the work goes on. The head remains to be detached from the trunk for the sake of the spermaceti. A few men get on the wreck of the carcass. A gigantic bone which must be cut or broken in all its thickness, is the obstacle which complicates this operation, often rendered dangerous by a heavy sea. But the address and courage of the whalers triumph over every difficulty. The hooks are applied to the monstrous jaws and the whole is got on board. As for the carcass, it is abandoned to the sharks and birds of prey which attack it with equal voracity. The fat is spread between decks in flakes or layers, of ten or fourteen inches thick, and eighteen or twenty feet long. Now comes the last operation we have depicted, "trying out." The fat is cut into pieces which are thrown into huge cauldrons at the foot of the mizzen mast.



TRYING OUT.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TO JENNIE.

BY MATURIN M. BALLOU.

Ah! Jennie, you deceived me,
With those sparkling eyes of thine;
It was not with your lips, dear girl,
You said you would be mine.
But in language quite as thrilling—
With those blue orbs half divine,
You promised all too dearly—
Yes, you *promised* to be mine.

Ah! Jennie, you deceived me,
And not with eyes alone,
But in every action, every word,
Acceptance brightly shone.
And when you found you'd won me,
That my inmost soul was thine,
You said—and smiled on others then—
You never could be mine.

Ah! Jennie, such sweet presence
As God hath given thee,
Was never meant to serve the part
Of heartless coquetry.
Poor is the triumph, though complete,
To wound a heart like mine,
Which, spite of all thy waywardness,
Dear girl, is wholly thine.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

HIRIHUQA.

A TALE OF THE LAND OF FLOWERS.

BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.

"*Viva el Adelanto!*" The shout of welcome homage echoed through the city of Santiago de Cuba (since known as Havana), when on the last Saturday in May, 1538, the gallant Hernando de Soto landed with his princely retinue. Great preparations had been made by the loyal inhabitants for an imposing reception, and the streets were filled with a curious crowd eager to behold their new ruler. At length the discharge of ordnance announced that the procession had left the water-side, nor was it long before the numerous retinue defiled before the applauding Cubans.

A band of pikemen led the way, wearing iron corslets, and bearing long pikes with steel heads glittering in the sun. They were followed by a band of archers, with well-filled quivers, and then came a small band of the newly-organized halberdiers, equipped in casque and plate-armor. The trumpeters came next, wearing their gorgeous state uniforms, and blowing fan-fares upon their clarions, which were ornamented with silken banners. After the trumpeters came an esquire, bearing a banner on which was embroidered De Soto's arms, and attended by twelve yeomen carrying maces. And now, loud shouts announced the advent of the "adelanto."

The conqueror of Peru was then in the prime of life, and rode with chivalrous bearing upon the richly caparisoned charger just presented to him. He wore a full suit of polished steel armor, richly inlaid with gold, while about his neck was the gorgeous collar of the order of the Golden Fleece, a gift from his monarch. By his side, mounted on an ambling mule, was Donna Isabella, his noble bride, and following them came a train of esquires, pages and men-at-arms, wearing the armorial bearing of the "Adelanto." A long column of knights followed, their polished armor flashing in the sunlight, their pennons and plumes floating in the air, and their Andalusian chargers curveting along as if panting for the contest. Never had such a gallant body been seen in Santiago, as this brilliant retinue which escorted Hernando de Soto to the cathedral, where a high mass was to be offered up for their safe arrival from old Spain.

"Holy mother, but it is a glorious sight," exclaimed a young girl, who had stood in a large window in the "Calle de Ignacio," gazing through the ornamented iron work at the glittering host, as it defiled past; nor could she but feel flattered at the homage paid her by the cavaliers as they passed—many of them reining in their steeds to gaze at her charms. Nor was this to be wondered at, for her beauty was of that old Andalusian stamp, in which not even the gentleness of the fairer sex can quite conceal the latent fire of the soul. Masses of raven hair lay lightly upon her brow, like untwisted silk upon white velvet, and were gathered together by a large comb, which also secured a rich lace veil. Her languid eyes were black as jet, her lips poutingly invited kisses, and in her rounded chin was a dimple wherein Cupid could have rested with delight. Her flexible form moved to and fro as if swayed by the south wind's breath, while a tiny foot occasionally peeped from beneath the ample skirts of her white muslin robe, beating time to the inspiring peals of the trumpets. Need we add that she carried a magnificent form, which she handled with exquisite grace?

"I am at your feet, senorita," said a gallant cavalier, approaching the window, and courteously doffing his plumed hat. It was that worthy hidalgo, Don Vasco Porcallo de Figueroa, whose scarred cheek and grizzled hair bore evidence of his long services in the Old World ere he crossed the Atlantic. Bringing the spoils of his valor, he had purchased a valuable estate near Trinidad, although during the gay season he resided at Havana. And of all his possessions, amusements or avocations, nothing gave him one tithe of the anxiety as the young girl whom we have described in the preceding paragraph, and who now answered his figurative salutation by exclaiming:

"Nay, dear guardian, rather come and stand by my side. Is it not a noble sight?"

"Yes, by my faith it is," replied Don Vasco; then entering the court, he soon occupied a place in the window. We have said that he had seen much service, and that his hair was turning gray, yet he had not seen fifty harvest moons, nor was there a more graceful cavalier at the adelanto's balls. Tall, compactly built, with an electric black eye and a winning smile, he was the envy of many younger hidalgos, while his broad acres made him the more attractive to match-making donnas. As honorable as he was honest, and as faithful as he was brave, his dying comrade, Don Antonio Gonzales, had felt great joy when he entrusted his daughter into the hands of so true a guardian. And Don Vasco, regarding the last wish of his friend as a solemn duty, had ever used every exertion to rear the Donna Inez as he would have brought up his own daughter.

"And do you not like it?" inquired the damsel, as her guardian stepped upon the window platform; "do you not like this flashing armor, these spirited horses, these waving banners, these bright suits of steel? O, yes, guardian, you must like it. I should think that the echoing notes of these trumpets would make your blood surge through your veins like a maelstrom."

"Yes, indeed. I have decided to join this expedition, if De Soto will accept my poor sword."

"What," exclaimed Donna Inez, with a look of uneasiness, "you go to the wars again! O, for the sake of the blessed virgin do not go."

"Nay, nay, my fair ward; were you not just admiring the scene?"

"Ay, but this is not the picture presented at the close of a hard fought battle, when brave knights lie suffering in agony, or die in despair." Then, after a short pause, and an evident struggle in order to keep from bursting into tears, she added: "It was there my father breathed his last."

"True; but this expedition is not similar to a European campaign. These hidalgos go in quest of adventure, I admit; but they expect to find great wealth, and little if any opposition."

"But is the gold there, guardian? Will it not be like Ponce de Leon's voyage in quest of the 'fountain of youth'?"

"I should like to find that fountain."

"And what good would it do you?" asked Inez, the color mounting to her cheeks.

"Ah," replied the knight, with a deep sigh, "it might not avail me aught. Seriously, though, my fair ward, I feel that honor calls me to join the expedition. The lady of the brave De Soto will remain here, and I feel confident that she will far eclipse my poor services. So I now kiss your hand, as I must make the necessary arrangements for the management of my estates during my absence; and should I fall, Inez, remember that everything I possess will be your dowry. Adios."

"My dowry," exclaimed Inez, turning from the window, and speaking hurriedly to herself. "I shall be a bride of the church, then, for earth will have no object that I can love." When she reached her chamber, she bolted the door; then throwing herself upon her couch, wept long and bitterly.

For several weeks the city of Santiago was a scene of jubilee. In the daytime, the cavaliers indulged in that national yet cruel amusement, bull fighting. Mounted on the choicest steeds, and clad in brilliant armor, the gallant knights contested for prizes of gold, or for choice embroidery, presented by the fair ones whose bright eyes graced their lists. At night there were balls and masquerades, where the future invaders of Florida mingled in the mazes of the dance.

De Soto, while he encouraged their diversions, which served to train his young cavaliers in the use of arms and in horsemanship, was not a participant in the sports. Anxiously awaiting the return of a pilot whom he had sent to discover a safe harbor for disembarkation, he occupied himself in perfecting every arrangement, nor had he a more efficient ally than Don Vasco, whose martial spirit appeared rekindled with fiery zeal. Equipping a well-armed retinue of men from the vicinity of his estate, he soon had them the pride of the whole expedition. The excellence of their armature and equipments, the superiority of breed and good grooming of their horses, and the confidence which they evidently possessed in their veteran leader, showed that every battle must find them victorious or slain.

But to the great sorrow of Don Vasco, Donna Inez was never on the plaza to witness his troops at their daily guard-mounting, their floating plumes, polished armor and glossy chargers now extending into line—then, at the sound of the trumpet, closing into square. Their pennon was a scarf worked by the fair lady for her guardian, but she had retired to a convent, in pursuance, as she said, of a vow. Nay, she even refused to see Don Vasco, when the expedition was ready to sail, although he sent, through her confessor, a most pathetic entreaty. This conduct, considering that she was, in truth, the cause of her guardian's return to military life, was rather saddening, but he consoled himself with the thought that perhaps she was praying for his safety. The fact was, Don Vasco had fallen desperately in love with his ward, although he dared not urge his suit, lest she should think that he had attempted to take advantage of his position, and her high spirit should rebel. She persisted in refusing to see him, but on the eve of his departure, his page brought in a package, "from the Donna Inez." Tearing it open, the delighted cavalier found a silken pennon, on which was elaborately embroidered his armorial bearings, with the Italian motto, "*che sara, sara*," which may be interpreted, "whatever will be, will be."

Florida! It was on the last day of May, 1539, that De Soto and his chivalric band landed at what is now called Tampa Bay,

and hoisted the Spanish flag as they took possession of the country, in the name of Charles the Fifth. The scene was one of surpassing loveliness. A luxurious mass of laurels covered the ground beyond the narrow sandy beach, while beyond them towered the mast-like palm, the stately live oak and the gorgeous magnolia. A short distance from the sea, groves of lemon and orange trees gave to the landscape the appearance of a flowery wilderness, here and there divided by quiet lagoons. Huge vines clambered from tree to tree, and a profusion of wild flowers bloomed on every hand.

But the aboriginal inhabitants of this terrestrial paradise were not disposed to yield it without a struggle, and at length a horde of them, with deafening yells, set upon a party of Spaniards. The Europeans, unused to such warfare, retreated to the boats, where Don Vasco had just landed. Hastily forming a section of his horsemen, he boldly attacked the Indians, and soon drove them into the interior, shouting, as he urged on his charger, "*che sara, sara!*" When the enemy was routed, he returned to the boats, jubilant over his success; but ere he dismounted, his steed staggered, then fell dead. An arrow had passed through the saddle, and buried itself deeply in the animal, inflicting a mortal wound.

"Never mind," exclaimed the don, "I have been the first to raise a lance against the infidels, and have lost the first horse. '*Che sara, sara!*'"

On reviewing his troops that afternoon, Don Vasco was somewhat annoyed to find that one of his most trusty men-at-arms had brought a stripling son to share the perils of the expedition.

"May it please your grace," said the nun, "I wish to train him to the pursuit of arms."

"But what can his slight arm do?" angrily inquired the cavalier.

"Little, now, I admit. But he knows how to dress a wound, and take care of a sick comrade, and he is as true as steel."

"Well, well," replied Don Vasco, who was pleased with the youth's appearance, "you are a worthy fellow, Pedro, and I will take the boy as my page."

The delighted youth uttered an exclamation of joy, and that day he occupied a tent used for baggage, and near that of his master. It was noticed by some that Pedro accompanied his son to his new quarters, and relieved him from all menial duties; but indulgent parents are too common to excite much attention. Never was such a page seen as Jose, and soon, for want of a better confidant, Don Vasco told him of his love, almost hopeless as it was, for his ward.

Meanwhile, De Soto found himself opposed by a cacique, who remained implacably hostile, and he was about to send a captain with a troop to conquer him, when the honor was claimed by Don Vasco. Mustering his band, he selected a picked detachment, and at the earnest entreaty of his page, the youth was of the party. They left in great pomp, with trumpets sounding, and the cherished banner waving in the breeze, while Don Vasco vauntingly declared that he would "bring Hirihiqua back, either as a friend or as a captive. '*Che sara, sara!*'"

As the Spaniards advanced, messenger after messenger came from Hirihiqua, warning him not to proceed; but the hot-headed Don Vasco judged that this was evidence of the cowardice of his foe. Spurring on, he at last came to a tangled hammock, in which was a dismal-looking morass, shaded by cypresses. This his men knew it would be impossible to cross, laden as they were with heavy armor; but Don Vasco was not so easily daunted. Putting spurs to his horse, he entered the morass, but his steed soon floundered and fell. It was impossible for him to extricate himself, and he was in danger of sinking into the quagmire. But his page managed to go to the rescue, by throwing pieces of bark before him, that supported his light weight, and thus enabled him to carry a rope to Don Vasco. Pulled out, all besmeared with mud, the crest-fallen cavalier felt that the martial fire so suddenly rekindled, was as suddenly extinct, and he ordered a retreat to the camp, humbled by the potent Hirihiqua, who had encountered him with friendly warnings, and had imprisoned him in a mud-hole to be rescued by a page.

Just as the troop was preparing to retire, a vicious horse reared and striking out with his fore feet, kicked the page with such force that he fell from his saddle. Then it was that Pedro disclosed his secret, and Don Vasco discovered that the page was his devoted ward, Donna Inez. Claspings her to his bosom, he vowed that henceforth no earthly power should separate them.

"Not even Hirihiqua?" inquired the senorita, with a smile, despite her suffering.

"Hush Hirihiqua and all the other quas! If you will but be mine, I will leave all this soldiering to younger hands, and we will return to Cuba. What say you, my ward?"

"Must I not follow my guardian's advice? Nay, if I had not loved you as a civilian, what would have made me follow you here when you put on your armor?" A kiss sealed the contract.

The next day, as De Soto sat before his tent, chatting with his confessor, a cavalcade approached. It was Don Vasco, with soiled attire, walking by the side of a litter, upon which lay his page, while his troop followed in picturesque disorder.

"I have a boon to ask," said the knight. "Let my lieutenant, Gomez, take command of my troop, and retain all my munitions of war, but I only ask the blessing of this holy father upon my fair ward, here, in masquerade, and leave to go home."

"You shall have all you ask," replied De Soto, "although I regret to lose you. But as love made you enlist, love shall procure your discharge."

Theirs was a long and happy life, and among the ornaments of their palatial residence, yet standing in Havana, is a painting procured by a Spaniard, who, more fortunate than Don Vasco, was not enticed into a swamp.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL. LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

THEATRES IN PARIS.

Paris literally overflows with theatrical places of amusement, and these are all admirably managed, both before and behind the curtain. The leading house is the Theatre Francais, which does the legitimate business, and which has produced the plays of Voltaire, Corneille, Racine and Moliere, and such performers as Le Kain, Talma, Madame Mars and Rachel, all world-renowned. The "Academie de Musique" is the title of the great French opera, and its stage is supplied by graduates of that admirable musical institute, the "Conservatoire." The dancers are recruited every year by a draught of the *elite* from a large number of pupils educated at the expense of the government. The Italian opera is open for six months in the year—it is a great fashionable resort. The "Opera Comique" is a splendid lyric theatre, not over large: light French operas are here performed. There are a large number of minor theatres, some thirty in all, which represent farces, melodramas, burlesques, ballets, etc. The price of admission varies from ten cents to a dollar. There are some half a dozen circusses, all well conducted, of which the Hippodrome is the largest, accommodating well twelve thousand persons. Pageants, tournaments and military spectacles are here represented on the grandest scale. Sometimes the government details a large number of troops to figure in the military displays. A great impulse was given last year to the war spirit by these splendid pageants, in which the old glories of the French arms were superbly represented. The number of these places of amusement affords ample recreation to sojourners, and the pleasantest and shortest way of learning the language.

EVENING TRANSCRIPT.—A business notice of this long established and favorite evening paper will be found on another page, to which we would call the attention of our readers. The Transcript has been a daily visitor to our home circle for so many years, that we should feel positively lost without it; a fact that most unequivocally expresses our own sentiments concerning this admirable daily journal. The editorial columns of the paper are conducted with a refinement of taste and judgment commensurate with the excellence of its business department.

A NEW TRICK.—A stranger stopped at one of the New York hotels, one night recently, his only baggage being a carpet bag. In the morning he paid for his lodging and departed, but the chambermaid found the bed he occupied minus two pair of sheets, one counterpane, two pairs of pillow-cases, and one comforter, and in their stead was left a paving-stone.

THE HOLY LAND.—We are gratified to learn that Mr. Banvard is meeting with a large degree of success in the exhibition of his truly admirable picture of the Holy Land, now at Horticultural Hall. Let no one fail to see this charming and instructive work of art before it leaves our city.

GENEROUS.—The citizens of Hartford, Conn., have raised by voluntary contribution, the sum of three thousand seven hundred and thirty dollars in aid of the suffering poor of that city.

SPLINTERS.

.... The steamer Massachusetts has been seized at New York on suspicion of being bound on filibustering.

.... The roses are in bloom in the public gardens at Paris. Think of that in January! Delightful and unprecedented.

.... They have been cutting ice lately in our vicinity. It is the last chance—spring will soon be here.

.... Richard Bentley, the London publisher, has voluntarily paid large sums to American authors for republications.

.... Mlle. de Lamotte is winning laurels as a pianiste; her last concert at Chickering's room was brilliantly successful.

.... Over thirty-one thousand dollars were contributed to the Washington Monument Fund the past year. It is looking up.

.... Miss Bradley lately went up in a balloon from Philadelphia, and displayed a "great alacrity in sinking." Balloon burst.

.... Hunter, of the Bainbridge, quarrelled with the commander on the Brazil station, and brought the brig home.

.... Old Ironsides, now in the African squadron, is coming home in May next. She is as good as new still.

.... "Communipaw," writing in the Boston Post, says, that Harry the Eighth married his wives first and axed 'em afterwards.

.... A young man, with wife and children, named Haines, lately cut his throat in Philadelphia for want of work and bread.

.... The Great Republic came near burning a second time while loading for London, by the explosion of a steam boiler.

.... Jenny Lind was lately in Stockholm looking so old and thin that she was hardly recognizable. Heigho!

.... Father Mathew, the temperance apostle, was sick and penniless at Madeira by the last accounts.

.... The shoe trade is lively again, according to friend Joselyn's Lynn Daily. Refreshing to the soul!

.... An old Irish woman, with "a small pail and a large family," got soup at Stewart's, New York, and gave it to the pigs.

.... Julia Dean has been married to Dr. Hayne, of South Carolina. Matrimony is plundering the stage.

.... General Changarnier thinks with Kossuth that Hungary and Poland must be freed to cripple the czar.

GOSSIP ABOUT DUELLING.

Mr Puff, in Sheridan's "Critic," hints at a projected comedy in which, by the mere force of ridicule, house-breaking should be rendered so absurd that burglars should give up their vocation out of pure shame. Clothed in a humorous form, the idea itself is a philosophical one. Ridicule is often a more powerful weapon than argument. It has been said that by ridiculing the shape of a lover's nose, you can more readily induce his mistress to break off a match than if you proved his character to be immoral. Mr. Sabine's recent book on duelling may, nay, must produce a powerful effect, by its aggregation of the trivialities which have driven men to the so-called field of honor. If Sheridan's story of the Irishman who fought another man because the latter denied his assertion that *anchors* (a persistent blunder for *capers*) grew on trees, were not true, it ought to have been—*Si non e vero ben trovato*. Duels have actually been fought on lighter provocation. Shakspeare's Mercutio thus paints the character of Benvolio: "Thou! thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more or a hair less in his beard, than thou hast: thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes; * * * thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath awakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doubler before Easter? with another for tying his new shoes with old ribbon? And yet thou wilt hector me for quarrelling."

Among the German students the settlement of affronts is regulated by a certain tariff of sword-cuts, and the wounds are measured by the seconds with straws; for giving the lie, so many inches; for a rude word, such a fraction of an inch, and so on. Bob Acres's servant David takes a common-sense view of the point of honor. "Odds blades! David," says Acres, "no gentleman will ever risk the loss of his honor." "I say, then," answered David, "it would be but civil in honor never to risk the loss of a gentleman."

From the days of Helen of Troy, woman—*teterrima causa belli*—has been the cause of a large proportion of duels, for all hot-headed young gentlemen are not like Wildair in the play, who having prepared to cross weapons with an antagonist, and asking, "what are we to fight for?" receives for answer, "a woman," and instantly sheathes his sword, philosophically saying, "take her!" The vassals of the Montagues and the Capulets fight because one man "bites his thumb" at a member of the opposite faction.

In the dark ages the duello was legally recognized, and guilt or innocence made to depend upon the issue of single combat. Among the ancient Germans, Danes and Franks, even ecclesiastics and monks were obliged to accept the wager of battle, though by proxy. Finally this mode of trial was only sanctioned when the question was of a capital offence, and such mode was prescribed in the statutes. This statute remained among the laws of England until 1817, though obsolete for centuries. Mr. Sabine in his "Notes on Duels and Duelling," cites the case which produced its repeal by Parliament. One Abraham Thornton was supposed to have murdered Mary, sister of William Ashford, but was acquitted of the charge at the Warwick Assizes. On a writ of appeal, the accused appeared in the Court of King's Bench, and offered, according to ancient custom, his wager of battle, which the judges decided he was entitled to claim. The offer was declined, however, and Thornton was discharged.

At the coronation of the kings of England, it was the custom for an officer called the Champion of England, clad in complete armor, to ride into Westminster Abbey, and throwing down his gauntlet as a gage of battle, defy to mortal combat any one who dared gainsay the right of the sovereign to the throne. We believe the last appearance of the champion was at the coronation of George IV., after which it was discontinued as an absurd relic of feudal usages. We think it was on that occasion that a person in the crowd accepted the challenge by taking up the gauntlet, and throwing down his own glove containing a note, naming time, place and weapons. He was supposed to be a visionary adherent of the fallen house of Stuart.

The sound sense of most of the States of the Union has put an end to the barbarous practice of duelling, and duels are becoming rare in those localities which were once the "dark and bloody ground" of duellists.

BARNUM'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—This literary venture is making as much noise in the world as the renowned Tom Thumb himself. Every one is curious to study the machinery of those ingenious contrivances by which the world were so pleasantly beguiled, and a colossal fortune heaped up by the renowned professor of

"that most noble of the sciences,
The art of making money."

A glance at the advertisement of J. S. Redfield, the enterprising publisher, on another page of our paper, will show what the press say of the book.

THE LOST HEIRESS.—Peterson & Co., Philadelphia, have issued the *twentieth* edition of this remarkably popular book, which has been published but about three months. See notice in our advertising columns. Public taste now runs strongly towards good books.

DANIEL BOONE.—In the summer of 1770, Daniel Boone was the only white man in Kentucky. In 1850, Kentucky contained upwards of one million inhabitants.

A HARD JOURNEY.—The Russians assert that St. Anthony made a voyage from Rome to Novogorod on a millstone.

FOREIGN THEATRICALS.

At the Princess's Theatre, London, Mr. Charles Kean has been playing *Louis XI.*, in a piece of that name, which Mr. E. L. Davenport first introduced to the British public. At the Adelphi, *Madame Celeste*, the old favorite of our play-going people, has brought out Mr. Charles Selby's version of a French drama, which he has endowed with the title of the "Myterious Stranger."

The story is of a young lady, who, being under a deep debt of gratitude to a fashionable Parisian of modern times, and finding him surrounded by a troop of false friends, and about to contract marriage with a woman who esteems him for his fortune only, adopts an extraordinary mode of saving both his heart and his pocket. She feigns to be the mysterious Origin of Evil, bound to him by a contract made years ago in a fit of youthful desperation, and in this character she assumes a number of disguises, through all of which he recognizes his dreadful ally, though he does not penetrate the secret that the supposed fiend is a maiden of strong resolution and gentle sympathies, until he is fairly rescued from all the dangers that hover about him, when he is but too pleased to marry his avowed benefactress. In representing the successive personages assumed by the pretended fiend, Madame Celeste displays talent of a most versatile kind. Now grave and oracular as the evil one himself, though attired in a dress of the newest fashion; now a half-witted boy, who deceives and defeats a gang of thieves in a cellar of the Cite; now the stately *belle* of a ball-room, she aptly changes her character with her dress, and is not least interesting when, casting off every disguise, she steps forward, loving and amiable, as the avowed benefactress of the imprudent youth.

In Paris the principal novelty has been a piece entitled "The Parisians of the Decadence," suggested by a forthcoming picture of Couture's, bearing the same name. It ridicules the vices and follies of the day with an unsparing hand.

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.

The view which we give of this city, on page 108, offers to our eyes a busy scene—a broad street running along the Mississippi, stores, shipping, crowds of busy people, negroes loading and unloading drays, in a word, all the hurry and life incidental to an American city. Memphis is in Shelby county, Tennessee, on the Mississippi River, 135 miles W. S. W. from Nashville. It is built on the site of old Fort Pickering, upon an elevated bluff, called the Fourth Chickasaw Bluff, immediately below the mouth of Wolf River, near the southwest corner of the State. It is increasing with very great rapidity, and becoming an important mart of trade. Immense quantities of cotton are brought down to this place and shipped off in different directions. It is favorably situated for ship-building, and the river is deep enough to allow the largest ships when built, to descend to New Orleans. There is a United States government naval depot here, to which is attached a ropewalk 1400 feet in length. The growth of Memphis has been very rapid, and there is nothing to prevent its becoming one of the largest cities of the West—if that term be still correct as applied to States on the east bank of the Mississippi.

NEW PAINTING.—Mr. Ames, the artist, has lately completed a picture representing the "Last Days of Webster at Marshfield." It contains twenty-two likenesses of individuals, and is to be treated with great power.

A REMARKABLE FAMILY.—There is a gentleman living in New Haven, aged 44 years, who is the youngest member of a family of ten children, all of whom are living. The oldest is 66 years old, and their united ages amount to 553 years.

THE SHADOW ON THE SILL.—Will the reader pause to admire with us the beautiful poem on page 102, thus entitled, from the pen of George W. Dewey?

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Joshua S. Anderson to Miss Charlotte A. Cunningham; by Rev. Mr. Burlingham, Mr. A. W. Drake to Miss Allie C. Cummings; by Rev. Bishop Southgate, Mr. Henry Weitsel to Miss Olivia Richardson, all of Newburyport; by Rev. Dr. Neale, Mr. Franklin Bailey to Miss Adelaide S. Cox; by Rev. Mr. Miner, John Whitney, Esq., of Harvard, to Miss Mary Ann E. Sargent.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Mudge, Mr. Samuel Gates to Miss Marie Seavey.—At Salem, by Rev. Dr. Emerson, Mr. Benjamin F. Woodbury to Miss Frances Teague.—At Marblehead, by Rev. Mr. Marcy, Mr. Samuel Sinclair to Miss Mary Purdy.—At Danvers Port, by Rev. Mr. Coffin, Mr. Adoniram J. Hood to Miss Catherine R. Porter.—At Reading, by Rev. Mr. Fuller, Mr. Alfred Joyce, of Medford, to Miss Julia E., daughter of the officiating clergyman.—At Dedham, by Rev. Mr. Burgess, Mr. Reuben A. Richards to Miss Sarah P. Richards; also, George W. Dean, Esq., of Taunton, to Miss Nancy Richards, daughters of the late Mr. Jeremiah Richards.—At Plymouth, by Rev. Mr. Whitmore, Mr. Gustavus G. Sampson to Miss Esther C. Burgess.—At Fitchburg, by Rev. Mr. Stebbins, Mr. Eben B. Clifford, of Salem, to Miss Cornelia H. Colburn.—At Fall River, by Rev. Mr. Bronson, Mr. William Wike to Miss Hannah Westbrook.—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. How, Mr. George C. Hardy to Miss Lois K. Booth.—At Portland, Me., by Rev. Mr. Eaton, Josiah Robbins, Esq., of Plymouth, Ms., to Mrs. Mary T. Reynolds.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Ellen A., wife of Mr. Samuel Carter; Mrs. Mary Bowker, wife of James Dennison, Esq., 45; Mrs. Mary, wife of the Right Rev. Bishop Eastburn; Mr. Charles C. Smith, 40; Mrs. Ann Paine, relict of the late John Paine, Esq., of Thomaston, Me., 90; Mr. William Buffum, of Salem, 73; Mr. Haven Torrey, 57; Mr. John J. Boylston Adams, 62; Dr. Williams Bradford, 70; Mr. Robert Butler, 76; Mr. Benjamin K. Barrus, formerly of Richmond, N. J., 37.—At Lynn, Widow Sally Wilson, 83.—At Salem, Mr. Thomas Dunlavy, Mrs. Catherine Hogan, 40; Widow Hannah Beckett, 77; Widow Hannah Colburn, 56.—At Danvers, Miss Martha M. Floyd, 21.—At Essex, Miss Hannah Annable, 24; Mr. Epea Story, 62.—At Lexington, Mr. David Woods, 88.—At Marblehead, Mrs. Sarah Williams, 63.—At Andover, Mr. Benjamin Moore, 84.—At Newburyport, Mrs. Lucy Lawrence, 42; Miss Mary Lewis, 53; Mrs. Harriet E. Brown, 32; Mr. John C. Gilbert, 41; Widow Hannah Norman, 68.—At Ipswich, Miss Augusta Smith, 27.—At Canton, Mr. John Endicott, 48.—At New Bedford, Widow Ruby Wilcox, 89; Mrs. Susan M. Lucas.—At Weymouth, Mr. James Gifford, 87.—At West Springfield, Widow Hannah Eldredge, 90.—At Strong, Me., Mr. David Wentworth, 91.—At Belfast, Me., Mrs. Talford Durham, 97.—At Middlebury, Vt., Hon. Derastus Wooster, 68.

ALVIN ADAMS.

Alvin Adams, the subject of the annexed engraving, was born in the town of Andover, Windsor Co., Vt., June 16, 1804. His father was a farmer, and his early character was formed by the good example and teaching of his parents. They died, however, within a week of each other, when he was but eight years of age. His loss, instead of depressing his energies, stimulated them, and aided in the development of that self-reliant vigor which proved the key to his success. He continued to reside at the old homestead with an elder brother, till he was sixteen years of age, when he resolved to seek his fortune for himself. His first occupation was that of an assistant in a hotel in Woodstock, in his native State, but he finally came to Boston in pursuit of fortune, as many a Green Mountaineer has done before him. He was engaged in mercantile business till 1840, when he struck on the vein which he has since wrought with such unexampled success. His first express line was between Boston and New York, and from that day to this he has gone onward, extending his lines from city to city and from town to town, until, if he has not like Shakspeare's Ariel, "put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes," he has yet encompassed the globe with his lines of communication. In 1842 he took into partnership Mr. William B. Dinsmore, and in 1849 Mr. D. H. Haskell, both gentlemen of kindred energy and spirit. The title of the present firm is Adams & Co., and it is understood to be a joint stock company. A few details of their extensive business will not prove uninteresting to our readers. In the State of Connecticut alone, this company has no less than twenty offices, and they transport all the money of some seventy banks to the Suffolk Bank in this city. In California they have some twenty-five offices, and branches of their establishment in Oregon. The total number of persons employed by them is estimated at about 2000. In the transportation of the millions of money and the millions of dollars worth of goods which are entrusted to their care annually, some losses by accidents and robbery of course occur, but no individual outside the company has lost a single cent by the above causes. The company's operations are not solely confined to the express business; it is also a great banking house. Their California banking house was opened a few years since in San Francisco, and through this company many millions of dollars have been transhipped to other parts of the world. A similar banking house was established by the same firm in Australia, in 1852. A glance at the list of specie consignments on the arrival of every steamer from the land of gold, shows the wonderful extent of the finan-



ALVIN ADAMS.

cial business of Adams & Co. Considering how rapidly it has grown up, the extent of business done by the expresses in this city is astonishing even to those whose walks are in the busy haunts of men, and who witness the working of the machinery with their own eyes. Court Square, Court Street, Elm and State and part of Washington Streets are the head quarters of this

up wealth. It is a business, however, which requires many elements besides monied capital, and there is none wherein so much responsibility is assumed, and where more discrimination is employed in the selection of employees. A business like this must be mainly confined to the great cities, and there is no city where it is more extensively carried on than in Boston.

busy system. The bustle incident to the arrival of a train from New York or the despatch of merchandize and parcels thither, aid the mind in forming a conception of the magnitude of the business. In this city alone there are offices from which one may send to 293 different cities and towns of this and other countries; and he may be sure of his shipment reaching its destination with the utmost possible speed, and even in better shape than if he took charge of it himself, since a company has the power of despatch which no individual can command. Adams & Co.'s office is at No. 84 Washington Street, in the very heart of the city. Enter it at any hour of the day and you find it the busiest of places. The business is conducted in the most prompt and systematic manner; every man has his duties; there is "a place for everything and everything in its place." There is a room for customers, a private room, a custom house department, and a room devoted to the foreign express agency. There are also New York, California, Australia and various other departments. Trunks, boxes, bales, packages, parcels, barrels, casks, coops of fowls, and "other groceries" are piled up in formidable quantities, some of them destined for the antipodes.—The personal appearance of Mr. Adams is prepossessing. He is large and well built, and his well knit frame and open, fearless expression show his mountain origin. A disciple of Lavater could not fail to read energy, iron will, integrity, shrewdness and intelligence in his countenance. The knowledge he possesses is that best of knowledge—that of mankind; and acquired in the best of schools, the great world. Colonel Adams is familiar with men and things at home and abroad. Such knowledge and skill as he possesses are the talisman of success—with such weapons a practical man, endowed with a perseverance that no discouragement can daunt, is sure to hit his mark, no matter how high up he sets it. The express business by which Colonel Adams has attained eminence and wealth is weekly increasing its sphere of usefulness, and a true account of it at the end of the next ten years will show a surprising amount of capital employed and work accomplished. In the great cause of civilization now going onward with such astonishing rapidity, it is by no means one of the least influential agencies. It has made fortunes for those engaged in it, and it will continue to roll



MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.

[For description, see page 107.]

EPISCOPAL CHURCH, BROOKLINE.

The accompanying sketch conveys a correct idea of the pretty Episcopalian church in Brookline, situated about half a mile from the village, in a secluded and pastoral spot. It is considered a fine specimen of Gothic architecture, and was designed by Mr. Upjohn, the celebrated architect of Trinity Church, New York. The material of which it is constructed is coarse rubble granite. It is constructed with a view to form a part of a larger church, should such be required, or continue by itself, for which it is sufficiently finished. It was commenced in the spring of 1851, and was completed in the following year, at a cost of about \$25,000. The Gothic style of architecture, now so great a favorite and so closely studied with us, is the modern Gothic, which flourished after the destruction of the Gothic kingdom by the Arabs and Moslem. Old Gothic architecture was copied from the ancient Roman style, and was coarse and heavy, having nothing of the lightness, elegance and boldness of the modern style. The modern style, without sacrificing grandeur and sublimity, add wealthy ornament, splendor and elaborate execution. The modern Gothic, originated in the kingdom of the Visigoths in Spain, from the admixture of the Arabian and Moorish architecture, and flourished from the 12th to the 15th centuries. Towards the latter end of the 12th century important innovations on the old style of church architecture were introduced. For the flat southern gable, says Moeller, was substituted the high northern roof, which brought with it the pointed arch in place of the semicircular one, being a consequence necessary for the harmony of the parts among each other. With the elevation of the roof and vaulting came a slender proportion of towers, columns, capitals, etc.; and at the latter end of the century the flat pilaster spreads outwards, and is converted into the flying buttress. At this period the edifices were in several respects anomalous, inasmuch as we have a mixture of circular and pointed arches, pillars and vaults intersected by horizontal cornices and the like. The duration of this heterogeneous style was very limited, being immediately succeeded by the universal prevalence of the high pitched gable and the pointed arch. It appears incontestable that the Germans were the first to carry this style to its highest perfection. As early as A.D. 1248, the Cathedral of Cologne was begun upon its present plan, a building which, if finished, would have been the grandest and most beautiful in the world. Erwin Von Steinhach, soon after 1276, built the porch of the minster of Strassburg, a building more, perhaps, esteemed than the last, because nearly brought to a state of completion. The style which we have just been describing wants no other distinctive appellation than the pointed. Imagination seems after its establishment to have been tortured to invent new combinations of ornaments and tracery. It overstepped at length the true bounds of architecture, and was abandoned in the sixteenth century for the introduction and restoration of the Roman, or, more properly speaking, Italian architecture. The author above quoted says that the architects of these times were adapted to their age, and that their works were the results of the time in which they lived; and that, however we admire and imitate these works, we are not able to re-produce them, on account of the circumstances under which the style arose not being the same. We do not agree with this opinion. The powers of mechanical construction exhibited in the pointed style are such as to excite our admiration and astonishment, the exact calculated proportion between strength and burthen, the counteraction of thrusts of vaulting, and the consequent lightness and boldness resulting from those calculations, evince an intimate acquaintance with the most important and useful qualification which an architect can possess, the production of the greatest possible effect with the most limited means. This qualification was possessed by the architects of the thirteenth century in the highest degree, and to an extent quite unknown to the Greeks and Romans.—A Gothic church, says Bigelow, is commonly built in the form of a cross, having a tower, lantern or sphere at the place of intersection. The part of the cross sinuated towards the west is called the *nave*, the opposite the *choir*, and within this is the *chancel*. The transverse portion, forming the arms of the cross, is called the *transept*. Any high building erected above the roof is called the *steeple*; if square topped, a *tower*; if long and acute, a *spire*; and if short and light, a *lantern*. The lateral supports on the outside are called *buttresses*, and are necessary to prevent the spreading of the walls from the weight of the roofs. It is only of late years that pure Gothic architecture has been introduced in our churches, Trinity Church, New York, is a fine specimen, and the church in Brookline, by



EPISCOPAL CHURCH, BROOKLINE, MASSACHUSETTS.

the same architect, is very much admired. It stands in a quiet and secluded spot. Approached from Longwood, through the fields and trees, its spire rising from the valley has a fine effect, and forms a beautiful feature in the landscape. The church is one of the most satisfactory specimens of the Gothic we have among us. This order of architecture, now so popular, and considered so befitting the character of sacred edifices, flourishes in Germany. Some of the noblest cathedrals in that land are of this beautiful and imposing style; and among us, its introduction has produced many fine specimens of church architecture, besides that of the church of Brookline.

CHRIST CHURCH, BOSTON.

Though this building makes no great pretensions to architectural merit, still its spire has always been admired for its airiness and justness of proportion. The church, as the tablet over the portal in the tower indicates, is more than a century old. It was the second Episcopal church erected in Boston. Its records begin thus: "*Laus Deo*. Boston, N. E., the 2d September, 1722. At the request of several gentlemen, who had purchased a piece of ground at the north end of Boston, to build a church on, the Rev. Samuel Myles ordered his clerk to give notice to the congregation, that all those who were willing to contribute towards erecting another church, at the north end of Boston, were desired to meet at the King's Chapel, the Wednesday following. Agreeably to which notification, several persons assembled and chose Mr. John Barnes, treasurer, Thomas Greaves, Esq., George Craddock, Anthony Blount, John Gibbins, Thomas Selby and George Monk, a committee to receive subscriptions and build a church on said ground at the north end of Boston." The list of subscriptions and benefactions amounted to £727 17s. sterling. The corner stone of the church was laid by the Rev. Samuel Myles, rector of King's Chapel, April 15, 1723, in Salem Street, where it still stands. The ceremony concluded with these words: "May the gates of hell never prevail against it." It was completed in the course of the succeeding summer and autumn, and opened for public worship December 29, 1723, the Rev. Timothy Cutler being installed as the first rector. The church was completely filled on this occasion, and a felicitous discourse preached from the following text: "For mine house shall be called an house of prayer." Isaiah 56: 7. In 1745 a chime of bells, the first used in America, was presented to this church, and for more than a century they have discoursed most eloquent music. Often on a still summer evening, the voices of the "Christ Church chimes" vibrating over the still waters of the Charles, attuned the thoughts of listeners to heavenly themes. We well remember the effect they produced a few years since on the occasion of a military funeral. While the wailing trumpet and the muffled drum gave out the notes of a dead march, the iron tongues in the belfry caught up the air and repeated it back with thrilling effect, the procession at the same time filing into the church. For a chime of bells a mechanism is sometimes used that can be played like a piano, only for these ponderous instruments a blow of the fist, and not a touch of the finger, is required to produce a full sound. It is related of the celebrated chime-player, Schuppen of Louvain, that he made a bet with a skilful violinist, that he would play correctly a difficult violin solo on the bells, and a musician of Amsterdam, named Potthelf, blind from his seventh year, received the appointment of chime-player when he was thirty-one, and though every key in his apparatus required a force equal to a two-pound weight, yet he played the bells with the ease and rapidity of a pianist. Church bells are an Italian invention, and were formed by degrees out of the Eastern cymbals and hand-bells used in religious ceremonies. Pliuy says they were invented long before his time. Previous to their employment by the Christians to summon the brethren to worship, little pieces of flat board struck together, answered the purpose; these were called sacred boards, and they are still used in Catholic countries during passion-week and Lent, as they consider the bells unsuited to the solemnity of the fast. The bells recommence ringing at Easter. Although Christ Church does not boast a very remote origin, still it is, comparatively, an old building for a new country. It has been the silent witness of many important events and singular changes. Its steeple rocked with the roar of the batteries on Copp's Hill, playing on the American redoubt in Charlestown; it has seen the fickle tide of fashion forsake the old North End, and pour to the west and the south; its bells have rung out many a Christmas peal, and funeral knell; they have welcomed the bride to the altar, and the corpse to its narrow bed; and still they make glad music on each Sabbath morn and eve. We presume that this church will be kept in its present condition as long as it will stand, until indeed it becomes a veritable piece of antiquity. There are influences emanating from old church edifices which one would not willingly throw away. The feeling of antiquity deepens the impression produced by the sacred character of a house of worship. To know that we are kneeling beneath the same roof that sheltered the worshippers of bygone generations, that the voice of praise and supplication has gone from the same spot year after year, are thoughts calculated to impart a deeper reverence to the mind. We are in favor of keeping up old churches as long as tenable.



CHRIST CHURCH, EPISCOPALIAN, BOSTON.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The population of London increases at the rapid rate of 50,000 souls a year.—A year or two since quite a number of wild horses were imported into Provincetown from Sable Island. One of the number escaped from its owner, and it has, as yet, been found impossible for a number of persons to take him. He coolly permits persons to come within a distance which his instinct suggests as safe, and on any nearer approach, he starts off with all his native freedom and grace. The animal must have had rather hard fare on the beaches of Cape Cod during the winter, but he is said to look well.—It is stated that in California, one tree made 13,000 feet of lumber. The butt, twenty-five feet long, made 4000 feet of clear stuff.—The French government, it is stated, continues to purchase largely in the New York market of pork and corn. A short time since a vessel sailed for Brest with 3000 barrels of pork on board, and another vessel is now loading for France with a like amount.—The first locomotive ever constructed in Italy left the factory at Sampier d'Arena, Piedmont, on the 20th of December last.—In Leipsic, Jaell, so well known here, has been playing with great success some of his own compositions. Also a young Russian named Ruhinstein, has distinguished himself, being pronounced there the greatest piano forte player since Lizst. Miss Jenny Burke, of Baltimore, who is studying in Leipsic, gives great promise of excelling in vocal music.—The location of the capital of Iowa has been decided in favor of Des Moines.—Shakspeare's (supposed) betrothal ring, which belonged to the late Mr. Croker, and a drawing of which is given in Mr. Edwards's interesting book on the Poetry and History of Finger Rings, was sold at auction lately for the small sum of £7 5s. If the ring had been Shakspeare's, it was worth five times that sum; if not, the price was as much too great.—Park Benjamin is to deliver the poem before the Literary Societies of Dartmouth College, at the anniversary in July next.—At the last sitting of the French Academy of Sciences, M. Halpen exhibited the large diamond called the Star of the South, which was found in Brazil, and of which he is the owner. It weighs 244 carats, but it is estimated that it will lose half its weight when cut. M. Halpen values this diamond at five millions of francs. When cut it will be placed in the Great Exhibition of the Palace of Industry.—Miss Sarah Pellet has declared her intention of taking out five thousand respectable New England girls to California.—The Jews of Cincinnati are about to establish an institution in that city on the model of the German universities, in which the theological faculty shall be that of Judaism. A society has been organized under the name of the "Zion Collegiate Association."—An apple was exhibited at the Agricultural Fair, at Salem, Oregon, weighing thirty-three ounces.—It has been accidentally discovered that glue water, or a solution of glue, applied to plants, even in a sandy soil, caused a thrift that the best mould without it, and even with guano, will not effect.—The Augusta papers announce the recent death of Hon. Luther Severance. Mr. Severance has long suffered from a cancer in the throat.—California has a Bible Society.

MELODEONS.

The beautiful musical instrument called the Melodeon, has constantly increased in popularity from the time of its first introduction to the public, some eight years since, up to the present, and the perfection which has been attained in its manufacture is such as to render it a very desirable, and, indeed, an almost indispensable luxury and part of a well-furnished drawing-room. For those who cannot afford an expensive piano-forte, they are a cheap and an excellent substitute; and they are a more practical instrument than the piano, inasmuch as less skill is required to play them. The quality of tone procured from the Melodeon is pure, sweet and musical; the reeds speak with great promptness, which admits the performance of the most rapid passages, and they are decidedly the most durable musical instrument manufactured. We have been led to notice this matter, from a recent examination of the "Model Melodeons," by Messrs. Mason & Hamlin, found in our advertising page. The "Model Melodeons" are made of the handsomest rosewood, and none but the best and most skilful mechanics are employed in the different departments of the manufacture. They are elegant in external appearance, and would form a handsome piece of furniture to any parlor. We advise our musical readers to apply for one of Mason & Hamlin's circulars, feeling convinced that a trial of their instruments would prove the "Model Melodeons" a comfort and a luxury.

CURIOUS.—A person belonging to Grangemouth, England, in getting change for a shilling, was struck with something uncommon in one of the pence. On examination, it was found that the obverse and reverse of the coin were divided, but united with a fine screw. Being opened, a halfpenny was inclosed, which also was divided; being opened, a farthing was inclosed, and also divided; and being opened, a half farthing was inclosed. This elaborate penny is the same as the old heavy penny of George III.; date, 1799.

PATENT SAFETY LAMP.—This admirable invention, an advertisement of which may be found on our advertising page, is something that every one who makes use of camphene, or burning fluid of any sort, should possess. We are satisfied from personal observation that no accident from explosion can possibly occur where these lamps are used. Why then need we record any more fearful accidents from explosions of camphene?

PRESENT TO AN ACTRESS.—The San Francisco Sun states that a magnificent diamond necklace, valued at \$3100, was presented to Mrs. Sinclair (Forrest), by her many friends, as a tribute of their esteem and regard.

Wayside Gatherings.

The citizens of Biddeford, Me., have petitioned for a city charter.

Mayor Wood, of New York, is taking measures to root out the fortune-tellers of that city.

Zabdiel B. Adams, an old and highly esteemed physician of this city, died on the 22th ult., of typhoid fever.

A remarkable religious excitement has broken out in the Maryland Penitentiary, and many of the convicts have made profession of religion.

The Philadelphia North American says the scarcity of money will have but little effect on building operations in that city during the coming season.

One young lady in Albany, N. Y., received 480 calls on New Year's day, not counting four military companies, one fire company, and a host of poor relatives.

A gentleman residing five miles from Louisville, says that five thousand men, women, girls and boys can find employment in that vicinity, at good wages.

The first application in the Sandwich Islands for a bank charter has recently been made; the first steam mill has been built, and the first flour manufactured.

Eighty-three fires took place in the United States last year which were attended with loss of life, and one hundred and seventy-one persons perished.

Dr. Ray, of the Galena (Illinois) Jeffersonian, predicts that the population of Illinois, in 1870, will amount to 4,000,000, that of Chicago to 300,000, and that of Galena to 80,000.

The quondam caloric ship Ericsson is rapidly being converted into a steamship, and is expected to take her place in the marine fleet with the old motive power in the course of a few weeks.

Rents in San Francisco have fallen 35 per cent., wages 40, and salaries 50 per cent., and real estate is positively unsalable. So writes an intelligent Californian to the National Intelligencer.

Over three thousand certificates of naturalization were, during the year past, issued to foreigners in the various courts of St. Louis County, Mo., authorized to grant them, 1240 of which were final papers.

The recently published catalogue of the Andover Theological Seminary records 5 professors, 9 resident licentiates, 35 seniors, 35 in the middle class, and 31 juniors, making a total of 110 under instruction.

From the battle of Cressy, in 1346, to the present date, nothing is recorded in history surpassing the indomitable courage and heroism displayed by the mounted chivalry of England, on the 25th of October last, at Balaclava.

The Mercantile Library Association of the city of New York have presented Colonel Benton with a silver pitcher and salver, valued at \$200, as an acknowledgement for the lectures he recently delivered before the Association.

Recently a lion was killed on the Chowchilla, California, by Mr. Ashworth, which measured eight feet in length and weighed 250 pounds. The day previous he had killed and carried off a hog weighing 150 pounds.

The Rev. I. J. Roberts, for eighteen years a missionary in China, and said to have been the religious preceptor of Tae-ping-Wang, the chief of the patriotic revolutionary party, has lately arrived in New York, directly from Shanghai.

It is said that \$70,000 has been raised for the establishment of a Universalist College, to be located at Salisbury, Ill. Thirty thousand dollars more are required before the charter will take effect, and this it is believed will be procured before June next.

There are at this time sixteen hundred men employed at the Gosport (Va.) navy yard. Never before was there so much to do, or so much money disbursed at the yard. It requires largely over \$30,000 every two weeks to pay off the hands.

The bridge over Rock Island, at Dixon, Ill., which is one of the most expensive structures on the line of the Illinois Central Railroad Company, has been carried away by a freshet, which has also caused an inundation of the surrounding country.

The Louisville Courier gives 280,445 as the whole number of hogs killed during this season, which, compared with the number killed last season (407,013), shows a falling off of 126,559 hogs. In the net weight of the hogs this season, there is also a large deficit.

An English paper states that the Rev. W. J. Alhan, vicar of Mevagissy, has incurred an expense of upwards of two hundred pounds in prosecuting a fisherman named Dunn for refusing to take off his hat in the churchyard, and the suit is not concluded yet.

The locomotive McNeill, the first locomotive ever used in America, and the pattern for the first locomotives built in the United States, is now at Cleveland, Ohio, undergoing repairs previous to being placed upon the Carroll Branch Railroad. It is a great curiosity.

In Sacramento, recently, a colored man employed to clear the sidewalks, picked up a pair of old inexpressibles in the street, and thinking them heavier than they ought to be, ripped open the lining, and found there one hundred and fifty dollars in gold dust.

Two new propellers are building in England for the Canadian Steam Navigation Company. They are to be of 1735 tons burthen, and to accommodate 36 first class passengers, 60 second class, and 400 third class. They are named the Erie and the Huron.

The whole number of emigrants in the Union is 2,244,602. The largest number that ever arrived in one year was in 1852, being 372,725. The largest from any one country in that year, was from Ireland, 157,548. The smallest number from any one country was three Turks.

Ole Bull has paid a handsome compliment to the musical taste of our country, and rendered it an important service by offering a prize of a thousand dollars for the best original opera by an American composer, on an American subject. Competitors must present their productions by the first of August.

In Zanesville, Ohio, a rifle was accidentally discharged in a hotel, and the iron ramrod, which was in the barrel at the time, was forced upwards through the ceiling of the room, then through a bed, and next through the arm and body of a man named Samuel Kirk, who was sleeping there. The wounded man was recovering at last accounts.

Captain Simon Hicks, the last of the Americans who were in the battle of Bennington, says the Troy Budget, died at the residence of his grandson, Maynard Knight, in Sunderland, Vt., on Wednesday, the 24th ult, aged ninety-nine years, five months and two days. He was born in Rehoboth, Mass., August 22, 1755, and was the eldest of twenty-two children.

Foreign Items.

The Sultan has, by a firman, prohibited the sale of Circassian and Georgian females and all the foreign slave trade. The vice-roy of Egypt has done the same.

Kossuth is preparing for the press a collection of his letters from Turkey and an edition of his speeches on the present war. Mazzini is employed on a volume to be entitled The Development of the Italian Religious Question.

Three millions of francs are to be spent on the new cathedral at Lille. The competition for architect is open to all Europe. The successful competitor will receive 10,000 francs; the second approved design, 4000 francs; and the third, 2000 francs.

M. Lesseps, formerly French consul in Egypt, has obtained from the viceroy, Said Pasha, a firman, granting to a company, of which he is a director, the applied for authority to make a ship canal across the Isthmus of Suez, connecting the Mediterranean with the Red Sea.

According to private accounts of a completely reliable character, from St. Petersburg, great distress is experienced in that city, and much dissatisfaction prevails at the hardships imposed by the war. It is mentioned that in all the churches prayers are offered for peace.

The vault at Weimar which is the burial-place of the princes of the Grand Ducal family, and in which the bodies of Schiller and Goethe are also deposited, has been broken into by thieves, who opened three of the coffins, and carried away all the ornaments in gold, as well as the jewels and gold epaulettes.

It is reported that the celebrated Irish novelist, W. W. Carleton, the Charles Dickens of the sister isle, is about to leave Ireland forever, and spend the rest of his days in Canada. Notwithstanding the fact that for some years he has been in the receipt of a government pension of £200 per annum, he does not seem to be able to get on.

Miss Nightingale and her corps of nurses have entered on duty in the hospitals of Scutari. About six hundred of the wounded from Inkermann were under their care; their wounds were washed and bandaged by three ladies. Many sick comforts were distributed from the £10,000 fund collected by the London Times. Surgeons are abundant there now.

Sands of Gold.

.... What field so fertile is there as to yield as much as beneficence?—*St. Clement.*

.... The greatest difficulties are always found where we are not looking for them.—*Goethe.*

.... The physically blind feel their infirmity; but what shall we say of the morally blind?—*Jean Paul.*

.... Peace is the evening star of the soul, as virtue is its sun, and the two are never far apart.—*Colton.*

Clouds are the veil behind which the face of day coquettishly hides itself, to enhance its beauty.—*Jean Paul.*

.... Poetry and philosophy revolve around the same centre, and differ, like comets and fixed stars, only in the orbit they describe.—*Colton.*

.... If any one say that he has seen a just man in want of bread, I answer that it was in some place where there was no other just man.—*St. Clement.*

.... Among individuals, the most certain way to make a man your enemy is to tell him you esteem him such. So with public bodies.—*Washington.*

.... As the soil, however rich it may be, cannot be productive without culture, so the mind, without cultivation, can never produce good fruit.—*Seneca.*

.... As it is in himself alone that man can find true and enduring happiness, so in himself alone can he find true and efficient consolation in misfortune.—*Bala.*

With the vulgar and the learned, names have great weight; the wise use a writ of inquiry into their legitimacy when they are advanced as authority.—*Zimmerman.*

.... It is often better to have a great deal of harm happen to one: a great deal may arouse you to remove what a little will only accustom you to endure.—*Greville.*

.... Orphans, according to the poets, melted tigers by his chants: the God of Christians, in calling men to the true religion, has done more, since he has softened the most ferocious kind of animals—men themselves.—*St. Clement.*

Joker's Budget.

When is a man thinner than a shingle? When he is a-shaving. Why is the crime of murder like the Atlantic? Because it is not billable.

Why are fashionably dressed ladies like bushes on the roadside in rural districts? Because they skirt the streets.

On one of the rivers in Iowa the only ferry is a sorrel horse. He crosses three at a time—two on his back and one fastened to his tail.

Never carry a loaded gun on full cock, horizontally, when a friend is walking before you, unless you are aware of the thickness of his corduroys.

A Yankee in Iowa has just taught ducks to swim in hot water, and with such success that they lay boiled eggs. Who says this is not an age of improvement?

A contemporary has received a communication asking, Why was the rear-guard of the French army, on the retreat from Moscow, like a war-horse? Because it had a Marshal Ney (martial ueigh).

Weak doses of wash-boards are now recommended by physicians for ladies who complain of dyspepsia. Young men troubled in the same way may be cured by a strong preparation of wood saw.

There is a man in Tiffin with so outlandish a name that it takes two Frenchmen and a big Indian to pronounce it. It has never yet been spelled, but a machine is about to be imported from Holland for that purpose.

The Irish shopkeeper, who was cheated by an old woman stealing a jar of whiskey, and leaving a jar of water in its place, described her as speaking a strange dialect, neither Irish nor English. A punster said he had reason to complain of the jargon.

The Chinese are a queer people to go to market. A friend at Canton, writes "Kemlich Van Tassell," that a neighbor of his had just laid in his winter's provisions—a hind quarter of horse and two barrels of bull-dogs. The latter salted to keep.

NEW MARBLE BUILDING.

The accompanying illustration will be readily recognized. The view is taken from the corner of Tremont and School Streets, showing an angle of the King's Chapel. The principal object in the picture is the magnificent marble structure, erected by Mr. Parker, for his restaurant, on the site of the old tavern which stood there for so many years. This palatial structure is the most costly and extensive ever devoted to such a purpose in Boston, and will be one of the most noted places in the city—and become as celebrated in our gastronomic annals as the *Trois Freres Provençaux* at Paris, to dine at which establishment is—to have lived. Beyond Parker's we have a glimpse of the Horticultural Hall, the temple of Flora, where they deal in bouquets of flowers instead of bunches of birch, which in the early days of the Latin School that stood upon its site, were wont to propel the reluctant urchin who stumbled in the ascent of the *Gradus ad Parnasum*. Many of Boston's most eminent citizens were educated on this spot. The King's Chapel, part of the tower of which forms the foreground on the left, is quite a venerable looking building. The old church which stood on this site, was finished in July, 1689. It was a wooden building with a steeple, and cost £284 16s. sterling. The first rector was named Ratcliffe, and his assistant Robert Clarke. The church was first called His Majesty's Chapel, then King's Chapel, and in 1713, Queen's Chapel, in honor of Queen Anne. On the 17th of March, 1776, the clergymen of the three Episcopal churches, including King's Chapel, fled from Boston with the British. From 1777 to 1783 it was occupied by the congregation of the Old South Church, which the British had dismantled and converted into a riding-school during their occupancy of the town. In 1782 the remaining proprietors of the church reopened it for worship, and the Rev. Mr. Freeman was ordained pastor in 1789. The society had previously adopted a new form of service, adapted from the Unitarian liturgy. The adoption of this form and the manner of ordaining Mr. Freeman produced a remonstrance and finally an excommunication from the rectors of the Episcopal churches of Boston and vicinity, but the society adhered to its course.



PARKER'S NEW MARBLE BUILDING, SCHOOL STREET, BOSTON.

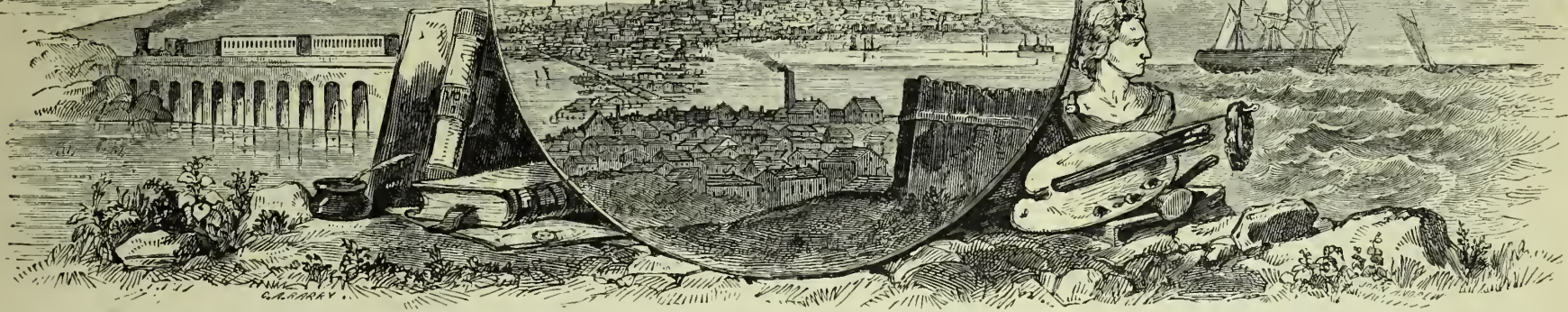
WATER WORKS ON THE SEINE.

Whatever may be thought of the antecedents of the Emperor of France, and particularly of the manner in which he gained the throne, no one can deny him the merit of laboring assiduously for the improvement of the capital. And while on land new streets are being opened and miles of new houses constructed, the little river which waters Paris has not been neglected. The engraving shows the works projected for improving the navigation of the Seine. In the interior of the city, where the island called *la Cite* divides the river into two arms, obstructions in the channel rendered communication between the upper and lower basins next to impossible. Hence, while navigation was quite active both above and below this point, it amounts to scarcely anything in the interior of the city. You see only empty boats ascending from one basin to the other, and a few rafts of timber and scows loaded with building materials descending. All craft attempting this passage were subjected to great difficulty and danger. On the two arms of the Seine the bridges are very near together, with broad piles and huge foundations, presenting only very narrow arches, traversed by rapid currents and not well arranged in their relative position. A boat shooting out of these arches will find the base of another arch directly opposite. The object of the works delineated in the engraving was to make the little arm of the *Cite* a canal sufficiently practicable at all times. An enclosure is constructed under the quay of Conti which serves for the passage of boats, and the transversal barrier extending to the Pont Neuf retains the water in the smaller arm in such a manner as to prevent the formation of currents that would enmesh navigation, and at the same time create a fall that may be made serviceable. The object of the government has been fully accomplished, though the work was tedious and expensive. Whatever were the historical associations of old Paris, new Paris will be a marvel of beauty and magnificence. The attractions of this brilliant city will probably assemble a greater throng of visitors the coming summer than has been witnessed in any one year since the restoration of the Bourbons in 1815, though the war in the East may still be going on, and times be still harder.



WATER-WORKS AT PARIS, ON THE RIVER SEINE.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT
AND BROMFIELD STS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1855.

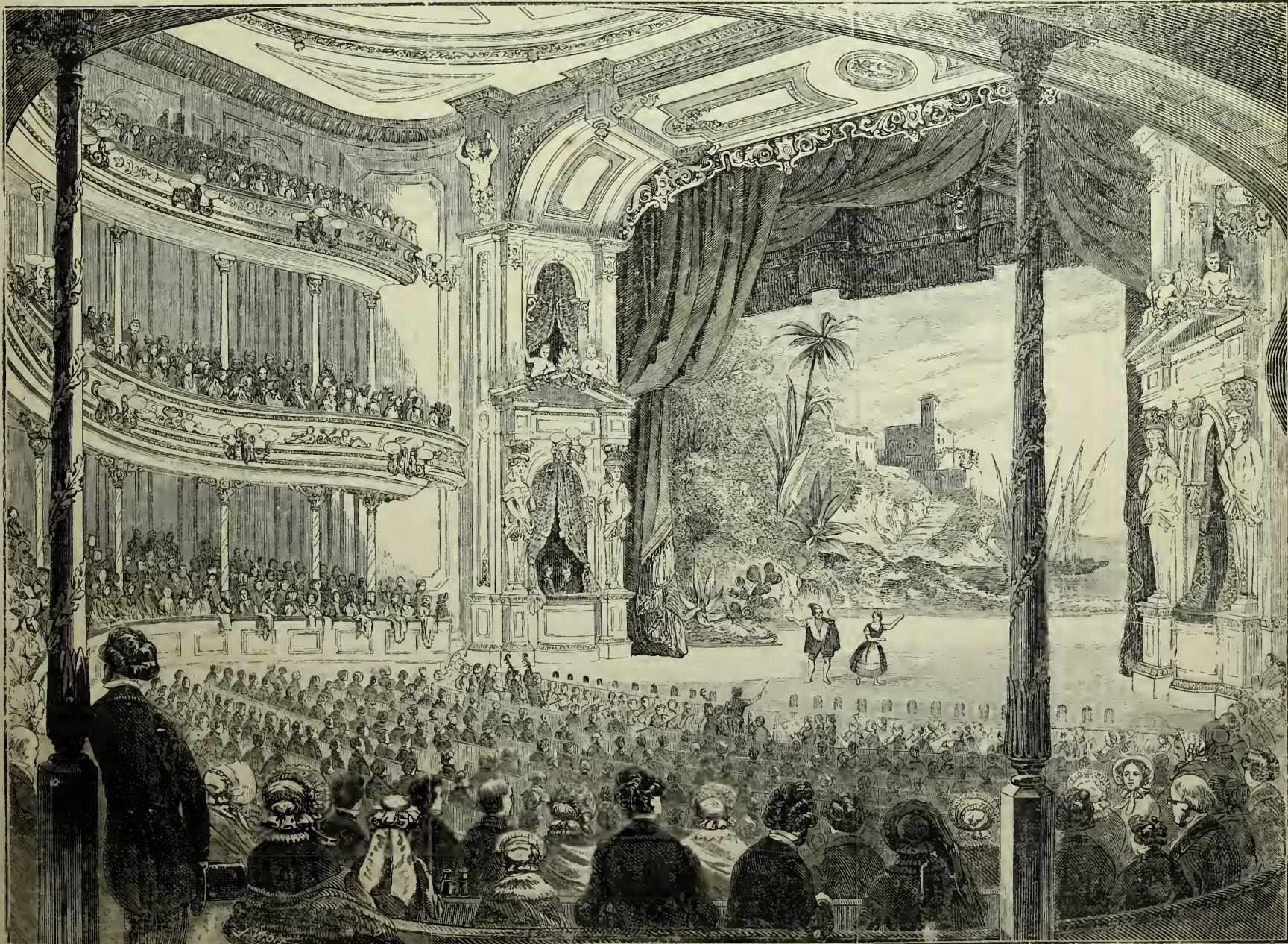
\$3.00 PER ANNUM. { VOL. VIII., No. 8.—WHOLE No. 190.
6 CENTS SINGLE.

NIBLO'S THEATRE, NEW YORK.

The accompanying engraving is an accurate representation of the interior of Niblo's well-known theatre, sketched on a recent opera night, showing the house crowded with spectators, and the stage set for a scene of Masaniello, with the fisherman and Fenella on the stage. Mr. Niblo has been identified with the amusements of New York for many years, and not to know Niblo's Garden is to be ignorant of one of the most popular places in the imperial city. The interior is very brilliantly decorated. The ceiling is in the form of a dome, painted in fresco, with gilded mouldings and carved trusses, the decorations consisting of alternate panel work and medallions. The front of the dress circle of boxes is ornamented with panels, the moulded edges of which are

richly gilt. The front of the second tier of boxes is ornamented with highly finished medallions and figures in bas relief, and to this row twenty five chandeliers are attached by gilded branches. The upper row of boxes is also richly ornamented with wreaths of flowers in alto relief, carved busts, etc. The gold of the ornamentation is relieved by a groundwork of delicate rose color. The columns which support the upper row of boxes have gilded capitals and bases. The proscenium, an important feature in a theatre,—one side of which is shown in our engraving,—is very graceful in its design and finish. On either side a light and lofty arch springs from a solid base enclosing a private box. A caryatid of life size, on each side of this box supports a handsome pediment, on which rest two cupids in high relief. Above each pediment is

another private box, decorated in the same style, and terminated in a richly moulded and heavily gilt cornice, from which springs the arch of the proscenium, having a span of fifty-four feet at its base. The decorations of the arch are in strict harmony with those of the ceiling. A medallion in high relief forms the centre-piece, and the oblong panels on either side are painted in fresco, with crimson borders, and rich ornaments, dead gilt. There are a number of private boxes draped with lace curtains. The seats throughout the house are furnished with hair stuffed spring cushions and backs, covered with maroon-colored velvet plush. In a word, no expense has been spared, to render this establishment elegant and attractive. Like all Mr. Niblo's undertakings, this new and gorgeous theatre has been eminently successful.



INTERIOR VIEW OF NIBLO'S THEATRE, NEW YORK.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

STEEL AND GOLD: —OR— THE HEIR OF GLENVILLE.

A DOMESTIC TALE OF REVOLUTIONARY DAYS.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVI.

THE VOLUNTEER.—A SECRET KEPT.

EARLY in the evening (it was Tuesday, the 18th of April, 1775), Sir Ashley Glenville was pacing restlessly to and fro in Lady O'Halloran's drawing-room. It was now no secret that they were to be united; in fact, the banns of marriage had been already published at the King's Chapel, and Sir Ashley's frequent visits to the lady no longer excited remark. He passed very little of his time at the regimental quarters, neglected his military duties, and avoided his residence, because there he was constantly annoyed by the presence of Paul Bolton, who was fast losing the self-restraint he had exhibited when first launched into good society, and resuming his former habit of hard-drinking. His behaviour, when under the influence of liquor, was rude and insolent, and as the baronet dared not rebuke or chastise him, he fled to Lady O'Halloran, on whose strong mind his weak nature had learned to lean.

He was now, as we have said, pacing the drawing-room to and fro.

"Yes, I repeat, Agatha, they begin to treat me as if coward were branded on my forehead."

"Is it not your morbid sensitiveness that is ever causing you to suspect evil, Ashley?"

"No; there are stories afloat to my discredit. My projected voyage to Halifax was construed into a flight. They dare to hint that I wished to avoid a danger I suspected to be imminent."

"It must not be said that the man Agatha O'Halloran weds is a coward, Ashley," said the lady, gravely. "I would rather weep over you, dead, than see you living under that imputation."

"What can I do?"

"Can you not fasten the slander upon some individual?"

"No. They deal in innuendoes. Their thoughts are expressed in their cold manners, their want of cordiality. In a word, my situation is very uncomfortable. Gage himself has ceased to treat me with consideration."

"Very well, then, I should go to the fountain-head. It is pretty well known in our circle that some military movement is on foot."

"I shall not be designated to take part in it," said Glenville.

"You must go to Gage, Ashley, and that without delay, and offer him your services. If you volunteer, it will put a stop at once to any idle gossip injurious to your reputation."

"I believe your advice is judicious," replied Glenville. "To-morrow I will see the commander-in-chief."

"To-morrow may be too late. Go to-night—go at once."

"It is so chilly and unpleasant."

"Do not play the childish Sybarite, Sir Ashley. Be a man! Your honor requires it of you. Good heavens! if I were a man I should not hesitate a moment."

"You should have been a man!" said Glenville, half-admiringly; "you would have been a brave, high-spirited one. Well—good night, Agatha. If I do not return this evening, it will be because I have placed myself under another's orders."

Wrapping his cloak around him, the baronet sallied forth into the street, and, calling at the Province house, was admitted, after some delay, to an audience with Gage.

After some unimportant phrases, Glenville said:

"General, I think I have some reason for believing that some movement of troops is contemplated."

"I do not remember that I ever mentioned anything of the kind, Sir Ashley," answered Gage, coldly.

"No, sir; but the common rumor runs to that effect."

"It is the duty of the soldier to await and obey orders," answered Gage, drily. "I have not thought it necessary to issue any orders to you, Sir Ashley. It is well known that you have occupations enough to fill up your time without recurring to the rude and vulgar toil of arms."

Without noticing the implied sneer, though his consciousness of it heightened his color, the baronet replied:

"I came, sir, with the view of offering my services in any operation that may be attempted. If my sword has been idle, it has been from no fault of mine; and if I have no particular fondness for drill and camp duty, I am no less ready to brave dangers in the king's cause than the veriest martinet in the ranks."

"Spoken like a true Briton!" said the general. "Why did you not come to me before? You might have had a command. As it is, I have issued my orders to Smith."

"Then there is something going forward?"

"Ay; we march to night upon Lexington and Concord, to seize the cannon and ammunition these rebels have been collecting. There is no knowing how many of them there are, though I doubt whether the dogs will fight. But it is wise always to be too strong. Hence I have detached eight hundred grenadiers and light infantry—a body strong enough to sweep the province."

"Then I am too late with my offer?" said Glenville, with an air of mortification, but secretly rejoiced that he should not be called upon to leave his comfortable quarter for field-service.

"Not so!" said the general, as he sat down to the table and penned a hasty line. "Here, take this to Colonel Smith—he is now mastering his command upon the Common. You can serve him as a volunteer aid. Good night, Sir Ashley; you have no time to lose."

Glenville bowed, and wrapping his military cloak around him, left the commander-in-chief's audience chamber, and descended the steps of the Province House. On his way to the rendezvous he called upon Lady O'Halloran and briefly informed her of the interview. He then hastened towards the camp. As he was passing a dark archway that pierced one of the old houses in Tremont Street, leading to the garden in its rear, a figure, closely wrapped in a cloak, quickly emerged from the darkness, and laid a hand upon his arm.

"Make haste, Sir Ashley Glenville," said the stranger. "Tell Lieutenant Colonel Smith to push on his column to Concord with all speed. You have a fine march of eighteen miles before you; but you will be too late, after all. You will never get our arms."

"Your arms, dog! Who are you?" cried Glenville, throwing off the stranger's arm and unsheathing his sword. But the instant the stranger had spoken, he turned and glided away in the shadows of the houses, with a speed that baffled all pursuit.

"Our plans are already known," thought Glenville. "Gage must be informed of this."

Retracing his steps, he waited upon the commander-in-chief and informed him of the incident we have just named.

A troubled expression passed over the general's countenance.

"Have we spies and traitors in our ranks?" he exclaimed. "This must be seen to. I will look to it that none of the rebels leave town to raise the country. But go to Smith at once and tell him to hasten his march. It is getting late already, and he has a long road before him."

Again taking leave of his commander, Glenville hastened to report to Lieut. Colonel Smith, whose command was already under arms.

"I must order my charger saddled, colonel," said Glenville.

"Your order has been anticipated, Sir Ashley," said a voice behind him. "Just see if these stirrups suit you."

"You here!" cried Glenville, as he turned and recognized Paul Bolton, booted, spurred and cloaked, mounted on one of his horses and holding his favorite charger by the rein.

"O, yes, Sir Ashley," replied Bolton, carelessly. "Receiving an intimation, no matter from what quarter, that you were going with the column, and thinking it a fine night for a ride, I made bold to saddle the horses. I go as an amateur, and to keep you company, my dear friend."

Glenville made no reply—but mounted. Soon afterwards, the column began to move. No drum-beat timed its steps; but with the measured tread of second nature they moved silently down to the place of embarkation on the west side of the town, opposite to Lechmere's Point.

Meantime the stranger whose salutation had so startled Sir Ashley Glenville, made his way with all possible speed to the north end, where, giving a peculiar knock at the door of a house, in a side street, he was instantly admitted. The person who opened the door to him was no other than our old acquaintance, Clarence Grey. He was dressed as if for a journey—booted to the knee and spurred. A horseman's cloak, clasped round his throat, opening as it fell, disclosed a pair of pistols secured in a leathern belt.

"What news, Forrester?"

"A detachment of eight hundred men is ordered to march for Lexington and Concord."

"It cannot be!"

"I heard the order given, with my own ears."

"Then the committee must be informed."

"They know it already. But you must away, Clarence, before your retreat is cut off. A horse is ready for you in the shed of the Black Bull in Charlestown. You will find a man waiting there; he will ask you 'what news?' Your reply will be 'liberty or death.' He will then give you the horse. Mount and ride for life to Lexington."

"Shall I not give the alarm upon the road?"

"Other messengers are entrusted with that. Two lanterns in the heltry of the North Church will give notice to our friends of the embarkation of the troops. Rouse the minute-men at Lexington. Tell Stanley I will join him ere midnight. Away, away! I tell you; every minute is precious."

"But you—"

"Take no thoughts of me. I know how to take care of myself. One word more. There are squads of British officers patrolling the roads. Don't let them stop you. If need be, give them steel and lead!"

"Fear not, Forrester," said the young man. "I know my duty."

He hastily extinguished the light, and sallied out into the street, where, with a firm grasp of the hand, he took leave of his companion. Hastening down to the water's edge, he approached a little cove, overhung with bushes, where a small row-boat lay concealed. After looking cautiously round him, he gave a shrill, peculiar whistle. Instantly two men sprang out of the bushes.

"Mr. Grey!" said one of them.

"All right, my friends," replied the young man.

"Do you wish to cross to-night, sir?" asked the man who had spoken.

"Yes, with all possible speed."

"Jump in, then, sir," said the man, "and we'll shove her off."

Grey sprang into the stern. Wading beside it, the two boatmen, uniting their strength, pushed the boat into deep water, and leaping in, put out their oars and pulled lustily, but silently, to-

wards Charlestown. They had wound cloth round the thole-pins, and not a creak, not a splash betrayed their movement. The dark boat and dark figures gliding over the water would have baffled keener eyes than those of the drowsy sentinels and watch on board the Somerset, that lay in the channel, her topmasts beginning to glisten dimly in the first rays of the rising moon.

"Give way, lads—give way!" whispered Clarence, impatiently. "Every minute is worth untold gold."

But the faithful oarsmen required no stimulus. Their light boat flew like a sea-gull over the water, and as the keel grated on the opposite shore, Clarence sprang over the bow and bounded up the bank. He hastened to the tavern and entered the shed to which he had been directed. A man instantly advanced from the shade, with the salutation:

"What news?"

"Liberty or death," whispered Clarence.

"All right," said the man; and stepping to the back part of the shed, he returned, leading a powerful black horse.

"This beast will go till he drops," said the man. "Give him his head and he's good for a thirty mile rasfi. But if he feels the spur he'll fly away with you."

Clarence patted the glossy neck of the superb animal, as he stood snorting and pawing up the ground with his fore feet, and then sprang into the saddle. When he felt a hand upon the rein, the horse reared, but the moment his fore feet struck the earth, finding no attempt made to check him, he dashed off at a swift trot, leaving a trail of fire behind him on the stony street. Crossing the Neck at this rapid gait, Clarence turned his horse's head in the direction of Cambridge, and was dashing along with a slack rein, when half a dozen horsemen, suddenly emerging from a clump of trees, drew up across the road and barred his passage. The light was sufficient, and the party near enough to show Clarence that the horsemen, though wearing cloaks, were British officers in uniform.

"Halt!" cried one of them; "there's no passing here."

"Who are you, and what is your business?" asked another.

Without waiting to reply, Clarence wheeled his horse to the right, and gave him the spur. The fiery animal cleared a stone wall that bounded the road, at a flying leap, and alighted on the margin of a narrow clay-ditch, filled with water. This he crossed flying, and rushed upon the Medford road like a frightened deer. Turning in his saddle, Clarence saw that he was pursued. But four of the horses balked at the wall and ditch; two, however, cleared them gallantly, and came thundering up in his rear, the arms of the riders gleaming in the moonlight.

"Now, then," cried Clarence, addressing his horse, "let's see what metal you are made of. He away! he away!"

And slackening the reins, waving his hand and pressing the rowels to the flanks of his horse, he urged on his flight. The animal answered the call. Stretching out his nose and laying back his ears, he broke into a dead run that carried his rider over the ground with the speed of an Indian arrow. The pursuers were soon distanced, but the horse refused to slacken his pace. Up hill and down hill, through mire and over stones, he held his way with the fleetness of a hunted stag. Sometimes horse and rider plunged into deep woods. The rapid beat of hoofs marked their course through the darkness, and brought them like a flash out into the light again. Clarence had never rode at such a pace before, nor had he ever been carried so lightly. Ere he anticipated he was in the streets of Lexington, and roasting the inhabitants from their slumbers.

"To arms! to arms! The British are on the march!"

From house to house, just pausing to rattle on the door with his riding-whip, and then the stern cry, "to arms!" roused every sleeper from his dreams. The captain of the minute-men was roused, and the drummer hurried on his clothes and hauled his instrument. Lights passed from window to window, and in a few minutes the whole town was astir.

Having accomplished his mission by giving the alarm, Clarence rode straight for the Stanley homestead. Here, without dismounting, reaching up from his saddle, he tapped with his riding wand on the window of the room in which he knew Stanley slept.

In a moment the window was opened, and the young man appeared at it.

"Who are you," he inquired, "at this time of night?"

"Hush! a friend—Clarence Grey."

"What has happened?"

"Gage has ordered a column of troops to march to Concord and destroy the stores. They are now upon the road. As I left Charlestown, I saw the lanterns in the tower of the North Church, the signal we agreed upon to give warning of their movement. Dress yourself quickly. In the meanwhile I will get my horse out of the air; he's very warm."

Riding up to the barn, Clarence Grey dismounted. As he was fumbling with the latch of the door, he heard a footstep, and looking round, saw Julius Caesar, half dressed, and rubbing his eyes.

"What dis, mass'r, I hear? Redcoats comin' to Lexington?"

"Such is the fact," answered Clarence.

"How many of 'em?"

"About eight hundred."

"O, golly!"

"Does that alarm you?"

"Not exactly alarms—only dissatisfies me," answered the black. "Why dey no gib us fortnight's warnin', mass'r? Den we might show 'em odds. Neber mind, I aint tickler. Hallo! old Egypt, dat you?"

His last remark was addressed to the horse, and accompanied by a slap of the negro's broad palm on the animal's flank. The game creature, notwithstanding his sharp run, was playful as a kitten, and yerked out his hind legs in reply to the salutation.

"So you know him?" said Clarence.

"I knowd him well 'nuff when I was down to de Black Bull. And you see he know me fast 'nuff. Dat ere pigeon-wing wid de hind feet was meant for 'how are you, Caesar? I'm bery glad to see you.' Yah, yah! But you run into de house, mass'r. I'll rub de horse down. I see Mass'r 'Tanley has got a light in de kitchen. So we's gwang to hab a crack at de redcoats, hey? I don't know wedder I'se glad or sorry. But run in de house, mass'r. I'll be in de house 'fore long, and fetch my old king's arm and baggernet. De redcoats comin'! Well, if dat aint news, I gib it up."

Leaving the black to converse with himself and his dumb charge, Clarence Grey went into the house.

CHAPTER XVII.

REVELATION AND REUNION.

On reaching the kitchen of the farm-house, Clarence found that Stanley had raked open the fire on the hearth, and thrown on an armful of dry wood, and the genial blaze was peculiarly grateful after his ride through the chilly night-air.

"They are on the march, then?" were nearly the first words of the young farmer. "What time will they reach us?"

"Not for two hours yet. I rode here on the spur," answered Grey.

"And their numbers?"

"Some eight hundred—so Forrester informed me."

"Forrester! he is still in town, then. He has almost abandoned his old haunt in the wood. He should be with us now."

"He intimated that he would join us. I have notified Captain Parker—your comrades are mustering."

"I must join them," said Stanley. "One word to my mother, and I am ready."

He was absent a few moments, and then re-appeared, his fine face glowing with enthusiasm.

"God bless her!" said he, while a tear sparkled in his eye. "Such a spirit would put a lion's heart in a coward's breast. Not one tear, only an exhortation to do my duty like a man."

As he was speaking, the young man took down from the hooks on which it rested on one of the cross-beams of the low ceiling, a heavy, old fashioned musket, and carefully examined the flint and lock. He next buckled round him a broad belt of untanned leather, to which a pouch well filled with ball cartridges was attached, the priming-wire depending from a chain. When his preparations were completed, Clarence rose to accompany him.

"Let me go with you, Stanley," said he, throwing his cloak around him.

"Remain where you are for the present, if you please. If Forrester succeeds in getting out of town, he will come here first, and you had better see him. I do not wish to leave the house entirely alone. If I do not return in half an hour, you will find me at the public house in the village."

"You are going directly to the village, then?"

"There is one person I must see first," said the farmer. "You will not wonder," he added, in a low tone, "that I wish to speak a word to one who would have made me the happiest of men, if we had lived in different times."

"You are happy, Stanley, as it is," answered Clarence, with emotion. "It is happiness enough to be loved by one true heart. I feel it; I, who have no one in the wide world to love me."

He sank into a seat, dejectedly, as he made this expression.

"Mr. Grey," said the young farmer, "there is one person beneath this roof to-night, who, I am convinced, loves you as fondly as my Lucy loves me; and who is as worthy of your love as Lucy is of mine."

"Eleanor Williams?" exclaimed Clarence.

"Yes, Mr. Grey. Mother and I persuaded Mrs. Williams and her daughter to leave town while they had the opportunity—to escape the troubles we foresaw, and the attentions an officer of rank insisted on forcing on Miss Williams."

"An officer of rank?"

"Yes—Sir Ashley Glenville."

"Yet it was not Sir Ashley Glenville with whom I saw her on that most unhappy evening?"

"No; that was a female in disguise; an old flame of Sir Ashley's, and now, I am told, like enough to marry him."

"And I wronged her in my thoughts—repulsed her innocent welcome when she ran to meet me! O, I have deserved the misery I have suffered."

"It will be all made up to you, Mr. Grey," said the farmer, kindly. "Things may take a better turn; and who knows but two weddings may come about the same time."

Clarence smiled sadly, and shook the young farmer's hand.

Just as Stanley turned away to leave the room, a door leading into the woodshed opened, and an extraordinary figure made its appearance. This was no other than Julius Caesar, ex-hostler of the Black Bull. On his head he wore an enormous bearskin cap, a second-hand blue coat, very much too large for him, enveloped his body in its loose folds, the broad flaps descending nearly to his heels; a pair of stout cowhide boots encased his legs; an enormous cartridge-box was suspended by a cross-belt, and he carried on his shoulder a ponderous ducking gun.

"Here we am, Mass'r 'Tanley," said the black.

"Where did you get that old muff on your head?" asked Stanley.

"I purchased it, inass'r, long while ago, at a vandoo in Boston."

"You'll be a marked man if there happens to be any firing," remarked Stanley. "I advise you to wear your old hat."

"No, Mass'r 'Tanley; it don't look sogerly. I'se been takin'

a surreptitious glance in de lookin'-glass, and it strikes me de 'fect of dis bearskin am wonderful fine, mass'r."

"I fancy that the effect of a bullet just about four inches below the brass plate will be yet more striking."

"Pshaw! who's afraid, mass'r? Not dis nigger, anyhow."

"Well, come along, Caesar."

"For'ard march!" shouted the black, and he followed his employer out of the house.

"Eleanor here!" said Clarence. "And yet I cannot see her, and may never see her more. It is a hard, hard fate!"

He pressed his hand upon his forehead, as if to still the painful throbbings of his temples. The sound of a light step roused him from his sad reverie. He looked up quickly, and to his joy and surprise, beheld the object of his thoughts. She smiled mournfully, and held out her hand to him. He seized it and pressed it to his lips, in spite of her efforts to withdraw it.

"I little thought to see you here to-night, Clarence—Mr. Grey, I mean," said Eleanor.

"Call me Clarence, Eleanor," cried the young man, "as in those brief days of sunshine, when there was no reserve between us."

"I thought you had forgotten them. The last time we met, you repulsed me."

"I was mad, Eleanor—beside myself; I knew not what I said or did. But that is passed. I recognize my error and deplore it. Can you forgive me?"

"I never harbored a harsh thought of you, Clarence."

"God bless you for that word. Sit down, Eleanor. Let us talk of old times—let us lay out plans for the future."

"The future! We are not sure of the present," answered Eleanor, evasively; yet yielding to the charm of Grey's presence, and sitting down beside him. "We are in the midst of public troubles."

"What are they to me, Eleanor? The sight of you banishes all public questions from my mind. Let us be free, or let us be enslaved; the submissive vassals of King George, or our own masters, I am your slave, and happy in my chains."

"Is this a time to speak of love?"

"Is it not? We are alone together; the stars are looking down on us—and the hush of midnight shall hear our plighted vows."

"The hush of midnight!" repeated Eleanor; "I hear the beat of a distant drum."

"Your ear is correct—they are beating to arms in the village."

"And you can say that calmly?"

"Eight hundred British troops are at this moment marching on Lexington and Concord."

"And you will sit dreaming here by the fireside?" said Eleanor, reproachfully.

"No, Eleanor—no! The sight of you lapped me for a moment in Elysium. But I am going forth to meet the enemy, come what may. I rode hither with the news. I came to offer my life in defence of the rights of my adopted land."

"But do you think there will be bloodshed?"

"I fear there will. But we shall not be the aggressors. Woe be to him who sheddeth the first blood."

"I chided your indifference just now, Clarence," said Eleanor, "but now I repent of what I said. O, fly! save yourself. I cannot bear to think of your danger."

"Before I thought of seeing you to-night, I had but one thought," answered Clarence.

"And that?"

"Was to seek an honorable death. What had I to live for? I thought you had abandoned me. It was as if the sun had suddenly sunk from the zenith at high noon. My hopes were dashed in a disastrous eclipse. But I am no longer indifferent to life. Why, I ask, looking through the vista of present troubles, may we not look for happiness hereafter?"

"Never! never on this earth, Clarence!" said Eleanor, rising. "Forget not what a dark shadow lies ever between us—a shadow that becomes a gulf the moment we approach it from either side."

"I see not the shadow," said Clarence, impetuously, "I behold only the prize."

"Your generous enthusiasm could not last forever; it would fail you when my heart needed it the most," answered Eleanor. "The time would come when the consciousness of a blot upon our name would awaken the bitterest regret."

"Never, Eleanor, never! So help me, heaven, I believe your father guiltless of the crime for which he suffered."

"His memory must be cleared before the world, before his daughter can clasp the hand of an honest man," replied Eleanor, firmly. "Farewell. I would have avoided the mingled pangs and joys of this meeting, Clarence; but my heart overmastered me. Good night, and God bless you."

Clarence caught the fair girl's hand, and drawing her near him, imprinted a kiss upon her lips.

"It was the first," he murmured, as she fled from his embrace, "perhaps the last: no matter—I shall be happy."

A heavy footstep sounded on the floor.

"Is this a time for toys and dalliance?" said a stern voice. "Awake, and be a man!"

Clarence Grey turned fiercely on the speaker. "Who are you, that plays the spy upon my actions?" he exclaimed.

"One who is embarked in the same great cause with yourself," replied Mark Forrester, flinging himself into a seat and resting his rifle against the wall. "But unlike you in this," he added, "that my whole heart is devoted to that cause."

"My answer to your implied reproach shall not be given here, Forrester," replied Clarence: "my actions shall vindicate me."

"Forgive me," said Forrester. "Your speech is that of a resolute man. I doubt you no longer; yet I confess I was surprised to find you wooing at an hour like this."

"Ah, Mr. Forrester, you have never loved!"

"Never loved!" echoed Forrester. "You little know the man you address." He hastily dashed a tear drop from his eye. "Tears, tears!" he muttered, half angrily. "I thought I had mastered every weakness: but poor human nature will be human nature still. Well, young man," he added, after a pause, "the die is cast. The hour I predicted five years ago in King Street has come to pass. No more dallying; no more petitioning; no more secret plotting or scheming on either side. But war—open war! What miseries are in store for either country—desolated homes; wasted fields; houses burned; widows' and orphans' tears mingling together: but it must be!"

"Startling as your opinion is," answered Clarence, "I am fain to regard it with respect, for you have studied the times deeply, and are certainly familiar with the actors on both sides."

"You may well say that," replied Forrester; "I have racked my brain and perilled my life to obtain accurate information. Where, think you, I obtained information of the movement to-night?"

"I know not."

"You would never guess," replied Forrester, with a grim smile. "In the very heart of the enemy's camp—in the Province House."

"The Province House?"

"Ay—and from the lips of Gage himself. You stare; yet I am telling you no fable. Listen. I have been a spy at headquarters for months. I have mingled with the menials of Gage's household: gold will gain admittance everywhere, and the friends of the cause kept me well supplied. But I possessed a secret worth untold gold to us. In the Province House there is a secret passage, constructed for what purpose I know not, from the cellar to the second story, behind the very wainscoting of the general's reception room. It matters not how I became acquainted with it; but I was able on several occasions to make good use of it. I am afraid I spoiled the eyes of an old portrait on the wall by boring holes through the woodwork into the eyes; but a spy in my position has little reverence for works of art."

"It was in this way you were a witness of my interview with Gage, when he tried to win me over," exclaimed Clarence. "Your knowledge of that interview startled me beyond expression."

"To-day, and for the last time, I made use of my secret. Henceforth, as I told you, there will be an end of stratagems. As another means of obtaining information, I assumed the disguise of a fortune-teller, and made good use of it. But it suits me not to work in the dark, nor to plot instead of act."

"I thank you for your confidence," replied Grey. "My interest in you prompted no unwarrantable curiosity. We should know each other, since we are to stand shoulder to shoulder in the same cause. To-night you have surprised a secret of mine. I love Miss Williams, the young girl who was here when you came in."

"I could almost envy you your happiness," answered Forrester, with a sad smile.

"My happiness!" replied Clarence, sorrowfully: "none need envy me. We can never be united."

"And why not?" asked Forrester, quickly; "do her parents object?"

"She has but one parent—a widowed mother. Eleanor herself is the bar to our union. She withholds not her love—but her hand—from a scruple that I cannot but respect, while I deplore it."

"Explain yourself, young man."

"Eleanor's father died upon the scaffold. She believes him innocent, but yet he died an ignominious death."

"Many a man has fallen by the arm of the law," replied Forrester, "when it punished most unjustly. What are the circumstances of this case?"

"Eleanor's father was attached, in some capacity, to a noble household in England. One night, when his wife was absent, the lord of the manor was murdered; the weapon with which the deed was done—the property stolen—fixed the guilt upon the steward."

"He was tried and condemned," cried Forrester.

"Ay, and executed for the murder of which he protested his innocence."

"And he was innocent," cried Forrester, grasping the arm of his companion convulsively.

"How do you know that?" exclaimed Clarence.

"I am the man!" cried Forrester, springing to his feet.

"You!"

"Condemned—sentenced—but not executed. On the eve of my execution, the jailor, bribed by an unknown hand, aided my escape. But I was forced to fly from England. But I had still friends there: I wrote from my exile. O, God! my wife had disappeared—no one knew whither. But I have yet a wife and child! O, God! thou art merciful: thou hast heard my prayers of agony. I have not borne the cross in vain: long years of suffering are to be atoned for now. The true criminal will be brought to justice, and the name of Julian Redland, cleared from every stain, shall be once more borne proudly in the light of day."

"Julian Redland! who speaks that name?" cried a quivering voice, as Mrs. Williams, pale and agitated, tottered into the room, supported by her daughter.

"I, Martha!" cried Forrester, rushing forward, throwing off his hat and putting back his gray hair from his forehead. "I—the wanderer! I! saved from the gallows for twenty years of misery, and a moment of joy worth a lifetime of suffering."

"O, God of mercy!" cried the wife, falling on her knees. "I thank thee!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



COPPER MINES OF ALGERIA.—APPEARANCE OF SUPERFICIAL VEINS.

COPPER MINES IN ALGERIA.

Tenes is a little port situated on the coast of Africa, between Algiers and Oran. The Romans built a town of considerable extent on the table land which overlooks the plains, and its ruins have chiefly furnished the material for the modern town. As for the Arabs, they long since abandoned this position, to establish themselves at the entrance of the mountainous ridge which separates the territory of Tenes from the plains of Oued-Allelah, and now they inhabit exclusively the little town designated by the title of old Tenes. In 1842, Marshal Bugeaud, learning the advantages of this fertile and tolerably well wooded coast, decided on founding a new colony. Aided by its position and its proximity to Spain, this colony developed rapidly; important copper mines were discovered in 1844, and produced such an increase of population, that in 1846, it contained more than 25,000 souls. The existence of copper at Tenes was known to the Arabs, for one of their writers, Sidi-ben Yusef, famous for a curse he left upon the country in which he was ill received, calls it "Tenes, a town built on copper." Still the Arabs made no use of this wealth, and it was only in 1844 that M. Briquetier commenced the first works. These labors, interrupted, first by the war of Bou Maza, and afterwards by the revolution of 1848, demonstrated the richness of the veins, so that in 1849 it was established in a positive manner; and in 1850 and 1851 a great impulse was given to the business. One is truly astonished at finding active establishments, provided with all the apparatus employed in the most scientific operations, in ravines formerly desert and almost inaccessible. Roads in very good condition, gardens, plantations, irrigation, have added new elements of civilization to the ordinary labors of the mines, so that one may say that no enterprise is better calculated to consolidate the French domination and prosperity in Africa. Our three engravings give an exact idea of a part of the establishments which exist in the ravine of Oued-Boukandak, one of the concessions of Oued-Allelah, where the labors are more developed; for the field of operation of these mines extends over a per-

imeter of exactly a square league. The first shows the position of the right bank of the ravine, furrowed by veins of copper. Four stories of galleries have been excavated in the height of the mountain, above the depth of the ravine. The ore is then taken on railways to the workshop where it undergoes the mechanical preparation. The second engraving indicates the position of the principal shaft, and the third shows the places where the ore is crushed and washed. The poorest yields from sixteen to twenty-five per cent. of copper, by an operation which consists in separating the metallic parts from the fragments of rocks to which they had adhered. The interesting operation is conducted according to the method employed in the new mountain mines in Belgium, which are directed by M. Simoa, the engineer. The mineral in the veins of Oued-Allelah is pyritous copper, containing from thirty-three to thirty-four per cent. of pure copper. What gives a remarkable character to the mines of Tenes is the employment of natives for a great part of the superficial labors.

More than a hundred Arabs or Kabyles are daily employed in drawing and preparing the ore; as for the subterranean labors, they were at first performed exclusively by French or Spanish miners. But the Arabs are beginning to accustom themselves to descend the shafts and aid the miners. These natives no longer fear to live in these sombre recesses where explosions are continually heard. They carry off the fragments and ore hewn out by European workmen. They load the wagons and guide them to the different shafts where they are raised to the light of day in tubs or large hogsheads. It is hoped that the Arabs will eventually learn the mining business. This will prove a great saving, for an Arab is satisfied with little more than a franc for a day's labor, his living costing him not more than a fifth of that sum. Metalliferous deposits are numerous in Algeria, and particularly at Tenes; they may become one of the most fertile elements of civilization by fixing there a laborious population. A result no less interesting is the complete pacification of the natives. Those

who remember the fierce struggles which preceded the submission of Dahra, would be surprised to see the same Arabs yielding to-day to obedience, and habits of labor like European workmen. Since the vigorous administration of Generals Saint-Arnaud and Caurobert, this country is remarkable not only for its tranquillity but for the progressive approximation of French and native interests. This work of fusion is destined ere long to complete the conquest and the civilizing mission of France. Copper is found in various parts of the world. The richest mines in the world are those of Cornwall, though perhaps the vicinity of Lake Superior may yet exhibit richer results. The mass of copper described by Schoolcraft on the west bank of the river Ontonagon, weighed more than 2200 pounds. The Latin name for copper—*Cuprum*—is a corruption of *Cyprium*, from the island of Cyprus, whence it was formerly brought. The metal was known at a very remote period, and before iron was introduced into general use it was employed in the manufacture of domestic utensils and implements of war. It is an abundant metal, and is found native and in many ores. Copper is dis-



COPPER MINES OF OUED-ALLELAH, NEAR TENES.

tinguished by its color. Its specific gravity is 8.6. It is ductile and malleable, and requires a temperature equal to 2000 degrees Fahrenheit for its fusion; that is, nearly a white heat. Exposed to air and moisture, copper gradually becomes covered with a green rust; heated red hot it absorbs oxygen, and is superficially converted into a black oxide, which is the basis of the principal salts of copper; it consists of 32 copper and 8 oxygen. It forms blue or green salts with the acids; of these the sulphate of copper or blue vitriol is a good example. The salts of copper are poisonous, and in consequence of the use of copper vessels for culinary purposes, food is sometimes contaminated by them. It has been attempted to obviate this danger by tinning the copper, which answers the purpose as long as it remains entire. The properties of copper are thus succinctly noticed by Stoeckhardt in his admirable "Principles of Chemistry." "It is ductile and at the same time very strong and tenacious, so that it may be hammered out into plates, which, even when very thin, still hold firmly together. It fuses with difficulty; therefore it is excellently adapted for such articles as are to be exposed to a great heat, for instance, kettles, pans, boilers, moulds for casting, etc. When exposed to the air it suffers from rust much less than iron; for this reason, copper utensils are much more durable than iron ones. Sheet copper is employed for sheathing ships and for roofing towers and other buildings. It is quite hard, and therefore wears out but slowly when in use, as in copper plates for engravings, and rollers of print-works. With zinc, tin and nickel, it forms very useful alloys, such as brass, tombac, bronze, bell-metal, cannon-metal, German silver, etc. It is precipitated from its solutions by the galvanic current as a firm coherent mass; on this principle, impressions of other bodies are produced by the modern process of electro metallurgy. It yields with oxygen and several acids insoluble combinations of a beautiful green and blue color, of various application in painting. Although copper possesses no smell, yet it imparts to moist hands and to the water which has long been standing in vessels made of it, a peculiarly disagreeable odor. Under the head of sulphuret of copper may be described a series of ores containing copper, sulphur, and variable proportions of other metals. Its principal varieties are the vitreous copper ore, purple copper, gray copper, and yellow copper pyrites. Vitreous copper is of a lead or iron gray color, and occurs in crystals and masses. It is found in veins and beds, in primitive and early secondary rocks, and with other ores of copper. In this country it is frequently met with in the old red sandstone. Purple copper occurs both massive and crystallized. The gray copper of Fahlerz occurs in Russia, France, Spain, England, Chili and Mexico. The yellow copper ore, or copper pyrites, is the most abundant of all the ores of copper, and almost exclu-



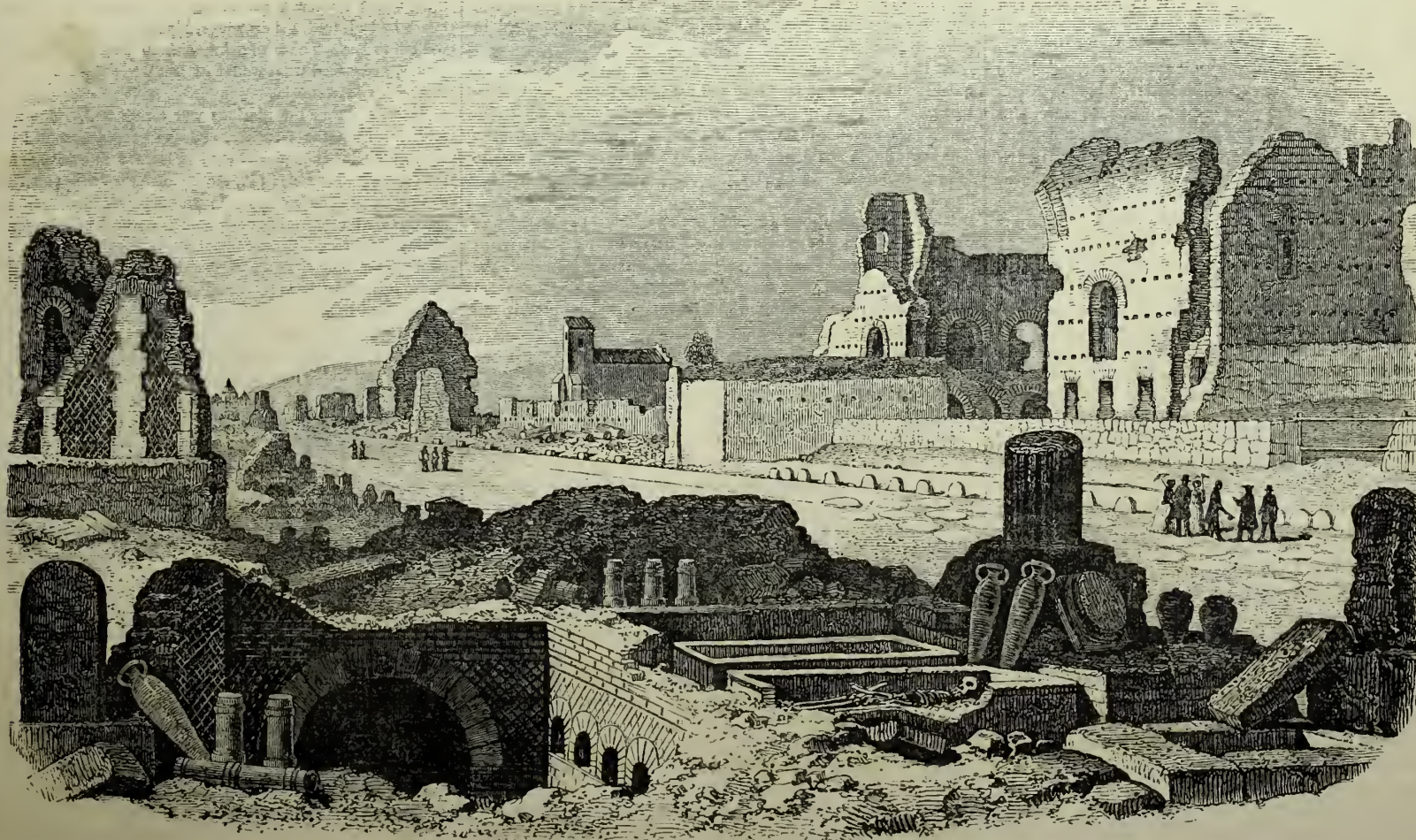
THE WASHING PLACES.

sively supplies the demands of commerce. It occurs crystallized, massive, stalactitic and botryoidal. It is brittle and easily cut, by which it may be distinguished from iron pyrites which it closely resembles. It contains copper 30, iron 32.20, sulphur 35.16, earthy matters 9.50, lead, arsenic and loss 2.14. It occurs in primitive and secondary rocks, and is accompanied by most of the other ores of copper, and sometimes galena, oxide of tin and several of the ores of iron. It is found in the four quarters of the globe. Copper is usually extracted from the sulphurets by the following process. The ore is roasted by a low heat in a furnace the flues of which are connected, and in which the sulphur that is volatilized, is gathered. The remaining ore is then smelted in connection with the fuel. The iron present in the ore, not being so easily reduced or fused as the copper, remains in the scoræ, while the copper is run out. Repeated fusions are often requisite, and even then, metals not volatile or readily fused, may still remain in alloy with the copper. The copper of commerce is, therefore, rarely entirely pure, but contains, generally, portions of lead and antimony. The carbonates of copper reduced by fusion in contact with the fuel, afford a purer copper, and so does the solution of the sulphate of copper which is met with in some mines, the copper being precipitated in its metallic state, by immersing iron in the solution. The precipitate which is thus formed is afterwards fused. Copper enters to the extent of four-fifths into the composition of brass. Large statues have been cast of this metal. In 1699 Balthazar Keller, a celebrated statue-founder, cast as a single jet, a brass equestrian statue of Louis XIV., which is twenty-one feet high, and weighs fifty thousand

pounds. Brass was well known to the Romans under the name of *orichalcum*, who took advantage of its resemblance to gold, in robbing the temples and other public places of that precious metal. Thus Julius Cæsar robbed the capitol of three thousand pounds weight of gold, and Vitellius despoiled the temples of their gifts and ornaments, and replaced them with this inferior composition.

THE APPIAN WAY.

The remembrance of the Appian Way, the queen of roads—*regina viarum*—has continued in our days associated with the greatest deeds of Roman history that have remained in the memory of nations. Commencing in the 11th region of Rome, near the Circus Maximus, the Appian Way skirted the vale of Egeria, reached the field where the Horatii fought, then ran through Latium, the Pontine marshes, Campania and Apulia, to the sea-shore. It was the great road of the East. Along this road patrician and plebeian piety erected tombs for the dead, in which the Christians, during the persecution of our religion, afterwards found refuge. No barbarian footsteps ever trod its surface. Decreed during the most prosperous period of the republic, the year 442 from the foundation of Rome, the Appian Way was immediately commenced by the two censors entrusted with the duty, Appius Claudius Cæcus, whose name it bears, and Caius Plautius Venox. Its whole length was 238 miles. Appius Claudius Cæcus was the very man for the prodigious enterprise. Appius possessed in excess the good and bad qualities of the Roman character—pride of race, pride of personal valor, pride of eunule power, domestic pride, the pride of the *civis romanus*. "Tenacious and imperious," says Cicero, "he resembled a bow never nudent, and years brought no weakness to this rugged nature which could never endure opposition." The manner in which he obtained the prolongation of his censorship, the arrogance with which he deprived his colleague of the honor of inaugurating the new road, justify the judgment of Rollin, that his life was compounded of good and evil. He was, however, the man for the occasion, for it required his quasi-dictatorship over the populace, his tenacious perseverance and interested pride, to commence and carry through a work of the importance and costliness of the Appian Way. In the course of time the Appian Way fell into disuse. Its stone pavement disappeared under the accumulated soil of ages, and only here and there the summit of some wayside edifice showed where had been the great artery of Roman life. Lately, however, the Papal government has aided private talent and enterprise in removing encumbrances, and in again bringing to the surface the Appian Way and the various works of art by which it was embellished. This labor of excavation is honorable to the government which executes it, for it rescues from idleness thousands of poor Italian laborers.



THE APPIAN WAY AT ROME.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A TALK WITH WINTER.

BY MRS. L. D. SIGOURNEY.

"What crone art thou, who dar'st the tempest's rage?
Locks white with snow, and forehead grooved with age?
Whose frosty breath upon thy lip congeals?
Whose torpid heart no fond emotion feels?"

Then Winter answered, in a tone severe,
—"A king am I, o'er nature's ravaged sphere,
I rend her garlands,—with nuptial eye,—
Yet some there are, who all my power defy,—
Who hail my sceptre with serene delight,
With cheering music cheat the halting night,
With storied page, or kindly welcomed guest,
Or smile of love, that thrills the exulting breast.
—And thou, who seem'st so much to dread my sway,
List to a spell that drives its gloom away!
—Go, seek the huts where pain and penny bend.
Where through wide chasms the drifting snows descend,—
Where the sick father in despondence sighs,
The famished mother hears her infant's cries,—
Or sees her children from the blast retreat,
With shivering forms, and cold, uncovered feet,—
And if, from scenes like these, an impulse rise
To imitate the mercy of the skies,—
Haste,—with a seraph zeal thine arms bestow,—
And scatter blessings o'er the path of woe.
—Such hallowed zeal can soften Winter's sting,—
And change its ices to the glow of Spring."

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SNOW STORM.

A RUSSIAN STORY.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

ABOUT the year 1811, that epoch forever memorable for Russia, there lived in his domain of Nenaradof, the honest Gabrilowitch. He was noted for his hospitable habits and obliging disposition. His neighbors were constantly coming to dine with him, and to play cards with his wife Petrowna. Some of those also who came thither were attracted especially by the desire of seeing the daughter of these good people, the fair and beautiful Marie Gabrielle, who was then seventeen. It was known that she would be rich, and more than one of the visitors to the house aspired to gain her good graces for themselves or their sons.

Marie Gabrielle had read many romances, and had consequently already thought of love. The object of her affections was a poor ensign, then on leave in the village. The young man was equally attached to her, and the parents of Gabrielle having perceived this reciprocal inclination, had formally forbidden their daughter to think of this presumptuous suitor.

Meanwhile our lovers corresponded and met secretly in the shades of the fir woods or the old chapel. There they vowed to each other eternal love, accused fate of unjust rigor, and formed various projects. By occupying themselves constantly with the same thought in their letters, as in their conversations, they naturally came to the same conclusion, that since they could not live without each other, if the will of a cruel family opposed itself to their happiness, they would fulfil their destiny in spite of this pitiless will. The young man was the first to reason thus, and Marie Gabrielle, with her romantic imagination, was not slow to be convinced.

Winter put an end to their interviews, but their correspondence became the more animated. In each of his letters, Vladimir Nicol-ewitch conjured his beloved to give herself to him, to marry him secretly. "We will disappear," said he, "for a short time, then one day will come and throw ourselves at the feet of your parents, who, touched by our heroic constancy and all we have suffered, will exclaim 'Children, come to our arms.'"

Marie hesitated for a long time to yield to this prayer; several plans of flight were successively discussed and rejected. At last Vladimir proposed to her a new plan, which she adopted. It was agreed that on a certain day she should not appear at supper, and should retire to her chamber under the pretext that she was suffering from a violent headache. Her maid was in her confidence. They were to leave the garden by a back gate; at this gate they were to find sledges which would carry them a distance of five versts (about a league and a half), to the church of Jadvino, where Vladimir would be awaiting them.

The night before the day fixed for this decisive event, Marie, unable to sleep, prepared the clothes and linen which she wished to take with her; then wrote a long letter to one of her young female friends and another to her parents. In this letter, she employed the most affecting terms of adieu; she told them that she had been unable to resist the invincible force of her love, but that she should consider it the happiest moment of her life when she came to kneel at their feet. She sealed the letter with a seal representing two hearts surrounded by a sentimental motto, and it was almost day when she threw herself on her bed and fell asleep. But at every instant she awoke agitated by frightful visions. At last she rose paler than usual, with a severe headache. Her father and mother quickly remarked her sufferings. At every moment they would say: "How are you, Marie? Are you still sick?" And the accent with which they repeated this question and their tender solicitude broke her heart. She forced herself to be calm, to appear gay, but without being able to succeed. In the evening she was overwhelmed with the idea that this was the last evening she was to spend with her family. She inwardly said adieu to all the persons she had known, to all the

objects which surrounded her. When the hour for supper came how her heart beat! With a tremulous voice, she said she could eat nothing, and rose to take her leave of her father and mother. They embraced her, as usual, and gave her their blessing.

On returning to her chamber, she threw herself into a chair, and burst into tears. Her maid entreated her to be comforted and to turn her mind to more pleasing thoughts. All was ready. In half an hour Marie was to quit forever her home, her room, her peaceful life as a young girl.

Without, the snow was whirling, the wind was shaking the windows and making them creak. Everything seemed to combine to give Marie a sinister presage. Meanwhile the inhabitants of the house were asleep. The young girl wrapped herself in her shawl, put a thick hood on her head and taking her casket in her hand, crossed the threshold of her door. The maid followed her with the valises. They descended into the garden and could hardly cross it. The storm was not appeased and the wind blew against them, as if to oppose this elopement. The sledge awaited them in the road. The horses, stung with the cold, were stamping impatiently, and the coachman of Vladimir could with difficulty control them. He aided the young fugitive and her servant to enter the carriage, placed beside them their light baggage, took the reins, and the horses started impetuously. But we will leave our travellers to pursue their route under the guidance of a skilful coachman, and return to Vladimir.

All day he had been busy. In the morning he had repaired to the priest of Jadvino, to arrange with him the ceremony, then had set himself to procure witnesses among the dwellers in the neighborhood. The first whom he addressed was a retired cornet, who joyfully accepted his proposition. Such an adventure reminded him, he said, of the times of his youth and the affairs of hussars. He invited Vladimir to remain with him, promising to find two other witnesses. In fact, after dinner, appeared at once the geometriician Schmidt, with his moustaches and spurs, and the son of Captain Ispravnik, a young man of seventeen, who had just entered into the service. Both eagerly complied with the request of Vladimir, and swore that they were ready to sacrifice their lives for him. The happy lover of Marie embraced them with transport, and returned to his dwelling to make his last preparations.

The night was already far advanced. He gave directions to his coachman and sent him with a sledge and three horses to await Marie. As for himself he took a sledge and one horse and set out alone for Jadvino, where the young girl was to meet him in two hours. He knew the road perfectly well, and could reach the church in ten minutes.

But hardly had he set out when the storm commenced, and there arose such a whirlwind around him that he could distinguish nothing. In an instant all traces of the road disappeared. The entire horizon was covered with a yellow, thick cloud, whence fell a mass of snow-flakes, the sky becoming confounded with the earth. Lost in the open country Vladimir vainly sought to recover the path. His horse travelled at random, now mounting snow-drifts, now falling into ravines. At every moment the sledge seemed on the point of being overturned; all that Vladimir could do was not to deviate from the direction. Meanwhile it seemed to him that he had travelled more than half an hour, and he had not yet reached the forest of Jadvino. He pursued his journey ten minutes longer and saw no forest. He was in fields furrowed by deep ditches. The snow storm still continued, the sky was still obscured. The horse began to be fatigued, and the sweat rolled from his body, though he often plunged in snow breast high.

At last a sort of black line began to appear before him; he quickened the pace of his horse and reached a forest. "God be thanked," said he, "I shall now find the road and reach Jadvino." He advanced through the forest devastated by winter. The snow storm could not penetrate there, the road was easy to follow, the horse became re-animated, and Vladimir felt his hopes revive.

They were out of the forest, but not the slightest appearance of Jadvino. It was about midnight. Vladimir wept and resigned himself to travel at random. The tempest was appeased, the clouds disappeared. The sky cleared up, before him lay extended a vast plain in the midst of which the poor traveller perceived a group of four or five houses.

He approached the nearest, threw himself from his sledge, and knocked at the window. A few moments afterwards, a wooden door was opened, and an old man appeared with his gray beard.

"What do you want?" said he.

"Is it far from here to Jadvino?"

"About ten versts."

At this reply, Vladimir buried his head in his hands and suffered the anguish of a criminal who hears his condemnation.

"Whence come you?" resumed the old man.

Vladimir did not reply; then recovering himself, said:

"Can you furnish me with horses to take me to Jadvino?"

"We have no horses."

"Well, at least a guide—I will give you whatever you ask."

"Wait," said the old man, closing the window, "I will send you my son."

Some minutes rolled away. Vladimir, growing impatient, knocked at the window once more. The old man re-appeared.

"What do you want?"

"I am waiting for your son."

"He is coming; he is dressing. Are you cold? Come in and warm you."

"Thank you; send me your son."

A child came out with a stick and began to search for the road through the snow-drifts.

"What time is it?" asked Vladimir.

"It is almost day."

The ensign was in consternation and could not pronounce a word.

It was daybreak when they reached Jadvino. The door of the church was closed. Vladimir paid his guide and directed his steps to the house of the priest. His sledge was not there.

But let us return to Nenaradof. In the morning the two old people rose at the usual hour and entered the breakfast room. Gabriel Gabrilowitch, with his woolen jacket and nightcap, and Petrowna with her dressing-gown. Tea was served, and Gabriel sent the servant to ask how Marie was. She returned to announce that her young mistress had passed a bad night; but that she was now better and would be down soon. A few minutes after, the door opened and Marie embraced her parents.

"How are you, poor invalid?" asked her father.

"Better," replied she.

"I thought you were feverish yesterday," added her mother.

"Perhaps so, my dear mother."

The day passed away pleasantly, but, towards evening, Marie fell ill. The physician who was sent for found her delirious. She was a prey to a violent fever, and for a fortnight was on the borders of the grave. Nothing was known of her nocturnal flight. Marie alone betrayed it in her hours of delirium. One day, her mother, who never left her, heard her utter strange, incoherent words, which induced her to think that her daughter was attached to Vladimir, and that this love was the cause of her malady. She conferred with her husband and a few friends, and in consequence of this confidence, it was decided with a unanimous voice that such was the destiny of Marie, that one cannot escape fate, that riches do not constitute happiness, and other beautiful similar maxims.

Meanwhile the invalid grew better, Vladimir, fearing an angry reception, had not made his appearance at the house of Gabriel. It was decided to announce to him his unexpected happiness, to inform him that he might espouse his beloved. What was the surprise of the proprietors of Nenaradof, when in reply to their message they received a letter from the young ensign, an unaccountable letter, in which he said that he should never more re-enter their dwelling, that he prayed them to forget an unhappy man for whom death was the only hope.

A few days afterwards they learned that Vladimir had just rejoined the army. This was in 1812. No one dared to speak of him to Marie; she herself no longer spoke of him. Two or three months rolled away, and one day she saw him cited among the officers who had distinguished themselves most at the battle of Borodino, and who were mortally wounded. On reading this news, she fainted, and was again seized with fever; but fortunately this time it did not last long.

Another sorrow was reserved for her. Her father died. By his will, he bequeathed her all his property. This fortune could not be a consolation for her. She wept with her mother and promised never to leave her. They left their domain of Nenaradof, to live on another estate. There new suitors thronged around the rich heiress, but to none of them would she give the slightest hope; her mother often entreated her to choose a husband, but she would shake her head and remain pensive; Vladimir no longer existed. He had died at Moscow on the evening of the day on which the French entered that city. To the mind of Marie his memory was sacred; she carefully preserved everything which reminded her of this unfortunate young man—the books he had read, his drawings, his notes, and the verses he had written to her. Those who knew these details admired her constancy, and asked what would at last wrest from her mourning this modern Artemisia.

About this time the glorious war terminated. The regiments returned from the frontiers, and the people hastened to meet them. Their bands played the airs learned in a foreign country: the song of *Vive Henri IV.*, the Tyrolean waltzes and the opera of Jocoude. The officers who had departed almost children, reappeared with martial figures, breasts covered with crosses. The soldiers recounted their campaigns, interspersing with their recital French and German words. Ineffaceable period, period of glory and enthusiasm! How the hearts of Russians then palpitated at the name of country! With what unanimity they gathered around their emperor with sentiments of pride and affection! And what a moment for him in life! The Russian women were then incomparable; their natural coldness had disappeared: it was with intoxicating enthusiasm that they shouted at the sight of the battalions which re-entered Russia throwing their caps in the air. What officer of this epoch did not say that the sympathies of the Russian women were not to him the sweetest, the most precious of recompense?

Marie Gabrielle and her mother lived then in the government of —, and were not sharers in the joyous emotions of the two capitals. But in the provinces and in the villages, the national enthusiasm was, if possible, more lively: the officer was there received in triumph, and the citizen dress was eclipsed by the uniform.

We have said that notwithstanding her extreme reserve, Marie was surrounded with suitors. All withdrew at the arrival of an officer of twenty-five—Vourmin, a colonel of hussars, wearing at his button-hole the cross of St. George, and on his face an interesting paleness; he came to pass some months of leave at one of his estates near the residence of Marie. The young girl received him with peculiar favor, and for him deigned to rouse from her habitual reverie; she did not play the coquette, but a poet might have said on observing her: "*Se amor non e, che dunque?*" (if this is not love, what is it?) Vourmin, was besides, an agreeable young man; he had that kind of wit which pleases the la-

dies, a wit slightly ironical. His manners when in company with Marie were simple and open; nevertheless it was easy to see that his soul and his eyes were fixed on her. His language was modest and respectful. More than one gallant adventure was attributed to him; but these rumors did not injure him with Marie, who, like most women, easily excused the impulses of a bold nature and the errors of an ardent disposition.

But what animated the imagination of the young girl much more than the amiable qualities of the colonel, his interesting paleness and his arm in a sling, was his silence. She saw well that she pleased him; and on his side, Vourmin, with his talent for observation and his experience, must have recognized that she was not unfavorable to him. Why then had she not seen him at her feet? Why had he not made a declaration? What could prevent him? Was it the fear inseparable from all true love, or the pride or coquetry of a seductive art? She essayed in vain to resolve this problem. Meanwhile, after having gravely reflected, she said to herself that fear must be the cause of his silence, and resolved to encourage him by some new marks of attention, perhaps even by some advances. She herself arranged all her little romance and awaited the hour which should bring about a tender avowal. Mystery, whatever be its origin, always weighs heavily on the mind of a woman; her plans had the success which she hoped for. Vourmin became so thoughtful, and when he looked at Marie, his black eyes assumed such an expression, that the young girl thought the decisive moment approaching. Already the neighbors spoke of the marriage as a settled thing, and Petrowna was rejoiced to think that her daughter would at last have a husband worthy of her.

One day when the good old mother was in her parlor, Vourmin entered and asked for Marie.

"She is in the garden," replied Petrowna. "If you will go thither to seek her, I will await you here."

The colonel went out, and Petrowna, making the sign of the cross, said to herself: "God be praised. I hope the question will be decided to-day."

Vourmin found the young girl clad in a white dress, seated under a tree near a little pond, with a book in her lap, like a heroine of romance. After a few insignificant words, Marie herself interrupted the conversation in order to bring about by a sort of reciprocal embarrassment the desired explanation. In fact, Vourmin, perceiving the difficulty of his position, told her that he had long desired to open his heart to her and entreated her to listen to him for a moment.

"I love you—I love you ardently. I have committed the imprudence of seeing you and hearing you daily. Now it is too late to resist my destiny. The memory of your sweet face will be henceforth the torment and joy of my life; but I have a duty to fulfil towards you. I must reveal to you a strange secret which establishes between us an insurmountable barrier."

"This barrier," murmured Marie, "has always existed. I could never have been your wife."

"I know," resumed Vourmin, in a low voice, "that you have loved; but death and three years of mourning—dear, kind Marie, do not deprive me of the consoling thought that you might have been mine. But I am the most unfortunate of men—I am married, have been married for four years, and I do not know who my wife is, where she is, nor whether I shall ever meet her."

"What say you! what a strange idea!"

"At the commencement of the year 1812, on my way to Wilna to join my regiment, I arrived very late one evening at a station, and had just ordered my horses, when a violent hurricane arose. The postmaster and postilion advised me to delay my departure, and at first I yielded to their representations; but an invisible force urged me forward. My postilion sought to shorten the road by crossing a river, whose banks he well knew. He missed the ford, and brought me to a spot entirely unknown to him. A light shone before me amid the darkness. Turning in that direction, I arrived at a church whence the light proceeded. It was open; some sledges were stationed at the door, and several forms were standing in the vestibule; one of them exclaimed: 'Here! here!' I approached. Another said: 'In the name of Heaven, where have you been? The bride has fainted. I did not know what to do, and we were about to return, come quick.'

"I entered the church, faintly lighted by two or three candles. A young girl was seated in the shadow, on a bench; another standing by her, was rubbing her temples.

"At last," said the latter, 'you are here. My mistress is almost dead.'

"An old priest approached me and said: 'Shall we commence?'

"I assented. They assisted the young girl to rise; she seemed to me pretty. By an unpardonable levity, I advanced with her to the desk; her servant and three men supported her and were occupied only with her. An instant—and we were married!

"Embrace each other," they said.

"My wife turned towards me a pale countenance; then suddenly exclaimed: 'It is not he! it is not he!' The priest cast on me an indignant glance. I went out of the church without hindrance from any one; I entered my sledge and went away."

"And do you not know what became of this poor girl?"

"I do not even know the name of the village where I was married, nor the station from which I started. I attached then so little importance to my criminal levity, that on re-entering my sledge I fell asleep, and awakened only at my arrival at the next station. The domestic whom I then had with me was killed in the war; so that I no longer hope to find again the spot where I committed a folly I am now expiating so cruelly."

"My God! Was it then you? do you not recognize me?" exclaimed Marie, taking his hands.

Vourmin turned pale and threw himself at her feet.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ORIGIN OF THE DAGUERRETYPE.

[The following verses, from an anonymous author, are gracefully written, and have the playful fancy of Moore or Hoffman.]

Venus, gazing in the water,
Craved the picture shadowed there;
Phœbus heard the wish, and brought her
Speedy answer to her prayer.

Violet rays her face reflected
On his burnished silver shield;
Mercury touched it, and, perfected,
Every feature stood revealed.

Forehead, eyes, and tresses flowing
O'er a neck divinely fair;
Cheeks, in radiant beauty glowing,—
All were brightly pictured there.

Thoughts, her secret soul revealing;
Pleasure, sparkling in her eye;
Smiles, that round her lips were stealing,
Full of magic witchery;

Grace,—expression,—and whatever
Made that face so animate;—
All were caught and fixed forever,
Truthful—life-like, on the plate.

F. A. F.

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A BEAR HUNT IN THE TYROL.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

Russia alone does not possess the privilege of bear hunting. As the upper summits of the Pyrenees and Alps present nearly the same climate and vegetation as the plains of Muscovy, the bear also lives there, and amuses himself in the same manner. We therefore find in the southern countries of Europe the large game of the north, the most formidable, and therefore the most agreeable animals to hunt.

With an iron-shod staff in my hand a haversack upon my back, I was making my tour of the Tyrol last summer, after having concluded that of Switzerland. On reaching the burg of Ulten, one fine morning, I found all the people astir. The drum was beating the roll call in all the streets, and the entire male population were seen pouring out of their houses. Some carried carbines on their shoulders, others wore sabres at their sides, the remainder had at least the iron-shod staves of the mountaineers, and all were dressed in their holiday clothes, which, by their dashing cut, mixture of colors and perfect similarity, looked like a military uniform. I thought that in this time of sudden popular commotions, a new Andreas Hofer was commencing, against the house of Austria, the rising of 1809 against Napoleon. But all this noise and warlike preparation had a less lofty aim. Its object was simply to dislodge from the environs a very inconvenient and dangerous neighbor. Almost at the top of the mountain which overlooks the burg of Ulten, in a narrow gorge, under a mass of firs uprooted by the tempest, a bear of huge proportions had just taken up his winter quarters. So long as he remained in this hermitage, stupefied like a marmot, and sucking his fore paws for his only nourishment, no one had any idea of seeking him out and picking a quarrel with him. But awaking in the spring with an appetite engendered by a six months' diet, he had approached the cultivated fields, and since the grain had begun to turn yellow, he displayed an increasing audacity in his adventures. He was often seen at nightfall to descend from his fortress, to gain the cultivated patches, coolly to enter a field of oats or barley, to seat himself as if at a well-served table, and, collecting a huge heap of stalks in his paws, convey them to his mouth, and delicately crunch the half-ripened grain. At each of his meals an acre was reaped.

It was in the dread of seeing their suppers wholly cut off in this way that the people of Ulten had resolved to make a general sortie against this gormandizing Attila. They had selected for commander-in-chief of their army an old chamois-hunter, bleached in this rude business, whose limbs had begun to bend beneath the weight of age, but whose hand was still prompt, while his hearing was keen and his eye piercing. For twenty years at least everybody had called him *der alter Fritz*, and everybody related singular stories about the old huntsman.

One day, for instance, when he had chased the chamois to the extreme summits of the Voralberg, he encountered *Der Freyschutz*, the free-shooter, the patron-demon of huntsmen, whose Teutonic legend the music of Von Weber has rendered popular among us. Freyschutz accosted him, and as he himself had got farther than the cross-bow, he asked old Fritz, pointing to his carbine, "what that was?"

"My pipe," replied the cunning Tyrolean.

"Ah!" said the devil; "let me take a whiff."

"Certainly *mein herr*," replied Fritz, and putting the muzzle of his carbine in the free-shooter's mouth, he pulled the trigger. Bang! The devil sneezed three times, and then remarked:

"Your tobacco is confounded strong. Everything else is improving in this country except people's taste. Excuse my freedom, old fellow, but I don't like your tobacco."

As soon as old Fritz had arranged his battle array, the marksmen at the head, the trackers in the rear, the column moved, and I followed, curious to see how this warlike expedition would end. They climbed very slowly, as mountaineers who know the necessity of husbanding their strength always do, and in perfect silence, a precaution not observed in beating for hares, where no danger occupies the mind and disposes it to reflection. On arriving at the entrance of the gorge where the bear had scooped his den, the two bands halted to separate. While the beaters, filing off one by one, went to surround and enclose the lowest and

broadest part of the ravine, the hunters ranged themselves in the narrow and upper part, through which the bear might seek to escape, to gain the peaks covered with eternal snow. One concealed himself behind the trunk of an old fir tree; another hid himself in a crevice of rock; each one, in a word, seeking to shelter himself from the eyes of the enemy, prepared at the same time a barrier against his fury. They were close enough, moreover, to help each other in case of need.

When everybody was posted, one would have thought that this discordant concert of shouting and hooting on one side would have induced the bear to start forth on the other; but either from cunning or obstinacy, fear or courage, the bear did not budge. After a sufficient lapse of time, one of the trackers, getting out of patience, approached the den, accompanied by a huge mastiff, which had accompanied him, to make sure that the lord of the castle had not abandoned his lair. This bravado came near costing him dear. At the sight of the dog sniffing at his threshold, Mr. Bear sprang on the too valiant and confiding mastiff. Striking him with his claws, he took him in his arms, hugged him to his breast, cracking all his bones in this embrace, and then dropped him on the ground, as completely flattened out as if a cart-wheel had passed over his body. The dog's master dropped in the same way, perhaps from downright fear, perhaps to counterfeit death, and escape by this old stratagem from the terrible caresses of the bear. The latter approached the pretended carcass, began to smell it, and was already extending a paw to turn it over on its back, when a ball struck him in the ear, and laid him stone dead beside the corpse, which immediately came to life. It was old Fritz who had fired the shot, as bold as it was fortunate. A general hurrah answered the report of his carbine. Hunters and beaters both ran up to get a near view of the terrible animal so seasonably stricken down. One measured the body from the snout to the tail; another opened his huge jaws to display his white and formidable teeth; a third called attention to the amplitude and strength of his arms, his breadth of paws and length of nails.

In a short time, a little four-wheeled cart, drawn by one horse harnessed alongside the tongue, ascended to the field of battle, and the body of the bear was placed upon it, in the most threatening attitude it could be made to assume. As for old Fritz, another honor awaited him. In the first place, his high-peaked hat was ornamented with a flowering branch of the rhododendron or Alpine rose, then with branches of fir his young companions soon constructed a sort of chair, like the *sella gestatoria*, in which the pope is paraded at the great religious ceremonies of Rome, or the *portantina* which serves to hoist ladies to the crater of Vesuvius. Fritz was seated on this contrivance, notwithstanding his modest scruples, and four vigorous young fellows, taking him in this way on their shoulders, began to follow the cart, which was descending into the valley. On our road, as far as Ulten all the inhabitants came out of their hamlets and *chalets* to meet us. The women waved their handkerchiefs, the men clapped their hands, the children shouted at the top of their voices. Each one saluted in his own way the liberator of his canton, the victor in these combats which recall the prowess of the demi-gods, and old Fritz, accustomed to these victories and acclamations, displayed, in the midst of his glory, such a perfect good humor and modesty, that there was no need of adding to the procession the insulting monitor who whispered in the ear of the Roman hero, as his chariot rolled along the *via sacra*, "remember thou art but a man!"

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE COQUETTE: or, *The History of Eliza Wharton*. Boston: Fetridge & Co.

This edition of a novel of extraordinary popularity and some merit, is edited by Miss JANE E. LOCKE, who, in a well-written preface, gives an account of the authoress, and of the heroine, who was a real character, and well remembered by many persons now on the stage. The book has been out of print for some time, and Fetridge & Co. have done well in reprinting in the elegant style of the present issue.

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER. One of Morton's best farces makes No. 6 of Wm. V. Spencer's "Boston Theatre."

NEW MUSIC. Oliver Ditson, No. 115 Washington Street, has just issued the "Phantom Polka," and "Grace Mazurka," by F. Southgate; the "Harvest Moon," a pretty Song and Chorus, and "Farewell to the Home of my Childhood," a Song and Chorus, written and composed by Richard B. Leonard.

AVILLION AND OTHER TALES. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Miss Mulock has made a world-wide reputation by her admirable stories, "Oliver," "Head of the Family," etc.; and her numerous admirers in this country will eagerly seize on these her minor productions, which are also excellent. Redding & Co. have it.

WILLIE AND THE MORTGAGE. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is a capital juvenile story by Jacob Abbott, written in his best style. The edition is handsomely illustrated. For sale by Redding & Co.

HISTORY OF A ZOOLOGICAL TEMPERANCE CONVENTION HELD IN AFRICA IN 1847. By EN. HITCHCOCK, DD., LL.D., President of Amherst College. Illustrated. 18mo. pp. 160. Boston: Nath'l Noyes, 11 Cornhill. 1855.

This is an ingenious composition—a sort of extended fable, in which the animals convey a moral in their conversation, after the manner of our school-day friend, Aesop. There is both grave humor and sharp satire throughout, and though we were somewhat surprised to find Dr. Hitchcock entering the field as a comic writer, even for a serious purpose, it must be confessed that he has acquitted himself handsomely. There is a good deal of dramatic ability in the book, and, incidentally and quite apart from its design, a considerable amount of information on points of natural history. It will have a great sale, of course.

THE PIONEER'S DAUGHTER. By EMERSON BENNETT. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

This is an American tale, and portrays in glowing colors and bold descriptive powers the peculiarities of western border life, and the foxlike cunning of the war-tutored savage. The author's vivid imagination, his personal observation and experience in western life, and his lucid and striking thought, command the attention of the reader at once, and hold it to the end of the work without flagging.

A YEAR OF THE WAR. By A. G. DE GUROWSKI. New York: Appleton & Co. A very plausible and able plea on the Russian side of the Eastern question. Whatever exception may be taken to the author's conclusions, it cannot be denied that he is well-informed and moderate in his manner of handling the subject.

Messrs. Masury & Silsbee have just published a beautiful photographic likeness of Mrs. JOHN WOOD, of the Boston Theatre, one of the liveliest and most agreeable actresses upon the boards.

MUSIC.—Oliver Ditson & Co., No. 115 Washington Street, have just published the "Coterie Waltz," by Miss Georgiana N. Burnham, of Melrose, a very brilliant composition; "New London City Guards' March," by Charles Steinruck, and The Druids' Chorus and Finale of Norma, arranged by H. Cramer.



FIRST HOUSE BUILT IN WILMINGTON, N. C.

SCENES IN NORTH CAROLINA.

In No. 3 of Volume 5 of the PICTORIAL, we gave a view of the city of Wilmington, North Carolina, and we now have the pleasure of presenting our readers with a series of illustrations of objects of interest in and about that place, from the pencil of the same artist. The largest illustration on the next page gives a picturesque view of Market Street, looking westward, toward the river, and conveys a much better idea of the general characteristics of the place than volumes of letter-press could possibly do. The sketch was taken from a central point, and shows the Carolina Hotel on the right. This is the principal hotel in the place, a very important fact to know, as all travellers who have to pass through Wilmington, north or south, have to stop for meals, and is one of the most prominent buildings on the street. Next to it is Masonic Hall, the second story of which is the dining-room of the hotel. In the distance is the Market House, an unique building, with a low tower, and in the background are some of the characteristics of the South, more particularly of Wilmington, in the shape of mule-carts. These carts are of primitive construction, being home-made, except, perhaps, the wheels, and are generally owned and driven by negroes, who bring into town the products of their small plots of ground, which they convert into cash or barter for various necessities. The shafts are attached to the collars on the mules, and the negro sits astride the animal or cuddled up under the low top among his pumpkins, cabbages, pie-plants, pea-nuts and other dry goods. Arrived in town, he unharnesses his team, throws down a little fodder, tips up (or down) his cart, and lies down in the sun, patiently awaiting his customers. On certain days of the week, twenty or more of these market-wagons may be counted from the steps of the hotel. Wilmington is a port of entry and capital of New Hanover County, on the east side of Cape Fear River, just below the confluence of the northeast and northwest branches, about thirty-five miles from the sea, and ninety miles southeast from Fayetteville, and one hundred eighty miles south-southeast from Raleigh. The principal parts of all the exports of North Carolina are from Wilmington. Vessels of three hundred tons will float in the harbor, but its entrance is rendered difficult by a large shoal. Opposite the town are the islands which divide the river into three streams. These afford the best rice-fields in the State. Wilmington is finely situated for trade, being at the terminus of the great series

of southern railroads, extending from New York, and branching in various directions from the main route. November 4th, 1819, this flourishing place received a severe check from a terrible conflagration, which consumed about two hundred buildings, and occasioned a loss of a million of dollars. Nearly opposite the foot of Market Street, on Point Peter, is situated the picturesque object shown in our second illustration. The Point Peter sawmill presents no other claims for illustration but the fact of its being a prominent object to the eye of the traveller in arriving at or departing from the chief city of North Carolina. Situated at the confluence of the two main branches of Cape Fear River, it receives its supplies of timber from a great portion of the State, and, having a double water front, the timber is slid directly from behind the saws upon the decks of coasting vessels, which convey it to

a market on the Atlantic seaboard. A vast amount is also sent to the West Indies. On a side street running from the Carolina Hotel, north, is situated the oldest house in the city, represented in the first engraving on this page. When this humble edifice was erected, Brunswick, some fifteen miles below Wilmington, was the principal town on the Cape Fear, and was the entrepot of North Carolina. Within the space of a hundred years it has become the nucleus of a considerable city, while Brunswick has become a desolation. Thus it is throughout our land: so rapid has been our growth toward repletion, that he who chronicles the wealth, prosperity and magnitude of a large city, may have seen the first house erected within its precincts. Nay more, he may have shot the wild deer of the forest where now rolls the carriage of the wealthy millionaire, where the shrill whistle of the locomotive and the smoke of innumerable factories give token of "the busy haunts of men." What a story of oppression and resistance, of tyrannical governors and patriotic regulators, of domineering British commanders and downtrodden patriots, could not that modest-looking building relate had it the fabled power of inanimate matter, and could only speak. Standing on the steps of the hotel and looking up Market Street, the visitor to Wilmington will see

on the right hand side, on the corner of Market and Third Streets, an antiquated looking building, standing somewhat back from and above the street, with piazzas on the second and third stories, a hipped roof and a door-yard filled with trees and shrubs. This building was the head-quarters of Cornwallis during the time he remained in the city after his battle with Greene at Guilford court house. The city was taken possession of and occupied by Major Craig, in the fall of 1780, who held it until the arrival of his superior in the following April. Cornwallis remained in the city some eighteen days to recruit his shattered forces and arrange his plans, and took possession of the house represented in the engraving as his head-quarters, it being then the most considerable one in the place. The floors still bear the marks of the ruthless hand and axe of the British scullions, who chopped their meat thereon. These and other reminiscences of revolutionary times are sacredly preserved intact by the present occupant, Dr. T. H. Wright. Another, and perhaps the most striking, relic of by-gone days to be found in and around Wilmington, is the residence of Cornelius Harnett, the Samuel Adams of the South, which is situated on the banks of the east branch of the Cape Fear River, about a mile from the centre of the city. Here lived one of those sterling patriots, who, surrounded by everything that wealth can give, or heart desire to make life happy, were willing to forego every comfort, and sacrifice their ease, their blood and their lives on the altar of their country's weal. Cornelius Harnett was born in England, on the 20th of April, 1723. It is not known when he came to America, but when the oppressive acts of the king and parliament aroused the colonies to resistance, he was a man of wealth, of leisure and of elevated station. He was a member of Assembly previous to the breaking out of the revolution, and was chairman of the most important committees of that body. He was among the first to take an active part against the imposition of the stamp act, and was the leading spirit at the South, particularly in the region of the Cape Fear. And when, in 1775, the Governor resigned his office, and the provincial council was called upon to fill the vacancy, Harnett was elected president, and became actual governor of the province. In the provincial Congress at Halifax, in April, 1776, he moved that the delegates to General Congress be instructed to use their influence in favor of a declaration of independence; and when that immortal document was received, he was the first to read it to his neighbors and constit-



SAWMILL ON POINT PETER, OPPOSITE WILMINGTON, N. C.



RESIDENCE OF CORNELIUS HARNETT, NEAR WILMINGTON.

uents. When he had finished, so great was their joy and enthusiasm that they mounted him upon their shoulders and paraded him through the streets of Halifax in triumph. He was on a committee to draw up a State Constitution, and was one of the council of the first governor of the State. He was afterwards a member of the Continental Congress, and was one of the signers of the "articles of confederation and perpetual union." Such activity in the cause of rebellion could not be overlooked by the British, and when a general amnesty was offered to those who would return to their allegiance to the crown, Harnett and Robert Howe were alone excepted as arch traitors. It was his misfortune to fall into the hands of his enemies, and he died while a captive, at the age of 58. His remains lie in the St. James's churchyard, in Wilmington. Hilton, his residence, although almost within the precincts of the city, is one of the most romantically beautiful plantations in the whole range of the South. One could hardly conceive of a more delightful abode than is here found on the banks of the Cape Fear, surrounded, as it is, with the luxuriant foliage of a southern climate. Yet the allurements of such a home, the claims of relations and of kin, were not sufficient to prevent this noble patriot from throwing his wealth and influence, his hopes, his life, his all into the common stock which went to make up the price of our independence. May the name of Cornelius Harnett rank among the highest on the brightest page of our country's history, and be the admiration of every age until patriotism cease to be a virtue. The history of North Carolina is interesting to every American. Raleigh sent a colony here in 1585. They numbered one hundred and eight persons, and sailed from Plymouth, in seven vessels, on the 9th of April. Among them were Ralph (afterwards Sir Ralph) Lane, who was to act as governor, Sir Richard Grenville, Cavendish, afterwards celebrated as the circumnavigator of the globe, Hariot, the inventor of the modern system of algebraic notation, the historiographer of the expedition, and an ingenious artist. The fleet came near shipwreck on a point they called Cape Fear, and two days afterwards anchored at Wocoken. They made their way to Roanoke through Ocracoke Inlet. After some time spent in exploration, and after landing the colonists, the ships, with Richard Grenville, returned to England. Lane, in a letter written in September of that year, spoke in enthusiastic terms of the soil and climate of the new country. "It is the goodliest soil under the cope of Heaven; the most pleasing territory of the world; the continent is of a huge and unknown greatness, and very well

peopled and towned, though savagely. The climate is so wholesome that we have not one sick since we touched the land." The English, however, were not destined, at this time, to effect a permanent settlement. The Indians, wishing to get rid of their strange visitors, who had treated them with precipitate harshness on more than one occasion, despatched them on fruitless errands after imaginary mines of gold and rivers abounding with pearls. They returned from their journey of exploration, exhausted and destitute. The disaffection of the Indians became every day more apparent, and their deadly enmity was provoked by the massacre of their king and his chief men, whom Lane suspected of a design of murdering his colonists. The result of this attempt at colonization is sketched by Bancroft in the first volume of his history: "In the island of Roanoke, the men began to despond; they looked in vain towards the ocean for supplies from England; they were sighing for the luxuries of the cities in their native land; when of a sudden it was rumored that the sea was white with the sails of three and twenty ships; and within three days Sir Francis Drake had anchored his fleet at sea outside of Roanoke Inlet, in the wild road of their bad harbor. He had come here, on his way from the West Indies to England, to visit the domain of his friend. With the celerity of genius, he discovered the measures which the exigency of the case required, and supplied the wants of Lane to the uttermost, giving him a bark of seventy tons, with pinnares and small boats, and all needed provisions for the colony." It was his wish that the colonists should remain and pursue their discoveries; but the men were discouraged, and Lane yielding to their entreaties, all embarked for England. "The return of Lane was a precipitate desertion; a little delay would have furnished the colony with ample supplies. A few days afterward, a ship arrived, laden with all the stores needed by the infant settlement." In another fortnight, Grenville made his appearance with three ships, and left fifteen men on the island of Roanoke, to maintain the English claim to the country. It was in 1650 that the first permanent settlement was made by white emigrants from Virginia. What is now called Carolina, formed, according to the Spaniards, a part of Florida: it was called Carolina by the French, in honor of Charles IX., when they made their ill-starred attempt to colonize the North American coast. In 1661 a second English colony came from Massachusetts, and settled on the Cape Fear River. In 1667 the colony obtained a representative government. Locke's scheme of government was abandoned after a trial. In 1717 Carolina from a proprietary became a royal government, and continued so

till 1775. The North Carolinians rushed to arms at the first token of the revolution, and nobly embarked life and fortune in the cause of American independence. The Mecklenburg resolutions of 1775 anticipated the principle and language of the Declaration of Independence. North Carolina was the theatre of some of the severest battles of the war. In the arms of the State, the figure of liberty displays the scroll of the constitution, and no State of the Union has a better title to bear such an emblem of loyalty.

FOGS, TRADE WINDS AND WATERSPOUTS.

Near the equator, and on either side of it, for eight or ten degrees north and south, is what is called the zone of variable winds and calms. The trade winds are perpetual winds occurring in the open tropical seas, north and south of this zone of calms, and are so called because they greatly promote navigation and trade. To the north of the equator these winds blow in the eastern parts of the ocean from the northeast, but further to the west they become more easterly, and sometimes even blow from a little south of east. South of the equator they blow in the eastern parts of the ocean

damp and cold. The damp air in contact with the earth, on a calm morning, chilled by the colder air above, parts with its moisture, or, at least, the moisture assumes the form of visible vapor. Where there are vast multitudes of minute particles of carbon floating in the air, as in the neighborhood of large cities, these mix with the vapor and form those thick and almost opaque fogs so well known in London and other places. Thus also are formed the thick fogs off the coast of New Foundland, where the melting icebergs, stranded on the "great bank," chill the air, and cause it to part with a large portion of the moisture it held in a transparent state. Waterspouts are simply the result of the tendency of all fluid matter to run in whirls or currents when subject to the influence of unequal or opposing forces. They belong to the same class of natural phenomena that whirlwinds, squalls, etc., do. They often work spirally, like a corkscrew, and move along like an eddy in agitated water, commonly beginning to revolve at the bottom of a cloud which descends within it, and from which pillar-like appearance the term of waterspout has been derived.—*New York Sunday Times.*

from the southeast, but become nearly due east towards the west. The weather is generally fine when the trade winds are blowing; but the intermediate belt of sea is remarkable for the quantity of rain that falls there. The trade winds occur both in the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, but vary considerably, both in extent and force, in those two great divisions of water. In the Atlantic they have a wider range on the American than on the European side, and are much better determined than in the Pacific Ocean. The boundaries of the trade winds in the temperate zone, in both hemispheres, and in both oceans, vary with the seasons. The cause of these winds is generally considered to be the constant rarefaction of the air between the tropics, where the sun exerts so much more power than in the temperate zone, and the consequent rushing in of currents of cold air, from the north and south, towards the equator. If the winds moved with the rapidity of the earth, the currents would of course be north and south; but as this is not the case, and the earth moves far more rapidly from west to east, the winds are left behind, and appear to blow from other points. Thus they blow from the northeast in the northern hemisphere, and from the southeast in the southern, while near the equator, and when influenced by land, they occasionally blow due east, or nearly so. Fogs and mists are the result of a small change in the condition of the atmosphere near the ground, in those countries where the soil is occasionally damp and comparatively warm, while the air is



CORNWALLIS'S HEAD-QUARTERS, AND EPISCOPAL CHURCH, WILMINGTON.



MARKET STREET, WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THREE SONNETS.

TO MISS —, OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

BY WILLIAM L. SHOEMAKER.

I.

Ah, thou art fair,—fair as the morning's prime,
And dewy fresh as is the rose's bloom,
And good (methinks) as beautiful, to whom,
Unknown, I pour the homage of my rhyme!
A thousand knights would have, in the olden time,
Each deemed it fame thy favors to assume,
And died for thee, and gladly met their doom,
And not to worship thee have deemed it crime.
A thousand minstrels would have sung thy face
As one all peerless, and have singled thee
To crown with wreaths of deathless poesy;
So rich art thou in every mystic grace,
Making us almost marvel if thou be,
In very sooth, of our own earth-born race.

II.

I have beheld thee in the crowded hall,
Where youth and beauty met; but thou, most fair,
Thou'rt like a star through clouds among them, there,
The cynosure,—the wonder of them all.
Nor dost thou to thine aid those trappings call,
Which others use; as well the rose would care
For other charms than hers already are;
Nor gold nor pearl thou needest to cuthrall
Who look on thee. "Plain in thy neatness," thou
Look'st queenly with but one flower in thy hair;
And thy bright eyes outshine all gems most rare;
Nor would a diadem on thy modest brow
Give thee more sway than thou, uncrowned, dost bear,
Who art, by beauty's power, a sovereign now.

III.

And sometimes I have seen thee on the street,
Sailing with stately modesty along,
Even like the motion of a well-tuned song,
When every one whom thou thereon didst meet,
Would look upon thee in thy garments neat,
And seem to bless thee the rude crowd among,
As if an angel walked amid the throng,
Or amid brambles sprang a rose most sweet.
And sometimes I have turned my head to gaze
On thy receding form, and felt, the while,
Like a lone dweller on a barren isle,
Who sees a homeward vessel, through the haze
Pass out of sight; but thou, for many days,
Thy heavenly look would my dull dreams beguile.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ÆGINA.

BY EDWIN W. MONTAGUE.

BEAUTIFUL ÆGINA, the renowned rival of Athens, lies in full view from her hills, at the distance of about twenty miles from the Piræus. One fine morning in the last of June, I joined a party on an expedition to this island. It was a company calculated to appreciate the full interest of what would be seen; there was my old companion, the professor, my messmate, the indefatigable Scotch scholar, and a young German artist, with the gift of song, and now employed by the queen on paintings for the palace. François, the most learned, intelligent and agreeable of Greek guides, accompanied us and managed the expedition. We drove before sunrise to the Piræus, making our way outside the town, to the right, to a little cove where a sail boat with two oarsmen had come to meet us, thus evading the port laws, which allow no boat to leave the harbor before ten o'clock. By the way, the navigation laws of the Greek kingdom are very injudicious, and tend, by their foolish restrictions, to throw a great part of the carrying trade into the hands of the foreign steamers which ply between the Greek ports. A good breeze bore us rapidly along, and in two or three hours we landed on the northeast side of the island, where we saw excavations in the rocks just covered by the water, and other indications of the existence of a port there in ancient times. We walked to a garden a little way from the shore, looking greener than the greater part of the land in the neighborhood, and there, among grape vines and under a broad fig tree, took our lunch.

François talked with us about his nation, and expressed decidedly his disapprobation of the king, for his personal, as well as his political qualities, "for," said he, "he is deaf, he squints, he lisps, and—he has no children!" But we were impatient to reach the temple which we had seen to good advantage before reaching the shore, its graceful pillars, on the summit of a considerable elevation, beautifully relieved against the sky. We climbed the hill, which is dotted with pretty bushes and small trees, and found considerable remains of the temple still existing—twenty columns of the peribolos and two of the cella standing entire, and still surmounted by the architrave. Drums of the fallen columns lay scattered here and there, in the most picturesque confusion; and the green shrubs on the sloping sides of the hill, the view of vales and heights in the interior of the island, and the all-glorious prospect of the sea and the Attic coast from Sunium to Salamis, made up, with the beautiful ruins, a scene of unusual interest and variety. The stone of which the temple is built is of a light gray color, and porous. Where exposed to the storms, it has been considerably worn and eaten. It was covered with stucco—now almost entirely worn away—and, in parts, beautifully painted. We were disappointed in the size of the temple. The pillars, seen in the clear air at a distance, from the sea, give the idea of a much larger building than is actually found. There is some dispute among the learned upon the name

of this old and beautiful Doric edifice. It has been the prevalent idea—as it is certainly the most grateful belief—that this is that renowned temple of Zeus Panhellenius, built on the spot where the prayers of Æacus, the most pious of mankind, appeased the wrath of heaven, and stayed the plague of famine and barrenness with which the gods had smitten all Greece. But Wordsworth, and others, think that the position does not accord with that assigned by old writers to the temple commemorating this successful intercession, and infer, from an inscription found in the neighborhood, that it is a temple of Minerva. I fancy, however, that the German artist who was with us, and who carried away a beautiful sketch of the lovely ruin, cared little about its name. This temple and the beautiful hill it surmounts have furnished the subject of one of the most beautiful of Turner's paintings.

Those parts of the island which we saw did not look so fertile as I had expected. The soil was dry and scorched and the vegetation scanty. We saw one or two carib trees, and many figs and olives. Ants were numerous, but we met none of the Myrmidons. A man or two in the fields and a few boys watering donkeys at a well in a hollow, were the only human beings we encountered.

The wind had gone down when we got again on to the water, and we had to depend upon our oars to return. The long passage was enlivened by pleasant talk, and songs both Greek and German. The professor improvised a Greek song, and imitated most capably the unearthly intonations and Chinese rudeness of Greek singing.

And now that I have described one of my last little journeys in Greece, I cannot refrain from declaring some of my impressions of the character of this people, and the future that awaits them. One of the first things which strikes a stranger is a certain aspect of youthful hope and independence in the very bearing and address of the modern Greeks, confirmed always, on nearer acquaintance, by their conversation. It is that which distinguishes the Greek so pre-eminently above the other southern races of Europe. Take the Italian, and mark how hopeless and enervate is the eye and the whole bearing, how soul and body have alike degenerated under centuries of priestcraft and bondage! Everything in Greece, on the contrary, tells of a *Future*—a future of grander development, of vastly augmented prosperity. And in one respect, certainly, the Greeks have taken the wisest and most effectual means to bring about this glorious result—they have made liberal provision for the free education of their children. Much yet remains to be done, particularly in the smaller hamlets, but there is no considerable village in Greece which has not already its public school, in which the pupils are taught the ancient as well as the modern Greek languages, and well instructed in the elementary sciences. Many a bright-eyed, handsome youth have we met in various parts of the country—the boys and young men here are often gloriously beautiful—not so the maidens—who, his powers cultivated in one of these seminaries, exhibited an intelligence and cleverness which could not but fill us with the hope that he would be an ornament to his country and do much to promote her welfare in coming years. When a well-educated generation has once come upon the stage, in a country of such physical and moral capacities of greatness, something must surely be done to develop her resources and elevate her rank among the nations. Those bright lads are prophets of a resurrection of the nation.

The Greeks have, too, that hopefulness and confidence of future greatness, which is always a sure omen of success. "We are young," say they, "and have not as yet had time to develop our resources and take our proper place among the nations. A little longer, and we shall compare favorably with the most advanced civilizations." They believe there is nothing of which their race is not capable. In war, as in everything else, they think themselves invincible. The whole kingdom is watching eagerly the progress of the difficulty between Russia and Turkey.

The Greeks fight like tigers against their ancient foe, and render no insignificant aid to the Russian bear. The wildest notions are prevalent here in relation to the consequences of this struggle. It is the Greeks who are to gain by the downfall of the Mohammedan power—it is a new Greek empire that is to rise upon the ruins of Constantinople. And could the millions of Greeks in the Ottoman dominions unite with their brethren of the little kingdom of Otho, and rallying round a common cause, consent to forget local interests and prejudices, a new Byzantine empire might be formed, and the Greek race, which even in its present state so nearly monopolizes the intelligence, enterprise and commerce of the Levant, assume a position in the political world commensurate with its capacities and worthy of its ancient renown.

For myself, however, I expect no such result, at least not in the present generation. Much must be done to educate and civilize the robbers of Asia Minor and Northern Greece, and the illiterate boors of all the provinces, before the Greeks can be taught to aspire for a nobler position, and to see the necessity of union and self-sacrifice. Thessaly and Macedonia may swell the narrow dominions of modern Hellas, if they should be wrested from the Sultan; and it is certainly the interest of the great powers, that, if Turkey falls, Greece rather than Russia, should be the gainer. I doubt, however, whether the time has come when it would be wise to attempt to establish a more extended Greek power than the present kingdom would be after receiving this extension. Yet I do not quarrel with the extravagant expectations of these Athenians; exaggerated hope is better than crushing despair, the extravagance of freedom than the sluggishness and stagnation of bondage.

Meanwhile what is the government of Otho doing for the devel-

opment of the resources and the furthering of the healthy growth of the nation? Except, I fear, in the liberal provisions for popular education, little or nothing. He has, indeed, beautified the capital, and, beyond the squalid, miserable, one story huts of rude stone which formed the Turkish town, broad streets of commodious and handsome residences have been built, reminding one of the new houses in a thriving New England town. A carriage road has been made to the Piræus, another on which the queen can ride to Pentelicon, and another even from Athens to Thebes. The Peloponessus, too, can boast of at least one road of considerable length. But this beggarly list exhausts the catalogue. It is a shame that the government has been so blind to its true policy, as well as its great duty—that of making the most liberal "internal improvements," and stimulating agriculture and all the arts by opening facilities of communication from place to place and between the interior and the seaports. Selfish and bigoted opposition to liberal expenditures of the public money for internal improvements is not, however, a thing unknown in certain states which profess to be more civilized and enlightened than Greece.

Greece is a limited monarchy, the king having granted a constitution in September, 1844. It is notorious, however, that the government interferes constantly in the election of members of the legislature, and succeeds, by menaces and bribes, in securing a majority of the "Russian" or tory party. The miserable dependency of the state is shown in the fact that even political parties take the names of foreign powers, that power to whose character and influence the respective party may incline. Thus, besides the "Russian," there are the "French" and the "English" parties, which two sometimes correspond. The liberals say that the king, averse to constitutional freedom, is determined to convince the people that the experiment will fail, and that he subsidizes the parliament for this purpose.

It is difficult to form, from the statements of the Greeks themselves, an accurate opinion of the character of their king. Truthfulness is not the distinguishing virtue of these people, and party spirit is as extravagant here as in the worst days of England or America. That he labors with the utmost assiduity, in the discharge of his duties, is admitted by all. No document whatever is issued by his ministers without having first received his careful revision; no measure is taken without his careful study and his express approbation. Even his health has been impaired by his close application. A foreigner, he has mastered the languages of his kingdom, and talks with fluency the Romanic and the Albanian. From all I could learn, and from the evidence of his public acts, I have little doubt that he sincerely desires to promote the welfare of his people, and that his unremitting labors are directed to this end. But brought up in the narrow school of a second-rate German power, and endowed with no remarkable capacity of intellect by nature, his views of government are narrow, illiberal and despotic, and his self-will and obstinacy make him deaf to the arguments of the advocates of a nobler policy. His faults are faults of judgment, not of intention; and it is his misfortune to be placed over a people who would find something to carp at in the wisest and best of mankind.

Otho was born on the 1st of June, 1815, and arrived in Greece the 6th of February, 1833. Three councillors, appointed by his father, the King of Bavaria, administered affairs until his twentieth birthday, the 1st of June (or, according to the Greek reckoning, the 20th of May), 1835, when he ascended the throne as monarch. On the 22d of November, 1836, he married Amalia, daughter of the Duke of Oldenburg, then in her eighteenth year. She is fair and of pleasing person, an early riser and a splendid equestrian. She is universally popular in the nation, and has administered the affairs as Queen Regent with great applause on two occasions (in 1850 and 1852), when her husband was compelled in consequence of ill health, to travel away from Greece. The king has wisely adopted the national costume, which becomes him well. He may be seen every evening taking his horse-back exercise, of which he is very fond.

Otho is Catholic and Amalia Protestant. It is in the bond that their children shall be educated in the Greek Church, but the hopes of the nation for a native prince of their own faith, have thus far been disappointed. The priests, however, have no reason to complain that they have not sufficient influence in the government, as the case of Dr. King abundantly shows.

This ascendancy of priestcraft is one of the evil signs in Greece. The Greek Church, however, has never been so intolerant as the Catholic, and there is a spirit of independence in the people not to be crushed by ecclesiastical domination. Let the favored countries of the world, like America, foster what is good in Greece, in faith that it will outgrow the bad. The Greeks need lessons in agriculture and all the arts, improved implements and machinery, and books and money for purposes of education.

Why have not the United States a minister to Greece? Even our trade might be so extended as to justify the appointment on commercial considerations, and certainly on moral grounds the United States ought to have an accredited agent of enlarged views and persuasive manners in this country, through whom what is good and great in our example might be brought to have its due influence on the government and policy of a young nation, destined yet, I doubt not, to play an important part on the great stage of the world.

A person who squanders away his fortune in rioting and profuseness, is neither just to himself or others; for, by a conduct of this kind, his superfluities flow in an irregular channel; and those that are the most unworthy, are the greatest sharers of them; who do not fail to censure him when his substance is exhausted.—*Dr. Fuller.*

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.
LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

This distinguished English authoress has died lately, lamented by a large circle of personal friends, and by thousands who never saw her, but loved her works, in which genius, grace, feminine taste and purity were happily blended. She was born at the town of Alresford, Hampshire Co., England, Dec. 25, 1789, and died January 10th, of the present year. Her first book, "Our Village," won her the applause of the public, and the affection and esteem of the first minds of her native land. She attempted tragedy, and not without success—her "Rienzi" being equally popular in the closet and on the stage. Mr. Fields, the poet, in an admirable obituary notice of this lady, written for the Transcript, says:

"No writer was ever more fondly respected among the English common people, the peasantry of the land, than Miss Mitford. Whoever has had the happiness to accompany her about the green lanes of her own country will not fail to remember the frequent lifted hat and modest curtsy by the roadside. One summer day the writer of this brief notice rode with her to a cricket-match some distance from her cottage, and when her carriage came upon the green, the game was suspended, that the players might flock about her and pay their respects. With what an interest she inquired about the sport, and how knowingly she chatted with the young people assembled to greet her, her companion that day must always remember. So excellent a woman, so richly endowed a genius, has seldom gladdened the world, and now that her beautiful name has been borne away among the angels, we look in vain for another to fill the place she has left on the earth. The story of her life is written in her works. Beautiful as a summer day flowed on the current of her existence, and although some passing clouds briefly obscured the sunlight of her pathway, her years have been more touched with joy than sorrow."

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.—The illustrated newspaper, projected by Mr. F. Gleason, and lately purchased by Maturin M. Ballou, Esq., its editor from the outset, has commenced the year with a new heading, new type, and paper of superior quality. There is now an artistic style and finish about it which it never before displayed, and it is now quite up to the standard of the London Illustrated News and Paris Illustrations. It is a gratifying proof of the rapid advancement of the arts in this country, and reflects high credit on the enterprise and liberality of its new proprietor. Mr. Ballou is a gentleman of ability, tact and business talent, and he has associated with him, as assistant editor, Mr. Francis A. Durivage, who has been many years connected with the press, and who is a graceful and popular writer of prose and poetry. Mr. Ballou's two weeklies, the PICTORIAL and THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, involve an immense outlay, but are largely remunerative.—*Hunt's Merchants' Magazine.*

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN.—Ralph Waldo Emerson, in his lecture thus announced, says a good many smart witticisms, and illustrates some eminent truths, but the effort struck us as containing much that was "stale, flat and unprofitable," and hardly worthy the lecturer's reputation.

TRUE TO THE LAST.—That noble-hearted woman, Lady Franklin, has resolved to expend the remnant of her fortune in fitting out another Arctic expedition.

SPLINTERS.

.... The past winter has been a most capricious one. Glad are we that it has gone at last.

.... The study of agriculture has been introduced into the New Hampshire schools. A grand move.

.... The Baroness de Marguerites was lately married to G. C. Foster, in Moyamensing Prison, Pennsylvania.

.... An iron steamship, building in London for the Australian trade, is six hundred and seventy-five feet long.

.... The sale of intoxicating liquors and beer has been prohibited in Salt Lake City, and all licenses revoked.

.... Deacon Foster's annual concerts and speeches are eras in music and eloquence.

.... The gold mines of Virginia don't pay, for the want of adequate machinery to work them.

.... But for the beauty of its music the plot of the opera of Don Giovanni would drive it from the stage.

.... Judge Briggs, former governor of this State, lately held a session of the municipal court in this city.

.... The "Crayon" is severe on round, stiff, high-crowned hats. They are not æsthetic enough.

.... It is not true that the small-pox has been raging in the city of Charleston—the authorities deny it.

.... The author of "The Heir of Redcliffe," and "Heart's Ease," is an English lady named Charlotte Yonge.

.... It is stated that the wages of a first rate servant in Florence, Italy, are only seventy cents a week.

.... Mrs. Trollope, the novelist and libeller of this country, is living in a beautiful villa in Florence.

.... The author of "Parisian Sights, so popular here, is a gentleman by the name of Jarves, now in Italy.

.... It is talked of attaching wash-rooms to our public schools. Cleanliness ought to be enforced.

.... A man named Leet sold \$600 worth of lottery tickets, drew all the prizes, and left for California.

.... They have had a snow storm of six days' duration in Illinois—snow eight feet deep.

.... The Memphis navy yard property has been sold at auction in residence lots. The amount realized was \$59,574 62.

A WORD ABOUT THE PICTORIAL.

In turning over the leaves of a bound volume of our paper, taking in at a glance the hundreds of subjects therein described with pen and pencil, the curiosities of natural history, the public buildings, the prominent men and women of the time, events that affect the world, new and wonderful machinery, scenes of sublimity and beauty that years may change, for the face of nature even alters in this changeable world, we could not help thinking that our humble labors were destined to accomplish something more than the amusement of the passing hour, and that our work, possessing a certain historical value, might chance to reach posterity. A large portion of our subscribers preserve and bind their volumes. A collection of twenty, or a hundred engravings, even, is apt to be lost in the course of years, but a work that embraces hundreds and thousands deserves and receives a better fate.

It has been observed that if Pompeii or Herculaneum were to restore us the lost annals of the pontiffs of Rome, it would create a great sensation among the learned. If, instead of these annals, we could get hold of the Diurna Acta, the acts of the Senate, the reports of the legislative assemblies of Rome, to which Cæsar gave publicity two thousand years ago, educated people would be yet more excited. But if, instead of either of these, the journal of the compiler Chrestus, of whom Cicero speaks so contemptuously in his "Familiar Letters," could be brought to light, with its version of daily occurrences, strange accidents, lawsuits, theatres, marriage notices and scandal—the "Herald" of old Rome—the stupidist pupil who ever yawned over Andrews and Stoddard would be ready to dig deep into Latin grammar to qualify himself to read it. "But imagine," says the writer whose ideas we have been quoting, "what transports would be excited by, and what value set upon an illustrated Roman paper of the time of Cæsar, if that skilful courtier of popularity had thought of employing some of the adroit Greeks who lived at Rome, in such a publication. All the other literature of Rome would pale before it."

Or, without going back to such remote antiquity or to a foreign country, just think what a treasure an illustrated paper of the days of the revolution would be to us now. Fancy the Boston tea-party drawn on the spot by a contemporary artist; the battle of Bunker's Hill, sketched from the tower of Christ Church; the breakfast at John Hancock's, with portraits of the officers of the French fleet: later yet, the Chesapeake sailing out of Boston harbor in the presence of assembled thousands to fight that fatal battle with the Shannon, or the launch of old Ironsides, with the buildings and the people just as they appeared then.

But we enjoy facilities that our fathers did not possess—the daguerreotype, steam, highly cultivated arts. Ten years ago even, such a paper as the Pictorial could not have been published. Ten years ago the staple cuts of the London Illustrated News were such as we would not now admit into our columns. Having the fear of posterity before us, we are straining every nerve to make a paper every way worthy of preservation. Whatever improvements the rapid progress of the mechanic and the fine arts offers, we seize upon with avidity, regardless of cost; an extensive circulation enables us to do so, and we intend in everything within our sphere to keep pace with the movement of the times. To what extent we have already succeeded in carrying out our plans, we leave our brethren of the press and the public to decide.

INFLUENCE OF THE PICTORIAL.

It is very gratifying now and then, to receive such letters as the following, showing, as it does, that the aim of our paper is accomplished, at least in some degree, and encouraging us to renewed efforts and liberal expenditure to render it as perfect in the artistic and literary departments as possible:

HARTFORD, CONN., Feb. —, 1855
MR. BALLOU, DEAR SIR:—In renewing my subscription for your illustrated paper, I cannot refrain from expressing my satisfaction at its increased excellence, and my hearty approval of its character. Its weekly visits are looked forward to by my family with much interest; and while its admirable reading matter has amused and instructed my children, its elegant illustrations have created among them a taste for drawing and designing, which has elicited talent that would otherwise have remained dormant. The pure moral tone of your columns is beyond praise. I do not fear to place the Pictorial in my daughters' hands, because I know that you never sully its fair pages by even a word that good taste and propriety may question. Such a journal is a valuable aid to intelligence and art, and is a national good.

Your obedient servant,

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.—This paragon of cheapness, judging from the present rate at which the subscriptions flow in upon us, will attain within six months of the publication of the first number, the largest circulation of any monthly ever issued from the press. It is the cheapest magazine ever published, containing one hundred pages of reading matter in each number, or twelve hundred pages a year, of choice reading, for one dollar! Each number complete in itself.

A HIT.—Burnham's new volume, entitled the "History of the Hen Fever," is destined to have a great run. It is capitably written and illustrated, and is brim full of fun and spice. It will be issued in a few days, and will create a sensation among the "chicken-men," surely!

THE OPERA OF DON GIOVANNI.—We sincerely trust, for decency's sake, that this obscene composition may never again be produced in Boston. Captivating and superb as the music is, it cannot in the least degree atone for so objectionable a libretto.

"THE PRIESTESS."—From a hasty perusal of Mr. Sargent's new play, in the manuscript, we anticipate brilliant success for it, on the forthcoming presentation at the Boston Theatre. We shall endeavor to give, at least, one good scenic illustration of the piece.

THE PEOPLE'S THEATRE.—This is the name by which the Howard Athenæum, Boston, is in future to be known.

MAP OF THE CRIMEA.

The clear and elegant map of the seat of war given on page 125, is from the establishment of C. W. Morse, No. 96 Nassau Street, New York. At a time when the eyes of the world are fixed upon the allies and their giant antagonist, an accurate delineation of the localities of the momentous contest possesses a deep interest. In connection with the map we subjoin a rapid sketch of operations up to the present time.

The allies landed at Eupatoria, a town about thirty miles north of Sebastopol, on the 14th of September, 1854. On the 20th of the same month their passage was disputed by about 30,000 Russians, who were driven with great loss from the heights of Alma. Next, by a daring flank movement, they established their base at Balaklava, only ten miles distant from Sebastopol. On the 17th of October the allies completed their first parallel before Sebastopol, and a heavy cannonading from the land forces and the fleet was opened. On the 25th of October the battle of Balaklava was fought. The next day a Russian sortie was repulsed. On the 5th of November the bloody battle of Inkermann was fought—the allies being taken by surprise in the commencement of the day.

The battle of Inkermann was one of the most desperate of modern times. In our own history that of Buena Vista comes nearest to it. The Russians fought under the eyes of two imperial princes, the blessings and prayers of bishops, and with the promise and expectation of rich rewards. They had taken advantage of the dark, foggy night to erect batteries of heavy guns in commanding positions, and when the earliest dawn broke, their huge masses, in columns of attack, were driving in the English pickets. Everything was in their favor save the very mist under cover of which they advanced, and which they regarded as their greatest advantage. It was their greatest mishap, as it concealed from them the small number of their adversaries.

Large reinforcements had reached the Russians previous to this bloody battle, and they felt certain of victory. Had the allies with their limited forces operated on the northern side of the harbor instead of the southern, they must have been routed. It is not alone their valor, but their position, adjacent to their fleets, and occupying commanding eminences and entrenchments, which has saved them so far from destruction. They are now, and have lately been, receiving reinforcements, and should they be in sufficient strength, before the severity of winter sets in, they may resume the offensive, and march against the army of Menschikoff, leaving force enough before the place to repel sorties from the town and forts. But we are inclined to the opinion that the troops will soon go into winter quarters, and the campaign not be resumed until next spring. The allies committed a great mistake in attempting the siege with so inconsiderable a force. With 150,000 men (including from 5000 to 8000 cavalry) they might have moved from Eupatoria as a base, followed the retreating army of Menschikoff (after the battle of the Alma) with 75,000 men, and invested the northern and southern sides of the harbor with the same number. Thus, contending alone with the besieged, the investing force need not have been confined to a mere segment of the circle of investment—while the balance of the allied troops could have driven the Russians across the isthmus of Perekof—which, once in their possession, must have secured the conquest of the Crimea and the downfall of Sebastopol.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Benjamin K. Little to Miss Rachel C. Mellis; Mr. Hiram Wild to Miss Charlotte B. Davis, both of Braintree; Mr. Daniel E. Bowen to Miss Georgiana M. Morse, both of Chelsea; by Rev. Mr. Wines, Mr. Nathan D. Perkins, of Ipswich, to Miss Marinda A. Seales, of Milford, N. H.; by Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. James S. Norman to Miss Elizabeth H. McIlwain, of Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Mudge, Dr. T. J. Stevens to Mrs. Sarah A. Waterhouse, of East Boston.—At Medford, by Rev. Mr. Kelee, Mr. John Marshall to Miss Josephine Walker.—At Hull, by Rev. Mr. Spuller, of Hingham, Mr. Davis W. Dill to Miss Mary Jane Lucine.—At Newton Centre, by Rev. Dr. Smith, Rev. Dr. Alexis Caswell, to Miss Elizabeth Brown Edmonds.—At South Reading, by Rev. Mr. Hall, John Gould, Esq. to Miss Lucy Washburn, of Woodstock, Vt.—At Salem, by Rev. Dr. Thompson, Mr. Charles H. Rogers to Miss Lydia M. Porter.—At West Newbury, by Rev. Mr. Baker, Mr. H. C. Bigelow, of Worcester, to Miss Maria E. Fuller, of West Needham.—At Newburyport, Mr. George F. Roaf to Miss Anna Knight.—At Haverhill, by Rev. Mr. Train, Mr. William Dwinells, Jr. to Miss Celia Carleton.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Higgins, 36; Mr. William Warren Blanchard, 18; Mrs. Mary G. Grogan, 47; Mrs. Rebecca Gill, 63; Mrs. Mary E., wife of Mr. Enoch L. Chamberlain, 44; Mrs. Hannah Howard, 68.—At Charlestown, Mrs. Mary Belman, 35; Mrs. Melinda Gray, 42; Widow Lilles Rand, 73.—At Roxbury, Mrs. Rebecca B. Drury, 67; Widow Tabitha Moore, formerly of Sterling, 89.—At Dorchester, Mr. Thomas B. Townsend, 73; Mrs. Margaret W. Laplan, 32; Mrs. Lydia B. Glover, 75.—At Neponset, Mrs. Sukey Butterfield, 70.—At Medford, Mrs. Lucy A. Blanchard.—At Waltham, Mrs. Hannah D. King, 73.—At Randolph, Silas Allen, Esq., 68.—At Lynn, Mrs. Sarah E. Allen, 23; Mrs. Mary Butterfield, 37; Mrs. Lucy Shaw, 64.—At Salem, Miss Mary Greene, 25.—At Danvers, Widow Sarah Preston, 92.—At Walpole, Mr. Daniel Allen, 85.—At Haverhill, Widow Anna Webster, 80.—At Newburyport, Mrs. Fanny T. Knapp, 77; Mr. William Henry Spiller, 25; Orlando B. Merrill, Esq., 92.—At West Springfield, Widow Eunice Cooley, 90.—At New Bedford, Mrs. Louisa A. Lewis, 29.—At Ashburnham, Mrs. Mary Ann Stoddard, 33.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.

This paper presents, in the most elegant and available form, a weekly literary mélange of notable events of the day. Its columns are devoted to original tales, sketches and poems, by the BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS, and the cream of the domestic and foreign news; the whole well spiced with wit and humor. Each paper is *beautifully illustrated* with numerous accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and of men and manners, altogether making a paper entirely original in this country. Its pages contain views of every populous city in the known world, of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemisphere, of all the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service, with fine and accurate portraits of every noted character in the world, both male and female.

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Published every SATURDAY, by
M. M. BALLOU,
CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STREETS, BOSTON.

ISAAC ADAMS.

INVENTOR OF THE ADAMS POWER PRESS.

As the press is recognized as one of the mightiest powers by which the ear of civilization is driven onward, it is fitting that due honor be paid to those who increase its activity and efficiency. Among those whose inventive powers have been devoted to the improvement of the mechanism of the press, the subject of the present sketch holds an honorable rank. The accompanying likeness of him is drawn from a daguerreotype by Messrs. Southworth and Hawes, of this city, who also furnished us with the heads of Colonel Adams and Donald McKay, published in preceding numbers. Isaac Adams is a son of the old Granite State, and was born in Rochester, August 16, 1802. His early educational advantages were limited, and the fund of useful knowledge he now possesses is the result of his own unaided efforts for self-culture. At the age of thirteen he left his father's to learn the cabinet-making trade in Dover, New Hampshire. He was afterwards employed in Sandwich, N. H., but has been engaged in the machine business in this city since 1823. His first invention was a machine for making bricks. In 1826 he invented and built the hand printing-press called the "Union Press." This was the first of his printing-presses. Large numbers of them were manufactured and sold by Erastus Bartholomew. The power printing-press, called "The Adams Press," he began about the year 1825, and obtained a patent for it five years later. This is now called for distinction, "Adams's old Press." It found a considerable sale, and some of the kind are in use at the present time. It is believed to have been the best power platen press until the production of that called "Isaac Adams's New Patent," which was patented in 1836. This last is the power-press by which most of the book work done in this country, with much of the newspaper work, is printed. Thus it will be seen that Mr. Adams had secured three patents for improvements in power printing-presses before he was forty years of age. He has, besides, patented a machine for making lead pipe by pressure, one for an improvement in steam engines, by which the steam is worked expansively, one for a machine for hulling coffee; and he is the author of several other inventions which he has not patented. One would think that this might be deemed a life-work. But besides all this, Mr. Adams has been engaged extensively in business, and how much so we shall see in the sequel; and he is now but a young man, in the sense and measure in which Mr. Webster applied the word to Mr. Choate, shortly before the death of the former. A short time since, a member of an Edinburgh house, on a visit to this country, ordered the Adams Press for his establishment, and took out American pressmen to run it, and it



ISAAC ADAMS.

is believed that it will revolutionize the printing art in Great Britain. Much of Mr. Adams's success may be ascribed to the fact that he is a practical business man, not merely an inventor. Mr. Adams not only reaps the advantage of his patents, but derives the profits accruing from the manufacture of his own machines. The following statistics will indicate the extent of the business

operations of the firm of I. Adams & Co., whose works are located at South Boston. They manufacture Isaac Adams's and various other presses for the use of printers and bookbinders; make steam engines, steam boilers, sugar mills, and a variety of other machines. In their different branches of business they consume 630 tons of iron annually, and employ about 160 workmen. The laborers are not required to be machinists at all. An inventive power might often injure them by distracting their minds from their work, which, in the main, requires merely the application of physical strength, and the most common intelligence. Mr. Adams has quite an intellectual face, marked with the lines of thought. Though self-taught, he is well educated—that is, he has a well-balanced and well-disciplined mind. His knowledge has not been so much derived from schools and books, as from a long and familiar observation of men and things, from a thorough acquaintance with his business, and from the constant exercise of his inventive powers. Mr. Adams is a gentleman of fine social qualities, and is an excellent citizen. By a long devotion to business he has acquired, not only fame, but a comfortable fortune, which he richly deserves.

SKATING ON JAMAICA POND.

If the amateurs of sleighing have been disappointed this winter of their usual employment, the skaters have made the most of the absence of snow; and Jamaica Pond, being in the centre of a dense and spirited population, and near to the city, has been the arena whereon ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls have abandoned themselves to the glorious and exhilarating sport of skating, with a *furor* worthy of a carnival. At times there are more than fifteen hundred persons in and about the pond. The scenes offered have been very striking, and Mr. Rowse has put his impressions of them on the wood for us, having visited the spot to make the drawing from the life. Here may be seen a damsel, swift as Atalanta, speeding away on the shining steel, baffling the efforts of a dozen admirers to overtake her; there a young gentleman of the Winkle school, who has rashly embarked on a pair of smooth irons, and is now floundering about in hopeless agony. Now and then some one "puts his foot in it" by disappearing in an ice-hole, as a poet of our acquaintance did the other day. Here and there an ambitious individual gives a specimen of his foot o-graph by writing his name at full length, with a few supplementary flourishes. Take it all in all, it is a scene worth seeing and remembering. The whole thing is entered into with a zest and gusto that makes the participants glow with the exercise, and the sport and hilarity are eminently congenial to the spirit of fun and good humor.

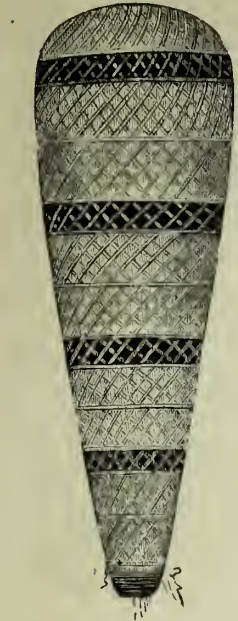


SKATING ON JAMAICA POND, NEAR BOSTON.

THE SACRED IBIS.

Our engravings represent the living ibis, a mummy of the ibis, and the baked earthen jar containing it. The ancient Egyptians paid the ibis almost divine honors; they reared it religiously in their temples, and under its form worshipped the god Mercury who transformed himself into a bird when he descended on the earth to teach men the arts and sciences. They associated with it the mysteries of Isis and Osiris; they made it the emblem of their country,

and one of the four idols they solemnly paraded at their banquets. The priests of Hermopolis preserved in their temples an ibis which they said was immortal. The origin of the particular worship of which the ibis was the object, is attributed to the real or supposed services it rendered to Egypt. "There is," relates Herodotus, "in Arabia, near the city of Buto, a place to which I repaired to inform myself concerning the winged serpents; they were scattered on all sides, large, middle-sized, and small. The place where these bones are heaped up, is at a spot where a gorge enclosed between mountains opens on a vast plain which



MUMMY OF THE IBIS.

touches that of the land of Egypt. It is said that these winged serpents fly from Arabia into Egypt at the commencement of spring, but that the ibises going to meet them at the place where this defile opens on the plain, prevent their passing beyond and kill them. The Arabs report that it is in gratitude for this service that the Egyptians have a great veneration for the ibis, and the Egyptians themselves acknowledge that it is the reason for the honor they pay these birds." Different ancient authors, after Herodotus, Cicero, Pomponius Mela, Ælian, etc., have related the same fact, and nearly in the same manner. The learned moderns have not accorded implicit belief to this story. An illustrious member of the celebrated Egyptian commission, M. de Savigny, recently lost to science, collected valuable documents on the very spots formerly frequented by the sacred bird. The following is an extract from a work he published in 1805, entitled: "The Natural and Mythological History of the Ibis." "In the midst of aridity and contagion, surges from all time formidable to the Egyptians, the latter having perceived that a land rendered fertile and salubrious by soft water, was immediately inhabited by the ibis, so that the presence of one always indicated that of the other, they believed in a simultaneous existence and supposed supernatural and secret relations between them. This idea, linking itself to the general phenomena in which their preservation depended, the periodical overflow of the Nile, was the first motive of their veneration for the ibis, and became the foundation of all the homage which afterwards constituted the worship of this bird." In fact, nothing in the habits of the present ibises, nothing in their food, would explain the possibility of their destroying winged serpents, nor does anything in existing nature present us with the forms and kind of life of these strange serpents themselves, furnished with wings, and traversing the air to great distances, such as ancient story represents them. Herodotus, after having related the fact we have quoted above, adds: "The flying serpent resembles in figure the aquatic serpents; his wings are not garnished with feathers, they are exactly like those of the bat." Nor is there known in the living world of today a single genus which reminds us, even in a distant manner, of this singular form. And, on the other hand, does the species of animal with a



THE SACRED IBIS.

long figure, resembling a snake, bearing horns on its forehead, resemble the least in the world the serpents described by Herodotus? Everything leads us to believe that the fact of the destruction of the winged serpents by the ibis, was, if not a fable, at least an exaggeration. We find yet mummies of the ibis perfectly preserved in the catacombs of Egypt, particularly in those of Saccara, Memphis and Thebes. These mummies are remarkable for the delicacy of their workmanship and the ingenuity of their construction. They are composed externally of bands of cloth folded in

the form of lattice-work, and over a solid cloth applied directly to the body of the mummified bird. In the interior of the package the body is always disposed in the same manner: the neck is bent under one of the wings, and the legs are curved in such a way that the knees touch the breast bone. The whole, swathings and bandages, are strongly impregnated with bitumen, and half-baked in this fluid, then inclosed into a jar of baked earth of elongated form, that was closed by a cover hermetically sealed with cement or plaster. Our engravings represent firstly, the living bird, second the mummy, and thirdly, the jar enclosing the mummy. There are seen in the catacombs of Memphis, particularly in those called the "Birds' Wells," a considerable quantity of these jars, symmetrically arranged one above the other. The bird honored by the Egyptians under the name of ibis belongs to the order of Gallæ. The ibis mummies furnish two species; which may be perfectly distinguished by the characters of the skeleton, by the shape, and even, to a certain point, by the form of the feathers and what remains of their color. These two species have their like living in our own days in Egypt; they are those which ornithologists designate under the names of white ibis, and black or green ibis. The white, or sacred ibis, has a stout body, a shape very nearly like that of a hen, the head and neck bare, the tail even, white feathers, with the exceptions indicated in our engraving. Savigny observed this species in the environs of Damietta, but particularly near



JAR OF THE IBIS.

Kar-Abou-Said, on the left bank of the Nile. It was from Menzale that the specimen in which G. Cuvier established the identity of the species of white ibis with the ibis of the Egyptian tombs, came. The green or black ibis, of a black with green and violet reflections above, and black beneath, inhabits Europe, India and the United States. It received, like the white ibis, divine honors; but is less often met with among the mummies. Ibises delight in low and damp, inundated and marshy places, living socially in little groups of from six to ten individuals.



EDITORIAL MELANGE.

A number of small Spanish men-of-war are kept constantly cruising between Bahia, Honda and Cape Antonio, looking out for filibusters. — What has freedom gained by the Eastern war? England has guaranteed to Austria the tranquillity of Hungary, and France that the Austrian possessions in Italy shall not be disturbed. France and England are holding up the rotten despotism of Austria upon the prostrate and bleeding limbs of enslaved peoples. — It has been decided in Cleveland that it is no offence for a man to set his own house on fire, there being no law in Ohio to punish such an act. — In Charlotte, the Rev. Cyrus Johnson, D. D. died suddenly of apoplexy, lately, while on his way to Fort Mills, for the purpose of marrying a gentleman and lady. He was the second clergyman who had been engaged to perform the ceremony. Rev. A. S. Watts, who had been engaged for the same purpose, died on the day appointed for the wedding. — A Spanish Atlantic Steamship Company has been organized in Havana, with a capital stock of \$1,300,000. — William the Conqueror introduced into England what was called Troy weight, from Troyes, a town in the province of Champagne, in France, now in the department of Aube, where a celebrated fair was held. The English were dissatisfied with this weight because the pound did not weigh so much as the pound in use at that time in England. Hence arose the term, "Avoir du poids," which was a medium between the French and the ancient English weights. — A writer from Pensacola describes the navy yard near that place as being "enclosed on two sides by heavy brick walls, and open on the water, defended by huge sharks, of whose voracity frightful stories are told." — The coal mountain in Pennsylvania which has been on fire since 1833, will probably soon be extinguished, as the fire is approaching a point which can be submerged in water. A mass of coal has been consumed three-eighths of a mile long, sixty feet wide, and three hundred feet deep, equal to 1,420,000 tons of coal. — A dispensation of good fortune has been vouchsafed to Mr. T. S. Campbell, an actor well known in California since 1849. Mr. Campbell has by inheritance from a recently deceased relative in England, come into possession of property amounting to over \$100,000. — There are now living in the town of Warwick, a place of about one thousand population, fifty persons over 70 years of age, five of whom are upwards of eighty. The postmaster of that place, who died about one year ago, held his office for fifty years, a term of service without an equal in the country. — In New York, recently, two young men bought the stock of a grocery store, including several hundred bottles of what were supposed to be brandies, wines, etc. A subsequent examination showed that the bottles contained only colored water, and the former proprietors were arrested on a charge of fraud. — A charcoal vender has been fined in New Haven for giving short measure. Upon re-measuring, there was found to be but two bushels where there should have been three. The man took a sealed city basket, soaked it in water, and then pressed up the bottom so as to make a cone of it, large enough to take the place of full a bushel of coal.

THE ARMY IN THE CRIMEA.

The London Times speaks in the most gloomy terms of the state of the army in the Crimea. It says that at the beginning of January it could muster only 14,000 bayonets, the artillery and engineers had been reduced in the same proportion, and the cavalry no longer existed as a force. The deaths amounted to sixty a day, and the number disabled by fatigue and sickness to one thousand a week. This ratio the Times thinks will rapidly increase. It is computed that out of 14,000 men nominally fit for service, only 2000 are in good health. The army was an army of invalids at the beginning of the month, although the Crimean winter had not set in. The Times comes to the conclusion that unless some extraordinary stroke of fortune intervenes, "we are about to lose our only army, the object of so much pride, of so much deep affection, of so much tender solicitude," and asks, if the nation is prepared for this disaster?

A GREAT LAMP.—Messrs. Ufford, Derby Range, sell a lamp, that is well worthy the attention of housekeepers. It is an economical lamp, and gives a beautiful and brilliant light from the poorest oil, without that trouble to a neat housewife, a cloud of smoke to poison the air and mar the purity of the walls. It produces an admirable light to work by, with all the illuminating power of gas or camphine, with none of their disadvantages. We hear that the lamp has found its way generally into favor, and is becoming better known every day.

PHRENOLOGICAL EXAMINATIONS.—We know, from personal observation, that several prominent merchants in this city have, by applying to Messrs. Fowlers & Wells, 142 Washington Street, obtained information, by phrenological examination of candidates for clerkships, that has enabled them to select just such persons as are naturally constituted to fill the post where their services are required.

THE CELEBRATED RACER, RED EYE.—The Richmond (Va.) Dispatch says that this celebrated race horse (one of Boston's favorite sons), while on the turf, ran forty-three races, and won thirty-three of them. In all his four mile races he was never beaten. While on the turf he ran 265 miles, and won 223 of them.

MOOSE.—The Bangor Mercury says that two live moose were sold at auction in that city, lately. One of them, broke to harness, brought fifty-three dollars; the other, thirty-four.

LOWELL.—The number of births in Lowell during the last year was 1085; marriages, 804, and deaths, 834.

Wayside Gatherings.

A writer in the National Intelligencer calls baby shows, "disgusting schemes."

Caleb Stone, a merchant of New Orleans has been convicted of fraud, and imprisoned eighteen months.

A street preacher has appeared in St. Louis, Mo., proclaiming that he is Joe Smith, the prophet, raised from the dead.

Mr. James H. Price, of Newark, N. J., was killed by falling from a tree which he was engaged in trimming on Tuesday week.

Governor Gorman, of Minnesota, had a fight with an auctioneer named Collins, in St. Paul, on the 10th ult. Strange as it may appear, in this case the auctioneer was "knocked down."

The "hirsute movement" has evidently reached the Bend, a village in New Brunswick, for we notice that a public meeting is called to devise ways and means to obtain a barber!

On the 26th ult., the chapel of the South Carolina College, together with the east wing (Rutland College), were destroyed by fire.

Mr. Edwin Wood, of Bridgeport, a cabinet maker, while putting up a sign on the outside of a building, fell from the second story, striking upon his head. He survived but a few hours.

William Thompson, who has been confined to his bed by rheumatism for fourteen years, during which time he has not been able to walk one step, nor even to sit up in his bed, was married on the 17th ult., to Miss Margaret Morris, of Smith county, Va.

A drunken vagrant, named Mary Ann Stewart, residing in the workhouse at New Orleans, recently became heir to about seven thousand dollars, which had been left to her by her grandmother in England.

There are thirteen newspapers in foreign languages published in New York. Seven German, three Spanish, two French and one Italian. In London, with two and a half millions of inhabitants, there is published but one newspaper in a foreign language.

Hartford was a tolerably healthy city until the liquor law was enacted in Connecticut. Since that law went into operation, spirits to the value of \$11,000 have been sold there for medicinal purposes, within four months.

Some scamp entered the house of a clergyman in Troy, New York, the Reverend Mr. Ransom—and lifted his spare change. He should be punished by being compelled to live upon the salary of some editor.

The Eagle Hotel, Starin's jewelry store and William Smith's dry goods store, in the village of Port Byron, near Syracuse, N. Y., were recently destroyed by fire. Loss estimated at \$50,000. The fire originated in the hotel.

Some artists in New York have just patented a new process for taking photographic impressions on canvass. The beauty and correctness of delineation, which are produced at two short sittings, are said to be quite remarkable.

The recently discovered coal mines at the first Chickasaw Bluffs in Tennessee, some seventy-five miles above Memphis, are said to yield the best kind and quality of coal, and to be inexhaustible. The works are expected to be in full operation in about two months.

In the extreme northern part of Vermont is a little town called Brighton, which a year ago contained about 200 inhabitants, but now numbers nearly 1000. This large increase is owing to the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad, which passes through the place.

The Providence Post has just heard of the old grievance of putting sand in printing paper to make it weigh. "A bookbinder in trimming a number of books found that the paper contained so much sand as in a few minutes' use to blunt the edge of his knife, making it necessary to take it from the machine and sharpen it almost incessantly."

A private watchman was found asleep in Sacramento, when some of the fast boys attached twelve dozen assorted Chinese fire crackers to him by a fish-hook, and touched them off. Awakening suddenly he thought the world was coming to an end, and dashed madly for the river, where, like Cassius, he "plunged in."

The Kansas Herald of Freedom alludes to a singular fact in the geological formation of that territory as follows: "The chalk formation of which we took occasion to speak last week, proves to be a stratum of magnesia, which probably underlies this whole country, at the depth of twenty to fifty feet."

The Sandusky Register says that the Michigan Southern and Michigan Central Railroads are giving the use of their cars and roads free, for the purpose of hauling wood for the suffering poor of Chicago. Who will say, after this, that "corporations have no souls?"

A runseller in Jersey City, recently, having sold liquor to a poor man who was unable to pay for it, actually took the poor man's shoes from his feet, and sent him into the streets to go home through the snow and cold without them. Such wretches as this runseller should be scorned and despised by all decent and respectable men.

During the past month, nearly forty fires occurred in the United States, where the loss exceeded \$10,000. The total loss reached \$1,035,000. Eight lives were lost by the above fires. Of the fires, two occurred in Massachusetts. One was the burning of the cotton factory at Dorchester, loss \$125,000; the other at Boston, a building in Haverhill Street, loss \$12,000.

We use annually in woolen fabrics in this country 200,000,000 pounds of wool; of this only 60,000,000 are produced in the country, and 21,000,000 imported as wool, and made by our industry, while 119,000,000 are imported ready manufactured! Thus we import more than two-thirds of the wool we wear, and three-fifths of the whole is manufactured by foreign labor.

The hotel and restaurant keepers of Cincinnati held a meeting recently, at which they determined to resist the prohibitory law, but resolved "that in future the local law prohibiting the sale of liquor on Sunday, should be strictly and to the letter observed, and that henceforth the bars should be closed and no liquor sold or given away on the premises on that day."

Captain Candy, of the British ship *Berenice*, which sailed from Shanghai in July 1852, for Sydney, was massacred by the crew, who also killed his wife, his waiter, a French passenger, and several others. The wretches run the vessel to Tagal and set fire to her, but were caught; four of them were executed, and five banished for twenty years. They were shipped at Singapore.

The aggregate value of the various articles manufactured in Pittsburg during the year 1854, was \$20,970,338. The exports from the city in the articles of iron and nails amounted to \$7,000,000, and of glass and glass ware, \$2,050,000. Of the bituminous coal, 23,738,906 bushels were shipped from Pittsburg—worth \$3,000,000. The value of the lumber sent down the river in rafts during the year, was \$1,225,000.

Foreign Items.

A seven thousand dollar bed has been made in Paris for a Turkish gentleman of fortune.

Eleven horses and three dogs were gored to death in Madrid on Christmas day, at a bull fight.

Omer Pasha's wife has just published five military marches, her own composition, for the piano.

The Parisian Jews have introduced organs into their synagogues, and the Greeks have done the same. This is an innovation upon old custom.

Letters say that the Swedish army is to be immediately placed upon a war footing by the addition of 50,000 Swedes and 15,000 Norwegians.

It is rumored that 8000 of the French Imperial Guard are to leave for Strasburg, and the movement is considered in the light of a demonstration against Prussia.

Some daring Italian composer, by the name of Zanardini, has ventured upon setting "Hamlet" to music. The opera was produced at the San Benedetto theatre in Venice.

The London papers brought by the last arrivals mention the death of Sir James Kempt and Sir Andrew Barnard, two of the most distinguished of Wellington's officers.

On the line of railroad now building from Konigsberg to the Lake of Constance over the Alps, there are thirteen tunnels and twenty-five viaducts. Thirteen thousand horses are constantly employed upon it.

The loan of £20,000,000 asked for by Louis Napoleon, to prosecute the war in the East, has been enthusiastically met by the French people by a tender amounting in the aggregate to £60,000,000.

A Madame Sainville, vocalist, who a short time ago gave a concert in London, promised to all those who would take reserved seats, a lithograph of herself, which she was to present in *propria persona* to every one at the end of the concert.

The first of McKay's new line of packets, found, on arriving at Liverpool, unexpected employment for Australia, the steamer having been withdrawn to carry troops and munitions of war to the Crimea. A freight and passenger list of \$90,000 was obtained.

Sands of Gold.

.... When I can't talk sense, I talk metaphor.—Curran.

.... Repetition, the pest of conversation, is the charm of friendly chat.—Jean Paul.

.... The most noble feeling of the heart is true love.—Kozlay.

.... Prudence is a quality incompatible with vice, and can never be effectively enlisted in its cause.—Burke.

.... Virtue is a rock, from which rebound all the arrows shot against it.—Kozlay.

.... Against the malignity of the discontented, the turbulent and the vicious, no abilities, no exertions, nor the most unshaken integrity are any safeguard.—Washington.

.... The woman who adorns herself with a profusion of gold and precious stones, seems to fear she shall be mistaken for a slave if she shows herself without her ornaments.—St. Clement.

.... If it is true in the literal sense, that all the wisdom of the world is folly in the sight of Heaven, is it worth a man's while to live to seventy?—Goethe.

.... There are some men so exquisitely selfish, that they go through life, not only without ever being loved, but without even wishing to be.—Jean Paul.

.... It is the nature of man to be displeased with everything that disappoints a favorite hope or flattering project; and it is the folly of too many of them to condemn without investigating circumstances.—Washington.

.... A man is by nothing so much himself, as by his temper and the character of his passions and affections. If he loses what is manly and worthy in these, he is as much lost to himself as when he loses his memory and understanding.—Shaflesbury.

.... Like the rainbow, peace rests upon the earth, but its arch is lost in heaven. Heaven bathes it in hues of light—it springs up amid tears and clouds—it is a reflection of the eternal sun—it is an assurance of calm—it is the sign of a great covenant between God and man—it is an emanation from the distant orb of immortal light.—Colton.

Joker's Budget.

Can a watch, fitted with a second hand, be called a second-hand watch?

Are the minutes relating to an affair of honor always drawn up by the seconds?

The man who "kept his word" gave serious offence to Webster, who wanted it for his dictionary.

Some of the young ladies say that the times are so hard that the young men cannot pay their addresses.

A strange dog is the hardest thing in the world to get acquainted with—worse even than an Englishman.

They have come to soleing shoes with cedar shingles—veneering wood with a piece of poor sheepskin.

A popular writer, speaking of the ocean telegraph, wonders whether the news transmitted through the salt water will be fresh.

The sensitive actor, who couldn't stay in the same room with a tea-urn, on account of its hissing, has just been killed by a burst of applause.

The man who was lately "struck with a new thought," has concluded to overlook the act, it being the first time, and there is little danger of a repetition of the offence.

"I don't believe it's any use to vaccinate for small pox," said a backwoods Kentuckian, "for I had a child vaccinated, and in less than a week after he fell out of a window and was killed."

Mrs. Useful turns everything to account. She buys tough beef for a roast: this goes into a fricasee for next morning's breakfast. After that, it reappears in a soup, and finally bids farewell to the boarders in the shape of a mince pie. Far-seeing woman, that Mrs. Useful—sees a "roast" through a whole week.

A rogue asked charity on pretence of being dumb. A lady having asked him, with equal simplicity and humanity, how long he had been dumb, he was thrown off his guard, and answered, "from birth, madam." "Poor fellow," said the lady, and gave him a dollar.

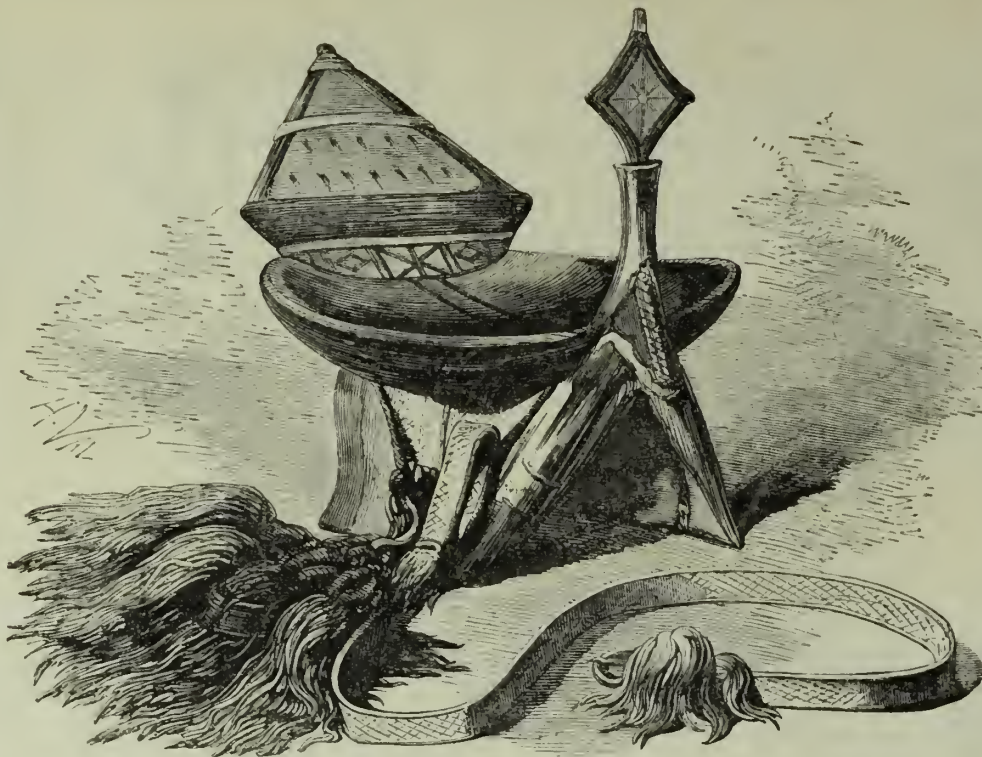
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THE MEHARI CAMELS.

A good deal of interest is felt in the camel, the "desert ship" of the Orientals, since it is seriously proposed to employ these animals for transporting travellers and baggage over the great western routes of emigration in the United States. We therefore present an engraving of a fine specimen of the Mehari species, with sketches of his equipments. This race, more elegant in form and of greater stature than all the other known races, is more particularly celebrated for its speed. The Mehara (plural of Mehari), serve as mounts to the nomadic and warlike tribe of Touareg, the scourge of the caravans of the great desert whom they habitually plunder. The Mehari is much lighter in form than the common camel. He has the elegant ears of the gazelle, and the sloping belly of the hare. His eyes are black and prominent, his lips long and firm, and completely concealing his teeth. His hump is small, his tail short. His legs are not large but muscular. The hair is tawny color, sometimes white and always fine. The Mehara support thirst and hunger admirably. In autumn they only drink twice a month, and in summer once in every five days. They are highly prized by the tribe who breed and employ them. If we remember rightly, there are two specimens belonging to the Natural History Society in Paris. The saddle and bridle represented in two of our engravings, are drawn from the objects themselves. The rider mounts while the animal is kneeling, and sits like a lady. The camel forms the principal wealth of the Arabs. Without it the deserts of the East would be impassable, as the camel is the only animal capable of living for days without drinking in those arid wastes. The peculiar structure of its stomach gives it the power of laying in at one time a sufficient stock of water to suffice for a long journey. The Rev. J. H. Pollen relates some interesting anecdotes respecting this animal, from which we select the following. "The temper of the camel is in general not very amiable. It is unwilling, jealous and revengeful to the last degree. Of this latter quality, curious tales are told. One, which was fully believed by the Arab that narrated it to me, was as follows: A certain camel driver had bitterly insulted, that is, thrashed, the animal under his charge. The camel showed a disposition to resent, but the driver, knowing from the ex-

pression of its eye what was passing within, kept on the alert for several days. One night he had retired for safety inside of his tent, leaving his striped abbaya or cloak spread over the wooden saddle of the camel outside the tent. During the night he heard the camel approach the object, and after satisfying himself by smell or otherwise that it was his master's cloak, and believing that the said master was asleep beneath it, he laid down and rolled backwards and forwards over the cloak, evidently much gratified by the cracking and smashing of the saddle under his weight, and fully persuaded that the bones of his master were broken to pieces. After a time he rose, contemplated with great contentment the disordered mass, still covered by the cloak, and retired.

more truly oriental character than the one now before the reader; it has an air of the desert, smacks strongly of long caravans, that cross and re-cross those Eastern land-seas and is very truthful in detail. One cannot look upon the saddle and harness of the camel, after reading Bayard Taylor's admirable and spirited account of personal observations in the East, without experiencing a longing to be at least for once thus mounted and surrounded, for once to experience the dreamy characteristics of Araby and thus recall the dreams of boyhood over tales and legends of this romantic land. Those who have travelled in the East never forget its influences. Lamartine thought that one could never understand the philosophy of history till he had ridden a camel.



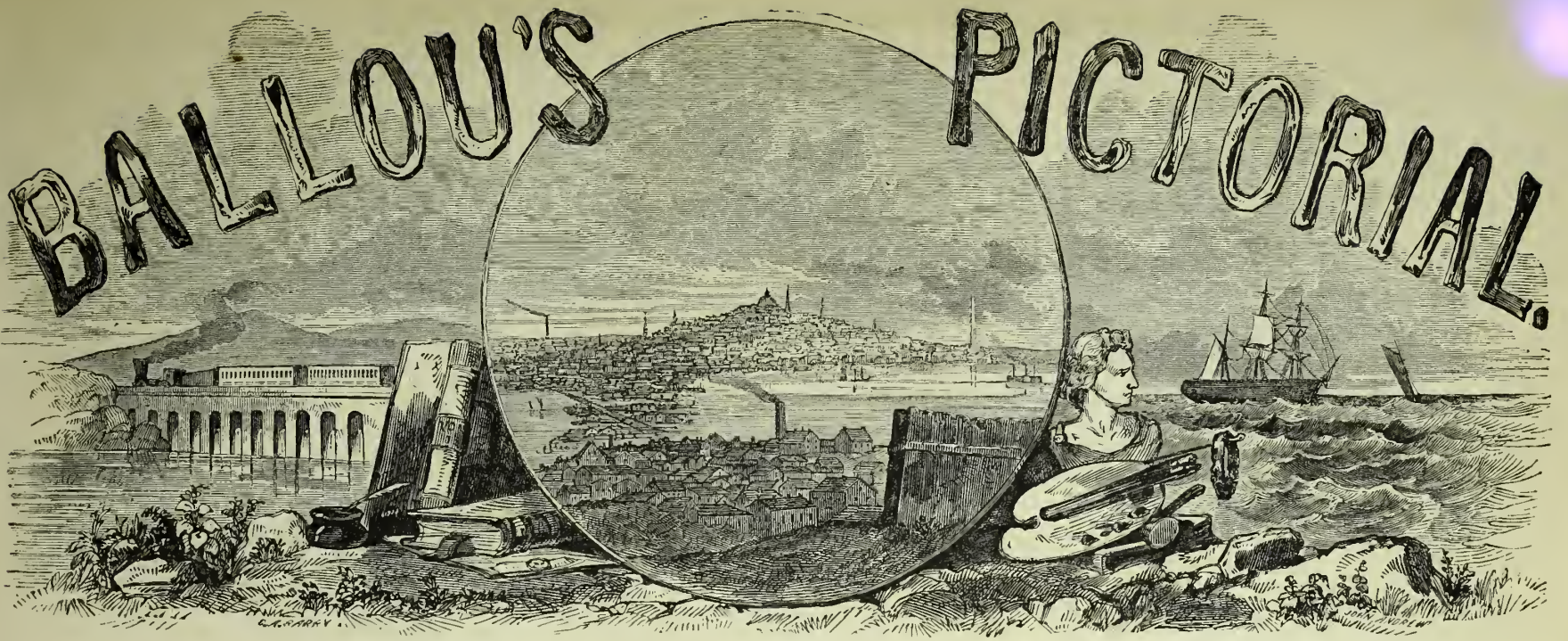
SADDLE OF THE MEHARI CAMEL.



CAMEL OF THE MEHARI.



CAMEL'S BRIDLE.



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT
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SLEIGHING SCENE.—AN UPSET.

The livery stable-keepers have reason to thank their stars that the winter did not pass away without a little of that falling weather without which the high prices of grain, hay and help are "most tolerable and not to be endured," as Dogberry says. You may know a stable-keeper a mile off, by the frequency of his celestial observations, and the anxious turn of his weather eye to the vanes on Park Street steeple or the Old South spire. A bank of clouds is hailed with as much enthusiasm as the appearance of a sperm whale from the cross trees of a New Bedford in the Pacific. Will it pass off—or will it come on? These are important questions. The first flakes are events. The steady descent of the snow is a signal for hopeful enthusiasm. The thermometer is anxiously consulted, for a rise of the mercury is a downfall to all calculations of profit and pleasure. But when there are indications of a "regular built, old fashioned snow storm," what bustle and animation pervade a public stable? What inquiries after the condition of the nags—especially that of the match teams! Leaders are inspected—their feet handled,

their shoes examined carefully—the whole stud is passed in review. Sleighs are run out, brushed and polished, from the ponderous seventy-four to the airy cutter built for a flyer that does his mile "low down in the thirties!" Buffaloes, wolf skins, lynx, cat, coon, Russia squirrel and bear robes emerge from mysterious receptacles, and harnesses are rubbed, bells and mountings are brightened, and all made ready for action. After a storm of a day and night, the sun rises in unclouded brilliancy over a fairy spectacle. Roof, street, and window cap reflect the light from wreaths of virgin purity. Bells ring out gaily from horses' necks—the warning "la! la!" of coasting urchins echoes over the inclined planes of the Common, and curb stone brokers forget awhile the fascination of two and a half per cent. a month in dreams of the Neck. Afternoon comes—and forth pour manhood, boyhood, beauty, rowdiness and sport, to the environs, in every vehicle that can be scared up—sleigh, pung, jumper. Every available nag is mustered into the service. All the world is on the Neck. Here come a dozen horses going at a flight of speed you think can't possibly be beaten, when lo! swift as a Minie rifle ball cleaving

the throng, amidst the shouts of the spectators, R——'s little sorrel racker from classic Middlesex gives them the go-by. Mr. Billings has chosen an exciting episode of the sport—an upset. A jovial throng of school-boys have embarked in Ward's magnificent Cleopatra barge. They have passed through the chaos on the Neck, and are plunging through a country road, shouting, singing and laughing, when they overhaul a heavily loaded wood sled, and as they incline to the left, down sink the larboard runners in a treacherous ditch, the leaders flounder down on their knees and out tumbles the juvenile cargo, not a bit hurt and not a bit scared. The countryman hastes to haw his oxen out of the road, startled at the floundering of the huge machine, which has so suddenly come upon him in the lonely path. We can predict the upshot of this adventure. There are boys enough to right the sleigh in a jiffy—to re-assure and re-seat the screaming girls, the harness holds, the driver mounts his lofty seat, gathers up his laces, cracks his whip and they get under way again, and with many a merry peal of laughter, they drive homeward in the now sparkling starlight.



A SLEIGHING SCENE NEAR BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

STEEL AND GOLD: —OR— THE HEIR OF GLENVILLE.

A DOMESTIC TALE OF REVOLUTIONARY DAYS.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVII.—[CONTINUED.]

Forrester—or Redland, as we must now call him, knelt beside her, and clasping her hands, prayed with her silently, but long and fervently. Over them stood their beautiful daughter, her hands pressed together, her eyes, streaming with grateful tears, raised to heaven. At length husband and wife rose from their kneeling posture.

"Julian!" said Mrs. Redfield, "our youth has passed—but here is one who will remind you of what I was in happier days."

Redland folded his daughter in his arms.

"Dear, dear child!" he murmured, "I do not even know her name."

"I called her Eleanor," said the happy wife.

Redland was completely overcome. The stern man—the inflexible champion of popular rights—the sworn soldier of the province, wept like a child.

Standing apart, entirely forgotten in the overwhelming emotions of this event, Clarence contemplated the group with a pleasure that was entirely unselfish. He forgot that this strange and happy meeting of those whom fate had tried so sorely, secured his own happiness—self was entirely set aside in his generous sympathy.

At last he was noticed. Mrs. Redland held out her hand to him.

"Pardon me, Mr. Grey," said she, "if I forgot you in an hour like this."

"Forgive me, rather," replied Clarence, "for not withdrawing myself. But I could not deny myself the pleasure of witnessing your joy."

Redland shook his hand.

"You are a noble young man," said he, "and Eleanor may well be proud of your attachment."

"Then you give me hope, sir, that I may become more nearly connected with you than by friendship?"

"Yes—you may hope," said Redland. "But remember that my name is not yet cleared from an infamous stigma. My child must carry to her husband no dowry of shame. Till the real criminal is detected, your union must be deferred."

"And that is hopeless," answered Clarence, sadly.

"Not so," rejoined Redland. "I can point my finger to the man—would that I could lay my hand upon the proofs!"

"And whom do you suspect, dear father?" asked Eleanor.

"Sir Ashley Glenville!" answered Redland, sternly.

"The murderer of his own brother!" exclaimed his wife.

"The key to that brother's gold was the steel of the assassin."

"It is too horrible to think of," exclaimed Eleanor.

"Not more horrible to think, than for the murderer to fix the guilt upon an innocent man—to doom him to shame, exile and misery."

A pause ensued—but it was broken by the distant beat of a drum.

"Do you hear that, Clarence?" cried Redland, grasping his arm. "Our duty summons us."

"You are not going to leave us, Julian?" cried his wife.

"Seek not to detain me, Martha," answered Redland. "It is hard to part—but I know that I shall see your pleasant face again. Farewell, beloved wife—and you, dear child of my love—pray for us—we are engaged in a holy cause."

In a moment Clarence was ready. Nearer and nearer came the drum-beat. Redland tore himself from the fond arms that sought to detain him, and snatching up his rifle, accompanied by Clarence, sallied forth to join the minute-men who were hurrying to the midnight muster.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN APRIL DAY IN 1775.

WHAT American knows not by heart the events of the 19th of April, 1775? What son of Massachusetts can hear without a thrill the names of Lexington and Concord? Who that has drawn his first breath in Boston, or in the pleasant vales of old historic Middlesex, is unfamiliar with the route of the invading troops, the green where the first murderous volley rung upon the air, the road flanked by the exasperated yeomanry, which witnessed the flight of the royal troops as they rushed along the highway through the withering fire of American skirmishers? We shall not attempt to repeat the story of that great day; our tale deals with the domestic fortunes of individuals, and is only incidentally connected with the public events which are mentioned only when necessity requires it.

In that chilly hour preceding the dawn when the night is darkest, the roll of the drum assembled a small body of resolute men upon Lexington common. Though all of them were familiar with the use of arms, few of them had much idea of military discipline. Their manual was far from perfect, and a martinet would have smiled at the irregularity of their movements. Yet no veteran officer, who could have scanned their intelligent, res-

olute and animated countenances, would have failed to acknowledge that he beheld before him the material for the finest troops in the world. There was none of the savage, bull-dog look of the professional throat-cutters, no trace of that licentious air noticeable in a hireling soldier, no mark of that fierce spirit which is only compressed by iron discipline, and which would scarcely note the difference between friend and foe when blood was up and plunder and revenge in view. On the still morning air, as the men fell awkwardly into line, came the sound of distant bells. Those village bells! How often had they made sweet music in the hush of a Sabbath morning, calling the inhabitants to prayer and thanksgiving? How often, mournfully melodious, had they tolled the passing knell of the spirit passing to a better world! But now their voice was peremptory and alarming. It was the tocsin! Women who heard it clasped their infants to their arms; old men, shaking with the palsy, listened with a strange fear; while the young sprang to their arms, and hurried forth in stern excitement. Here and there in the distance the fainting rays of moonlight on the verge of the horizon were traversed by the angry gleams of beacon fires, suddenly shooting up their warning spires, while the hills reverberated to the dull thunder of alarm guns.

"The country is roused," said the captain to Forrester, who stood leaning on his long rifle. "Yet we have no tidings of the British. Do you think, sir, they may have been dismayed by the beacons and alarm-bells, and have turned back?"

Forrester shook his head.

"We shall only see them too soon, Captain Parker," he replied. "The commander dared not disobey his orders, and British pluck will carry him through the work cut out for him."

"But none of our scouts have returned," said Parker.

"They may have been captured," said Clarence Grey. "I will go down the road and see if I can learn something of their position."

"Hole on, Mas'r Grey," said Caesar, "I tink I hear a hose's huds dar."

"No talking in the ranks!" said Sergeant Manroe.

The suspense of the little band was not long. A horseman galloped up at furious speed, shouting: "the British are upon us!" and without stopping for further explanation or comment dashed forward towards Concord.

"Stand fast! men!" said the captain, in the deep tones of command. "Close up there! Whatever comes of this—remember to do nothing without orders."

It was a moment of intense anxiety. Some of the town's people, who had come out merely as spectators, began to move towards their homes, others retired to procure weapons.

Daylight, misty and uncertain, had begun to break along the hills and the range of vision widened. The captain ordered his drum to beat, and at its sound, stragglers from different houses were seen moving across the green to join the ranks of their comrades.

At this moment the head of the British column of infantry appeared in sight. Composed of flank companies, picked men, uniform in size, splendidly armed and equipped, drilled to perfection, till the obedience of orders was instinctive, they advanced in quick time, presenting a formidable front, designed to inspire terror and obedience. Opposed to them were a mere handful of irregular militia. On one side all the pomp and pride of war—on the other a burlesque of military organization. Onward they came. Major Pitcairn, of the Royal Marines, who commanded the detachment, galloped to the front, surrounded by the regimental staff in splendid uniforms, mounted on blooded chargers. The audacity of the colonists in venturing to cross their path in battle-array, enraged them.

"Disperse, ye rebels!" "Lay down your arms!" "Home with ye, villains!" were words that broke from their lips.

Were those British troops who pushed forward in double-quick time obeying orders, or was it the tiger-thirst of blood that impelled them to use their murderous weapons? Be that as it may, the first ranks dropped their muskets into the hollow of their hands and fired. The crashing volley rang through the peaceful village—again and again, tube after tube belched forth their fatal flames. As the smoke rose heavily the ranks of the yeomanry were seen to be disordered. Here and there a gap—here and there a fallen man writhing in the agonies of death—or stark and motionless upon his native soil.

The continentals broke up before the murderous fire. Resistance was hopeless—death stared them in the face. A few returned the fire. Forrester levelled his piece at Major Pitcairn and pulled the trigger. A sudden frantic plunge of the officer's charger showed that he was struck by the ball, but the rider was unhurt.

"There is no chance now!" he muttered hoarsely to Grey, as they followed their retreating comrades, "but the hour of vengeance is near at hand."

As they retired from the fatal field, they beheld the aggressors, flushed with their deeds of blood, forming into line and firing a *feu de joie* in honor of their victory. Clarence Grey and Redland separated from their comrades, and posted themselves upon a woody eminence, from which, secured from all observation, they could command a view of the road to Concord.

"A melancholy day!" said Clarence.

"A glorious day!" cried Redland. "It witnesses the birth of liberty. From this hour there is an end of compromise—the Gordian knot of policy is severed by the sword. The king in grasping at too much has lost all."

"Hark!" said Clarence. "The British bands are striking up an air of triumph. They have commenced their march. Do I not see their scarlet uniforms blazing through the trees?"

"Yes," replied Redland. "Here come the light infantry from their murderous work. There is Pitcairn. But for the swerving of his horse at the moment I fired, the marines would be marching without a leader. And here come the tall caps of the grenadiers."

"Who is that officer on the white horse, riding on their left flank?"

"That is Lieutenant Colonel Smith, who commands the whole detachment. And there—there is Sir Ashley Glenville—my deadly enemy—Glenville, who murdered his brother. A ball from my rifle would avenge both him and me. There is Bolton, too, his shadow. Shall I fire? No—let him live his little hour out. Ride on, titled assassin!"

The British column marching at quick time were soon out of sight by a turn of the road.

"Are you sure that Glenville is guilty of the crime you charge him with?" asked Clarence, when the troops had passed.

"Morally sure? yes—but for proofs—I have them not. The murdered baronet was rich, Ashley was poor. The infant heir was missing when the murder was discovered. But for the proofs of guilt found upon me, suspicion would inevitably have fastened upon him. True, the news of the murder found him at Paris. But then just about the time of the murder, as I have ascertained, he was absent from Paris. Could he not have returned secretly from France and done the deed? Or was it not done by an accomplice? I leaned to the former supposition, and I put it to the test. You have heard of the fortune-teller, Rudolph Zamora?"

"Ay—often."

"I was that fortune-teller. It was part of my business to probe Glenville's mystery and put him to the test. Having procured a likeness of Glenville and of Lady O'Halloran, with whom I knew he had intimate relations, an ingenious artist fashioned me two wax masks in their very image. By the aid of associate performers well instructed in their parts, I applied the same test to the suspected persons which Hamlet employed to 'catch the conscience' of the king. Both of the criminals betrayed themselves by their agitation."

"But you spoke of the infant heir, Redland. What became of him?"

"Murdered, doubtless. He has never been heard of. The first step in guilt taken, the second becomes easy. Murder begets murder. Yonder oppressors have shed innocent blood at Lexington—they will shed more yet at Concord."

"But not with impunity," cried Grey, grasping his arms.

"No! the country is rising. Every village—every hamlet for twenty miles about, will send forth ministers of vengeance. And we, Clarence—we—must forget our private griefs and private hopes, to do our duty in this day's work."

And nobly they did. When, in the afternoon of that day, the tide had turned, and the troops that marched out in arrogant triumph, returned in headlong flight, Redland and Clarence, with hundreds of men as brave, hovered on their flank, and maintained an incessant fire on their decimated ranks. More than one regular bit the dust before Redland's deadly rifle. At last, their ammunition nearly exhausted, they were retiring to procure a fresh supply at the hut so long occupied by Redland, when a horse, running wildly at full speed, leaped the stone wall that bordered the road and came careering towards them. An armed, uniformed man was in the saddle. Grey had levelled his musket at him when Redland struck up the muzzle of his piece.

"Don't shoot!" said he, "this is Paul Bolton. What ho!" he cried, placing himself before the rider, "yield yourself a prisoner!"

"That voice!" said Bolton, reining in his horse. "Methinks I have heard it somewhere."

"Yes—and you have seen me too, Bolton, though somewhat disguised."

"Zamora, the fortune-teller—as I live!"

"I once assumed that name," said Redland, "when necessity required it; and I have borne others too. But there is no longer occasion for disguise. My real name is Julian Redland."

Bolton started.

"Julian Redland!" he repeated. "It was Julian Redland, steward of Sir Robert Glenville, who was sentenced to death for the murder of his master!"

"A murder committed by his brother Ashley, as you well know, Bolton."

"May the curse of Heaven light upon him!" cried Bolton. "Yes, he murdered his brother for his gold and title—and this day he would have slain me, the accomplice of his guilt. Listen! when at the base of yonder hill the fire of your men had thrown our column into the utmost confusion, a shot from the rear grazed my cheek. I knew it was no rebel shot—wheeling my horse instantly, I saw Sir Ashley Glenville returning his pistol to the holster."

"But why did he seek to assassinate you?" asked Redland.

"Why? I am his evil genius. I was his tool. And though he knows it not, I have the damning evidence of his guilt in my possession—he knows that if I choose to criminate myself, I can ruin him."

"You have the proofs!" exclaimed Redland. "Then you must surrender them to me. My name must once more stand pure and unstained in the eyes of the world. We stand here two to one—and by the heaven above us, by fair means or foul, you shall give up the proofs of my innocence."

"You are mad," answered Bolton. "Think you I carry documents of such priceless value about me? They are safe in Boston—but you shall have the proofs, I pledge my word of it."

"Your word!" said Redland, with a scornful smile.

"Ay," replied Bolton, proudly. "It was never broken to friend or foe. Now hear me. Some twenty years ago I was the leader of a gipsy band in England. Chance brought me into the neighborhood of Glenville Hall, and there we were encamped in the woods for weeks. One night the devil prompted me—I was always ambitious—to rise from petty pilfering to noble burglary. Knowing that the lord of the manor had some costly jewels belonging to his deceased wife in the hall, I thought it would pay to help myself to them. I was always a dare-devil fellow. I chose a dark night for the execution of my purpose. I approached the wing of the hall which the baronet occupied stealthily. Judge of my surprise when I found the window of his apartment open, and a ladder resting against the wall. I know not what strange impulse prompted me to ascend it and enter the chamber. I found the baronet weltering in his blood, but still alive. He shuddered as his eyes rested on me as if he feared further violence. A word from me reassured him. He laid his finger on his lips and pointed to an open door. I knelt down beside him and asked him for an explanation.

"He essayed to speak, but blood choked his utterance. He pointed to the table on which were writing materials. I understood him. I brought them to him. With a desperate effort he grasped the pen, and on the page of paper which I held before him, he traced feebly, but legibly, a few words. 'I die assassinated. The murderer is my own brother Ashley. Save my child—my heir.' There were other expressions scarce legible. He signed his name—fell back and died. I concealed the paper, and hearing footsteps approaching effected my retreat. But I had not time to secure my escape—I was in the act of climbing the park palings, when I was seized. My captor was Ashley Glenville—the baronet's brother and his assassin. What passed between us will be remembered hereafter to my condemnation. He offered me gold—he tempted me by brilliant promises to aid him in carrying out his infernal schemes. The guilt was to be fastened on another—a child was to be got rid of. The wild life I had led—the impetuosity of my craving passions rendered me the easy tool of a desperate villain. Damning proofs of guilt were to be fastened on an innocent man. A knife bearing your initials, which you had left in the baronet's room, had been used as the instrument of murder. That was one link in the chain of evidence. Jewels, gold—while you were sleeping the sleep of innocence, were stealthily conveyed to your cottage, which I entered by false keys. From that house I stole the child—it was committed to my charge—I was to end its brief existence."

"Villain!" cried Redland, raising his gun, "you murdered it." "No—I could not bring my mind to the shedding of infant blood, depraved as I was," continued Bolton. "I carried it to London, and left it at the gate of the foundling hospital."

"I, too, was thus exposed in infancy," said Clarence, who had listened with the deepest interest to this narrative.

"You?" exclaimed Bolton. "You were thus exposed?"

"What if," said Redland, as a thought suddenly flashed upon his mind, "this young man to whom I seemed to be drawn by a mysterious influence—"

"There is a likeness, certainly," said Bolton, eyeing Clarence closely. "I noticed it when I first beheld him—but I cared not to push inquiries further. I was too richly bribed by this villain. But that the child—the heir—might not be lost without some clue, I noted carefully its person. On the right shoulder it bore a tiny cross and star imprinted in the flesh."

"You are right," said Redland. "My wife told me of this. It was a fancy of the baronet's. Speak, Clarence, have you that token on your person?"

"I have," answered Grey, falteringly.

"My poor master!" cried Redland. "Is it indeed your son and heir that I have unwittingly made my associate in a strange land and in a time of peril?"

"The heir of Glenville," cried Bolton. "Lost and found! For God's sake—let me go! I shall know neither sleep nor peace till justice is done, and long years of guilt atoned for. The proof must be recovered."

"I am bewildered at this discovery," said Clarence. "It seems like a strange dream."

"It is no dream!" said Bolton. "And justice shall be done, though I dangle from the gallows for my share in the guilt."

"Go—then!" cried Redland. "You are free. Remember that you owe life and liberty to me."

"And forget not that I once saved you from an infuriated mob," said Clarence.

"I forget nothing. I swore to repay it one day—and I will. Farewell. You will hear of me at the Anchor Tavern in Ship Street. But how can we communicate now that the war has commenced?"

"Where there's a will there's a way," answered Redland. "I would contrive to enter Boston though it were invested by a besieging army. Join your column—I wish I could give you a talisman against our marksmen."

"Providence will save me for the sake of the atonement I purposed," answered Bolton. "Remember! the Anchor Tavern."

He clapped spurs to his horse, leaped the wall, and dashed along the highway at frantic speed.

"Poor Eleanor!" said Redland. "Her dream of happiness is over."

"It is just commencing," answered Clarence, with a smile. "Of what avail is my English parentage in times like these? I can never claim my property. And I am content to labor for a livelihood, if Eleanor but smile on me and fortune crown the arms of the provinces."

"The foe is in full retreat," said Redland, grasping his hand. "The firing has almost ceased. Let us hasten to our poor trem-

blers at the homestead. And Heaven grant that Stanley may join us safe and sound, after this day's business."

They hastened to the farm-house and were welcomed by its inmates with tears of joy. Before nightfall the circle was completed by the arrival of Stanley, accompanied by the faithful black. Tears were shed in many a late happy home that night over dear ones killed in battling for their country's right—tears, too, flowed in the farm-house for the woes of others, but the night closed with fervent thanksgivings to the God of mercies for the immunity that little circle shared.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WINTER.

BY ALBERT O. CLOUGH.

Once more, stern Winter! grim, and gaunt, and hoary,
Now fiercely cometh to our homes again—
Nor heedeth he the sad and plaintive story,
Of want and woe, of poverty and pain.
His wings have cleft the air, and harshly banished
The sunny joys that clustered round our head,
While each frail flower, so dearly loved, hath vanished,
Shrank all unmurmuring to its lowly bed.

The forest foliage, that erst was ringing
With sweet sounds, quivering from spray to spray,
A soothing power to the lone heart bringing,
That made glad music all the sunny day—
And in whose shade the sorrowed and the weary
Their anguish hid, alike from friends and foes—
Hath fallen at his touch, and all is dreary,
While silence reigns in all its dread repose.

How often, thus, life's pathway seems forsaken
Of every joy that made sweet music there—
Hope's choicest flowers from their green branches shaken—
And the whole heart made desolate and bare.
Yet, why bow down the heart with gloom and sorrow,
And let life's storms, unbraved, speed as they may?
Not so! go forth undaunted! and the morrow
May, with its smiles, drive wintry gloom away.

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SCHILLER'S MARY STUART.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

I BECAME acquainted with this illustrious man in rather a singular manner. Listen!

In 1803 I visited the baths of Lanchstadt in Saxony, which at that time were much frequented by the *beau monde*. Many of the strangers then there had been attracted by the theatrical troupe of the Grand Duke of Weimar, which was numerous and well chosen. It had been formed and selected by Schiller and Goethe, and was reputed, very justly, to be the first in point of merit of all the German troupes then existing, especially in tragedy.

While promenading upon the day of my arrival in one of the shaded walks which surround the baths of Leuchstadt, I was much surprised to hear myself called by name. Upon looking up, I beheld Mademoiselle J—, a celebrated actress of Weimar, whom I had seen frequently at the court of the Grand Duke Charles Augustus, one of the most enlightened and liberal sovereigns of the times. One day, while seated in the saloon of this lady, the door suddenly opened, and a slender, but well proportioned man, with a countenance distinguished for its pale hues and aquiline nose, presented himself before us. The young actress rose quickly and ran with open arms towards the stranger, whom she embraced with the affectionate ardor of the daughter who meets her parent after a long absence.

The visitor was Schiller.

She presented me and we were soon well acquainted. He told me he knew me by reputation, for he had frequently heard me spoken of at Weimar, where I had tarried several months. I had there seen only the grand duke and his family, Goethe, Wieland, Herder, Hufeland, M. de Zach, and other celebrated and well known writers; Schiller being then absent.

Our acquaintance gradually ripened into intimacy, and in company with each other, we took frequent and long rambles. Schiller had just recovered from a dangerous illness, but the baths and the daily exercise, which I never ceased to recommend to him, during the six weeks that we remained at Leuchstadt, perfectly re-established it. I say *we*, for having seen each other every day and almost every hour of the day, the attachment which had grown up between us made him consent to accept a seat in my carriage that we might travel over a great part of Germany together. This journey occupied nearly three months, and much of it we made on foot. I had always preferred walking or riding on horseback to the most comfortable carriage, and therefore frequently left it to walk awhile. In the early part of our journey, Schiller manifested some repugnance about following me, but gradually he found so much good result from this healthful and agreeable exercise that he became very partial to it, and afterwards we often walked four or five miles (German miles), without seeming to notice the distance, and if either of us did happen to be seriously fatigued, he would be ashamed to speak of it from fear of the other's raillery. The carriage, guarded by our servants, followed after us. During these walks, Schiller frequently conversed with me about his works, and in reference to the composition of Mary Stuart, he spoke thus:

"I had for a long time," said he, "this tragedy in my mind, and had even written several snatches of it. But always upon

reading the acts I had commenced, I found something to be rewritten. Besides that, I was interrupted every day of my life, by crowds of importunate visitors, the greatest part of whom called only that they might note down in their journals, afterwards to be published, *that they had seen and spoken to me!* And what is worse, they were indiscreet enough to repeat there, not only things said in confidence, but some that *never were said at all*, thus making me many enemies. Worn out with all these foolish and malicious tricks, and desirous of completing my tragedy, I conceived the following plan, in order to relieve me of my importunate visitors, and give me the necessary time, to compose leisurely my Mary Stuart.

"I started a rumor that I was dangerously ill, and closed my door to everybody. I then caused two very large apartments in the rear of my house to be hung with black, closed the shutters, sealed all the orifices so securely that the daylight could not penetrate and lit a number of wax candles upon an altar draped with funeral tapestry. Above that altar was placed the portrait of the beautiful Mary Stuart, surrounded by a Christ, a death's head and a naked sword. I placed before the portrait everything that I should need to write with, and when all was completed, I enclosed myself in that gloomy room, with the firm resolution not to leave it until my work was completed.

"My old and faithful servant had received my orders not to allow any living soul to penetrate into my sanctuary, and to place my bed and everything necessary to my comfort in an alcove entirely darkened and hung with black, the same as the rest, and not to speak to me at all, unless I questioned him. I had written upon a sheet of paper the hours at which he should bring my meals and the few aliments I wished he should serve, each day of the week; I had, in short, regulated all beforehand, as does the man who is going to die, and who would make his will. Everything being completed to my mind, I enclosed myself in my chambers, with a double lock on my door, and walked for a long time back and forth, to fix perfectly in my mental vision the plan of my work. I commenced at length my manuscript; and never being interrupted by anything without, I accomplished more in one day, than I should otherwise have done in six. Faithful to my resolution, I did not leave my retreat till the expiration of several weeks, when my tragedy was finished!"

"Behold the history of Mary Stuart."

[Translated for Ballou's Pictorial.]

GOLDEN THOUGHTS OF GERMAN MINDS.

.... Most friends resemble sun dials: they are of no use except in fair weather.

.... The great world is an ocean: light things swim on it, while weighty ones sink to the bottom.

.... Art is made to embellish nature, but cannot supply her place: if it neglect her, it is nothing, or produces only monsters.

.... The palm tree begins very late to bear fruit—but then the fruit is dates.

.... Rarity is like the loadstone; it communicates its attractive property to that with which it is brought in contact. A man who has seen many rarities becomes himself a rarity.

.... Two hearts which mutually love, says Goethe, are like two magnetic clocks. That which moves in one must also move in the other, for it is the same power which acts in both.

.... It was a proverb among the Greeks, that a flatterer who lifts you to the clouds, has the same motive as the eagle when he raises the tortoise in the air: he wishes to gain something by your fall.

.... Confidence is a celestial ray which lights man in the dark paths of life. To find, recognize and admire each other is the privilege of noble souls: they meet with the presentiment of their value, which becomes the augury of their eternal friendship.

.... Botanists have a class of plants which they call *incomplete*, incomplete; and there is such a class among men, too: those whose aims and wishes are not proportioned to their powers and deeds.

.... A man rarely confesses to himself the whole extent of his hopes; but he vainly shrouds them with the veil of resignation; their light pierces the veil, and is only extinguished after a long and fruitless struggle against destiny.

.... In every age, it was individuals only that labored for truth, not the age itself. We hear too much by far about the "spirit of the age." It was the age that poisoned Socrates—it was the age that burned John Huss. There is very little difference, after all, between one age and another.

.... Our own glory dazzles us more than that of another. Why does every new Diogenes complain of seeking vainly for a man? Because the lantern he carries is the inverse of the dark lantern; it lights only the bearer, and the narrow circle at his feet.

.... The friendship we *pursue* is like the fortune we run after: it flies before us, or if it allows us to overtake it, like the god Pan, we clasp a tuft of reeds instead of a nymph. It is not thus with attachments we *meet*: but whoever will speak sincerely, must confess that he owes them much more to chance than to his pursuits and pains.

.... Reason comes to our aid in great misfortunes. It rouses all the forces of our soul against a reverse which surprises us, but it is impotent against little domestic annoyances which devour and destroy in detail, if we may use the expression, our happiness and hopes. It is the water which, falling drop by drop, but uninterruptedly, finally penetrates the hardest rock, while an impetuous torrent attacks it, seems to engulf it, and leaves it, unable to shake it.



STREET OF MOHAMMED.

A GLANCE AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

If it were possible for the traveller who visits Constantinople for the first and only time, to arrange the period and hour of his arrival, he ought to double the point of Serai, at the moment of sunrise, on a fine May day; or better still to arrive by moonlight during the rejoicings of the Ramazan. Indeed, the view is so beautiful that it should be seen at every hour and epoch of the year, to enjoy it fully, and this is a pleasure that only a long sojourn in these enchanted regions can command. It is our present purpose, however, only to indicate the impression made by the first aspect of the city, which a poet has well characterized by saying that it is here Europe finishes and Asia begins. At the issue of the Propontis, or Sea of Marmora, appears the triple city of Constantinople—Stamboul, Scutari and Galata. Your craft

advances, painfully ploughing the rapids of the European coast. On the left you begin to see through a violet mist the Castle of the Seven Towers, that Bastile of the Sultans; then the picturesque suburbs and walls dipping into the sea, and over the battlements, houses, trees, domes and minarets. We soon follow the foot of the wall of the Seraglio, that mysterious palace celebrated in the dramatic history of the Turkish emperors; the scene of pleasure, voluptuousness, and sanguinary intrigues. From the summit of their terraces, which seem to sink under the thick crown of verdure which overflows them everywhere, how many victims of Ottoman policy have been precipitated into the waves! To the right, on the Asiatic shore, you perceive Scutari, the ancient Chrysopolis, the city of gold, a vast depot of the merchandise which the principal cities of Asia Minor send to the capital. A lighthouse, placed on an isolated rock, which the Turks

call Kiz-Konlaci, the Maiden Tower, rises above the waves. In front, the Bosphorus, with its graceful villages and kiosks, which line the banks, glides away in a serpentine course; but a few ship's length ahead we shall enter into that marvellous port, encumbered with the barks and vessels of all countries; a true forest of masts, above which in admirable perspective, are prolonged the undulating lines of Stamboul, with their profusion of elegant mosques and minarets, gardens and palaces. Hardly have the wheels of the steamer stopped, when a cloud of boats seek to carry her by storm: there are officious porters, who offer their address, and without waiting for a reply, dispute for your baggage, and your person; a torment which the traveller begins to experience as soon as he enters the countries of the south of Europe. To land, to scale the mountain of Pera, and to install yourself in



TOMB OF THE SULTANA VALIDE.

a hotel, occupies about an hour. The first thing one does in Constantinople is to go to the bazaar, for, if you make but a short stay, you must bring away those dressing-gowns, slippers, seraglio pastilles and essences of rose and jassamine, far more interesting, as everybody knows, than the lumbering architectural monuments of the city. The second engraving on the next page offers a very accurate and spirited representation of the Grand Bazaar. A perfume of rose, musk and sandal wood announces the neighborhood of the bazaar, and you soon penetrate beneath its sombre and cool arches. Coming from the outer light and heat, the transition is very startling and must be guarded against. The most interesting part of this labyrinth, where alleys cross each other in every direction, is unquestionably the Bezestein: old arms, furniture and antiquities of all kinds are here sold at auction; and if the

stranger who sojourns but a little while wishes to obtain an idea of picturesque and Oriental life, he should pause and take a seat in the booth of one of these merchants, who in the first place hastens to offer him a pipe and coffee. One or two hours passed there in observation by the painter or writer, will be usefully employed. All the riches of Asia, Africa and Europe, all the luxury and pure taste of the Orient, are displayed in these bazaars so as to tempt the most indifferent. At sunset all the doors of the bazaars are closed, fire and lights being interdicted for fear of conflagrations. The large engraving on this page exhibits the celebrated mosque of Ahmed. All the mosques of Constantinople, and the turbe or tombs by which they are surrounded, are deeply interesting, both in the details of art and their picturesque character. On crossing the Hippodrome, where lies the obelisk of Constantine, and where the Janizaries were annihilated, we turn round the beautiful mosque of Ahmed, with its six minarets. The sight of its four facades will convey to the reader an idea of the elegant style of these immense edifices, which a vast courtyard, enclosed by walls, and adorned with ancient fountains and plane trees, still surrounds. The street of Mohammed, also here represented, is a



MOSQUE OF AHMED, ON THE SQUARE OF THE HIPPODROME.

type of the Turkish streets, narrow but picturesque, with projecting stories, quaint lattice windows, and here and there a tree or clump of flowers. The itinerant confectioners, the indolent Turk with his pipe, and the veiled female, are figures appropriate to the scene. The first engraving on this page presents a view in a Turkish cemetery at Eyoub, which is a suburb of Constantinople, an enchanting place, full of mystery, shade, freshness, sadness and poetry. In its mosque, which is holiest among the holy, repose the ashes of Saint Eyoub, the companion in arms of Osman. Our last engraving represents a bath scene, an elegant and cool interior, where the graceful architecture of the East is effectively displayed. A Turkish bath has been often enough described. The sufferer passes through many degrees of temperature, and undergoes severe tortures, but when he is finally finished, he comes out completely regenerated and rejuvenated, feeling as if, like Ariel, he could run on the sharp wings of the north wind. No traveller should leave Constantinople without visiting the tomb of the Sultana Valide, a representation of which we also give. It is in the purest Oriental taste, as our engraving finely shows. Light, elegant and graceful, it lifts its arched roof and arabesque tracery on high, and challenges the admiration of the most fastidious. Tourists agree admirably in asserting that Constantinople has nothing picturesque but its situation, and that one must not think of entering the city unless he wishes to dispel his allusions; for they say that the streets are shocking; there are no individual objects of attraction, and it is only the general whole which is remarkable. These gentlemen, whose feeling of art is reduced to certain preconceived notions, admitting admiration only for what it has been officially and beforehand agreed upon to admire, take no account of the picturesque: they look not at the fountains, baths, bazaars, mosques or cemeteries; nor at the details of gateways, coffee-houses, shops, chariots, barges and costumes, which, at every step, make up delicious pictures, and would occupy the most laborious existence of a society of artists. The generality of tourists would undoubtedly think the city improved if it were built on a flat plane, like New York or Philadelphia, with streets crossing at right angles, and houses made as much alike as possible. Such people would exclude even trees, if they were



STREET IN THE CEMETRY AT EYOUB.

not planted in straight lines parallel exactly to the curbstone. Certainly at Galata and Pera, a Frank quarter, peopled with merchants, there are few objects of arts, but as for Scutari, Tophana and Stamboul, we hesitate not to assert that few cities offer so much that is interesting in every point of view. You find, it is true, many dirty places and wretched hovels; the streets are in general badly paved, we are free to confess, but such things are seen in all great cities, and only serve to increase the effect of the splendid edifices seen at every turn. Constantine surrounded the city with walls, chiefly of freestone, flanked at variable distances by towers. These have been in many parts demolished at different periods by the violence of the sea, and by frequent earthquakes, and on the side facing the port are especially in a very ruinous condition. The city was increased, towards the west, by Theodosius II., who built the walls on the land side, which still bear his name. These consist of a triple range, rising one above another, about eighteen feet apart, and defended on the outside by a ditch twenty-five or thirty feet broad, and twelve to sixteen feet deep. The outer wall is now very much dilapidated, and in many places it is only a little above the level of the edge

of the ditch; it seems never to have had any towers. The second wall is about twelve feet in height, and furnished with towers, of various shapes, from fifty to a hundred yards apart. The third wall is above twenty feet high, and its towers, which answer to those of the second, are well proportioned. These walls are constructed of alternate courses of brick and stone, and notwithstanding the ravages of time, earthquakes and numerous sieges, are still tolerably perfect. On both the other sides of the city the walls are only double, and generally speaking, not so lofty. They are frequently adorned with crosses and other ornaments, which have not been removed by the Turks; and in many parts there are bas-reliefs, and inscriptions by the Greek emperors who have built or repaired the several portions. When Dr. Clarke visited the place, he says there were in all four hundred seventy-eight mural towers, and probably



THE GRAND BAZAAR.



BATH OF SOLIMAN.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

IXION.

BY SMITH ELY, JR.

Permitted with the feasting gods to sit,
The bright, sun-clad, inflaming scene,
Within his blood the fires of passion lit:
He dared to love Jove's queen!

Smitten with thunder: hurled from heaven's light,
Headlong to hell—him Hermes bound
Upon the wheel, which through eternal night,
Circles its restless round.

A myth symbolic, living from the old,
Voicing through time, the well-earned fate
Of him, who, spurning charms of mortal mould,
Would with a goddess mate.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MRS. BIDDY CHANTICLEER, THE REFORMER.

BY ALICE CAREY.

TOWARD the sunset of a mild autumnal day, in the year 1834, two sleek, plump, and motherly-appearing hens might have been seen with their heads close together, and exchanging looks of exceeding great wisdom, as they stood, a little aside, in the barnyard of John Moses Oldstyle. The precise "local habitation" of the aforesaid John Moses matters not to the interest of our story, as it is with all his pretty chickens, and not with himself, that we have to do. No farmer in the country, perhaps, ever paid greater attention to the rearing of fowls than he, and probably none, up to the day mentioned, with more uniform success and satisfaction. A more commodious hen-roost was nowhere to be seen, and no poultry could be found better provided with straw, corn, water, gravel and all other things needful for the comfort and convenience of reasonable hens and roosters. But to return to the autumn afternoon. The two hens mentioned happened to meet beside a puddle of water near the well, and, as good neighbors should, exchanged civilities while they drank.

"Have you met our 'new acquisition?'" said the lesser and sleeker hen, who was known familiarly among her friends as Stripeneek; and there was something in the words "new acquisition," as she pronounced them, that implied disrespect on her part for the person, whom ever she was, so designated.

"No, indeed—if you allude to Miss Crowant, and I suppose you do. But who calls her a *new acquisition*?" And as she spoke, the hen known as Speckle, and one of the oldest and most estimable in the barnyard, put her head a little closer to Stripeneek than it had previously been.

"Why, whom do you think?" replied the first speaker, turning her little wise head to one side, as much as to say, "It will perfectly amaze you—you would never guess, I know."

Speckle shook her head and said no, she could not pretend to guess what anybody thought any more; and her manner implied that she had little sympathy with some things that were thought by some folks.

"Well," said Stripeneek, "she is called so by Longspur; I always thought he had more sense; and not only he, but a good many of our young folks seem to think she is a wonderfully smart hen: they say she can crow as well as a rooster, and Mr. Longspur told me that she was going to make a speech to-morrow evening in the hen-roost at early starlight. Now if that don't take the lead!"

"Mercy on us!" ejaculated Speckle, opening both wings. "I won't let one of my chickens go, that's flat. What has she to speak about, I'd like to know!"

"Mr. Longspur," replied Stripeneek, "says she is to speak on hens' rights, if you know what that means."

Speckle sipped a little more water, and said when she was a pullet she never heard of such a thing, and she was not sure that she as yet understood the phrase correctly.

"Mr. Longspur says," answered Stripeneek, "that she advocates a more enlarged sphere for hens—thinks they are circumscribed in their movements, and that their capacities are equal to the self-styled lords of the barnyard!"

Speckle said she did not and could not understand the new-fangled notions of some of the hens—Miss Crowant among the rest, and she thought they would all live to deplore the day she came into the yard. And she added, "Old John Moses must have been crazy when he bought her. New acquisition indeed!"

Stripeneek looked all around, and speaking in a whisper, said: "You must not say anything about it, Speckle, but a certain person told me that John Moses never did buy her—that she was in the great chicken show you have heard of, and got her head turned in consequence of being seen and admired, and has been going about the country ever since, lecturing on hens' rights, and that she was smuggled in here by Mr. Longspur, without the knowledge of good Mr. Oldstyle."

"Did you ever?" said Speckle, and she opened her wings wider than before. Again she sipped, and added, "A most pernicious influence she will exert among us."

"That is my opinion," said Stripeneek. "And another thing, I should not wonder if Mr. Longspur should get enough of the Crowants yet, for they say his wife, Mrs. Biddy Chanticleer, is to assist in the performance to-morrow night."

"Dear me!" said Mr. Speckle, what are the chickens of this generation coming to?"

Stripeneek replied that she did not know; but one thing she did know, and that was, that she would not suffer one of her chickens to hear the proposed lecture from Miss Crowant.

Here the neighborly gossip was interrupted by the loud talking of a couple of half-grown pullets, who a little way off stood backing against the fence to make their tails stand up after the manner of a cockerel.

"As I am alive!" exclaimed Stripeneek, "one of those chickens is your daughter! I would not have believed it."

"Sure enough," answered Speckle, "and the other is yours." And rushing as she had never rushed till then, except for her life, she seized her ambitious daughter and picked out two of her brightest tail feathers, exclaiming as she did so: "What in the world are you doing? Why, I never was so surprised and shocked in all the days of my life."

The little pullet shook herself free, and with a sassy look that said, "You are quite behind the times, old hen," flew to the tip-top of the smoke-house, and essayed to crow.

Meantime Stripeneek seized her chicken by the left leg and demanded an explanation.

"Wretch!" she said, "how dare you presume to set up your tail beyond the ordinance of nature?"

"Because," replied the culprit, blushing red in the comb, "Mrs. Biddy Chanticleer told us it was going to be all the fashion pretty soon: she is setting hers up, and says Miss Crowant wears hers as high as a rooster's."

"O, that ever I should have hatched such a pullet!" cried Stripeneek. "What will your father say?"

"They are a couple of old fogies, sister chick, never mind them," called the pullet, from the roof of the smoke-house. "I have some ideas of my own about reform and hens' rights, and my old-fashioned mother won't make me wear my tail down in the dew and dust—I don't care what she says. I have a right to wear a short tail, and will wear it, whether it pleases every young cockerel in the yard or not." And stretching up her neck she attempted to crow again.

A couple of roosters who were passing in their shining pride, affected to be so mortified at the conduct of the pullets that they hid their heads beneath their wings that they might not witness the disgrace of chickendom.

Notwithstanding the prohibition of their old-fashioned mothers, the two ambitious young ladies who were of Mrs. Biddy Chanticleer's way of thinking, stole from their proper roosts after night, and, contrary to custom, went unattended, to hear the lecture of Miss Crowant. There was a great sensation in the yard; to be sure, some of the old hens would not even look up as the reformers passed along; most of them peeped slyly, just to see how the creatures did look, they said. A few of the younger chanticleers were generous enough to take their wives to hear what could be said, but mostly, those who went, went alone—the majority, and those known as the respectable class, absenting themselves altogether. In their opinion, any rooster who would hear Miss Crowant, compromised his dignity. As for the tone of society being affected by such an upstart, they had no more fear of it, than that the moon would turn aside for the mist on the hill-top. They forgot that the oak is the growth of an acorn, and that in domestic life, especially, the greatest annoyances spring from very trifles.

All the barnyard fowls, however, could not make up their minds to preserve a dignified indifference; and a number gathered about the door of the hen-roost with intent of creating disturbance, and crowed and cackled, and strutted up to the very door, in mockery of the proceedings within.

A terrible noise they raised when Miss Crowant was observed to enter, accompanied by Mrs. Biddy Chanticleer. Indeed, some hisses were heard.

"For shame, gentlemen," said Mr. Longspur, standing up in the midst of the audience; "your mothers, sirs, were hens."

"Yes," replied one of the number outside; "but they did not pretend to be roosters!"

Miss Crowant had evidently oiled her feathers most carefully, but they lacked the gloss of the poorest cockerel in the barnyard, after all; but that she was equal in the matter of making a noise, nobody could deny.

She was there to speak in favor of hens' rights, and she would speak—she would not yield her right to crow to any self-styled lord of the barnyard, she cared not how long were his spurs; nor would she cease to demand for her poor, down-trodden sisterhood an enlarged and nobler sphere of action. Hens were too distrustful of their capacities, she said; they had been so long accustomed to silent submission that they were really unaware of the mighty energies slumbering in their bosoms; they must form societies, individual effort could do but little, but with wing to wing and cackle to cackle, they would speedily make their equality felt. Stated meetings must be established; let no hen who felt the necessity of reform say she could not leave home: the leaving of the nest and the chickens to the care of the lords of the barnyard was the very first step towards her emancipation. Why must she be tied at home, the loftiest faculties of her soul undeveloped, or rusting out in uneasy inaction? Who made the law that demanded of her a lesser and consequently a weaker action? Why, who but the tyrant chanticleers? And was there not a law of right higher than any code framed by a set of roosters? Moreover, if the roosters could make laws, why could not the hens make laws? They certainly knew their own needs best. Cockerels might sneer if they chose, but as to their windy assertion of supremacy, she did not care a pin-feather for it.

Here there were several clear, ringing crows from the outside of the roost, which seemed to say, "Do that, if you can, Miss Crowant!"

At the conclusion of the lecture, Mrs. Biddy Chanticleer took the perch, and in very shrill and decided tones informed the audience that an article of hens' rights had been drawn up by Miss

Crowant, and that her own name headed it. If any of the sisterhood present felt disposed to throw off the yoke of oppression, and, in a manner becoming a true-hearted biddy, assert her independence and equality, she would be very happy to scratch down her name.

Several most ill-natured looking hens went forward, and between the scratching of their names, Mrs. Biddy Chanticleer said that weekly meetings would be held thereafter in the roost for the furtherance of the great reform, in which all chickendom was more or less interested, and which was destined ere long to shake the thrones of the proud monarchs of the barnyard; that Miss Crowant had engaged to be with them once a month, and that in her absence meetings must be kept up for mutual encouragement.

As she sat down, she was observed to wink her eye at her husband, who sat modestly in one corner, upon which he obediently arose, and went round with his hat for the benefit of Miss Crowant. The meeting was concluded by singing:

"There's a good time coming, biddies—
Wait a little longer."

Mrs. Biddy Chanticleer and Miss Crowant rendering it with great spirit.

Some of the hens who had sat through the entire performance, pulled their top-knots over their eyes and walked straight out of the roost, avoiding any recognition of Mrs. Biddy and her young friend—late of the exhibition.

They were in no wise amazed, however: martyrdom was a part of their mission, and with sublime heroism they only smiled at their scornors. They had tasks to do and duties to perform that must not be thwarted by the idle contempt of the thoughtless multitude. Ridicule and all reviling were indeed evidences in their minds of their glorious calling; and so, after the people had departed, those two elevated and devoted hens took their way home alone, wing in wing, and eschewing protectors and lanterns alike. Mr. Longspur, as he walked alone, was heard to say that was the happiest and proudest night of his life.

From that night, confusion dire reigned in the barnyard of John Moses Oldstyle.

Speckle and Stripeneek turned their two daughters out of house and home; one very cross old hen, whose personal beauty had been for a good while on the wane, and who had been known as Longtail in the barnyard, created a deal of scandal by hiring an ass to chew off the ends of the prominent feathers; another, who had never been married, and who had been from her youth addicted to a bad habit of crowing, was reported to have provoked a bat to bite her comb, for the sake of making it deeply red. What business had any fowl, even though he were a chanticleer, with a redder comb than she? Some of the biddies, younger and prettier of course, insinuated that the ambitious reformer had wisely had recourse to a bat, for that no bird, except a blind one, would have bitten her comb at all.

This was malice, perhaps envy, on the part of biddies who had no talent for crowing. Mrs. Biddy Chanticleer, president of the association of reformers, made a speech at their first meeting, in which she openly asserted that she had no longer any regard for nest or nest egg—that her husband was as much called upon to keep the house as she, and that she felt disqualified by her abilities to be the slave of any rooster. She was born in a free barnyard, and would live and die an independent hen! Before a great while Mr. Longspur began to show signs of discontent; he neglected his plumage and drooped visibly. He went little from home, his spurs seemed losing their strength and sharpness, and it appeared as if half his fine neck feathers were gone; his old proud strut was lost, and he evidently did not feel like a chanticleer among chanticleers any longer.

The entire chicken community of John Moses Oldstyle was affected by the reform movement; and such talking and gossip had never been heard of as prevailed.

Often Speckle and Stripeneek met at the well to bewail the unfortunateness of their children, for both felt how sharper than a serpent's tooth it was to have a thankless chick, and after due condolence, they never failed, as they sipped water together, to put each other in possession of certain unmutters which certain other hens had communicated to them, each promising each, of course, that as true as she lived and breathed, she would never cackle it to another hen.

One day when they staid longer at the puddle than common, Mrs. Stripeneek might have been heard to say: "Sister Speckle, we are likely to have better times: Mrs. Biddy Chanticleer is going to leave her husband."

"What! you don't say so, Stripeneek. What on earth is the cause?" And she added, "He has always been a good provider, has he not?"

"Yes," said Stripeneek; "there never was a more faithful scratcher in the yard: he was too good for her, that's my opinion."

"And they are really about to part, are they?"

"Yes: they are going to divide the chickens—he takes one half and she the other. They have never been *truly married*, Mrs. Biddy says; and though they have never quarrelled, there is no perfect sympathy between them; and besides, she feels it her duty to go through the world and lecture on hens' rights; and Mr. Longspur, they say, is quite willing she should scratch for herself, inasmuch as she is independent in all other respects."

"Well," said Speckle, after a thoughtful silence, "I am truly an ignorant, old-fashioned hen, to be sure, but it seems to me that any hen who has a home, and does all she ought to make it happy, will find her sphere large enough; and I have a notion of my own (here she put her head very close to her friend), that it's only the hens that have not anybody to crow for them, who set up to crow for themselves."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SABBATH BELL.

BY MRS. SARAH E. DAWES.

I love its sound on a springlike day,
When balmy breezes gently play,
When the air is sweet with the breath of flowers—
An incense meet for the holy hours.
They steal on my ear like a witching spell,
Those deep, deep tones of the Sabbath bell.

I love to hear its merry ring,
When summer birds in the branches sing;
While nature pours her sweetest lays,
It bids us seek the house of praise.
O, passing sweet doth the music swell,
Those deep, deep tones of the Sabbath bell.

They speak, methinks, with solemn tone,
When winds of autumn sadly moan;
But tell with every pealing chime,
That far above is a fadeless clime.
No blight is there—they seem to tell,
Those deep, deep tones of the Sabbath bell.

When winter comes with icy breath,
And nature wears the robe of death,
Then ringing forth so loud and clear,
Their thrilling tones my spirit cheer.
In winter hours I love them well,
Those deep, deep tones of the Sabbath bell.

Through all New England they are found—
From thousand spires their peals resound;
A nation free they all proclaim,
And sound abroad a noble fame.
A people blest there ever dwell,
Where weekly peals the Sabbath bell.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

CAUGHT IN A GALE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

In the year 1845 I made a voyage to China by the way of Cape Horn. I had command of the good ship *Angelo*, and was blessed with a good crew. We had a hard time getting around the southern capes of America, but when we entered the Pacific, we found the weather good, and for some time we went gliding on our way, without trouble or hindrance. I stopped at Valparaiso, where I remained eight days, and then I set sail for New Zealand, on business connected with the United States Christian Missions. For eleven days after clearing Valparaiso we had a fair wind, but on the evening of the twelfth day we had indications of a storm. I had the sail shortened, taking in the top-gallant sails and double-reefing the topsails.

About nine o'clock in the evening the wind came round from the eastward and blew a gale, and by midnight I was forced to lay to. In the morning, when the sun rose, there was a lull in the gale, and I began to flatter myself that we were cheaply rid of the storm.

At noon I was able to get the sun, and I found my ship to be in longitude 128 degrees west, and latitude 32 degrees 15 minutes south, and the wind had now become light and baffling, but with a heavy sea. Towards the middle of the afternoon, my mate, who was an experienced seaman, and an older man than myself, named Hunter, came to me and asked me what I thought of the weather.

"It's not settled yet, by any means," I replied.

"No," said he, emphatically; "and that's not the worst of it. We are going to have a stinger."

"I think we shall have more gales," I responded, "for it is now evident enough that the storm is not wholly passed."

"Ay—and we shall catch it this time more southerly. I tell ye, capt'n, we've got to stand around some before we get clear of this place. I've been here before."

"So have I," I replied, "several times; but I never happened to get caught in a storm of any amount in the Pacific yet."

"O, but I have," resumed Mr. Hunter, with a shudder. "By my soul, they can get up some great blows here when they try. I rode out one here in '29, in an old hulk of a barque, belonging in New York, and for eight-and-forty hours we expected every minute to have to say our prayers for the last time. I hope I mayn't see another such."

After this the mate went forward to attend to securing the anchors and having all ready for bending the cables if necessity should occur, for I was determined to leave no point unattended to. At five o'clock the wind was warm, seeming much like the fanning from a hot oven, and it seemed to move in circles. It blew from no steady point, but was continually whirling and changing. Heavy clouds had come up to the northward and the westward, while to the southward and eastward there seemed to be a sort of lurid vapor rising and extending itself along the horizon. The clouds which I spoke of rose very fast, and when they had attained a great height they passed over our heads, and then settled down gradually until they actually rested upon the bosom of the sea about us, enveloping us in a thick, cool mist. This was to me a curious phenomenon; but this was not the end. In half an hour the vapor swept away to the northward and westward again. It did not rise, but it slowly passed away, until it rested upon the horizon like a land bank. The appearance of things in the opposite direction had changed somewhat, the vapor there having grown more dense, and wearing a ghastly, livid hue. The strange warmth which I had experienced in the atmosphere was gone, and a coolness, which came in little puffs, had succeeded.

It seemed as though some one were standing by me puffing into my face.

As the sun sank into the vapor which rested upon the western horizon, it had a strange look, seeming like a huge lantern of blue glass; but I did not gaze long upon it, for my attention was called the other way. The heavens to the southward and eastward had grown black as night, save a long line of livid light that rested directly upon the water. The puffs of cool air which I had felt now ceased, and our ship lay in a dead calm, rising and falling like a lifeless monster upon the long, heavy swells. I immediately ordered the ship to be stripped of her canvass. The top-gallant masts had already been sent on deck, thus relieving the ship of all her lofty spars. I asked my mate if he thought there would be any use of leaving any sail set.

"No," said he, "I should say not. If the blow comes as I think it will, a sail would be of no more use than a shirt."

That was my mind, too; and my order for furling all sail was obeyed. Then I had life-lines rove, and after this we waited for the storm. But we had not to wait long.

"Do you see that?" whispered Hunter, at the same time pointing off to the southward and eastward.

I had seen it, and it was a long line of white foam. In a moment more came a rumbling sound, like the distant reverberations of a cannon. Our ship lay nearly stern-to, and I awaited the coming of the gale with almost breathless anxiety.

And it came! It roared like thunder over the foaming waves, and the spray was rained upon us in torrents. The ship gave one plunge, and for a few moments I thought she would go under; but she finally struggled up, and throwing off her load of water, she started on before the wind. I examined the compass, and found the wind to come from a point about southeast by east. I had one source of comfort, and that was, that I had plenty of sea room. I threw the log after the ship had got full headway, but it was impossible to make anything from it, for the mad sea that had leaped up before the gale "brought the log home," so that the reel would hardly turn, save by fits and starts.

All night long the gale continued with unabated fury, and towards morning it became evident that we must either throw over most of our cargo, or else set some sail, for the seas were now very high, and they were beginning to run faster than the ship went, and I saw that should we be overtaken by some of the immense mountains of water, they would surely swamp us. I ordered the foresail to be set, it having been already double-reefed before it was furled. By care in easing away the buntlines and clew-garnets, and in hauling down the sheets, we got the sail safely set; but this would not answer long. The seas were now so high that they took the wind from the sail all of half the time, and it soon became evident that we must set one of the topsails. I felt sure the ship would scud the easiest under the fore-topsail, and accordingly I had that set.

It was now morning, and the wind had lost not a whit of its fury. I tried many times to heave the log, but it would "come home" with the seas. Once, however, I managed to run off six knots, and I knew we were going faster than that—we were going ten at least. Noon came, and the gale was still up in all its power. I began to have some fears that we should not weather it, for the fore-topsail had more strain upon it than I liked. I feared it would give way. I knew if that did go our chance of safety would be small, for I had seen enough of the ship in gales, to know that under the main-topsail she would be apt to yaw and broach-to. I had some stout, excellent seamen, and it was to their faithfulness and experience at the helm that we in a great measure owed our salvation, for even the slightest mistake or mishap at the helm might have proved fatal at once.

Our course was now northwest-by-west, and we had run very nearly that for the last twenty hours; and yet I could not tell how far we had run—I could guess, and that was all. I set it at two hundred miles, but the mate said it was more.

Night came again, and the gale was still blowing furiously, and when I went down to my cabin that night, I prayed. At midnight I went on deck, but the mate would not go below. The men had become fear-stricken, for the ship was now wrenched and loosened fearfully, and I found it necessary to keep the pumps going all the time.

I went back to my cabin at one o'clock and sat down to my chart. I made as close a reckoning as I could of our sailing distance, and I knew that I had the course true. Then I placed my parallel upon the chart, and at the first look my lips started apart with an utterance of horror, and my eyes glared wildly. My rule struck the island of St. Elmo, and if my mate was correct in his estimate of our velocity, we could not be over fifty miles distant from that island, and, what added to the danger, I was not fully sure of our position even so far as the course was concerned, for I knew there was a considerable current in this section of the Pacific, setting to the westward, and hence I knew not how to steer in order to avoid the fatal island. I called Hunter down and showed him the chart, and asked him to make out where we were. He sat down, and in less than two minutes he leaped up again.

"Good Heaven, capt'n!" he cried, "St. Elmo is right ahead, and surely not more than fifty miles off! We are gone, as sure as fate!"

"But may not the current have set us to the westward of it?" said I, hopefully.

"No," was his quick response.

We went on deck, and after a few moments' consultation I ordered the helmsman to keep the ship's head west-nor-west if possible. He tried it, but it was hard work, for ever and anon the seas would knock her off like a cork, and the danger of being pooped by the huge water-mountains was now threatening us all the time. Yet I made the man at the wheel give her all the star-

board helm she would possibly bear. I said nothing to the men of the new danger that threatened us, but from the looks of myself and mate they guessed it; and when, at length, we were obliged to confess the whole; they were perfectly horror-stricken, yet they were prompt to duty, and shortly they seemed resigned to their fate—that is, they were more calm than they were before the new danger was made known to them, though it may have been only the calmness of despair.

Towards morning the nature of the wind seemed to change—it was a change which I cannot describe—yet that indescribable something was there which told us the gale could not last much longer. It was in the temperature, in the *smell* of the wind. It seemed softer, and had not so much power of penetration. But the joy of this discovery was quickly damped. Just as the day was about to break, there came upon our ears the sound of something besides wind! At length the light of day came, and we saw the scene we had been so fearfully dreading. Right ahead, at the distance of not more than ten miles, was the shore of St. Elmo! It was a mass of bold, sea-dashed rocks which was presented to us, and a cry of horror went up from my men.

The wind was still powerful, and we were being hurled on at a fearful rate towards the rocks. What could be done? Instinctively I cast my eyes towards my mate, and I saw that he was very pale: I knew that my own face must be pale, too. But I could not stand still. I went to my cabin and got my glass, and by the time I returned it was light enough to see the shore distinctly. I raised the glass, and when I had carefully surveyed the shore ahead, a gleam of hope shot through my soul.

"Mr. Hunter," I said, "that is the extreme western point of the island. That point to the left is the westerly cape of St. Elmo. Clear way beyond I can just see the top of the next island."

"Well?" said my mate, interrogatively.

"I am sure if we could clear that point we should be safe," I added.

"If we could clear it," said Hunter; "but that is impossible."

I hesitated a single moment, and then my mind was made up.

"Boys," I cried, speaking loud enough to be heard above the roar of the tempest, "if we run ashore upon those rocks we are dead men, just as sure as fate; no power can save a soul of us. But if we can clear that westerly point we may be saved. By the help of God, I shall make the trial."

"To clear that point, you will have to put the ship's head due west, certainly," said Hunter.

"I know it," was my reply.

"And she cannot be put there," he said. "She could not live a moment with her broadside thus exposed."

"I shall try it!" was my answer; and thereupon I ordered the fore and main-topmen to go aloft and loose the main-topsail. It was already close reefed. Every movement was carefully performed. I had the helm put a-starboard as far as would answer, and then the lee sheet was hauled home. Next the weather clew came down, and we got the yard hoisted clear of the cap in safety. The storm-mizzen mast was set, and I soon found that the fore-staysail would be of benefit if it would hold. The mate said I was mad. I pointed to the rocks and asked him if he would like to run in there. I acknowledged that my present course would be madness if there was any other plan within the bounds of possibility.

The ship was now heading due west, and she was going through the water fast. Every hatch was battened, and we were in for it. I prayed then, and I saw others pray, for there was need of it. I had four stout men lashed at the wheel, for they could not have stood without. I stood by the mizzen mast and hung on upon the pin-rack. Six times did I see the lee main-yard-arm dip into the water, and yet the ship did not go over! We were literally under water two-thirds of the time, and yet we did not founder. The masts groaned and creaked in their steppings and creaks; the sheets strained and vibrated like the strings of a viol; the canvass swelled out till each particular thread seemed ready to snap, and the old ship heeled over until her yards almost lay in the water. Of course the men could no longer work at the pumps—they could only hang on upon whatever came in their way, and there wait and pray. Had it now been necessary to pull a rope it could not have been done, for had any man let go his hold, he would surely have gone overboard.

On we dashed—on—on; and yet the ship was upon her keel. At length the point we would clear was under our lee bow. It was surely not over a cable's length distant. There might be other rocks in the sea—rocks of which I knew nothing; but I cared not for them then: I thought only of the point in sight.

"Merciful heavens!" gasped the mate, "we are gone!"

A sea struck us at that moment, sweeping its crest high above our tops, and the next instant we were engulfed. I thought now we were truly gone; I felt the cold flood all about me; I experienced the sense of a downward motion, and I felt the dull gurgle of waters above me: yet I held on. It may have been a minute—perhaps only a few seconds—but it seemed a great while to me, for I surely thought of a thousand things the while—and then I found daylight again. The old ship had struggled up from the grasp of the ocean grave, and my first glance was for my men. They were all safe—every one. But the sails were gone. Nothing but the fore staysail was left—all the rest had been torn from the bolt-ropes in the struggle. Then I gave one timid, trembling look upon the shore, and—were safe! The point of rocks was under our starboard quarter; we were again before the wind, and ahead of us the sea for many miles was clear! The sun rose, and the gale lost its power, and by nine o'clock it was calm and pleasant, though the sea ran high and strong. Three days after we ran into St. Michael, where we easily repaired our slight damages, and then we once more set sail on our voyage.

THE BON HOMME RICHARD AND THE SERAPIS.

The terrible sea-fight between Paul Jones's ship, the Bon Homme Richard, and the British ship of war Serapis, Captain Pearson, has furnished Mr. Wade with a brilliant subject for one of his spirited nautical sketches. The two vessels are depicted as they appeared towards the close of the action—the Serapis with her decks swept clean and her mainmast shot away, both vessels on fire, yard-arm and yard-arm overlapping, clouds of smoke and sheets of flame rolling upwards, Jones's flag nailed to the mast, floating defiantly from the main, and in the calm sky the round harvest moon looking down upon the work of death and desolation. The action was one of the most terrible on record, from its unusual duration for a naval battle, from the ferocity which the combatants displayed, and from the proximity of the vessels, the muzzles of the ships' batteries almost reaching into each other's port-holes. There were adventitious circumstances to lend a peculiar interest and importance to the contest. The naval representative of a distant nation struggling for independence was having the mistress of the seas at her own door—hundreds of Britons were witnessing the strife, and the reputation and prospects of the colonies depended in some sort upon its issue. America, however, could not have been better represented than by the brave Scotch sailor, who felt it a higher honor to hold the commission of the Continental Congress than to derive rank from the hand of the King of France. He had hoisted with his

general chase. The sails in sight were a fleet of English merchantmen, under convoy of the Serapis and Scarborough, and as soon as they saw themselves pursued they ran in shore, while the two ships of war that protected them bore off from the land and prepared for an engagement. The Bon Homme Richard set every stitch of canvass but did not reach the enemy until about seven o'clock in the evening, when it had become quite dark and objects on the water were dimly discerned. When within pistol shot, the hail from the Serapis, "What ship is that?" was answered "I can't hear you." Captain Pearson says the reply was the "Princess Royal." A second hail was answered by a thundering broadside from the batteries of the Bon Homme Richard. The American ship was much inferior to her antagonist. She was an old vessel, clumsy and unmanageable. She carried six 18 pounders on the lower gun deck; fourteen 12 pounders and fourteen 9 pounders on the middle gun deck; two 6 pounders on the quarter gun deck; two 6 pounders on the spar deck; one 6 pounder in each gangway, and two 6 pounders on the fore-castle. She was manned by 380 men and boys. The Serapis was a new ship built in the best manner, and her metal much heavier. She mounted twenty 18 pounders on her lower gun deck; twenty 9 pounders on her upper gun deck; six 6 pounders on her quarter deck; four 6 pounders on the fore-castle, and had a crew of 305 men and about 15 Lascars. In the earlier part of the action the superior sailing qualities of the Serapis enabled her to take

French, and a part of Maltese, Portuguese and Malays, these latter contributing by their want of naval skill and knowledge of the English language, to depress rather than elevate a just hope of success in a combat under such circumstances." Early in the action, the battery of 12 pounders on which Jones's principal dependence was placed, was silenced. Two, out of the three 18 pounders, were very old guns, and burst at the first discharge, killing all the men who worked them. Still Jones and his heroic crew fought on, the water rushing in below, the broadsides of the enemy tearing yawning rents in the Richard's sides, and the French soldiers flying from their station on the quarter deck. Two 9 pounders fired incessantly, and one of the lee quarter deck guns, brought over by a few men, with the musketry in the tops, continued the action against fearful odds. Jones stuck to his little battery, and stimulated his men with word and example. While one of the 9 pounders vomited double-headed shot against the mainmast of the Serapis, the two others swept her decks with grape and canister. The fire was so hot from the 9 pound battery and the tops that not a man could live on the deck of the English ship. But all this while her lower battery of 18 pounders was making a yawning ruin of the Richard. As if that nothing might be wanting to the horrors of this night, both vessels took fire, and the task of extinguishing the flames was added to the toil of battle. Never had that round harvest moon, now risen in the east, looked down upon such a scene. Even the dauntless



own hands the first American naval flag on board the American frigate Alfred, 44 guns, October 10, 1776. It floated from the masthead of the Bon Homme Richard—a rattlesnake in a field of thirteen stripes, with the legend, "Don't tread on me," and her commander had sworn that it should never be struck. Nobly he kept his word. Jones sailed from the roadstead of Groix, France, August 14, 1779, in command of a small squadron, consisting of the Bon Homme Richard, 42 guns, the Alliance, 36 guns, the Pallas, 32 guns, the Cerf, 28 guns, and the Vengeance, 12 guns. Two privateers afterwards joined them, but did not continue with them till the end of the cruise. The efficiency of the expedition was marred by a want of subordination on the part of some of the officers, who do not appear to have been willing to yield prompt obedience to Jones's orders. Captain Landais, of the Alliance, habitually disregarded the commodore's signals and orders, throughout the cruise, and towards the close, as it will appear, committed acts of open hostility to him. Notwithstanding the difficulties against which he had to contend, Jones inflicted great damage on the enemy; he coasted Ireland, England and Scotland, making many prizes, and carrying terror wherever he appeared—bearding the lion in his den with an audacity altogether unparalleled in naval annals. About noon, on the twenty-third of September, a fleet of over forty sail appeared off Flamborough Head, on the coast of Yorkshire, bearing N. N. E., and Jones immediately abandoned the pursuit of a single ship in which he was then engaged, and made signals for a

several advantageous positions, which the seamanship of Paul Jones, hampered by the unmanageable character of his craft, did not enable him to prevent. Thus he attempted to lay his ship athwart the enemy's bows, but the howsprit of the Serapis sweeping over the Richard's poop, was grappled and lashed, and her stern swung round to the bow of the Bon Homme Richard by the action of the wind, the vessels lay yard-arm and yard-arm, the muzzles on either side actually touching the enemy. But long before this many of the 18 pound shot of the Serapis had entered the Richard's hull below the water mark, and she leaked in a threatening manner. Just before they closed, Captain Pearson hailed his adversary: "Has your ship struck?" "I haven't begun to fight yet," shouted Jones, in reply. Lieutenant, afterwards Commodore, Richard Dale, says: "A novelty in naval combats was now presented to many witnesses, but few admirers. The rammers were run into the respective ships to enable the men to load after the lower ports of the Serapis had been blown away, to make room for running out their guns, and in this situation the ships remained until between ten and twelve o'clock P. M." Of the respective crews, he further remarks: "From the commencement to the termination of the action, there was not a man on board the Bon Homme Richard ignorant of the superiority of the Serapis, both in weight of metal, and in the qualities of the crew. The crew of that ship were picked seamen, and the ship itself had been only a few months off the stocks; whereas the crew of the Bon Homme Richard consisted of part Americans, English and

hero of the fight confesses that "it was dreadful beyond the reach of language." Jones's gunner, wounded and despairing of the issue, ran to the stern to strike the colors, but the staff had been broken by a cannon shot, and the ensign hung trailing in the water. The master-at-arms liberated five hundred prisoners at this juncture, and one of them, a naval captain, springing through a port hole on board the Serapis, urged Captain Pearson to continue his fire, assuring him that the Bon Homme Richard was crippled and sinking. At this crisis, her consort, the Alliance, appeared—Jones hailed her with inexpressible delight—her aid made his victory secure—when, to his indignation and horror, Captain Landais poured a broadside full into the stern of the Richard. Every tongue implored him to desist, and shouted, louder than the guns, that he was firing into the wrong ship. But it was no error—it was a crime. Captain Landais could not mistake her for the enemy—her high stern, her black paint, a dozen peculiarities, to say nothing of the line of signal lanterns, identified her. But Landais wished to cripple her, to force her to strike, and then, capturing the Serapis, claim the victory as his. So he passed round firing into the Bon Homme Richard's head, stern, and broadside—a deed of blackhearted treachery that will ever cling to the memory of the false Frenchman. A quantity of cartridges on board the Serapis were set fire to by a grenade from Jones's ship and blew up, killing and wounding all the officers and men abaft the mainmast. But long after this the fight went on with fury. At last the mainmast of the Serapis began to tot

ter to its fall—her fire slackened, and about half past ten o'clock, after one of the bloodiest and most obstinate naval engagements on record, the British flag was struck. Captain Pearson was afterwards knighted by King George, on hearing which, Jones remarked: "Well, he deserved it; and should I have the good fortune to meet with him again, I will make a lord of him." An effort was made to keep the Bon Homme Richard afloat, but in vain: she sunk on the evening of the 25th. "They did not abandon her," writes Jones, "till after nine o'clock; the water was then up to the lower deck, and a little after ten, I saw, with inexpressible grief, the last glimpse of the Bon Homme Richard. No lives were lost with the ship, but it was impossible to save the stores of any sort whatever. I lost even the best part of my clothes, books and papers; and several of my officers lost all their clothes and effects." The Serapis was taken into the Texel in Holland, Jones's escape from which, running the gauntlet of a British squadron, forms another daring episode in his adventurous career. The capture of the Serapis raised Jones to the zenith of his fame. The excitable French nation almost idolized him for the achievement. Dr. Franklin, then minister plenipotentiary at Paris, acknowledged the receipt of his despatches in the warmest terms; he was presented at Versailles to Louis XVI., who gave him a magnificent sword with an appropriate inscription, and wrote to Congress for permission to bestow on him the military order of merit, an honor never before conferred on

brother, married and settled. He became much attached to America, and in after life called it "the country of his fond election." Jones made some voyages to the coast of Africa, but was soon disgusted with the slave trade. In his twenty-eighth year, he was appointed first lieutenant of the Alfred, one of the only two ships belonging to Congress. His adventures as captain of the Ranger, are well known. The victory over the Serapis crowned his fame. After the revolutionary war he entered the Russian service and signalized himself in the war with the Turks, but, disgusted by the intrigues of his enemies, retired in 1789. He died in Paris in 1792.

THE CONSTITUTION AND GUERRIERE.

"Old Ironsides," as she is fondly termed, is the favorite frigate of the American navy, and identified with the proudest triumphs of our flag upon the ocean. Her decks have been trodden by such men as Hull, Preble, Decatur, Rogers and Bainbridge. Her keel was laid on Charlestown Neck, and she was launched on Wednesday, September 20, 1797. Though she was first moved under canvass on Friday, July 20, of the following year, she has proved the luckiest ship afloat. It is not our purpose to track this noble old frigate through her adventurous career, but briefly to sketch her action with the Guerriere, in 1812, illustrated with so much spirit by Mr. Wade in the accompanying picture. She was under the command of the gallant Isaac Hull, when, on

the stump of the Englishman's mizzen mast, but while Hull wore ship and ran in on the enemy's weather bow, with the intention of giving him a "few more," by way of an extinguisher, the ensign was hauled down, and His Majesty's frigate Guerriere, 38 guns, Captain Daeres, surrendered to the Yankee, after having had every stick shot off her in a fair yard-arm fight—the most mortifying thing for British pride that had happened since the war of the revolution. As Captain Daeres, wounded, came up the side of the Constitution, Hull offered his arm, and said in a friendly tone, as if addressing an old acquaintance, "Daeres, give me your hand—I know you're hurt." After removing all the prisoners from the Guerriere, she was set on fire and blown up the next day after the battle. The British frigate lost seventy-eight, killed and wounded; the Constitution fourteen. On the relative force of the two vessels, the late James Fennimore Cooper, in an article published since his death in Putnam's Magazine, makes the following remarks: "The Guerriere was a fine vessel of her class, mounting on her gun deck thirty 18s, and nineteen carronades and chase guns on her quarter deck and fore-castle, or twenty-five guns in broadside. She is said, however, to have been pierced for twenty-seven guns in broadside, which was just the number now carried by the Constitution. Some explanation, nevertheless, becomes necessary, in order not to convey to the reader a false idea of the respective forces of these two ships. The gun-deck battery of the Constitution consisted then,



any one who had not borne arms under the lilies of France. In England his fame spread like wildfire, and even to this day there is no naval reputation so warmly cherished. An anecdote touching the action above described is worthy of being related in this connection. While Jones was fighting the Serapis with two guns, and water pouring in below through the shot holes, the Richard's surgeon came on deck from the cock-pit in great trepidation, and asked Paul if he would not strike, as the vessel was sinking? "What! doctor," answered Jones, "would you have me strike to a drop of water? Here, help me get this gun over." The man of science, not caring to step beyond the line of his duty, immediately disappeared in the cock-pit. In this memorable action there were forty-nine killed on board the Bon Homme Richard, and sixty-seven wounded; many of the latter having lost their arms and legs. According to the accounts of the officers of the Serapis at the time, her amount of killed and wounded was precisely the same. A rapid sketch of the hero of this memorable battle, the most brilliant naval victory of the revolution, may not be unacceptable here. John Paul Jones was the son of Mr. John Paul, a respectable gardener, and was born in the parish of Kirkbean, Scotland, in July, 1747. It is not known for what reason he afterwards changed his name. The neighborhood of his birth-place to Solway Firth attracted his attention to maritime affairs, and boat-sailing was one of his earliest boyish amusements. At the age of twelve, he made his first voyage on board the Friendship, Captain Benson, bound for Virginia, where he had an elder

the 19th of August, 1812, about 700 miles easterly of Cape Cod, at 3 P. M., a strange sail, which had been made out an hour previously, was found to be a ship under short canvass, apparently waiting for the American frigate. The latter run down on her, clearing for action as the distance between them lessened. At 5, P. M., long shot were fired from the Englishman—for he had then shown his colors—which were returned by the Yankee. When the two ships were close abeam, the stranger's mizzen mast came down over his starboard quarter. Hull succeeded in laying his ship across the enemy's bows and raking him. After three broadsides, the Constitution attempted to wear, but the loss of some of her running-rigging caused her to move so slowly that the Guerriere's bowsprit passed over her quarter and she finally dropped astern, with her starboard bow against the lee quarter gallery of the Constitution, in which position she discharged two or three of her forward guns into the stern and quarter of the American frigate, setting fire to her cabin. A mutual attempt was made to board, but the roughness of the sea and the distance of the vessels prevented it. Firing at such close quarters, the musketry from either ship told with fearful effect. Lieutenant Charles Morris and William C. Aylwin, master, were wounded, and Lieutenant Bush, of the marines, shot dead. The vessels then separated, but no sooner was this done than the Guerriere's fore and mainmasts came down with a crash, leaving her foundering in the heavy sea, hampered with the wreck, while old Ironsides was materially unharmed. The union jack still floated from

as now, of thirty guns of the bore of 24 pounders. The shot, notwithstanding, owing to defective casting, often weighed less than twenty-two pounds. Now, a shot of the size of a twenty-four pound shot, that weighs less than ought to have been its weight in solid metal, is less efficient than one even, that has the accurate proportions between its weight and its diameter. The elements of the momentum, the principle that controls the efficiency of a shot, are the same in both cases, though the momentum itself differs, on account of the greater resistance of the atmosphere to a large, than a small shot. In the case of the guns of the Constitution, the influence of the diameter may not have amounted to much, especially in an action fought at such close quarters; though two pounds in the weight of a shot is a matter of some moment in naval warfare. The carronades of both ships were 32s, alike. As the defective castings pertained to nearly if not quite all the American shot used at that time, the difference applied to the carronade shot as well as to those of the long guns, making the quarter-deck and fore-castle batteries of the Guerriere, gun for gun, actually heavier than those of the Constitution. Nevertheless, the Constitution was a vessel decidedly superior to her prize in all and each of the elements of force. She was of more tonnage, had heavier spars, carried heavier metal and had a larger crew. The inferiority of the Guerriere was most apparent indeed, in the number of her crew, she having less than three hundred men at quarters, while our own ship had considerably more than four hundred."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SHADOWS.

BY T. D. WILKINS.

I sat beside the fireside light,
And watched the changing shadows play,
When with soft feet the buskined night
Tripped on the fringes of the day;
I watched the play of light and shade,
Where'er the fire-beams chanced to fall,
And smiled to see the forms they made,
Go flitting by me on the wall.

Castle, and battlement, and tower,
Rose up in dark, majestic state,
And rows of knights, in princely power,
Seemed entering their portal gate;
Till, mingling in the fancies fair,
That in my heart's dreamland I kept,
They haunted all my visions there,
And passed before me while I slept.

Methought I sat beside the stream
That flows a-down time's silent shore,
And watched the glittering sunlight gleam
And gild its restless waters o'er;
I gazed upon the ceaseless crowd
That floated down the tide of life,
And heard the murmurs deep and loud,
That echoed from their endless strife.

Dreamers were they, who loved to build
Fond castles in the glittering west,
In realms of sunlight, treasure filled
With all the hopes they cherished best;
With all the joys that hope had dreamed,
And all the fancies love had given,
Till, to their eyes the future seemed
An earth redeemed from sin to heaven.

But as the hours flew swiftly by,
And shadows shed their funeral pall,
Sad tears bedimmed each once bright eye,
To see their treasured visions fall.
But, on the ruins of the past
Another structure, hope, appeared,
And, more resplendent than the last,
The rainbow-tinted dome appeared.

We all are dreamers—dreamers, who
Our airy castles love to rear,
So beautiful, so fair to view,
We weep to see them disappear.
Hope is our guardian angel,—she
Builds up each fabric's ruined wall,
Her shining star still lights life's sea,
And throws its radiance over all.

[Gathered for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ANECDOTES OF ART AND ARTISTS.

AGOSTINO CARACCI, discoursing one day on the excellency of the ancient sculptors, was profuse in his praise of the Laocoon, and observing that his brother Annibale spoke not a word, nor seemed to take any notice of what he said, reproached him as wanting taste, while he continued himself to describe minutely that noble relic of antiquity. Meanwhile Annibale turning to the wall, with a piece of charcoal drew the statue as exactly as if it had been before him. The company were surprised, while Agostino, with self-reproach, confessed that his brother had taken a more effectual way than himself to demonstrate the beauties of that wonderful piece of sculpture. "*Li poeti dipingono con le parole, le pittori parlano con l'opere.*"—"The poet paints with words, the painter speaks with works,"—said Annibale.

Zeuxis, the ancient painter, produced a cluster of grapes upon the canvass with such perfect skill that the birds came and picked at them. This success greatly elated the artist, whose fame went abroad thereat, reaching the ears of one Parrhasius, a rival artist, who, seeking an opportunity, painted a curtain before a portion of the picture. Soon after, Zeuxis approached the painting to exhibit it to Parrhasius, and desired him to remove the curtain! But he was soon compelled to acknowledge himself defeated, since he had only deceived birds, but his antagonist had deceived an experienced artist.

Another story is related of Zeuxis, of rather a novel character, and which is well authenticated. He painted a boy with a basket of grapes, to which the birds, as before, resorted. But this gave him, very properly, great dissatisfaction. He reasoned that the painting must be a failure, for had the similitude been in both cases equal, the birds would have been deterred by fear of the boy, from approaching the picture!

Protogenes, an early painter and statuary, occupied seven years in finishing the picture of Ialysus, a celebrated huntsman, supposed to have been the son of Apollo, and the founder of Rhodes. During all this time the painter lived only upon the simplest diet, linking to thus elevate his powers of conception and execution, but he could not satisfy himself, and was overcome with despair. He was to represent in the piece a dog panting, and with froth at his mouth, but this, after an hundred vain attempts to do, he was about to give up in despair, and in a fit of anger threw his sponge upon the piece. Chance brought to perfection what the labors of the artist could not accomplish; the froth at the mouth of the dog in the most perfect manner, and the piece was universally admired.

Apelles, who flourished in the time of Alexander the Great, never permitted a day to pass without drawing at least one line in the exercise of his art. He was accustomed, when he had completed any one of his pieces, to expose it in some public place to the view of the passers-by, and seating himself behind it,

to hear the remarks that were made. On one of these occasions a shoemaker censured the painter for having given one of the slippers a less number of ties than it ought to have. Apelles, knowing the man must be correct in the line of his own calling, corrected the error. The next day the shoemaker passed again, and emboldened by his success, began to criticize one of the legs, when Apelles indignantly put forth his head and desired him to confine his decisions to the slippers.

Giotto di Bondini, an Italian artist, was an humble shepherd in his youth. Cimabue, an eminent artist of the period, saw a simple figure that the boy Giotto drew with rude stones upon the rock, and persuaded him to become his pupil. The lad soon equalled and even surpassed his master, but they continued friends. While he was yet a mere boy in his master's studio, he painted a fly with such skill upon the nose of a portrait which Cimabue was engaged upon, that when his master was about to continue his work, he made several vain efforts to dislodge the insect before he discovered the trick.

Salvator Rosa was forced, at the outset of his career of art, to sell his pictures in the streets of Naples, but after he became celebrated he charged the most exorbitant prices for his simplest efforts. A person of great wealth had been long in treaty with him for a large landscape, and every time he came, Salvator raised the price one hundred crowns. The gentleman expressed his surprise at last, but the painter told him that with all his riches he could not purchase it, and to put an end to his importunity, destroyed the picture before his eyes!

Gottfried Mind, a celebrated Swiss painter, was called the Raphael of cats, and no painter before him ever succeeded in representing with so much naturalness the mingled humility and fierceness, suavity and cunning, which the appearance of this animal presents, or the grace of its various postures in action or repose. His attachment was unbounded towards the living animals he so delighted to represent, and he kept numbers of them ever about him. Sometimes a favorite cat occupied his lap and two or three kittens were perched upon his shoulders, or reposed in the hollow formed at the back of his neck, while sitting in a stooping posture at the table. He would remain for hours in this position, fearing to move lest he should disturb his favorites and interrupt the music of their complacent purring.

Salvator Rosa exhibited a picture by a surgeon which the academicians of St. Luke had rejected merely because the artist was not a painter by profession. Crowds of artists came to see it, and it was highly praised by those ignorant of its origin. When Salvator was asked who painted it, he answered: "A person whom the painters of St. Luke proscribed because he was a professional surgeon. I think they have acted unwisely—for had he been admitted into their academy, they would have had the advantage of his skill in setting the distorted and broken limbs that so often disfigure their exhibitions."

Fuseli, the painter and keeper of the Royal Academy, London, was very passionate, though easily quieted. On one occasion he flew into his room in a storm of passion, and having cooled down, was anxious to return to the council, but the door was locked and the key gone. "Sam!" he shouted to the porter, "Sam Strouager, they have locked me in like a blasted wild beast—bring crowbars and break open the door!" The porter—a sagacious old man, who knew the trim of the keeper, whispered through the key-hole, "Feel in your pocket, sir." Fuseli did so, and unlocking the door, with a loud laugh, exclaimed: "What a fool! Never mind—I'll to the council and soon show them they are greater asses than myself."

Fuseli once looking on a carved serpent with its tail in its mouth as an emblem of eternity, said to the sculptor: "the idea is common-place, you must find something new." "How shall I find something new?" asked the dull-witted carver. "Nothing easier," said Fuseli, "I'll help you to it. When I went away to Rome, I left two fat men cutting fat bacon in St. Martin's lane; in ten years' time I returned and found the two fat men cutting fat bacon still; twenty years more have passed, and there the two fat fellows cut the fat fitches the same as ever. Carve them! if they don't look like an image of eternity, I wot not what does."

Morland was well descended. In his earlier and better days, a lawyer came to inform him that he was heir to a baronetcy, and advised him to assert his claim. "Sir George Morland!" said the painter—"it sounds well, but it won't do. Plain George Morland will always sell my pictures, and there is more honor in being a fine painter than in being a fine gentleman."

On one occasion a pert young coxcomb sitting to Gilbert Stuart for his portrait, stole a glance at the canvass, and exclaimed: "Why, it has no eyes!" Stuart coolly replied: "It is not nine days old yet,"—of course referring to the time when a puppy first opens its optics.

William Hogarth was apprenticed to an engraver on plate. Going out one day with some companions on a pleasure excursion to Highgate hill, they stepped into a public house where a quarrel was going on. One of the disputants struck the other with a quart pot on the head, which cut him severely. His countenance and contortions were so comical that Hogarth, catching up a piece of charcoal, scrawled his image on the wall, and the likeness was so capital that every one laughed, and good feeling was instantly restored.

A nobleman, not famous for his beauty, having left his portrait unpaid for on Hogarth's hands, the painter obtained the money by sending the following note:

"Mr. Hogarth's dutiful respects to Lord ——. Finding he does not mean to have the picture drawn for him, Lord —— is informed a rain of Mr. Hogarth's pressing necessity for money. If, therefore, his lordship does not send for it in three days, it will be disposed of, with the addition of a tail and some other append-

ages, to Mr. Pau, the famous wild beast man, Mr. Hogarth having given that gentleman a conditional promise of it for his exhibition."

When Chantrey, the sculptor, young and unfriended, sent his bust of Horne Tooke to the exhibition of the Royal Academy, its merit caught the eye of Nollekens, who examined it from every point of view, and then exclaimed: "There's a fine, a very fine work; let the man who made it be known: remove one of my busts and put this one in its place, for it well deserves it." Often afterwards, when desired to model a bust, he said in his most persuasive way, "Go to Chantrey—he's the man for a bust—he'll make a good bust for you. I always recommend him." This absence of professional jealousy on the part of the great sculptor is a fine trait in his character.

The following anecdote was related of Gilbert Stuart by Judge Hopkinson. Lord Mulgrave employed Stuart to paint the portrait of his brother, General Phipps, previous to his going abroad. On seeing the picture, which he did not until it was finished, Mulgrave exclaimed, "I see insanity in that face!" The general went to India, and the first account his brother had of him was that of his committing suicide from insanity. It is thus that the real painter dives into the recesses of his sitter's mind, and displays strength or weakness upon the canvass, while the mere mechanic makes a map of the man. Hawthorne has wrought from the above anecdote a most thrilling tale, entitled the "Prophetic Pictures."

A well known painter of this city, now deceased, once had occasion to paint the portrait of a sea captain. Observing his sitter to fidget considerably in his seat, he inquired the reason, and received for reply that he was an inveterate smoker, and could not sit quiet without he had a cigar in his mouth. "Can you paint me smoking?" he asked. "O, certainly!" said the painter, who was a bit of a wag. Very much delighted, the captain hauled out a cigar, lighted it, and with this assistance, went through the operation with commendable resignation. But when the portrait was finished, and he came to inspect it, judge of his horror when he beheld an enormous cigar protruding from the lips of his "counterfeit presentment," while clouds of dense smoke obscured the background of the painting! The painter innocently asked the occasion of his agitation. "You have made a mistake," said the captain, "I didn't want you to represent me smoking, but only to allow me the privilege of doing so while I was sitting to you. Can't you alter it?" "It will be a long job," replied the painter, "but if you will give me ten dollars additional, I will try to change it to suit." To this the captain agreed; and the moment he was gone, the tricky painter wiped off the cigar and smoke with a sponge, to the great delight of the sitter, who came for it the next day, perfectly innocent of the trick which had been played upon him.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A HAND-BOOK OF PROVERBS. Edited by HENRY G. BOHN. London. 1855. 12mo. pp. 583.

This volume is the latest of Bohn's antiquarian series, and is a work of great interest and value. It not only contains all Ray's collection of English and foreign proverbs, but many proverbs and proverbial sayings which the editor has gleaned as the fruit of extensive research. It has been well observed that "proverbs are the flower of popular wit, and the treasures of popular wisdom." They are interesting in many points of view, as illustrating, in many cases, national customs and history, as valuable for their intrinsic merit, as suggestions to thought. Many of them sparkle with the essence of philosophy. Coming down to us, in most cases, orally, the attrition of time has reduced their wit and ideas to that brevity which is the soul of the former, and which ensures their retention by the memory. The collection before us is very complete, and the book is really a valuable addition to our literary stores. It is for sale in this city by Messrs. Crosby & Nichols, where Bohn's other publications, all excellent, may be obtained.

UPS AND DOWNS: OR, *Silver Lake Sketches*. By COUSIN CICELY. Illustrated. New York: J. C. Derby. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 12mo. pp. 341.

A collection of pleasant sketches from the pen of a writer who has already won a name by previous efforts. It is evident that her pen-drawings are sketches from nature, and not copies of copies, as are too many modern works of fiction. A writer who keeps actual life in view rarely makes an entire failure; if the author be steadily held up to nature, pleasant images are reflected, even though the plate be not perfectly true or perfectly polished. A vein of humor runs through these stories, of a kind always acceptable to readers.

NEW MUSIC. Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington Street.

Among the new issues of this popular publisher are the following:—"Repeat Polka," by George R. Poulton; "Harvard Schottische," by George B. Ware; "L'Abbandono," the fifth of a series under the title of "Bouquet de Florence," by Harrison Millard; and the "Sea Side Polka," by J. H. Howe. Mr. Ditson is constantly getting out something new.

MIRANDA ELLIOT: OR, *The Voice of the Spirit*. By S. H. M. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. 1855. pp. 208.

A highly imaginative work of fiction, written with power and quite readable for sale by Redding & Co.

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY. Unabridged Edition. 1367 pp. quarto. George & Charles Merriam, Springfield, Mass.

This standard work, ornamented with a fine steel likeness of the learned lexicographer who is its compiler, has been laid upon our table by the publishers. The full and accurate character of this work has been too often attested to by eminent names to require any labored vindication at our hands. A good dictionary is as necessary in every family household, and every mercantile establishment, as it is in every school-house in the land.

UNIVERSALIST QUARTERLY AND GENERAL REVIEW. Vol. XII. No. 1. Boston: A. Longpkins.

This long established work keeps up its interest and high character, and the present number, the first of a new volume, commences the year with renewed energy. It contains no fewer than eight articles, and a large number of well-written literary notices from the pen of the editor, Hosea Ballou, 24.

SPIRITUALISM. By JOHN W. EDMONDS and GEORGE T. DEXTER, M. D. Vol. 11. New York: Partridge & Brittain. 1855. 8vo. pp. 646.

There are said to be 100,000 believers in spiritual revelations in the United States. If so, this work of Judge Edmonds and Dr. Dexter will not lack readers. We confess that, from a cursory examination of the contents, we can discover no intrinsic evidence of the spiritual origin of the communications contained in it. If Voltaire dictated what is attributed to him, then Voltaire is not the author of the published works which bear his name. A little more dramatic effect would have been imparted to Cardinal Wolsey, if he had been made to use the language of the time in which he lived. The media generally lack dramatic talent. We have read the sorriest drivel put into the mouth of Daniel Webster, and stuff attributed to Napoleon Bonaparte more rapid than a schoolboy's composition. But we are outsiders; if we had only faith, we might think all these things immensely fine.

MUSIC—OPERA OF ERNALI.—Oliver Ditson, the well-known and long established music publisher, No. 115 Washington Street, has just issued a very handsome quarto edition of Verdi's popular opera of Erali, containing a synopsis of the libretto and the music and words, in English and Italian of the entire work. The style of the publication is very commendable. It is printed in music type of such clearness and elegance, that it compares favorably with the engraved music of a few years back. The present taste for music (not a *figure*, but genuine enthusiasm) has created a demand for works of a high order, and we know of no place in the city where a better assortment may be found than at Mr. Ditson's, which is quite an institution.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.
LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

POPULAR AMUSEMENTS HERE AND THERE.

Bourcicault and Miss Agnes Robertson have been playing successfully at the South. — Laura Keane has returned to the United States from California. — The Pyne operatic troupe has been wonderfully successful in New York. Louisa is a charming singer. — Kimball and Barry have both produced splendid scenic pieces. — A splendid diorama of the overland mail route, which has made a fortune for its proprietors in England, is coming to this country. — So is Mrs. Gibbs, who gives literary and musical entertainments. — Fanny Kemble was very successful with her readings at the Marylebone Institute, London. — A new play called "The Czarina," from the prolific pen of Scribe, with Rachel for the heroine, has been successfully played at the Theatre Francaise, Paris. — Five hundred and fifty new pieces were played in Paris during the last year. The French dramatists supply their own stage, the English, and, incidentally, the American. — Grisi and Mario declare themselves more than delighted with their visit to Boston. It was both profitable and pleasant. — Mr. Willard is now putting the People's Theatre (late Howard Athenaeum) in the most complete condition for the coming season. Baivard's "Holy Land," on exhibition at Horticultural Hall, is being visited by thousands. — Mr. Buchanan has been personating his role of Shaksperian characters at the National Theatre, in this city, with good success.

A HERO.—In Wade's fine picture of the fight between the Constitution and the Guerriere, in our present number, a sailor is seen nailing the flag to the mast of the American frigate. This is no fancy incident. When the stars and stripes were shot away from the Constitution's main-top-gallant-mast-head, John Hogan, a young sailor, ascended amidst a shower of bullets, and fastened the flag to the mast, where it soon waved in triumph. This brave fellow was alive a few years ago, and enjoyed a pension for his intrepidity.

"THE SECRETS OF THE CELLS."—We shall commence in our next number but one a story of real life, thus entitled, from the pen of *Professor* (now Reverend) J. H. INGRAHAM, one of the most correct and fascinating writers of the times. This series of articles is from Mr. Ingraham's personal experience as chaplain of the Western penitentiaries, and will be read with great interest. The popular author of "Lafitte," "The Quadroon," etc., is welcome to our columns.

PAY YOUR POSTAGE.—No letters addressed to this establishment are taken from the post-office unless *pre-paid*. Those who have addressed us without paying postage, will therefore understand the reason why they have received no response.

E. L. DAVENPORT.—This favorite and versatile American actor, we observe, is performing a highly successful engagement at the Broadway Theatre, New York.

SPLINTERS.

.... Hon. Lucien B. Chase, formerly member of Congress, has written a play for Julia Dean, called "The Spirit of '76."

.... Prince Albert is bald on the top of his head—a very important piece of news brought by the last steamer.

.. It is said that a filibustering expedition has actually sailed for Cuba—but nobody believes the assertion.

.... Gov. Bigler, of California, thinks paper made from the tule plant will supply the printer's tools of trade.

.... Mrs. Otis, of this city, has another work nearly ready for the press. "The Barclays" sold immensely.

.... "The Invisible Prince" draws visible tokens of public approbation into the treasury of the Boston.

.... The Baptist churches of Hamburg, Germany, have decided that smoking is a "Christian liberty."

.... Mr. Saxe has been lecturing in Pennsylvania with prodigious success. He is popular everywhere.

.... Ole Bull is making an effort to give the opera a permanency in New York. "Hard road to travel."

.... A Yankee school girl lost her veil in the river at Raynham—chased it on a cake of ice—caught it.

.... The extortion of black mail by scribblers, in Great Britain, is punishable by imprisonment in houses of correction.

.... Forrest has been playing an engagement in Providence, R. I. His name is sure to draw wherever it is up.

.... The Misses Warner, author of "Wide, Wide World," and "Dollars and Cents" have each a new novel ready.

.... Three boys in New York stole tickets to see the play of Jack Sheppard. Great moral drama, Jack Sheppard!

.... A "bearded ball" was given at Chicago, lately. All the gentlemen wore hirsute appendages to their chins.

.... Mrs. Le Vert, the famous southern lady, is going to make the tour of the world. She'll conquer it.

.... Mrs. Cunningham, of the National Theatre, had a successful benefit lately. She is a pleasing actress.

.... Kimball has been holding "The Magic Mirror" up to Japanese nature at his justly popular Museum.

.... A prairie farm will pay for itself three times over before it can be cleared of its timber. Tempting to emigrants.

MARCH.

This boisterous month is down on us again, welcome as the first of spring; unwelcome from its roughness and rowdiness. The almanac makers are perfectly safe in stringing their stereotyped prediction down the column of figures that represent the days, "about—this—time—look—out—for—high—winds." They can see as far through a mill-stone as any one—and they know that the lion and the lamb stand guard at either end of this turbulent month, and that the former is sure to howl before the thirty-one days are expended. It is said that Romulus named this month after Mars, his reputed father, and if so, he showed his judgment, for it certainly deserved to be dedicated to the god of battles. Thomson says:

"As yet the trembling year is unconfirmed,
And winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets
Deform the day deliriously; so that scarce
The bittern knows his time with bill unguiled
To shake the sounding marsh; or, from the shore
The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath.
And sing their wild notes to the listening waste."

We don't wonder that hares go mad in this month, or that its ides were selected by the "lean and hungry Cassius" and his fellow red-republicans for putting their bowie-knives into the heart of the foremost man of all the Roman world.

March has been called spring, but it is a sort of debateable ground whereon winter and spring fight it out, the former only yielding after a tough struggle. This is the season in which Barney Buntline confessed to his friend Billy Bowline how he "pitied all unhappy folks ashore."

"My eyes! what tiles and chimney-pots about their heads are falling!"

But your full-blooded March gale is a terrible fellow—uncomfortable, lawless, incorrigible. He has no sort of respect for the "signs of the times," but wrenches them off their hooks and irons as dexterously and remorselessly as a Scotch "hen-wife" wrings the neck off an antediluvian rooster, doomed to the market or the pot.

A peculiar antipathy has this same "rude Boreas, blustering railer," to hats and umbrellas. Swaggering round Park Street corner, he comes plump against an old gentleman beating up with a bran new beaver, and close-reefed umbrella, now and then luffing, and anon bearing away, making short tacks to starboard and larboard. Whew! away goes the umbrella, whirling up Park Street steeple like a Salem witch on a broomstick, and away goes the hat, skimming over mud-puddles, insanely bent on escaping, and the old gentleman after it bare-headed, frantic, despairing. Next he pitches into a little boy, without the slightest provocation, and knocks him into the middle of the fruit shop at the corner of Hamilton Place—comes raving down past our office—finds our block letter sign as impregnable as Sebastopol, and gluts his rage on the awnings in Tremont Street, tearing them all to rags, as second-rate actors do passions on the stage in spite of Hamlet's directions, and finally goes roaring off to flutter the white sails in the offing. Such is a faint likeness of a March wind, unloved of maidens fair, whose silks it ruffles, and whose complexion it darkens, but still the rude herald of those vernal gales, gentle and caressing, that shall wake the violet from its slumbers, and the snow-drop from its couch.

THE BOSTON POST.

We hazard nothing in saying that this long established, and favorite daily journal is one of the best business and commercial papers in this country. Mr. Greene, who has sat in the editorial chair since we were a primary schoolboy, is a model man in his profession. He is a staunch politician, yet a consistent one, the columns of the Post being often caustic, but never bitter, while its manner of sustaining a political defeat, or heralding party success, is inimitable. There must always be intrinsic merit in an establishment which can look back upon its success through so many years of unchanged purpose, as the Post can do. Mr. Beals, of the business department, is a man who has commanded success by deserving it.

OUR "FRENCH" GOODS.—At a trial before a Parisian tribunal of a trader arrested for selling German percussion caps with the marks of Goupillat & Co., a French manufacturer, it was proved that a large proportion of the goods which go to the United States bearing the brands of French goods, are in fact the production of the cheaply worked manufactories of the German States. They are made in Germany or Switzerland, and as French goods sell best in the United States, are marked with the names of some prominent French manufacturers, and then sent here *via* France.

SUBSCRIBING FOR A PAPER.—The only proper way to subscribe for, or obtain any paper, is to communicate with the office of publication direct. Enclose your subscription to the *publisher*, and look with suspicious eye on any person who represents himself as a travelling agent!

A HIT.—The most popular publication ever issued from this establishment is the Valentine Supplement to the Pictorial. If we had published double the number we did, every one would have been sold.

NOVEL.—Julien's latest musical eccentricity is a quadrille, in which he introduces the most popular nursery airs, with imitations of infantine screams, laughter, coughing, sneezing, and bawling.

"THE PRIESTESS."—Expectation is on the *qui vive* touching Mr. Sargent's new play at the Boston Theatre.

NEXT WEEK.—We have an admirable number forthcoming.

BETWEEN OURSELVES.

Many of our correspondents persist in addressing us as *Rev. M. M. Ballou*, a prefix to which we have not the shadow of a right, though we are descended from, and connected with, a somewhat ministerial family, numbering, we believe, eleven individuals of that profession in its circle of living members. And while upon this egotistical theme, there is another item that we may be excused for referring to, in order to set right some of our subscribers, who have taken sufficient interest in the "Pictorial" to address us congratulatory letters upon its improvement and business success.

Among these kindly meant and acceptable epistles, we observe several which speak of our connection with the "Pictorial" as being a new enterprise, and a novel field of labor. To such (though we think their number must be comparatively small) it is proper to state, that the present editor and proprietor of the paper, M. M. Ballou, has been connected with it from the hour of its birth, preparing, arranging, and editing it from the *very first number* to that now in the reader's hands—a period which has extended over seven entire volumes of our illustrated journal.

Moral.—Let no one, therefore, address us as *Reverend*, nor set us down as a *novice* in our peculiar calling.

A LITERARY CELEBRITY.

George William Curtis, the popular lecturer and magazine writer, author of "Nile Notes," "Lotus Eating," "The Howadji in Syria," and the "Potiphar papers," was born at Providence, R. I., in the year 1824. He received an excellent school, but not a collegiate education. His whole life, however, has been devoted to self-culture. When about eighteen he joined the Brook Farm enthusiasts, and remained with them a year and a half. Hawthorne alludes to him in the preface to his "Blithedale Romance" as the "brilliant Howadji." During a tour of four years in Europe, he contributed his first impressions of the countries he visited to the New York Courier and Enquirer, and Tribune; but his books of travel contain his views and memories, elaborated, polished, sparkling with originality and imagery, and clothed in a fresh and delightful style. Mr. Curtis is a copious contributor to Putnam's Magazine.

THE OLD SOUTH CLOCK.—The original Old South clock was purchased in the year 1768, of Gawen Brown, at a cost of something over \$300, which sum was raised by subscriptions from ninety gentlemen, in amounts varying from two guineas to one dollar each. Such has become the celebrity of the clock on the Old South church, that almost any time-piece which is not "right by the Old South," is deemed a poor time-keeper. At the time of putting up this clock, the "Old South" was known as "Rev. Dr. Sewall's Meeting House."

GROWTH OF CALIFORNIA.—Since the excitement naturally attendant upon the discovery of gold in California has worn away, the increase of the new State has become less and less rapid. We learn that the net increase of the population during the year 1854 by the arrival of passengers on shipboard, was 23,253; and of these 15,101 were Chinese. The total gain of the State by immigration from all parts of the world by land and water, could not have exceeded 40,000.

ANOTHER INDIAN WAR.—The Sioux have been so troublesome on the western frontier, that Uncle Sam is going to send some of his boys to try if steel and lead will not subdue their "proclivities to murder and horse stealing."

HARVARD COLLEGE.—The treasurer's report, just issued, shows that the receipts exceed the expenses, and that nearly a million of dollars is accumulated in the treasury of this venerable university.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Joel Gray to Miss Elvira W. Drury; by Rev. Mr. Beecher, Mr. G. D. Witherell to Miss Annie Gross, of Provincetown; by Rev. Mr. Burrill, Mr. S. Augustus Bevis, of Springfield, to Miss Francis A. Burdick; by Rev. Dr. Adams, Mr. James Kendal to Miss Mary Elizabeth B. Harris; by Rev. Mr. Fuller, Mr. Charles H. Pratt to Miss Rachel Maria Williams; by Rev. Mr. Frothingham, John S. Holmes, Esq., to Miss Annie Keenan, of Lynnfield;—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Tappan, Mr. George Kibbee to Miss Sarah B. D. Sanborn;—At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Leonard, Mr. Josiah H. Batchelder to Miss Catherine H. Tilden;—At Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Ware, Mr. Thomas W. Jennings to Miss Martha M. Hathaway;—At Melrose, by Rev. Mr. Webster, Mr. Benjamin Baker to Miss Mary E. Jackson;—At Watertown, by Rev. Mr. Tilgson, Mr. Henry W. Griswold to Miss Eliza A. Bacon;—At Hingham, by Rev. Mr. Richardson, Mr. Robert Burr, of Boston, to Miss Harriet Howard;—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Mills, Mr. Robert H. Carey to Miss Elizabeth M. Hemoun; by Rev. Mr. Carlton, Mr. John H. Ayer to Miss Theresa Cogswell;—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Eddy, Mr. Calvin Harris, of Dracut, to Miss Harriet M. Williams, of Manchester, N. H.;—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Thomas, Mr. Samuel A. Hardy to Miss Rhoda S. Dunbar;—At Fall River, by Rev. Mr. Bronson, Mr. John Hammond to Miss Charissa E. Battery;—At Springfield, by Rev. Dr. Osgood, Rev. Frederick S. Jewell, of Albany, to Miss Julia A. Chapin;—At Manchester, Mich., by Rev. Mr. Gilman, Mr. M. B. Wallace to Miss C. Morgan.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Henry Rogers, printer, 69; Mr. Henry Rogers, Jr., of the firm of Henry & Charles O. Rogers, proprietors of the Boston Journal, 43; Mr. Francis J. Nourse, 45; Mr. Edward Renouf, 73; Widow Sarah Blake, 93; Mrs. Mary B. Blake, 50; Mrs. Mary A., wife of Mr. Reuben A. Tuttle, 24; Mrs. Susan K., wife of Mr. Charles S. Lynch, 24; Mr. Lorenzo T. Lewis, 37; Mrs. Esther Rowe, 66;—At Charlestown, Mr. George A. Lawton, 48;—At Roxbury, Mr. Abel Moore, 78;—At Dorchester, Mrs. Annie Caroline Greenwood, 17; Mr. James Lewis, 72;—At Jamaica Plain, Miss Mary Jane Barnard, 24;—At Brighton, Widow Susanna Champney, 94;—At Somerville, Mrs. Abigail Burdeshaw, late of Cohasset, 87;—At Salem, Widow Elizabeth Cavendish, 75; Mrs. Mary Leavitt, 31;—At Newburyport, Mrs. Harriet Maria Currier, 21;—At Hawley, Mrs. Asenath Campbell, 94;—At Pittsfield, Mr. Thomas O'Brien, 80;—At Hyannis, Capt. Zenas Gage, 96;—At Brookfield, Mr. William Thompson, 33;—At Charlestown, N. H., Mr. Nathaniel Chellis, a revolutionary pensioner, 94;—At Williamsburg, Conn., Rev. Wm. T. Anderson, 28;—At Keeneburg, Me., Mr. Francis Henry Perkins, of Boston, printer, 31;—At Waterford, Me., Mr. Jonathan Plummer, 87; Mrs. Sarah Whitney, 32;—At North Becket, Me., Samuel Goodwin, Esq., 91;—At Williamsburg, L. I., Hon. Herman Knickerbocker, 76;—At New York, James O. Ward, Esq., formerly of Brookline;—At Washington, D. C., Stephen Pleasanton, Fifth Auditor U. S. Treasury, 79.

JOHN COLLINS WARREN,

THE PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

The portrait which accompanies this article is that of a gentleman second to none in the profession he adorns, and no less esteemed for his private virtues than for his skill and scientific learning. John C. Warren was born in Boston, August 1, 1778, in the midst of the revolutionary war, in the early part of which great drama, his uncle, General Joseph Warren, fell, a volunteer, at Bunker Hill, repeating with his last breath the sentiment, "it is pleasant and fitting to die for one's country." His father, like his uncle, was a physician, on the medical staff of the revolutionary army during the war, and the first professor of Anatomy in New England. John C. Warren's mother was the daughter of Governor Collins, of Rhode Island. He received his early classical training at the excellent public Latin school of his native city, where he obtained the first Franklin medal. The distant reader may need to be reminded that Dr. Franklin, out of regard to his native town of Boston, left a donation, by will, to be awarded to the most meritorious pupils of its public schools, which awards are made annually. Dr. Warren entered Harvard College, from which he graduated in 1797, in a class numbering fifty-four members, most of whom have gone to their long home. Among the living may be mentioned our townsman, Rev. Dr. Jenks, and Judge White, of Salem. On leaving the university, Dr. Warren gained a knowledge of the elements of anatomy at home, and then visited Europe, where he entered Guy's Hospital in London, as a pupil of William and Sir Astley Cooper. He also had the privilege of listening to Cline, Abernethy and others, who were on the stage in London; to Duncan, Gregory, etc., of Edinburgh, and to Cuvier and the principal physicians and surgeons of Paris. Rare opportunities, these, for a young student of medicine of this country, at that day, and which he has since given evidence that he well improved. In the latter part of 1802 Dr. Warren returned to Boston and immediately entered into the full practice of medicine and surgery. In 1806 he was chosen recording secretary of the Massachusetts Medical Society, and the same year was chosen adjunct professor of anatomy, in connection with the university of Cambridge, as colleague to his father. Through the influence of the Drs. Warren and others, a branch medical school was established in Boston in 1810. Dr. Warren exerted an important influence in establishing that useful institution, the Massachusetts General Hospital. He was sur-



JOHN C. WARREN, M. D.

sils of our own and other countries, etc. In this department of natural history Dr. Warren has, besides, a large private building full of objects of wonder, prominent among which is the skeleton of that monster, the mastodon, discovered a few years ago in Newburg, N. Y., and also of the largest elephant that was ever in this country. The mastodon frame work reminds one of an unrigged ship. Indeed, it apparently was among animals what the Great Republic is among ships. So enormous is the size, that the skeleton of the elephant seems like a pigmy frame beside it. But the medical man needs something more in the department of instruments, in order to rise to the head of his profession. And this Dr. Warren has in the shape of one of the best private libraries in this city, which he has been collecting for more than half a century. The library is now estimated to contain six thousand volumes, many of them very rare, and of valuable editions. One beauty of it is the perfect arrangement of the books. In the library proper, which was constructed for the purpose, there are more than three thousand volumes arranged in cases. Here is a case devoted to Anatomy, and next to it is one on surgery. Then come medicine, natural history, theology, classical literature, history, general science and miscellany. In another large room, overlooking the Common, is a collection of nearly as many more books, devoted to medicine chiefly. That the proprietor is a very systematic man may be seen at once, by the order of his library. The stranger that beholds the books could learn this characteristic of the surgeon without asking a question. Dr. Warren has many other curiosities at his residence, some of which are of national interest. He possesses the very psalm book (a beautiful copy of an ancient edition) that was found in a pocket of General Warren, after he fell at Bunker Hill. He also possesses the skull of an old Roman, one of the Prætorian guard, and many kindred objects, interesting to the antiquarian and scholar. If Dr. Warren owes something to birth and early advantages of education, he owes yet more to the unrelenting and systematic labor by which he has developed his genius since he left the shades of his alma mater. Schools and colleges but point out the path to individuals, the commencement of the road that leads to fame. Dr. Warren's whole life has been a life of close study and severe labor; and but for the regularity of his habits, in which physicians do not always set an example, he must long ago have sunk under his self-imposed burthens. His literary labors

have been chiefly performed early in the day, the doctor having been, from principle, an early riser throughout his life. He is now seventy-six years of age, yet scarcely any citizen appears more regularly in the streets. His love for his profession seems unabated, and his skill is constantly at the service of the suffering. During his long life he has found time for religious as well as professional duties. He was one of the first vestrymen of St. Paul's Church, in this city, and a constant worshipper since its foundation. His career may well be cited to young men as an example worthy of imitation. No man has more faithfully administered the talent committed to him than the subject of this sketch.

VIEWS IN GETTYSBURG, PA.

The accompanying engravings represent two institutions which confer celebrity on the town of Gettysburg, Pa. Gettysburg is situated in Adams County, at a distance of about one hundred miles from Philadelphia. The illustration below is an accurate delineation of Pennsylvania College. The college building is of the Doric architecture, and consists of a centre building and two wings, suite and projections. It is four stories high. The edifice is of brick, and the whole exterior is painted white. The other picture represents the Theological Seminary of the General Synod of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in the United States. It was established in 1825. The chairman of the faculty is Samuel S. Schmecker, D. D., and Charles P. Krauth, D. D., is professor of theology and kindred branches of learning. It is well endowed, has a large library and is in a flourishing condition. The healthiness of the situation, the moderate expense, the advantages of a good library, the acknowledged high standing of the faculty, warrant the hope that this institution is destined to become yearly more important to the cause of education and religion, and be the field where many a young man shall be trained for effective usefulness and honor.



THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY AND PROFESSORS' RESIDENCES, GETTYSBURG, PA.

geon in the hospital department for many years, an office that he resigned in 1853, on which occasion the trustees presented him a vote of thanks, and placed his bust in their hall. At the death of his father, in 1815, the subject of this notice assumed the full duties of professor and lecturer in connection with Harvard College. It may be stated here that the first anatomical lectures in Boston were given in 1809, over the shop of a chemist, No. 49 Marlborough Street, and the first dissecting room was opened in the same place by Dr. J. C. Warren. Not to mention all the important offices that Dr. Warren has filled, it may be mentioned that he has been president of the Massachusetts Temperance Society since 1827, and that he was at the head of the Massachusetts Medical Society from 1832 to 1834. In 1847 he was chosen president of the Boston Society of Natural History, an office that he now fills with the enthusiasm of earlier years. In the same year that he was elected to this office, he resigned his place as professor of anatomy and surgery, and soon after presented his very valuable anatomical museum to Harvard University, for the benefit of the medical school, and with it the sum of five thousand dollars to keep it in order. He was chosen the third president of the American Medical Association, and delivered the annual address before that body at Cincinnati, in 1850. For more than half a century Dr. Warren has been actively engaged in the duties of his profession. As a surgeon, he has probably ranked as high as any in this country, if not the highest. By his great industry, he has not only found time to deliver medical lectures and attend to hospital and private practice, but to become quite an author. A large number of his published works are in the form of articles for various medical journals in this country. And then, we find his thoughts running through the proceedings of the Boston Society of Natural History, since he was a member of it. He has also printed quite a number of his addresses before learned societies.

Among his popular useful or curious books may be mentioned "Physical Education and the preservation of Health," and his "Description of an Egyptian Mummy." A large volume that he published in 1852 was "The Mastodon Giganteus of North America." Another large volume that he is about to issue is the "Genealogy of the Warren Family. It is to be beautifully printed and illustrated. Dr. Warren has, in addition, been a great collector of everything, without regard to cost, that would aid him in his profession. We have before alluded



PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE, GETTYSBURG, PA.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

We present our readers on this page with a portrait of this popular British authoress, who died in January, at the age of sixty-eight, and with a view of her residence, Swallowfield Cottage, near Reading, in the town of Swallowfield, a pretty village partly in Berkshire and partly in Wiltshire. The scenery of this place is of that sweet and rural character which makes certain phases of English landscape so attractive to the poet and painter. The portrait represents Miss Mitford in the prime of womanhood, but to the very last, though worn with suffering, she preserved the same sweetness of expression, an indication of that cheerful temper and placid resignation which endeared her to all who came within the charmed circle of her influence. A portrait in oil of Miss Mitford, taken at a much more advanced age, was exhibited at the Athenæum last summer, and it showed her little changed from the period at which our likeness was taken. Miss Mitford was born at

Alresford, Hampshire, in 1787. Her mother was an heiress, the daughter of Dr. Ashe, a gentleman of taste and scholarship. Her father was a member of a highly respectable family, the Mitfords of Northumberland, and she describes him in her "Reminiscences" as a hopeful, cheerful and speculative man, who made every one about him love him, though he was careless in money matters. "But this was a doting daughter's delineation of a father. Since her death, one English journal at least, the London Daily News, has spoken out pretty plainly about this amiable gentleman. The fact appears to be that no one loved him, or could love him, but his daughter, and the attention and forbearance shown him, were a tribute to her worth and not to his character. He appears to have been a sort of Skimpole, and we might almost believe that Dickens drew his portrait of that "child" from Dr. Mitford. Yet, with a strange infatuation, his daughter regarded him much as Turveydrop's offspring looked upon that immortal pattern of "deportment." Dr. Mitford spent his own money and his wife's fortune; but then he was such an unsophisticated creature—a mere child! Miss Mitford, when a child, was presented with a lottery ticket. It drew a prize of £20,000 sterling (\$100,000), but her father wasted it without remorse. Other accessions of fortune came from opulent relatives, but the father squandered every guinea he could lay his hands upon. Finally, when from an extravagant style of living, he was compelled to come down to a cottage, and owe his support to his daughter's literary talent, he was so exacting that he required her personal attendance on him all day, and it was only when she had read him to sleep at night, that she could resort to her pen, and ply it by the light of the midnight lamp for their mutual maintenance. This wearing toil compelled her to resort to artificial stimulants—and she kept up her strength by taking doses of laudanum. On her father's death, she abandoned the habit, as the necessity which had driven her to it no longer existed; but it was too late, the poison had undermined her constitution. When Miss Mitford's reputation was established, her sketches readily commanded three or four guineas a page from the magazine publishers, and her income from her pen was handsome, for her fancy was fertile, and always obeyed her call. But her inexorable father was not content with spending all of this; being a "mere child," and "ignorant of the ways of the world" (the usual excuse with those worse than useless people), he must run in debt, create embarrassments where there was no need of it, and then borrow money of the visitors whom his daughter's fame attracted to their cottage. No wonder that such a man died "unhonored and unwept, though luckily, unhung." There are persons in the world who can never accommodate their circumstances—whom self-indulgence transforms to animals, slaves to their craving appetites, and tyrants to their friends. But Miss Mitford's father persuaded her that he loved her, and she thought no sacrifice too great to repay his affection. Miss Mitford was educated at a London boarding-school, and her first

work was a volume of poems published in 1810, which was kindly received by the critics and the public. Her ambition led her, at a later period, to attempt dramatic composition, and her plays are probably her most labored efforts. Yet though they were not without merit; though her tragedy of "Rienzi" made a certain sensation, it was those sketches of which she, probably, thought the least, and which cost her the least perceptible labor, which made her reputation, and by which her name will be hereafter known in English literature. We allude to her pictures of "Our Village." These were transcripts from the life by a native artist, who was born among the scenes she so happily describes, and whose mind was formed by the scenery her pen illustrates. Take the pictures of English rural life attempted by our own gifted Irving, who never failed on his native soil, and compare them with Miss Mitford's—how dull, how lifeless they appear! Irving had the same keen love of the natural, the picturesque, the true,

English, and we may add the American public, for her productions were read quite as eagerly upon this side of the Atlantic as in the home of the authoress. If we remember rightly, her tragedy of "Rienzi," the most successful of her plays, was produced in this city at the Tremont Theatre, some twenty-five years ago, but under whose auspices we cannot call to mind at this moment. It abounds with poetic beauties, its language is polished and fluent, and many of its situations good; but it lacks fire, energy and action. It afforded Bulwer some valuable hints for his novel based upon the same chain of historical events. The very qualities which rendered Miss Mitford so amiable and popular in private life, unfitted her for success as a dramatist. The refined and gentle lady, the current of whose existence was checked by only prosaic though mining cares, not traversed by fierce passions, could not conceive the stern strife, the jarring of interests, the conflict of rash natures, the dark crimes, the fiery loves and fervent hates which make the warp and woof of the stern life-stories that we call tragedies. She might have succeeded better in comedy; and yet her placid and gentle humor was not the material to touch an audience home, and rouse them to instant laughter and applause. It is only in her village sketches that the full extent of her abilities was displayed. In society she won all hearts—her gentleness, purity, refinement and cheerfulness attracting high and humble alike. If she was loved and admired as a writer, she was still more loved and admired as a woman. The London Athenæum closes a graceful obituary notice of this estimable lady, by the following tribute to her memory:—"But we must add that Miss Mitford's works did not represent all her gifts, produced as they were under sharp pressure, and at moments when it was fitter that the body of a delicate woman should have been at rest rather than that her fancy should have been goaded into exertion. Her letters were charming; her conversation was shrewd, racy and elegant—full of pertinence in its allusions—full of anecdote in its recollections. She was a faithful and cheering friend to those she loved. She bore up against the trials of a hard and ill-understood life with a sweetness and vivacity such as could have made strangers imagine that there was nothing to bear. She was well read in old English and in French literature. Not long after her father's death her own health, which had been shaken by her dutiful attendance on him, began to fail; and the illness which carried her away was slow, painful and dispiriting. But her sweetness of temper and her brightness of mind never failed her to the last, since, only a few hours before the news of her decease reached her friends, they had received greetings and tokens in her own handwriting—showing, not merely that the old kind heart was not soured by suffering, but that her sympathies had not been contracted by narrow fortune, age and pain. There are few of whom surviving friends will long think so affectionately and so cheerfully as of Mary Russell Mitford. Her name has an honored place in the library of healthy and real English literature." Miss Mitford, as one of the literary celebrities of England, received many visits, not only from her own countrymen and countrywomen, but from persons belonging to the continent and to this country. All who visited her came away charmed by her affability, simplicity and culture. She was a true cosmopolite, and no geographical boundaries limited her sympathies. Notwithstanding the declining of her health in later years, she found strength to dispense the elegant hospitalities of her little home. Her example shows the literary sisterhood, that it is possible to be a well-read scholar and an authoress, without ceasing to be a lady. The erratic and slipshod manners of some literary women, so often mistaken for the vulgar for evidences of genius, are, in nine cases out of ten, proofs of mediocrity and ill-breeding combined. A woman of true talent knows what she owes to society, and respects its ordinances and its customs. It is only persons of very ordinary ability who cease to be ladies without becoming gentlemen.



MARY RUSSELL MITFORD—AND HER RESIDENCE, SWALLOW-FIELD COTTAGE, NEAR READING, ENGLAND.

but he was not "to the manor born." Miss Mitford, transplanted to our shores, could not have described the glorious Hudson, the vales of Tarrytown, the humors of the Dutch population, as Irving has done; she wisely chose to paint that with which she was familiar, and the world recognized the truth of her portrayments. An English paper, speaking of the publication of her early poems, says:—"From this period, till within a very few years, her literary career was one course of progress and improvement. She will not live, however, by her poetry. 'Rienzi' is her best play, but 'Our Village' is the work by which she will survive. Some one called her, not unhappily, 'a healthy Hannah More.' Goldsmith's 'Village' is tinged throughout with a touching melancholy; Crabbe's 'Village' is one that no cheerful person would wish to live in; but the 'Village' of Mary Russell Mitford is truly English—true to English life and English scenery, and one in which the healthiest mind will find incidents to delight and scenes to solace and improve." For forty-five years Miss Mitford delighted the

library of healthy and real English literature." Miss Mitford, as one of the literary celebrities of England, received many visits, not only from her own countrymen and countrywomen, but from persons belonging to the continent and to this country. All who visited her came away charmed by her affability, simplicity and culture. She was a true cosmopolite, and no geographical boundaries limited her sympathies. Notwithstanding the declining of her health in later years, she found strength to dispense the elegant hospitalities of her little home. Her example shows the literary sisterhood, that it is possible to be a well-read scholar and an authoress, without ceasing to be a lady. The erratic and slipshod manners of some literary women, so often mistaken for the vulgar for evidences of genius, are, in nine cases out of ten, proofs of mediocrity and ill-breeding combined. A woman of true talent knows what she owes to society, and respects its ordinances and its customs. It is only persons of very ordinary ability who cease to be ladies without becoming gentlemen.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Hon. L. P. Benson, in the Maine Farmer, estimates the capital devoted to agriculture in the United States at 5,000,000,000. — A bridge across the Mississippi River has been constructed by a company at Minneapolis, Minnesota, which measures 620 feet in length. It is a wire suspension bridge, with four cables, the vertical deflection of which is forty-seven feet—each cable being composed of five hundred strands of No. 10 charcoal iron wire. — At Copperas Hill, Strafford, Vermont, there are annually manufactured three millions pounds of copperas. — Caroline S. Freeman, a factory girl in Manchester, N. H., gives notice that "after the incoming of the Fourth of July," next year, "we, the working sisterhood of Manchester, will show what woman can do in this great heretofore restricted 'commerce of love,' by gallanting around modest gentlemen, making declarations and popping questions." — The Jersey City Telegraph says that there is no doubt that Robert Schuyler is, and has been ever since he absconded, in the town of Bergen, Passaic county, N. J. — Boston exported 146,450 tons of ice last year. The most of this was sent to southern cities, particularly New Orleans and Mobile. The amount consumed in Boston was 60,000 tons—making the amount cut in that vicinity 216,400 tons. — The debt of the State of Massachusetts is \$7,102,617, an increase during the year 1854, of \$258,887. — A bill has passed the United States Senate which appropriates \$300,000 for the enlargement of the white marble building at Washington occupied by the post-office department. It will be so extended as to cover the whole block on which it stands, and leave in the centre a square court yard for mail carriages, etc. — An ear for music and an ear for rhythm are scarcely ever found united. Pope, Burns, Byron, Scott, Coleridge, Crabbe, and Lessing, had no ear for music. — In Hartford, lately, at the door of a citizen, a very little boy begged piteously for something to eat, and in a mournful tone of voice, said "his parents were dead, and father couldn't get any work, and mother was very sick, indeed." — The population in Pittsburg supplied with food at one of the soup-houses, is stated at 17,435 men, women and children. — It is said that a great many of the drug stores in New York and Philadelphia belong to physicians; but as it is considered rather *infra dig.* to be connected with a store, they usually carry on the shop under another name. — A young lady of Bridgeton, New Jersey, while in the act of sneezing, came near dislocating her neck; she was insensible for some hours, and had it not been for the skill of the surgeon, who was immediately sent for, she would soon have been extinct. — The North Carolina legislature has chartered a company to construct a canal from Pamlico Sound to Chesapeake Bay, and resolved to endorse the company's bonds to the amount of \$250,000. — The editor of the New Bedford Standard acknowledges the receipt of a kind invitation from a friend who is sick with the small pox at the hospital, to dine with him, but under the circumstances *thinks he shall not be there.* — The hours of labor in the mills at Manchester are to be extended thirty-five minutes a day, an increase of about *six per cent.* The managers of the mills found it necessary either to increase the hours of labor, or to reduce the wages of the operatives, and they chose the former course.

ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Many attempts are now making, both in this and other countries, to obtain an electric light which will be suitable in every respect for introduction into the light-houses along our shores. The cost of the material necessary for the maintenance of the light has hitherto been a serious drawback. But it is said that an English gentleman has at length discovered a method of producing a very powerful light without any expense. This obstacle of expense has been removed by the discovery that the materials which he uses are converted by the action of the electricity upon them into pigments of great commercial value. A company has been formed for the manufacture of these pigments, and its members think that for a small additional compensation they might just as well manufacture them in the various light-houses, as in one large factory, and thus keep a brilliant electric light burning for the guidance of ships at all hours of the day and night.

A BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE.—One of the oldest and most benevolent men of Pittsfield, Mass., recently died—Jonathan Yale Clarke. One day during his sickness, a poor old man came to the door and inquired of the daughter, "Is Yale Clarke here?"—"He is."—"Is he sick?"—"He is considered dangerous."—"Well, I don't know who *you* are, but I stopped to tell you that you ought to lay him on cushions of velvet, and take the best care of him the rest of his days, for his kindness to the poor." A more beautiful tribute to the memory of a man could not be paid.

A SHARP ONE.—A man named Blucher, in Mariposa, being desirous of reaching San Francisco, gave out in a whisper that he was a convict, without mentioning another little fact in connection therewith that he had been discharged in February last. Accordingly when the fact leaked out, the sheriff arrested Blucher and carried him to San Francisco, to find himself sold, and that he was rendering himself liable to fine for false imprisonment.

GOLD IN VERMONT.—A London paper, speaking of the late discovery of gold in Vermont, makes a brilliant display of geographical knowledge, when speaking of the "towns of Sherburne, Stockbridge, Pittsfield, Barnard, Bridgewater and Woodstock, on the Quebec!"

CUSTOM HOUSE.—The first custom-house was established by the Athenians, at Scutari, formerly Chrysopolis, for levying imposts on the commerce of the Black Sea.

Wayside Gatherings.

The Catholics have a large cathedral at Honolulu, and claim 20,000 communicants in the Sandwich Islands.

A bill granting pensions to all Indians who have served the United States army in time of war, has passed the U. S. senate.

Gov. Wright, of Indiana, has withdrawn from the Methodist church, assigning as a reason that his pastor was a Know Nothing.

The receipts of the Washington National Monument Society for 1854, were \$31,763.63, which was all expended upon the monument.

Mr. C. Mortimer, editor and proprietor of the Southern Quarterly Review, has drawn \$20,000 in one of the Maryland lotteries, and has got the money.

The Dover Gazette says a farmer in that neighborhood suspecting that some one milked one of his cows in the night, kept watch and detected two hogs in the act of sucking her.

The bridge over the Etowah River, Georgia, on the Georgia State Railroad, was destroyed by fire, lately. The bridge was 1920 feet in length, and its original cost was about \$100,000.

Maryland has the heaviest debt in proportion to population, of any State in the Union. It exceeds fifteen millions in a population of five hundred and eighty-two thousand, bond and free.

To procure butter of an excellent flavor and extreme delicacy, it must be washed finally with new milk. The cream of the milk is incorporated with the butter, and communicates to it sweetness and delicacy.

Stone coal is now taken from mines in Nacogdoches county, Texas, and said to be very clear and light, and to burn well. The mines are very extensive. The coal has been found well suited for blacksmithing purposes.

Mr. Joshua Weeks, of Greenland, left at the office of the Portsmouth Journal, a few days since, several turnips measuring nine or ten inches in diameter, as a specimen of fifty bushels raised by him from a paper of common seed.

The Illinois River receives its name from Illini, a confederacy of Indians, consisting of Kaskians, Cahokies, Peorians, Michigamians and Tomorians, who speak the Miami language, and no doubt were branches of that nation.

A specimen of the great white or snow owl was shot at Strafford, N. H., on the 3d ult. It was a female, and measured five feet from tip to tip. The plumage of this bird is of the purest white, with occasional spots of brown.

We learn from the Lynn Daily that the charitable residents of that city have made arrangements with the shoe manufacturers of the place to supply with work all those persons residing in that city who are suffering for want of employment.

The amount of wool grown in the United States in 1854, was 70,000,000 pounds. The importations for the same period, mostly in a manufactured state, were 140,000,000 pounds, making over 210,000,000 pounds consumed in the United States in one year.

The ship Monarch of the Sea, of twenty-five hundred tons, arrived at New Orleans a few days since from Pensacola, where she has been used for testing the new United States dry dock. The Monarch of the Sea is the largest vessel which ever visited New Orleans.

The sale of jacks and jennets, imported recently from Spain by the Kentucky Importing Company, took place at Germantown, Ky., a few days ago. The prices were remunerative, ranging from \$395 to \$1550 per head, with the exception of one, which sold at \$325.

The steamer Alps, of the Cunard line, which had been seized and declared to be confiscated on account of the steward having smuggled a quantity of watch movements and embroidery, has been liberated by the United States government, the confiscation having been remitted.

The following oath was administered to a little boy ten years of age, in the Iowa legislature, chosen to do up documents: "You do solemnly swear to support the Constitution of the United States, and of this State, and to *fold papers* to the best of your ability, so help you God."

The Charleston Mercury says Rev. Dr. Wightman, president of Wofford College, acknowledges in the Christian Advocate, a donation of five thousand dollars from a gentleman of Charleston, as the nucleus of a fund to be raised for the liberal education of young men for the ministry.

Alexander Baillie, a liquor dealer in Pittsburg, of intemperate and eccentric habits, locked himself in his room at his lodgings, while crazed with drink, and remaining there several days, the neighbors broke open the place and found him dead. He was about sixty years of age, and was at one time a leading merchant of Pittsburg.

Manges, leader of a band of desperadoes and counterfeiters in Lycoming county, Pennsylvania, has been arrested by the Philadelphia police, and holden in \$5000. Manges and his band occupied a house in a ravine at Muncy Dam, built on piles and with but one entrance.

The Rutland county jail, Vermont, is described as a place of torture. The dimensions of its "black hole" are ten feet by twelve, and six feet high. Its walls are solid stone; its sole light by night or day, a lamp which burns dimly on account of foul air; its floor a quagmire; its only window and ventilator a small crevice, twelve inches by two.

The quarter of a million of dollars Congress two years ago voted to Robert Stevens to complete his steam battery, at Hoboken, for the protection of New York harbor, has all been expended, and it is thought that, in order to complete the experiment, another appropriation will be required.

United States corvette Levant arrived at Malta, Jan 11th, from Alexandria, having on board an Irish seaman under sentence of death for murder. Objections being made at Malta relative to the carrying into effect of the sentence at that place, the Levant would leave in a few days, and the execution would take place on the high seas.

The Montgomery Mail says that in consequence of want of transportation, there has been, and will be, a dead loss in that city of at least five dollars per bale on thirty thousand bales of cotton. The Mobile Tribune estimates the entire loss this season on the whole crop of the State, by the inability of planters to get their crops to market, at two million dollars.

In melting gold, at the United States mint, one hundred pounds of silver to fifty of gold is placed on each crucible, and after the two are rendered fluid, the mixed metal is dipped out and poured into a large copper vessel filled with cold water, the metal being swung round in the process. This rotary motion causes the metal to sink to the bottom in the form of flakes or grains. Hence it is called the process of granulation. The metals are afterwards separated by means of acids.

Foreign Items.

The allied admirals have declared all the Black Sea and the Sea of Azof in a state of strict blockade, and have captured or laid an embargo on several ships laden with provisions for the Russians.

The receipts of the theatres, balls, singing cafes and curiosities of Paris, in the month of December last, were 1,225,750f., 114,987 more than in November. The total receipts of the year were 12,409,061.

It is estimated that the incense alone which is burnt in the Chinese empire in the worship of their idols, annually costs £90,000,000 sterling, or a little more than one dollar for each man, woman and child.

Sardinia is reported to have undertaken to send 15,000 men, recruited from all Italy, to the aid of the allies in the East. The reason assigned for Sardinia's action is, that this outside enterprise will help to divert the Italian people from their own country.

Some of the interesting ruins of Guirigui, Central America, visited and described by the American traveller, Stephens, have been transported to England to be placed in the British Museum, as specimens of aboriginal American art. The works are said to exhibit but little artistic taste.

A speaker at the London anniversaries stated as his belief, after careful examination, that the number of missionaries now laboring throughout the world is about 3612. These, if equally distributed, would allow but one missionary for about 167,000 souls.

Recent accounts from China indicate that the revolutionists are losing ground, both at the North and South. Divisions among their leaders and desertions to the imperialists are also spoken of. The revolutionists have suffered some defeats in the vicinity of Canton.

A sub-marine telegraph has been constructed at Berlin, Prussia, on Morse's system, to be laid down between Varna and Balaklava, which will be finished at the same time as the one which connects Varna with Bucharest. Sebastopol will then be in direct telegraphic communication with the capitals of western Europe.

Sands of Gold.

.... Natural desires are limited to a sufficiency.—*St. Clement.*

.... Time may unfold more than prudence ought to disclose.—*Washington.*

.... If you wish to pronounce an impartial judgment, never accept any favor.—*Zozay.*

.... The very afflictions of our earthly pilgrimage are presages of our future glory, as shadows indicate the sun.—*Jean Paul.*

.... Nothing is more common than to try to reconcile our conscience to our evil thoughts by our good actions.—*Colton.*

.... Those who misuse a tendered hospitality are guilty of gross ingratitude.—*Kozlay.*

.... Fortunate people seem to think that their less happy fellow-creatures ought to suffer and die before them with decency, as the Romans used to require their gladiators to do.—*Goethe.*

.... Strong minds, like hardy evergreens, are most verdant in winter; when feeble ones, like tender summer plants, are leafless.—*Colton.*

.... A good moral character is the first essential in a man. It is therefore highly important to endeavor not only to be learned, but to be virtuous.—*Washington.*

.... The silliest of all errors is when young men think they forfeit their claims to originality if they acknowledge any truth that has been discovered by others before them.—*Goethe.*

.... There are some men whose voracity assimilates them to the vilest animals, who eat with so much avidity that they seem to heap up food in their stomachs like provisions to carry on a journey, and not like aliments to be digested.—*St. Clement.*

.... Let a woman once give you a task, and you are hers, heart and soul; all your care and trouble lend new charms to her for whose sake they are taken. To rescue, to revenge, to instruct or protect a woman, is all the same as to love her.—*Jean Paul.*

.... When I hear a woman speak with contempt of the opinion of the world, it argues in her neither good feeling, cleverness, nor true courage. True courage, in woman, consists in at once giving up what may be agreeable and innocent in itself, rather than risk having one's good name called in question.—*Lady Dacre.*

Joker's Budget.

A grocer's wife having in a passion thrown an inkstand at her husband, and spattered him all over with the black liquid, some atrocious wretch declared that she had been engaged at the battle of ink-her-man.

The New Hampshire editor who wrote his editorials with chalk on the soles of his shoes, and went barefoot while the boys set up the copy, has purchased a ream of second-hand envelopes, and engaged a girl to turn them inside out.

The following modest advertisement is published in the Cleveland Leader: *Wanted*—A young man wishes to obtain board in a respectable private family, where his moral deportment and example would be considered equivalent. References required.

Mrs. Partington advises all young people inflicted with preparation of the heart, to apply a plaster of the contract of mustard, to draw out the information, and she says she has never known a failure where this device was swallowed.

A gentleman showed a friend his portrait, admirably done by the photographic process. "It is very well," said his friend, returning it to him, "but the fact is, I hate the style altogether." "But why, my good sir?" "Because," replied he, "it's a foe to graphic art."

A young lady recently returned from a boarding-school, being asked at the table if she would take some more cabbage, replied: "By no means, madam; gastronomical satiety admonishes me that I have arrived at the ultimate of culinary deglutition consistent with the code of Esculapius."

Mrs. Smikes says the reason children are so bad this generation, is owing to the wearing of gaiter shoes, instead of the old-fashioned slippers. Mothers find it too much trouble to untie gaiters to whip children, so they go unpunished; but when *she* was a child, the way the old slipper used to do its duty was a caution.

In view of the great revival in religion now progressing at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, the Philadelphia Argus indulges a hope that it may extend to the Pennsylvania Legislature, now in session at that place, in which hope he says he is greatly encouraged, inasmuch as a revival has sprung up in the Maryland Penitentiary.

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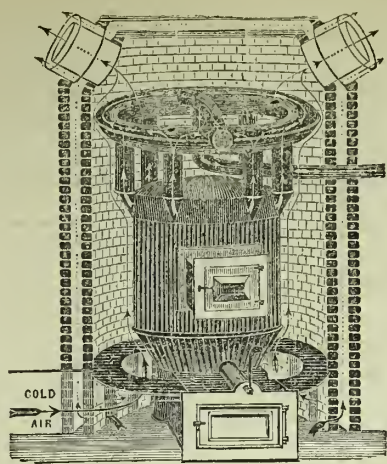
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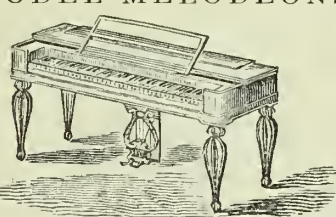
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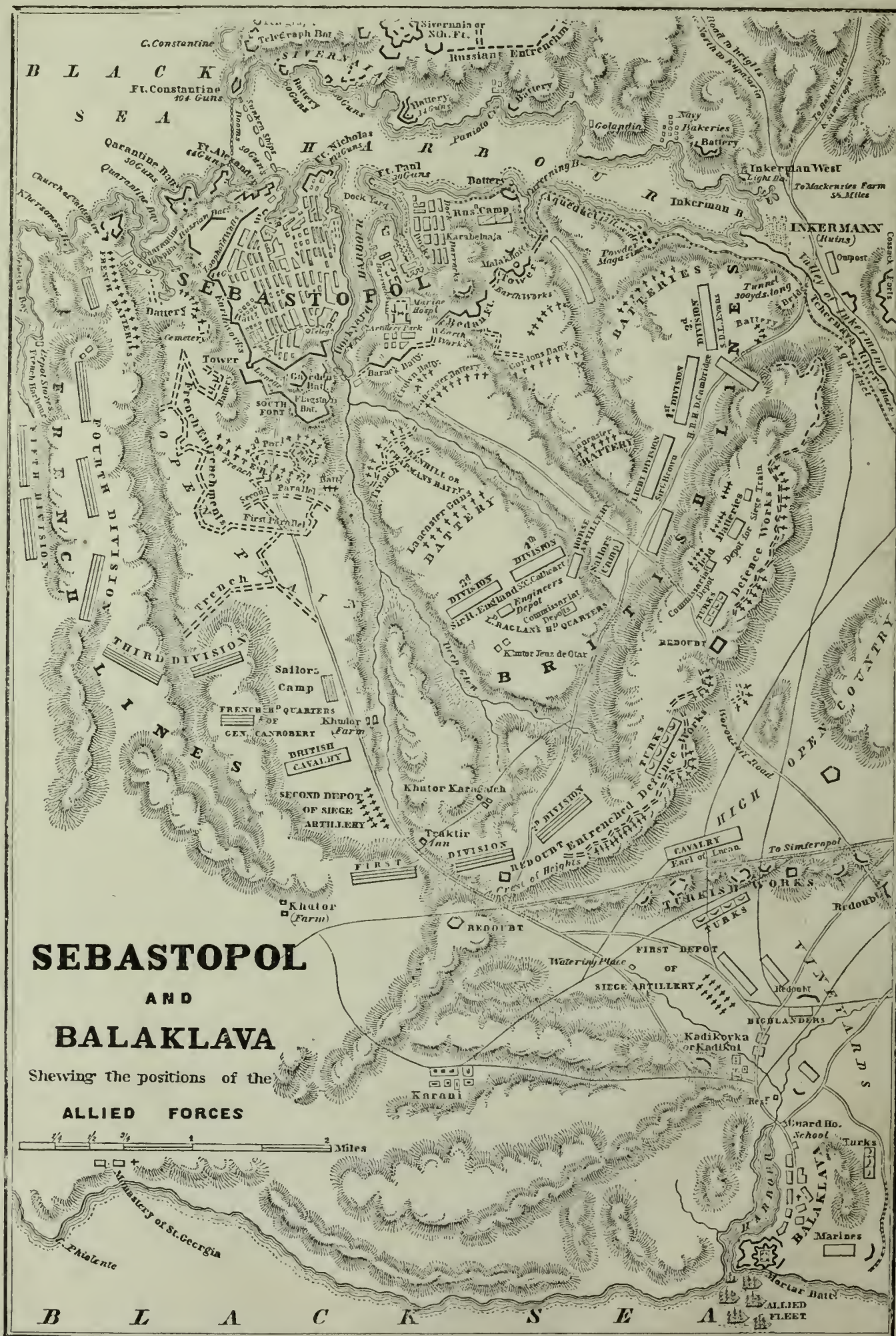
TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

MAP OF SEBASTOPOL AND BALAKLAVA.

We herewith present our readers with an excellent map of Sebastopol, Balaklava, and adjacent localities, to which the events of the campaign in the Crimea have given an historical value. It is from the popular establishment of C. W. Morse, No. 96 Nassau Street, New York, well-known for the accuracy and elegance of its geographical productions. With this chart before their eyes our readers will obtain a clear understanding of the movements of the troops, the position they occupy and have oc-

allies. The harbor proper is a creek a mile and a half long, and four hundred yards wide at the entrance, which indents the peninsula at right angles with the roadstead. Previous to the campaign it was believed that while the seaward defences of the town were admirable, it could be easily taken from the land side, where it was supposed to be nearly defenceless. It is true that the Russians have repaired their omission to a considerable extent, but the manner in which they have sustained the siege, demonstrates that they were never so weak as the allies at one

not hear any complaints from the English now about the Russian batteries being rotten. "Four of these forts consist of three tiers of batteries. We were of course unable to do more than take a very general survey of these celebrated fortifications, and therefore cannot vouch for the truth of the assertion that the rooms in which the guns are worked are so narrow and ill-ventilated, that the artillerymen would be inevitably stifled in the attempt to discharge their guns and their duty. But of one fact there was no doubt: that, however well-fortified may be the approaches to Se-



SEBASTOPOL AND BALAKLAVA

Shewing the positions of the

ALLIED FORCES

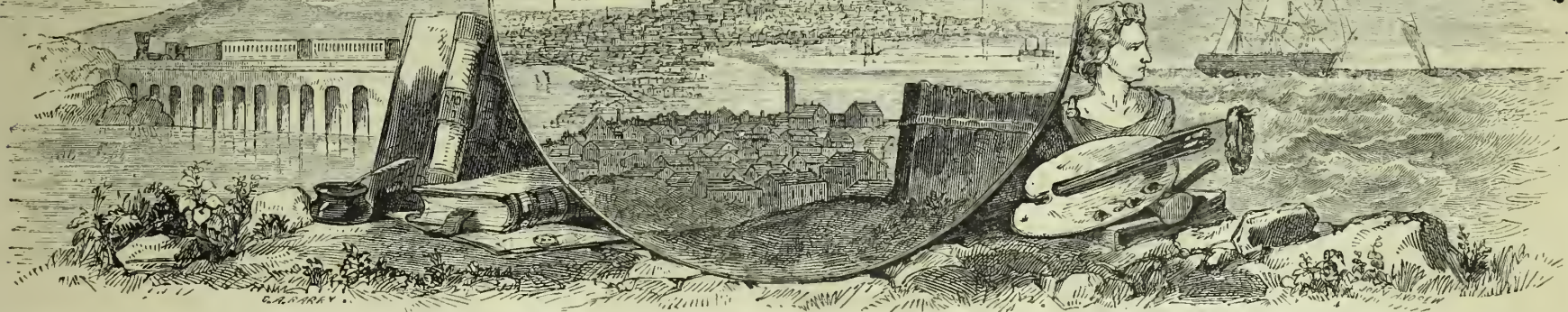
0 1 2 Miles

The houses are not generally more than two stories in height, but are clean and neat, and give the place a cheerful aspect; the harbor is about three and a half miles in length, stretching from east to west, and it is protected by lofty limestone hills, which shelter it from the heaviest gales—those from the north and south. A westerly blow sometimes rolls a heavy sea into it. It is thirteen hundred yards wide at the entrance, but only half as broad at the head. A line of Russian ships sunk at the narrow entrance, completely defends the harbor against the ships of the

time supposed them to be. It is a little curious to read what Oliphant, the English traveller, said of the place in 1853. "Nothing can be more formidable than the appearance of the town from the seaward. We visited it in a steamer, and found that at one point we were commanded by twelve hundred pieces of artillery. Fortunately for a hostile fleet we afterwards heard that they could not be discharged without bringing down the rotten batteries on which they are placed, and which are so badly constructed that they look as though they had been done by contract." We do

bastopol by sea, there is nothing whatever to prevent any number of troops from landing a few miles to the south of the town in one of the six convenient bays, with which the coast, as far as Cape Kherson, is indented, and marching down the main street (provided they were strong enough to defeat any military force that might be opposed to them in the open field), sack the town and burn the fleet." Alas! it is much easier to take a fortified town upon paper, than to reduce it in reality; and the event has shown that Mr. Oliphant was a false prophet.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT
AND BROMFIELD STS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1855.

\$3.00 PER ANNUM. { VOL. VIII., No. 10.—WHOLE No. 192.
6 CENTS SINGLE.

A NEW ENGLAND FIRESIDE.

In the present design Warren has given us a very felicitous representation of the interior of a good old-fashioned New England homestead, many of which yet exist, remote from cities and large towns, in all their primitive purity and attractiveness. The picture abounds with character and truth of detail. That wide-yawning fireplace, with its blazing pile of walnut and oak, resting on the andirons, the merry children nestling in the chimney-corner, almost awakens a sigh of regret. How illy do coal-grates, and, worse than all, furnaces, supply its place! Hawthorne says that of old the rallying cry was, "fight for your altars and your hearths!" but that now-a-days there are no hearths to fight for, and that a summons to fight for our air-tight stoves would meet with no response. Look at the sturdy yeoman, seated in his chair, with his weekly newspaper resting on his knee. That print, be sure of it, is thoroughly conned, advertisements and all, and the stalwart farmer, though reading little, yet digesting all he reads,

is better posted up than many a city man who has reading-rooms and libraries at his command. His wife, just beyond him, is approaching with the latest pledge of connubial affection in her arms. Further off, sits the aged grandmother, a bright, hale old lady, whose warmth of heart seventy winters have not been able to subdue. The old grandsire has just gone to the door to welcome a neighbor, whom the faithful mastiff recognizes. Two or three young girls, in the bloom of early life, are seated at the table, busy as New England girls always are. A boy, who is doubtless struggling to master the mysteries of the "chain rule," looks up from his slate to see what is passing around him. Through an open door, we see a pleasant-faced maiden entering with a dish of apples, the customary evening treat, escorted by a young man with a light, whom we strongly suspect to be a favorite suitor. Does it require two persons to bring up one plate of apples? There is a little innocent mystery about this which we shall not indiscreetly seek to fathom. Every portion of this design is in keeping. Look

at the row of flat-irons and candle-sticks upon the mantel-piece, the strings of dried apples so airily festooning the ceiling, the cat by the fireside, and the gun upon the rack. That old gun may have been an heir-loom—an old king's-arm. Its loud reports of old may have rung the knell of "heathen savages" in the days of the Indian wars—or it may have dealt death to the red-coats in the day of the Concord fight. Now its pursuits are no longer homicidal. It wars only upon wild geese and pigeons, and "such small deer." It is pleasant to dwell upon a scene like this. We do not look with jaundiced eyes upon a brilliant ball-room, crowded with graceful forms, whose beauty is heightened by every adventitious aid that luxury can invent and wealth procure—we love whatever is beautiful and bright—but it is a relief sometimes to turn away from the contemplation of the highest social refinement and splendor, and see how comfortable and happy people may be with a few wants and no luxuries. From such firesides great and noble men and women have gone forth into the world.



A NEW ENGLAND FIRESIDE.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

STEEL AND GOLD:

—OR—

THE HEIR OF GLENVILLE.

A DOMESTIC TALE OF REVOLUTIONARY DAYS.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XIX.

THE BATTERY UNMASKED.

SOME days have passed since the events described in our last chapter. In the interim an event had occurred which may have been anticipated by those who have followed thus far the fortunes of our characters. Agatha O'Halloran was united to Sir Ashley Glenville. Not in private, not in presence of a few friends. They were married in the King's Chapel, before a glittering concourse of British officers and tory ladies and gentlemen. The British commander gave away the bride. And gloriously she looked in her splendid attire—the maturity of her beauty heightened by every adventitious aid. She affected no coyness—she neither blushed nor wept, but while she stood calmly before the altar there was a flash of triumph in her eyes, and her voice was calm and unfaltering as she uttered the responses. Paul Bolton was present, and he noted with inward satisfaction that the bridegroom was pale and haggard, that his voice faltered and his hand trembled as he placed the ring upon the finger of the bride.

"I could have broken off this match," he muttered to himself. "But it is better as it is. The blow will strike down two instead of one. That fiend in woman's shape coolly, remorselessly sought my life—as he did. But I have them in my grasp; it is but tightening my fingers, and they are gone. They itch to be at work."

Yet he planted himself in their way as they retired from church. Lady Glenville saw him, and though her cheek paled beneath its rouge, her eye flashed defiance and triumph in reply to his insolent glance. Sir Ashley caught his gaze—smiled faintly, and bowed. Bolton took no notice of the salutation.

The next day he applied for admission at Sir Ashley's door—who had taken possession of the viscountess's house—but was not admitted, though the servant handed him a letter. It ran as follows:

"SIR:—The change in my circumstances compels me to drop many of my bachelor habits. The intimacy between us must now cease. I enclose you a draft for a thousand pounds. Regard this as a final settlement of our accounts. I counsel you to make the most of this, and to retire with it to some place on the continent of Europe, where you are unknown, and where that capital, with your own abilities, energetically exerted, will place you above want."

GLENVILLE.

Bolton contented himself with returning both the letter and the money in an envelope.

It was the following afternoon, when Sir Ashley Glenville and his bride were seated in their drawing-room, that they were disturbed by a violent noise in the lower hall. A moment afterwards the door was burst open, and Bolton walked in with flushed face and unsteady step, and slammed the door behind him. Both Sir Ashley and Lady Glenville started to their feet at this intrusion, and gazed upon Bolton, the former in alarm, the latter in indignation. The momentary silence was broken by Bolton himself.

"How are you?" cried he, with a bitter smile. "No welcome for your friend? I came to wish you joy. I haven't yet shaken hands with you, Sir Ashley, nor saluted your bride."

And he staggered towards Lady Glenville.

"Stand back, sir!" said she, sternly; "do not dare to approach me."

"O, very well, my lady. I am no loser by your anger. But, by your leave, I'll sit. It isn't the first time I've been here."

And he threw himself upon the sofa.

"Will you suffer this, Sir Ashley?" asked Lady Glenville, indignantly.

"How comes it, sir," asked the baronet, mustering up resolution, "that you dare intrude yourself, after having been forbidden the house?"

"O, I dare do anything, Sir Ashley," returned Bolton, "except murder, for wealth and rank!"

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing, nothing," answered Bolton. "I'm a strange, rattle-brained fellow, and talk half the time at random. I merely stepped in to have a quiet half hour's chat with you. Your fellow tried to stop me at the door, but I soon silenced him. I knew that Sir Ashley Glenville could never have given orders for the exclusion of his old and best friend. I knew the note you sent me the other day must have been a jest, and here I am."

"I desire you to leave the house," said the baronet.

"I will not leave it, Sir Ashley."

"Then I shall employ force," said the baronet.

"You had better not, Sir Ashley. I have been drinking, as you may perceive, and what with the fumes of the wine, and anger at insult, I might use language that you would not care to have stranger ears imbibe."

"What shall I do?" half whispered Sir Ashley to his wife.

"Grant what I ask—a few minutes' conversation," said Bolton.

"If Sir Ashley takes my advice," said Lady Glenville, angrily,

"he will not permit you to pollute this house a moment longer."

"In-deed!" drawled Bolton, stretching himself at full length upon the sofa.

"If you can endure this," said Lady Glenville to her husband, shedding tears of rage as she spoke, "I cannot," and she hurried out of the room, slamming the door behind her.

"Now then!" cried Bolton, springing up, locking the door and putting the key in his pocket, "we are alone."

"What do you want?" cried Sir Ashley, springing to the bell-rope.

"Halt!" shouted Bolton, drawing a pistol from his breast. "Lay a finger on that rope and you are a dead man." And he cocked the pistol and covered the baronet with the sight.

Sir Ashley sank into a chair, shivering in every limb, his eyes glaring upon the intruder with an agonized expression of fear.

"Do you mean to murder me?" he gasped between his chattering teeth.

"Five days ago," said Bolton, still covering the cowering baronet with the pistol, "you discharged a weapon like this with the intention of killing me like a dog."

"You—you are mistaken," faltered the baronet. "I never sought your life."

"You lie, Sir Ashley Glenville," answered Bolton. "But fear not; only in an extreme case will I raise my hand against your life." And he let down the cock of the pistol, and returned the weapon to his breast. "It is not written that you are to die by my hand. That office belongs to the hangman."

"Insolent!"

"Silence! and hear me."

"Hear me," said the baronet. "I offered you a thousand pounds the other day."

"For what purpose?"

"To purchase your absence."

"I rejected it."

"The sum was too small. Very well. Will twice the sum content you?"

"No."

"Five times?"

"No."

"Ten times—half my fortune?"

"No, no, no! Gold has no longer any temptation for me."

"What then?"

"Vengeance!"

"Vengeance! Paul Bolton, your threats are impotent, and you know that you are playing on my fears when you utter them."

"Do I? You shall hear. I have been drinking, it is true; but my memory is unshaken. You cannot have forgotten how we first met?"

"No; you came to commit a robbery."

"Ay; and you, to do murder."

"Villain!" cried the baronet, starting up.

"Sit down!" said Bolton, imperiously, "and let me say my say. My designs were baffled—yours were not. When you laid your hand upon my shoulder, at the park gate—which neither of us can forget—that hand was red with blood. The steel of the assassin had slain his brother for that brother's gold!"

"It is false," said Ashley; "false; you have no proof of the charge;" but he shuddered as he said it.

"I have the strongest proof—proof that will consign you to the doom you merit—the dying declaration of your victim."

"I believe it not," said Sir Ashley, desperately. "But if so, you are as deeply steeped in guilt as I am. For a paltry sum of money, you murdered my brother's child."

"False! false as your hopes, Sir Ashley. I could not do the deed—that you commanded and paid for. The child, the rightful heir of Glenville, lives; and the same fatal paper that gives him rank and fortune, consigns you to the gallows."

"It cannot be," gasped Sir Ashley; "it cannot be. You are an adept in fraud, and you have fabricated this tale to beggar me. Stay," he added, opening a drawer in his secretary. "Here are bills—gold—a set of diamonds, take them all, and only as an earnest, too. I am ready to make any sacrifice. You shall be a rich man; you shall roll in wealth; you shall command every luxury: take all; but leave me my ancestral name untarnished. Think of the honor of my house."

"What do I care for the honor of great houses? What do I care for your honor? My secret might have died with me—but you sought my life; you prond piece of guilty flesh—she for whom you did the damning deed, attempted my life. Partners in guilt, you shall be partners in punishment, if there's law in England or the province. We may not meet again, and I could not resist the temptation of witnessing your agony. Half my vengeance is achieved—but only half. Soon the proofs I speak of will be in the hands of justice. They have been a weary burthen to me."

"Kill me, merciless villain! kill me, and end my misery," said the baronet, clasping his hands in supplication.

"I will not kill you, because I am merciless," said Bolton, with a bitter smile. "Farewell; I leave you to your reflections."

The last words, however, were uttered to a heedless auditor; Sir Ashley heard them not; his senses seemed to forsake him; his head sunk upon his breast, his eyes closed, his hands hung idly by his side. He knew not at what moment Bolton left him; but when a light hand was laid upon his shoulder, he sprang as if stung by a serpent. Looking up, he beheld Lady Glenville standing beside him, and he stretched out his hand to her, with a wan and weary smile upon his lips.

"Agatha!" he murmured feebly.

"Be a man!" said Lady Glenville, answering the weak pressure of his fingers with a firm grasp.

"You know not—you know not what that man—that fiend, has been telling me, Agatha."

"I heard every word, while guarding the door that no servant might approach it. The intoxicated ruffian took no pains to moderate his voice."

"Then you heard him charge me with murder?"

"I heard him distinctly."

"And you heard me deny it?"

"That was well."

"And you believed my denial?"

"What is past is past," said Lady Glenville, with ashen cheek. "You needed gold—there was but one way to procure it. When a life stood between me and my hopes, I removed the obstacle."

"O, God! to strive to endure this burthen of remorse: to see by day and night a pale, denouncing spectre; to strive to utter words of prayer, and know them rejected. O, Agatha, Agatha the weight is unsupportable."

"Then go and make confession of your sin. You know the penalty. Indulge the vile rabble with the spectacle of a noble criminal undergoing the sentence of the law: hasten, or your accomplice will anticipate your movements."

"Then you believe he has proofs, as he asserts?"

"As surely as I do that yonder sun is shining in the sky."

"Merciful Heaven!"

"Heaven is not merciful. Let us defer as long as possible the hour of its certain vengeance."

"Yes, yes, any respite, however obtained. But how to win it! You heard that he refused all bribes."

"Ashley," said Lady Glenville, "hear me. He has not yet denounced you. You have still time to act. This night at least is yours. Think you, suspecting this man, as I did, that I have let him pass unwatched? No! I have been acting while you were dreaming. One of his haunts, where he goes to satisfy his base love of drink is the Anchor tavern, in Ship Street. I have seen the landlord—"

"You, Agatha?"

"Yes; there is nothing I would not stoop to for your sake. By dint of liberal pay and promises, and by hinting that this man was an object of suspicion to the British government, I made the landlord act as a vigilant spy upon all Bolton's actions. The other day he engaged a private room, and there had a long conference with a stranger. The landlord concealed himself in the room and heard every word they said. Though they believed themselves quite alone, they spoke very guardedly. Bolton spoke of a paper he had, and appointed this evening to meet the stranger at an old house he occupies in Ann Street, of which I have the number. The meeting was fixed for nine o'clock this evening. The stranger was to gain admittance by tapping three times at the chamber door: and Bolton agreed to deliver a certain paper, which I persuaded the landlord was a proof of some treasonable conspiracy, but which my heart told me was something that more nearly concerned us."

"Well, what can I do?" asked the agitated baronet.

"Do? Go there before the appointed hour, and possess yourself of that paper, by fair means or foul."

"But Bolton will be on his guard."

"He will be incapable of resistance. You see that he has been drinking already. He is incapable of managing himself, however great the stake for which he is playing. He goes hence unerringly to the Anchor Tavern, and there the landlord will ply him with temptations that he cannot resist."

"Agatha!" cried Sir Ashley, "you have saved my honor—my honor! and if eternal gratitude and love—"

"No protestations, Ashley. Leave them for the hour of success. This villain foiled—his proofs destroyed—we will fly to some happier land, where not an object will recall the past. I will teach you to stifle remorse as I have learned to stifle it myself. Courage; all will yet be well with you."

CHAPTER XX.

RETRIBUTION.

BETWEEN half past seven and eight o'clock, that evening, Sir Ashley Glenville, disguised completely in a horseman's heavy cloak, and with a broad-leaved hat drawn down over his eyes—a costume made to resemble as closely as possible that which the landlord of the Anchor Tavern had described as the dress of Bolton's mysterious visitor, repaired to the house in Ann Street in which the object of his pursuit resided. Bolton's apartment was described as being a back room, the door of which opened from the head of the first flight of stairs. The street door stood ajar, and entering the house on tip-toe, Sir Ashley found himself in total darkness. Feeling for the stair-rail, he groped his way upward without making the slightest noise. Arrived at Bolton's door, he paused to reconnoitre. Looking through the key-hole, he saw the object of his search sitting listlessly by a table, on which burned low in its socket a single flickering candle. A bottle and glass and a broken pipe showed that he had been indulging in his old habits. There was a vacancy in the man's face, a drooping of the lids and a relaxation of the facial muscles, which led Sir Ashley to believe that he had nearly sacrificed his reason to his potations. Somewhat encouraged by these indications, he knocked three times at the door. At the first knock, Bolton attempted to rise from his chair, but he relinquished the effort, and waiting till the signal had been repeated, in a thick voice, bade his visitor enter.

Sir Ashley availed himself of the invitation, and, not without some trepidation, found himself in the presence of his enemy. Bolton motioned him to a seat, and Sir Ashley drew a chair to the table, keeping his face in the shade.

"Throw off your cloak, Mr. Redland," said Bolton, gazing with lack-lustre eyes at him, and speaking thickly and with great difficulty.

"Excuse me," said the baronet; "I am cold."

"Cold, cold!" ejaculated Bolton; "why, I'm on fire. Well, then, if you're cold, there's fire in that bottle; warm yourself. Fill up, man."

Thinking it best to humor him, and perhaps requiring some stimulant, Sir Ashley obeyed the invitation, and swallowed a glass of the fiery liquor.

"Now, then," he ventured to say, "to business."

"Business!" muttered Bolton, pouring out a glass for himself, with an unsteady hand. "Who talks of business? Hang business. You're my guest. We'll make a night of it. I've got another—bottle—ay—who talks of business?"

"But my time is precious."

"What—you're afraid of the redcoats, eh? They'd never nose you out here. Come, be sociable. Lay aside your hat and cloak. I want to see your face, old boy." And Bolton plucked across the table at Sir Ashley's hat.

"Some other time, my good friend; I'm in a hurry now."

"Hullo! your voice sounds queerly to-night, somehow or other!"

"I have a bad cold," said Sir Ashley, assuming a husky voice. "I hardly know the sound of my own voice."

"A cold! Then fill up again. 'Tis a sovereign remedy."

"No, no; I can't drink any more."

"Then sing! sing us a roaring song, while I drink for you. It's the regular forfeit, you know."

"Mr. Bolton, the paper! the paper!"

"Ay, that's safe enough, here," said Bolton, slapping his breast.

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure. Don't that look like it?"

With this he drew from his breast pocket a soiled page of paper, opened it and held it towards the light. The baronet shuddered as he saw the faltering characters traced by a hand whose blood he had congealed—a hand that had many a time clasped his own in token of brotherly affection. Yet he mastered his emotion, and stretching forth his hand, said:

"Give it me—quick!"

"Not so fast, comrade," said Bolton, restoring the paper to his pocket. "You can't use it, you know, at least just yet. You're a rebel, and young Clarence is a rebel—and everybody's a rebel but me. Hurrah for king George!"

"Give me the paper; it is safer in my hands."

"You mean to insinuate," stammered Bolton, "that I'm—incapable—of taking care of my property?"

"The paper—the paper!" cried Sir Ashley, forgetting the caution he had all along observed.

"Eh? Zounds!" cried Bolton, starting up, and holding on by the table. "A spy in the camp! You're not Julian Redland. Who are you?"

"You shall know, dog, soon enough!" cried Sir Ashley, throwing off his cloak and unsheathing the sword he wore under it. "Drunk as you are, you must know that I am desperate; and I will have that paper, if I kill you to obtain it."

A sense of his danger partially sobered Bolton. As he saw the point of the baronet's sword glittering within an inch of his breast, he sprang back, and drew a pistol.

"Look you, Sir Ashley," he said, with an oath; "I'm better armed than you are. Stand back, or I pull trigger!"

At this moment three knocks were heard at the door.

"Come in," cried Bolton, backing as he spoke. Redland entered on the summons.

"Villain!" said he, confronting Sir Ashley, who covered before his piercing gaze, "do I meet you face to face again? You, the destroyer of my reputation, my honor and my peace; you, who were the means of my cruel separation from the wife of my bosom. Why are you here?"

"A deep game, Redland," growled Bolton. "He wanted to get possession of the evidence."

"And you, too—drunk!" said Redland, reproachfully.

"I'll keep my word, though," said Bolton. "Here, take the paper, and away with you." As he spoke, he handed the paper to Redland, keeping an eye, as he did so, on Sir Ashley's movements.

"Kill me!" said the baronet, throwing himself on his knees.

"Kill yourself, if you're tired of life," answered Bolton; "you have a weapon in your hand."

Sir Ashley looked upon the cold steel and shuddered. Rising, he sheathed his sword and folded his arms upon his breast.

"Take me, then," said he, gloomily. "I surrender myself."

"I have no authority to arrest you," said Redland; "nor even, after all that has passed, do I thirst for your life. This paper will soon be in the hands of your wronged nephew. It is for him to avenge his father's death. Come, Bolton," said he, "you must go with me: you are incapable of taking care of yourself, and leave this bad man to his reflections."

With these words, Redland, grasping Bolton firmly by the arm, left the chamber. For a moment the baronet entertained the insane project of rushing upon them on the staircase, and making one more desperate effort to regain the document on which his life and honor were staked. But he abandoned the wild idea, and after a half hour of agony passed in solitude, wended his way home, and recounted to his partner the failure of the project.

Lady Glenville listened to the narrative, calmly, without a word of comment, until it was ended.

"You played bravely for the stake, Ashley," she said at length; "but the fates were against you."

"Do you see any hope?" asked Sir Ashley.

"None," was the deliberate reply: "all is lost—happiness, honor, life."

"I would have fallen on my sword, but I had not the courage."

"It is a violent mode of suicide. And you should not have thought of dying away from me."

"That will be my fate, Agatha," said the baronet, shuddering.

"I must mount the scaffold alone."

"Why choose that mode of death?"

"What do you mean, Agatha? Choose! Is there an alternative?"

"Perhaps. But you are weary. You need some refreshment," she said, soothingly. "Postpone all thoughts of this dismal affair till to-morrow. The soldier sleeps upon the eve of battle, the condemned criminal the night before his execution. You are not yet denounced. Lay aside your heavy cloak, and hat, and sword."

A sudden thought flashed on Sir Ashley's mind. He rushed to the window that looked upon the street and tore open the shutters and the heavy curtains. The young moon gave light enough that evening to define objects out of doors with some distinctness. He saw two men in cloaks stationed on the opposite sidewalk and evidently watching the house.

"Too late for flight!" he muttered, as he threw off his outer garment.

Meanwhile Lady Glenville had brought from the buffet a decanter and two goblets.

"Come, Ashley," said she, as she led him to a seat, "you will not refuse to drink a glass of wine with me."

She filled the two goblets and presented one to her husband. Mechanically he raised it to his lips and drank off the contents, while she pledged him in the other glass.

Exerting her utmost efforts to fascinate and divert his mind, Lady Glenville gradually, aided by the wine she forced upon his acceptance, won his thoughts from the contemplation of his fatal position. He seemed spell-bound, and obeyed a will stronger than his own. He spoke of happier days and other scenes; of foreign lands; of strange cities he had visited, with singular animation; though ever and anon he paused, and placed his hand upon his heart, while a shudder ran through his frame. At last his flow of thought and language ceased.

"I am weary," he said; "yet it is too early to retire."

"Lie down upon this sofa, Ashley," said Lady Glenville. "I will smooth the pillows for your head."

He rose, tottered to the sofa, and reclined at length upon it. Lady Glenville placed herself on a cushion beside him, and taking his hand, rested her head upon his shoulder.

The next morning, a servant girl, entering the parlor, started back on seeing her master stretched upon the sofa, while her mistress was sleeping beside him. She retired, and mentioned the circumstance to the other servants. Some hours passed away, and then the footman ventured to knock at the door. Receiving no answer, he entered the room. Sir Ashley and Lady Glenville had not stirred from the attitudes described by the housemaid. Throwing open the shutters, the man, alarmed, admitted the full light of day upon the scene. His master and mistress were both dead!

The news spread like wildfire, and the excitement in the town was intense. When it was found that the wine, of which they had evidently partaken, was poisoned, suspicion fell upon the household, and the servants were arrested and examined; but not the slightest circumstance appeared to criminate them. The theory of suicide was then reluctantly admitted. But the motive? Long afterwards, when the public troubles were all over, and the colonies had been emancipated from the British yoke, the testimony of Paul Bolton, with the corroborative evidence he was able to adduce, vindicated the character of the steward, and stamping with guilt indelible the memory of Sir Ashley Glenville, explained the reason of his death. But none knew that when his resolution faltered, the guilty woman, who had pushed him on to the commission of crime, had with her own hands prepared the draught that sent them both to their final account—thus persistent to the last in evil doing.

The rightful heir of Glenville, united to the fair Eleanor, visited England but once after the recognition of the independence of the colonies. With the avails of his inheritance he established himself in Lexington, where his wife's father and mother also took up their abode. Harry Stanley and his wife (Lucy Maywood that was) were frequent guests at the mansion-house, where he and Glenville, who had served with distinction throughout the war, fought their battles over again, to the great delight of their better halves. The immortal Julius Caesar vibrated between the two establishments, and his stories about the surrender of "Burgwine" and Cornwallis were none the less interesting because highly colored by his fertile imagination.

It is pleasant to record the virtues of this happy circle, since we have been forced to dwell somewhat upon characters that exhibited the darker side of human nature. We should be glad to add that Paul Bolton became a reformed and penitent man; but truth compels us to say that he died a victim to his intemperate habits. We must find our consolation for his unhappy fate in the reflection that those of our characters who were true as steel and pure as gold, enjoyed at last the happiness they merited.

In times of good fortune it is easy to appear great—nay, even to act greatly; but in misfortune very difficult. The greatest man will commit blunders in misfortune, because the want of proportion between his means and his ends progressively increases, and his inward strength is exhausted in fruitless efforts.—*Niebuhr*.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

HEART TREASURES.

BY MARIA ANDERSON.

THE heart has many treasures which are valueless to the world. Who would prize the drawer which contains what were once the playthings of little Ella, who has gone to live with the angels—but her mother? And what will make a father shed such briny tears—tears that will chase each other down his manly cheeks—like again looking upon the tiny cap and cane which Willy proudly called his own the very day before he died?

The grave has a strange hold upon our affections: we are prone to believe something is beneath it we once loved. We cling to the casket when all that made it dear has deserted it. The form of an aged parent rises before us: we cannot dis sever the holy counsel he gave us from the form in which he was clothed. We cannot conceive of a disembodied spirit; it must have a form. Imagination gives back our friend in yonder fleecy cloud, or in a twinkling star, or he hovers over us with an angel's wing, something we must have for fancy to linger upon.

We had been a wanderer upon the world's wide stage for years—nurtured in the school of suffering, and willing at any moment to resign our being: we felt that all our sympathies were dried up; that we were weary and would fain go home—yes, home, and that word rekindled our affection, and we presently were carried back to the spot where we first breathed the vital air. Desolation had left its trace upon every apartment; the low bedroom where we had slept so many years seemed to have first decayed; the chamber where with my sweet sister I had played in happy childhood, was tenantless, and I was pointed to the high modern dwelling upon the hill as my father's last residence; but my heart-history was with the old home and little farm attached. I stood upon the old door-stone, and busy memory brought again to my sight the reapers in yonder field, or the hay-makers, preceded by my father, who always took the lead. I heard my mother chiding Alice that she had too long stayed away in gathering her wild flowers—but it was a gentle chiding, and then she bade me look upon the dripping buds, and moss, and wild honeysuckle, which my sister had so tastefully arranged as a gift to her lover, whom we did not quite love because he would one day pluck our fair flower from the garden of our home. Yes, we stood there, as ever; and the distressing thought came to us, that since the broad blaze of that midsummer's day our parents had passed away, and we had not always heeded the last parting counsel, "be sure and shun evil company, my son;" the consciousness of this disobedience made the agony of soul which oppressed me now—for there, in the chambers of memory, stood the sainted purity which made my eyes bedim with tears, I mentally exclaimed, "Would to heaven I could blot the sin of ingratitude from my catalogue of crimes."

I looked upon the three mounds of earth, just covered by a slight fall of snow. How pure was such a coating. Was it not an emblem of her who had planted the rose-tree by our father's grave? And the wintry blast swayed a tender stem upon which there were a few decayed snow-berries; they clung to the stalk just as innocence was closely embalmed in that young bosom. All was still without, around; why did the life-blood course so hurriedly through my system? There was a heart-history which we will not tell: God grant it may be blotted out by the Recording Angel.

Methinks I should have shuddered to have wandered thus alone among the graves of strangers. We do not fear to tread where our dearest friends are laid away. We go to commune with them. It softens the affections to recall the image of that innocent prattler who used to sit upon our knee and caress us with his tiny arms, and play games through his fingers. We wonder about what he is now employed, and how we should welcome an interview with the angel who took him. We cannot conceive of his never inquiring for those upon whom he lived while here. Nay more—that venerated sire who was always so deeply interested in our successes and grieved over our losses, and encouraged us when disheartened, and whose affectionate love never waned, we would know if he does not love us still?

And when we feel bereaved, and would lie down in the valley beside those who have gone before us, we cannot but anxiously inquire if, with the mingling of our ashes with theirs, we have not a type that our spirits are thus closely again brought in sympathy?

A TURKISH BRIDE.

A correspondent of the Boston Post, writing from Smyrna, says: "We found the bride sitting cross-legged, in state, in one of the huts—a position she had occupied since the preceding Wednesday, and would occupy until the Wednesday following, when her finery would be laid aside, probably forever, and she would begin looking after the donkeys, driving the camels, and performing a variety of laborious services for her future lord, as the other women do, who, like their Indian sisters, have all the drudgery of their tribe on their shoulders. The bride wore a fantastic-looking head-dress of feathers, flowers and tinkling ornaments, over which was thrown a thin rose-colored woollen veil, which before marriage concealed her face entirely, but now, as the ceremony was passed, was thrown back. Her dress seemed to be of quite handsome silk material, probably, we are told, descended from her grandmother, to be in turn transmitted to her posterity. Rarely do the recipients ever have an opportunity of appearing in this grand costume except on the occasion of their wedding, so there is not much danger of its getting worn out, and it never gets out of fashion with these primitive people, who give themselves no anxiety about the latest cut. I presented the bride with a bouquet, which, though well received, evidently suffered much in comparison with a few small coins put into her hand by some of our party."

THE BLUE JAY.

We have here a life-like delineation by Audubon of that well-known American bird, the blue jay, engaged in his customary avocation of pilfering and devouring the eggs of another bird. The following is a description of this bird. Beak short, strong, straight, compressed and sharp; the base of the nostrils covered with straight, bristling hairs. Head large, neck short, body robust. Tarsi fine, reticulated and salient in the rear, and the same length as the middle toe. Anterior toe shorter; nails sharp, flattened and cutting. Plumage soft, silky and brilliant. Feathers of the head elongated and raised in a tuft. Wings short; the first pen a little shortened; the fourth and fifth longer than the others. Tail long, and spreading in twelve long feathers. The beak and feet are of a brownish black. All the upper part of a fine, deep blue, purplish, shines with brilliancy. The tail and the end of the secondary plumes are white, barred transversely with black, as well as the large covers of the wing. A large band of the same black divides the occiput, passes behind the eye, descends on the neck, and rounds there into a collar. The cheeks are of a pale blue; the lower parts whitish are tinged on the throat and under the wings with reddish-brown. The length of the bird is twelve inches, the extent of the wings is fourteen. The female, smaller than the male, has a more brownish breast, the upper tints of a duller blue. The climbing plant twined around the trunk is the *Bignonia radicans* (trumpet honey-suckle). Audubon tells us that this egg-thief plunders every nest he finds, feeds on the eggs, and like the crow, devours the little ones. He attacks the weak, is afraid of the strong, and flies even before his fellows. The cardinal grossbeak defies and beats him; the red thrush, the mocking-bird, and others weaker than himself, do not let him approach their nests with impunity, and he only glides there when they are absent, to devour everything. Audubon says he followed one who made his rounds from nest to nest as regularly and quietly as a physician visiting his patients. On the other hand he was a witness of his anguish when on his return he found his mate in the jaws of a snake, his own nest destroyed and his eggs eaten up. He says that twenty blue jays which he purchased at Louisville and was shipping at New Orleans, for the purpose of peopling the English woods with them, were taken in common traps baited with Indian corn, and brought in one by one as they were captured. On putting them in the cage prepared for their transportation, he was astonished at the cowardice of each as he was introduced among his brethren, who, after a few days of captivity, had become as gay and frolicsome as when enjoying the freedom of the forests. The new comer rushed into the darkest corner of his prison; his head became stupid and assumed a vertical position, and he remained motionless. But on the next day, everything had changed; the captive was again the impudent bird, attacking the corn he held between his claws, hammering it with his beak, plucking out the grains and throwing aside the divided shell. When the cage was once full, it was amusing to hear these birds, perched along the stick, each striking his kernel of corn, as busy at their work, and as regular in their blows as a blacksmith at his anvil. They eat nuts, chestnuts, acorns, dry fruit—almost anything. But they prefer fresh beef, and fowl is the greatest delicacy to them. They perched tranquilly side by side, but at the first cry of alarm, uttered without a cause, the terrified band flew round the cage, and all seemed as frightened as if the most terrible enemy had been introduced among them. They supported the passage wonderfully well and reached Liverpool in good condition; but a few days afterwards they were attacked by a malady caused by insects which adhered to all parts of their bodies, and they died one after another. One alone survived, and reached London so covered with insects, that the naturalist thought he could only get rid of them by employing a tobacco bath, which killed the bird instantly. Even during their migrations, the jays do not fly great distances at once, and in their pauses they minutely examine woods, fields, orchards and gardens, where it is easy to trace these loquacious pilferers, except when a hawk cleaves the air; then the entire flock is silent at once, and gliding into the thickest part of a wood, they remained mute and hidden. The form of the jay is like that of the crow with the exception of a shorter beak. There is a European species, which is entirely black. They are lively, petulant and rapid in their movements, exceedingly noisy, and have a faculty of imitating harsh sounds. They are not readily domesticated, and even when tame they injure their plumage by dashing themselves against the bars of their cage in their restlessness. Whenever a bird of prey appears they utter piercing cries in a high key, which give the alarm to all the feathered fraternity. Owls are their deadly enemy. Whenever a sportsman appears, they utter the same cries, and alarm the whole woods. When tamed, they can, like crows, be taught to repeat certain words, and imitate the filing of a saw, etc. Though not amiable, they are exceedingly beautiful, and give great animation to the woods. They indulge no familiarity with man, and discover all that shyness and timidity so natural to thieves.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

Almost every play goer has a hankering to go behind the curtain and witness that mysterious life which gives birth to the illusions that enchant him from the stage, though the penalty of the gratification of his curiosity may be entire disenchantment. The London Ladies' Newspaper gives the best sketch we have seen of matters and things on the working side of the curtain. "Suppose, just for a little, we digress here, and go behind the scenes of the play house, and see what those strange folks that go in and out of the tiny door are doing. Have you ever been there? No? Then come along—we have; and you shall have the benefit of our experience. We pass that cross, sour-countenanced man, sitting in a stuffed seat at the stage door. He is the hall-keeper. We take no notice of the ill-grained remark that the said hall keeper made as we passed him, and threading a long avenue, full of what can be best described as "one thing and another," we find ourselves among a number of "flats," pieces of old forests, bits of castles, and "one-halves" of mansions, shops, chambers, and the deuce-knows-what. In fact, we are at the "wings" of the stage, and looking around, we see a number of well dressed people of both sexes, chatting and laughing in a

Mr. Brown (property-men rarely have fanciful names), to get those masks as hideous as possible for the second scene. Don't spare the rose-pink and Dutch metal in the least, for those masks are—mark! the telling points of the introductory scenes. Tell Wilson (Wilson is the head carpenter) to see that those sinks run easily, and all the grooves had better be oiled. The gauges, too, must be overhauled, for when we used them in the 'Spirit of the Fountain,' they looked very shabby" (meaning shabby, but the stage-manager has a habit of clipping his words). He continues—"Let me caution you now, while I think of it, in this castle-scene to blend the fires as much as you can. Don't get too much red in the water-set nor too much green on the towers. That 'goblin oak' had better come down to the second 'groove,' and let the shadows fall back, bang against the wall." During these remarks, the stage manager makes a great variety of motions with his hands while in the act of pointing, several of which are imitated by the clown in the forthcoming piece, who is standing at the wing, and who, being a great wag, and considered apt at imitation, is always on the alert to signalize himself. A tall, slender man at this juncture passes across the stage at the back. He has on canvass overalls, garnished with miscellaneous daubs

of color, as if he had been a target for painted bullets. The stage-manager beckons him, and they retire to their room to talk over certain "matters and things" concerning the scenery and pictures of the pantomime. The property-man has gone to that dingy, long, low apartment, which is the *sanctum* where he manufactures canvass legs of mutton, stuffed sticks, perpetually red-hot pokers, golden goblets, rag babies and sham puddings by the gross. We will peep in, and see what can be defined in the dull haze that pervades the room. A pot of glue is smoking over a spirit-lamp on a table, and close beside it are a number of little books containing gold-leaf, or something resembling it, and chips of bright foil. A cartload of paraphernalia is "kicking about" on the tables, under them, helter-skelter—anywhere. There are wooden legs (generally used by the old commodores), jockey-cups, old spurs, bits of sponge (much affected by the villain of the melo-dramas to supply the blood when he meets his end), fictitious harps (on which many sweet imaginary melodies have been played), Indian calumets and tomahawks, Chinese lanterns, dancing-jacks, parti-colored umbrellas (useful for 'Paul Pry' or pantomimes), artificial icicles (warranted not to melt), crowns and cushions, beards' stuffs and fairy wands, canes, snuff-boxes, papier mache pound cakes, deceptive lemons, drawerless cheffoniers, ingeniously supposititious fowls ready trussed, pocket-books, containing countless sums of imaginative bank notes (always carried by the old nukes from India in the comedies), and if we were to examine closely, we should see almost every article, only more or less sham in its construction, met with in real life. It is scarcely necessary for us to ascend to the paint-room, where several artists are outlining, laying on the color, filling in, and creating landscapes and 'realms of bliss' in short order. We should only get our trousers smeared if we went up, and perhaps interrupt the workmen; so, first glancing at the front of the house, which is covered with strips of muslin, and pausing for an instant just to get a peep at the face of that pretty girl, the *premiere coryphee*, who is practising a *coup* in short skirts and faded round-toed slippers, we will once more seek daylight, and leave the folks to rehearse the pantomime with a clear stage.

A WINTER LANDSCAPE.

Willis, in a late Idlewild letter furnishes his readers with the following winter landscape sketch. "On my favorite curative principle of counter-irritation, I started off, with a stuffed head, for a sharp trot in the snow-storm, a day or two ago, and so chanced to see one of those private theatricals



THE BLUE JAY.

careless, off-hand manner, while here and there a ray of cloudy light (like a sunbeam tarnished, if such a thing could be), struggling through the crevices of a wilderness of what are technically termed "travellers" and "sky-holders," suspended over the stage, shedding a dull, sickly glare on the objects around. There is a single man—who is near sighted and wears spectacles—in the orchestra, humming a melody, and by the aid of a gaunt, unsmuffed stump of a candle, transcribing it on a half-sheet of greasy music paper. He is the *repetiteur*, and is ransacking his memory for scraps of popular airs to introduce in the "comic business" of the pantomime—a duty which the leader has left to his assistant because he has displayed much tact at adaptation. A small table is standing near the foot-lights at the "prompt-side" of the stage, near which the stage-manager—a chunky, pot-stomached person, with a gruff voice and bright eye—is standing with his arms folded, looking up the stage. A half-shabby man in a slouched cap and round jacket, which smells loudly of turpentine and varnish, is standing by his side, engaged in conversation. It is rude to listen to folk's talk, but as they are evidently conversing about nothing private or special, we will violate Chesterfield for once, and draw near and hear what they are saying. The stage-manager has infused a deal of importance in his manner, and now speaks. He addresses the property-man: "Remember,

with which Nature makes our country entertainments correspond to the dramatic season in the city. I had been gone two hours among the hills, and the sky and my mucous membranes had meantime been clearing up together. It had stopped snowing and I had stopped snuffling; and the sun was setting with a glow in the west, of which the blood in my veins felt like a rosy partaker. Slacking rein as I entered the gate, and removing a pair of 'green goggles' (excellent uglinesses with which to protect weak eyes from the patter as well as the glare of the snow, in riding), I became suddenly aware of a scene of extraordinary beauty. The soft and feathery snow had so completely foliaged the trees that they looked full and shady, as in June. The woods on either side had the expression of leafy impenetrableness which enchants the forever refuge-seeking eye; the meadows and slopes were carpeted with the evenness of a lawn; and over all was spread the warm color of the kindling sunset. It was mid-summer, performed in white—its burthen of leaves all there, and its press and crowd of flowers inimitably copied in snow-flakes. The picturesque and beautiful half-mile from the river-gate to our door—over meadow and brook, and along the wooded terraces and rocky precipices of the glen—will never be more superb in summer, than I saw it—riding alone, too, a most unwilling millionaire, to have such wealth to myself—in the midst of winter."

THE RED THRUSH.

We have here before us one of those charming bird scenes, which only Audubon could delineate: at once the work of an artist, a naturalist and a poet. We have before us a thrilling episode of bird-life, a bird-tragedy, as it were, that thrills the heart of the spectator, like some sad event in human life. A felon snake has invaded the peaceful retreat of a pair of thrushes, has killed the mother-bird, and darts out his spiteful tongue, hissing at the brave but agonized survivor, who stands on the edge of his nest defying his aggressor. Another pair of neighbor thrushes, hearing the notes of distress, have flown to the rescue, and are bravely waging war against the common enemy. The red thrush, or little mocking bird of America, has a black, slender, longish beak, slightly curved, compressed, pointed, arched over the middle mandible, sharp on the edges, the end curved, the lower mandible, clear blue at the base, is almost straight; the nostrils oblong, half closed by a membrane. The general form of the bird is elegant and light; its feet brown, long and strong; its tarsi, compressed, are reticulated towards the upper part, as well as the toes and tibia. Its soft plumage is spotted, dappled is the word. The first pen of the wings is short; the fourth and fifth longer; there are a dozen in the tail, all long and varied. The iris is yellow. The general color of the bird is a brilliant reddish brown. Across the two long wings, on the extremity of the little covers, and on that of the secondary feathers, are two fine white rays, fringed with black above. The under part of the bird is of a yellowish white, with spots of rich brown; the last covers of the tail, tinged with red, appear less deep. The length of these birds exceeds seven inches, the spread of the wings twelve. The nest is built in the black oak, a common species in Kentucky, the wood of which serves for fuel, while the abundant acorns fatten hogs. The black snake, which is very active, climbs along the trunks of trees, and glides among the bushes and disappears with such velocity that it escapes all pursuit. This snake feeds on birds, frogs, eggs, little quadrupeds, and shows a great antipathy to other species of serpents, which he fights, to the death, on the slightest provocation, although destitute of fangs.

FARMING IN PALESTINE.

Two years ago an effort was made in a new line to ameliorate the condition of the inhabitants of Palestine. Seven Americans, with improved ploughs and other tools, and American seeds, located upon a piece of land seven miles from Jerusalem, one mile from Bethlehem, and made preparations for farming after the American system. Their location was in the valley of Artos, upon the very site of one of the gardens of Solomon. Their friends in the city were much opposed to their going out there to reside, urging them, if they were determined to cultivate the soil, to keep their residence in the city, for fear of the Arabs. This did not suit their plans, and they took up their residence on their land and commenced operations, ploughing deep with one of our best ploughs, harrowing with an iron-toothed harrow, such as was never seen there before, and planting corn, potatoes, beans, peas, oats, barley, wheat and all other sorts of garden-vegetables; in short, making a perfect American farm. The operations, instead of exciting the jealousy of the Arabs, aroused them to a state of surprise, and the news of what the Americans at Solomon's were doing, and the wonderful tools they were using, and how peaceable and quiet they were, never saying anything about their religion, flew on the wings of the wind; visitors came to look and wonder. The rapid manner in which the smith heated his iron, and hammered it into just such a shape as he desired, was beyond the comprehension of the simple-minded people. One day the farm received a visit from twenty-five sheiks, who inspected the tools, and the way they were used, and the effect they produced, and looked at the growing crops, so much beyond everything they had seen before, and then turned their heads together to consult upon the wonders they had witnessed. The conclusion was that the people must possess a very superior kind of religion, as that is the standard upon which they base all their estimates of character. They made applications at once for several of their sons to serve as apprentices to learn American farming, and did not even object that they should be taught the American religion; for surely, said they, it must be better for them to cultivate such a fruitful soil than starve in the city, as many of them have done; and they begin to apply for situations as laborers, notwithstanding that the priests always taught them that it was derogatory to the national character of the Hebrews. But, under the protection of the American farmers, the Arabs will permit them to labor, and it is now a matter of serious discussion among those who know of the success of this enterprise, whether the most feasible plan for colonizing the Jews in Palestine is not to make them cultivators of the soil. Owing to some difficulty which arose in regard to the title of the land they commenced on in the valley of the Artos, the little colony moved last year to the Plains of Sharon. The number consists now of ten Americans, male and female, and two Germans.—*Granite Farmer.*

PENNY MICROSCOPES.

There is an ingenious mechanic in London who sells microscopes at a penny each. They are made of a common pill-box; the bottom taken out and a piece of window-glass substituted. A small eye-hole is bored in the lid, and thereon is placed the lens, the whole apparatus being painted black. Upon looking through one of these microscopes we were surprised to find hundreds of creatures, apparently the size of earth-worms, swimming about in all directions; yet on the object-glass nothing could be seen but a small speck of flour and water, conveyed there on the end of a lucifer match from a common inkstand, which was nearly full of this vivified paste. Another microscope exhibited a single representative of the animal kingdom showing his impatience of imprisonment by kicking vigorously. Though we must confess a shudder, we could not help admiring the beauty of construction of this little monster, which, if at liberty, would have excited murderous feelings unfavorable to the prolongation of its existence. The sharp-pointed mouth, with which he works his diggings; his side-claws wherewith to hold on while at work; and his little heart, pulsating slowly but forcibly, and sending a stream of blood down the large vessel in the centre of his white and



THE RED THRUSH.

transparent body, could also be seen and wondered at. When the stock of this sort of game runs short, a common earrot seed is substituted, which, when looked at through a magnifier, is marvelously like an animal having a thick body and numerous legs projecting from the sides; so like an animal that it has been mistaken by an enthusiastic philosopher for an animal created in, or by, a chemical mixture in conjunction with electricity. We bought several of these microscopes, determined to find out how all this could be done for a penny. An eminent microscopist examined them, and found that the magnifying power was twenty diameters. The cost of a lens made of glass, of such a power, would be from three to four shillings. How, then, could the whole apparatus be made for a single penny? A pen-knife revealed the mystery. The pill-box was cut in two, and then it appeared that the lens was made of Canada balsam, a transparent gum. The balsam had been heated, and carefully dropped into the eyehole of the pill-box. It then assumed the proper size, shape, transparency and polish of a well-ground lens. Our ingenious lens-maker informed me that he had been selling these microscopes for fifteen years, and that he and his family conjointly made them. One child cut out the pill-boxes, another the gap, another put them together, his wife painted them black and he made the lenses.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

EDMUND KEAN AND CHARLES KEMBLE.

Between the impersonations of Kean and Kemble there was a frontal opposition arising from the opposite nature of their different temperaments. Kean never played a part thoroughly: he disregarded unity altogether—probably he was incapable of forming for himself a complete or harmonious idea of any dramatic character. He acted detached portions alone; but upon these he flung himself with all his mind, and soul, and strength, moral and physical. For such abrupt and spasmodic efforts he possessed particular physical qualifications. An unrivalled command of sinewy and expressive gesture; eyes that emitted tender or baleful light; a brow and lips that expressed vigor, intensity, and indomitable resolution; and a voice running through the entire gamut of passion, and passing easily from an exquisitely touching tenderness to the harshest dissonance of vehement passion. Hence Kean, who was seldom happy in long sustained speeches, was incomparable in all striking, sudden and impulsive passages. Who that ever heard can forget the unutterable tenderness of his reply to Desdemona soliciting for Cassio's restoration to favor: "Let him come when he will, I can deny thee nothing;" the blank, comfortless despair of his "Farewell the tranquil mind, farewell content;" or the hot, tearless agony of his "O, Desdemona, away, away." Who that ever saw him can forget his attitude and look—the one graceful as a panther in act to spring, the other deadly as a basilisk prepared to strike—when awaiting the close of Anne of Warwick's clamorous passion of grief? or the glance of Overreach when Marfall turns against him? or the recoil of Luke from his overweening mistress Lady Frugal? or Shylock's yell of triumph—"A Daniel come to judgment?" or the fascination of his dying eyes in Richard, when, unarm'd and wounded to death, his soul seemed yet to fight with Richmond? In recording these gifts—endowments of nature rather than results of study—we desire to draw and to impress this distinction: 1. That such intellectual and physical qualities as Kean possessed belong to the emotional rather than to the poetical phase of the drama; that the opportunities for their employment are of rare occurrence, and are seldom offered except by Shakespeare himself; and that they do not and should not be supposed to supersede the earnest study of human nature, or that mental and bodily discipline which the vocation of the actor demands. 2. That whereas an actor like Kean is extremely limited in his range of parts (the number of his great parts was six or seven at most), an actor like Charles Kemble, in view of his catholic study of art as a whole, of his high general cultivation, of his patient elaboration of details, is enabled to fill with success various and even dissimilar departments of the drama, and to combine in one and the same person the endowments of a great tragic and a great comic actor. The example of Kean would be of little service to any performer not similarly gifted with himself; the example of the Kembles is available even to the humblest members of their profession, and so long as it was followed and held in honor, so long did the stage retain performers capable of doing justice to the classical drama of England.—*Frazer.*

A GREAT WORK IN ITALY.

Recent letters speak of an undertaking by the king of the two Sicilies, which, if accomplished, will do more for his credit than anything that has yet transpired since his accession. We refer to the draining of the Lake Fucino or Cellano. This lake lies about a hundred and ten miles north of Naples, and is surrounded by the highest Apennines. The melted snows and the rains flowing from these mountains run into the lake, and as it has no outlet, the surrounding land, which is of great fertility, is constantly liable to be submerged. Julius Caesar intended to have had the lake drained, but did not live long enough to accomplish his design. The Emperor Claudius undertook it, and employed thirty thousand men for eleven years in constructing a canal through the mountains; but his work was destroyed by his successor. Through succeeding ages the work was repeatedly resumed, but never completed. At length King Ferdinand II. has granted to a Neapolitan company, chiefly, however, composed of Frenchmen, certain advantageous terms, and they are about commencing operations on the old work of Claudius, and they are to finish it within eight years. The lake is to be entirely drained, and the effect, it is said, will be the reclamation of thirty-three thousand acres of the richest land, which will become the property of the company. With the use of gunpowder and the apparatus of modern science, the work will not be near so difficult as it was in the time of Claudius. Antiquarians are looking forward to the draining of the lake with much interest, for three ancient cities have been swallowed up in the water, which, it is supposed, will reveal treasures of antiquity equal to those of Pompeii. During the reign of Charles the Third, in the latter part of the fourteenth century, the waters fell so low that the ruins of the ancient city of Valeria were revealed, and statues of Claudius, Agrippina and Nero were recovered. The other buried cities are Penna and Archippus.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LILLIE.

BY MRS. M. W. CURTIS.

"Too lovely for earth," sang the angel band,
As they gazed from the beautiful spirit-land—
"Too holy for earth, we will beckon her here;"—
O do not detain her when angels are near.

"Too lovely for earth," said the young mother's heart,
As she tearfully clasped her—"dear thou art,
Sweet little Lillie, our only one;
The Saviour is calling—his will be done."

The lovelight faded, and eyes grew dim,
For dear little Lillie had gone to Him.
She liveth now in a radiant home,
Where death and sighing can never come.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

CORONATION DAY.

BY FRANCES P. PEPPERELL.

BERTRAND DE BORU, as all the world knew, was a man of great wit and talent, more learned than most of his contemporaries, and lord of a small dominion, lying between the continental possessions of King Henry II. of England, and Philip of France, which he continued to hold through political sagacity and adventurous courage; for knowing well, that should his neighbors be at a loss for a bone of contention, his own property would rapidly be dismembered, many averred that he spared no pains to foment both internal and public dissensions among them. To-day, his troubadours at the French court sung pungent satires on the effeminate cowardice of its royalty, that inflamed the irate Philip anew. To-morrow, himself in the halls of Henry, the wine untasted before him, with seething wit made the old monarch's sore heart writhe, and gaily exaggerating a slight affront, and revealing an idle weakness of the rival, he lighted the torch of war afresh. He it was, who incited the princes to insurrection, even now the bosom-friend of Richard, the Lion-Hearted, and in his hospitable castle the young Prince Harry had expired. War was with this extraordinary man a science, a study, a passion, a delight—and love as yet unknown.

The sun had four hours since passed the meridian, one summer's day, when a slight skiff, now as a sudden gust took the flapping sail, flew forward, rocking itself in momentary pauses and darting off again, or drifted slowly with the tide, as the will of him who held an oar, but seldom used it, or of him whose heedless elbows weighed upon the whip-staff, might direct. Yellow hair, beneath a small cloth cap, clustered sunnily around the temples of the former, and his gigantic stature was that of a well-knit and symmetrical athlete. The black curls of the other streamed behind him, as the boat danced onward, and from under a large straw hat, great black eyes gleamed like jewels in a mine. His long, slender limbs were disposed carelessly, but with consummate grace, whither he would, in defiance of all nautical rules, and a smile, shifting from sinister to tender, like an April day, was forever hovering about his mouth. Who, standing on shore would have said, "Yonder is Prince Richard, the Lion-Hearted, and that dark man Bertrand de Boru?"

The hand of Richard lay on the side of the boat, and the sun, shining full on the diamond signet thereon, threw a sheet of light into his companion's face.

"Thou wilt embrown thy snowy hand!" he said. "Hast no veil or scarf to hide it in?"

"Tush, De Boru! thy shafts are wasted! But now, being none to listen, save yon struggling fish, who, unless like those of the Arab tale, must perforce be silent—"

"Methinks," interrupted Bertrand, "a pilgrimage to that Eastern land would be well repaid by the possession of that very piscatory tribe."

"Better, if it redeem the cross from dishonor."

Bertrand smiled.

"As thou wert saying—" said he.

"Ay. Thou knowest, as I told thee a while ago, that I lack means for this—this—"

"Rebellion?"

"Nor better, nor less. Thou hast them not, and I must seek aid of the Jews. Naught easier, thou sayest? But I have no longer any power to obtain it, and thou, Bertrand, must mortgage thy best stronghold to them; having brought me into the labyrinth, thou must also be my Ariadne."

"Theseus deserted her."

"Thou canst say one thing and do another."

"Bertrand de Boru never breaks faith! and I care not if thou dost desert me, Dick; go we to the Jews straightway. Is it Ephraim?"

Lifting himself easily, he turned the rudder shorewards. "Your highness will tack to windward; taut! all right!" he said, and in a few moments the keel cut the sand; mounting the steeds tied in a distant thicket, they soon went their way to London. After an hour's ride, avoiding the noble squares, and threading the low and poor streets of the city, they entered the Jews' quarter. Winding through many narrow lanes and squalid avenues, they came at last upon a small alley where the roofs of the ancient buildings almost met above, and knocking repeatedly with their whipstocks on the sunken door, they were at last admitted by one who led their horses away, while a venerable looking personage accosted them from within. The prince, presenting De Boru, quickly opened his errand, and awaited a reply.

"Let his royal highness expect me here," said the gray-haired usurer. "My lord will accompany me, that I may secure the parchments."

"Thou fearest lest I woo thy handsome daughter again!" said the prince, sneeringly.

"No man dares woo her but once!"

"By my faith! no! for she is a tigress!" answered Richard, as the twain left him.

Ascending a long flight of worn steps, and traversing a dark and narrow hall, descending and ascending once more, and crossing a suite of empty, desolate rooms, they paused before a low and obscure door, which the Jew threw open.

From the hard deal of the floor without, Bertrand de Boru sank in a velvet hush of snow and crimson, a bewildering entanglement of rose and leaf and berry. No other Christians yet knew of such voluptuousness. Groups of statuary, relieved against the dark picturesqueness of trailing draperies woven in Gobelin looms, and richly hewn and intersected cedrine panels, opposed him. Planted easily, hither and thither, were ivory stands of flowers that loaded the atmosphere with aromatic fragrance, and among whose branches gorgeous songsters fluttered airily. There were paintings over which Apelles and Parrhasius might have despaired, an open virginal and folios of copied music, a harp and lute, and beneath a golden and thickly begemmed canopy, wonderfully illuminated parchment scrolls of the Hebrew Scriptures. No windows were visible, but in their stead, silver mirrors set in delicate lines of moresque gilding, flashed back the brilliancy of twenty lustres that depended from the richly carved and thousand-hued ceiling.

In the centre of the room, bursting through the floor and falling again, with a Danaan shower into a marble basin mosaiced with pomegranates and ananarths, rose a fountain in a silvery column; with a dash and a shimmer tossing its spray almost level with the purple and gold-encrusted arch of the ceiling; and by its side, sat, among cushions of rosy silk, a woman, threading jewels on a silver cord. A dark skin with its rich carmine stain upon the cheeks, a slender, drooping nose, thin, finely-cut, red lips, and above a brow smooth as polished marble, great masses of raven black hair, falling half unbraided from strings of glittering coins—met the admiring and astonished gaze of Bertrand; while lifting heavy lids, shining, haughty eyes, that like the Greek god, shot arrows of splendid flame from dark surroundings, glanced at the stranger, and subsided into the former indifference of the drooping lashes, without other motion.

"Be seated, my lord!" said the old Jew. "Rachel, my child, thou wilt salute Lord Bertrand de Boru."

The young Jewess rose slowly, bent her elegant head and offered her cheek for Bertrand's kiss. Then as she struck her hands together, two beautiful slaves, bearing a tray of sweetmeats entered and withdrew. Pouring forth the wine, Rachel touched it to her own lips and presented it to Bertrand, and the old man left the room.

In a moment he returned, followed by a little, white-robed negro, who bore three bags of gold, and placing them on a marble tablet, retired. Bertrand and the Jew, speaking in an under tone, had performed a few necessary ceremonies in a distant portion of the apartment, when the round arm of the Jewess, flashing with jewels, entwined a cedrine pilaster before them. Stamping her foot, bare, save a low slipper, from under the overflowing skirt of yellow silk:

"Father!" she said, "what dost thou now? Dost thou buy me a patrimony with blood? Dost thou set father against son? Woe unto thee, then, Ephraim Abu Erika."

"The fathers have eaten a sour grape, and the children's teeth are set on edge," he said.

"Woe to the rebellious children!" she cried, with a fuller stature before them. "The lying children! When thou, O my father, shalt make an end to deal treacherously, they shall deal treacherously with thee! Shall it not be so with the taker of usury, as with the giver of usury to him? Let no man sow dissension in a household!" and tearing the glittering lace scarf from her hair, she rent it in two, and the delicate fragments floated down from her outstretched hands and fell at Bertrand de Boru's feet, while her blazing eyes pierced him through and through. The silent old man with bloodless lips and trembling hands, put the bags into a small trunk, and the little slave, appearing again at his summons, bore it away.

"Art thou mad, old man?" cried Bertrand, first stupified, then amazed. "A Jew refuse usury?"

"Go!" said the Jewess, pointing with rosy finger-tip to the door, "before thou rousest the lion! As he disappointed thee now, when King Henry shall besiege and capture thee, Rachel, the Jewess—Ephraim, the Jew, will ransom thee!" and going quietly she sunk once more among her cushions, while the Jew and Bertrand went out the door.

"He refuses usury!" said Bertrand, with a significant smile, as they rejoined the prince.

Richard sprang forward and seizing the old man by the throat, cried:

"Ho! thou dog! dost thou beard me again? Wilt thwart my well laid plans once more?"

"Unhand him, thou giant," said Bertrand. "Take thine anger elsewhere! If a Jew has a conscience, let him use it."

There was a tone in the careless Bertrand's voice that Richard well understood, and dependent as he was upon the other's tact and skill, he loosed his hold.

"This comes," he said, "of thy witch of a daughter! the hag!"

"She might not be thy highness's wife," said the Jew. "The Jewess is too proud to stoop to less."

"Hearken, craven!" said the prince. "On the feast of my

coronation day, let but one of thy accursed race present himself, and not a Jew shall breathe life in this quarter!" and the two departed.

But above, in the room of Eastern splendor, sat the Jewess, defiance, indifference, calmness, gone from her. The beautiful eyes were suffused with tears, the long, taper fingers clenched above her low, white forehead.

"He forgetteth," she murmured. "He, who saved me from the Norse, false Eleanor of Guienne bringeth him to wed Eve! Once he vowed—but men break vows as easily as hearts!" and she dashed away the drops.

Queen Eleanor, after her husband had frustrated her design of leaving England to join her sons in France, had been put in a state of honorable confinement, being unguarded indeed, but having passed her word not to leave her residence, and Eleanor's word was to be trusted. Knowing the great use Bertrand de Boru, through his political experience and great generalship, might be both to herself and her sons whom first he had incited to rebellion, she endeavored to bind him closer to her house by the ties of relationship, and for that end had brought over her niece, the beautiful Eve of Guienne. Her desires had been fully equalled, for only the heart steeled by the bewitchments of Eve, could have resisted the once all-powerful force of Rachel the Jewess. If many a month ago, he had brought the latter, rescued from Scandinavian cruelties, into his castle, and had escorted her to her unknown father's home in Germany, himself in a heedless admiration having paid her vow for war—in war, in government, in touring, the memory of the Jewess had grown ever fainter. Indeed, at the time he had seen but little of her, while, on the contrary, she had listened hours to the rapt recitals of his noble deeds—and if now her heart bled over the recollection, what knew he? What recked he? What recked any man?

Queen Eleanor sat in her private bower chamber, which was a marvel of splendor to the English people. The floor was covered with lead drawn into gaily painted tiles, and here and there a mat of straw. The walls were completely hung with painted arras, whose representations were vividly grotesque. Through an open lattice came the murmur of leaves from the dark garden without, and one actual bough laden with white blossoms, protruded temptingly within. One or two large arm-chairs, a tablet of carved oak and a couch, completed the furniture of the apartment. The queen sat looking on an ivory cross, and on the couch slept the pearl of Britain, the flower of Guienne, the ladie-love of Bertrand de Boru. There she lay; a confused heap of spangled gauze and glowing brede, of delicate white silks and Venetian laces; long, dark streams of hair entwined with pearls and corals, semi-circles of drooping lashes on oval, fine-grained cheeks, a bare, round shoulder, a rosiness suffused with smiles, and, at the moment of a servant's entrance, immense dusky eyes raised sleepily and veiled again.

"There is one without, desireth speech of your majesty," said the page.

"Admit him!" and in a moment a tall man entered, who, throwing off a heavy cloak, displayed the green hunting dress and silver horn of Sherwood Forest.

"Welcome, my brave Huntingdon!" cried the queen.

"Not so, your majesty! but the bold outlaw, Robin Hood."

"I have sent for thy services, then, kind Robin, because I am in great need. Thou seest yon sleeper, who entranceth all men more madly than did Cleopatra. Thou must protect her. It is necessary that she wed my Lord Bertrand de Boru, the bold man who would not turn back for a legion of evil spirits. But my son Richard, a sad youth, will cause me trouble here, I fear. And I have decreed that he shall wed Berenguela of Naples. Take thou my Eve with her maids and riches, and guard her in the forest till I demand her."

"Ay, madam. To-morrow I will be without the gates, beyond the Jews' quarter!"

"Thou art a friend indeed. Richard shall not forget thee."

"His highness, madam, will continue my outlawry for this deed, and I ask no greater favor!"

"Do not thou lose thy heart to this flower of Guienne!"

"I have maid Marian in the forest! adieu!" and he was gone.

Scarcely had he retreated, when by another door entered Richard, and the hand of Bertrand being seen upon the open lattice, in an instant, with a light leap, he himself was within. Richard stooping, awoke his cousin with a kiss. Then Eve opened her sleepy eyes. "Away—thou Goth!" she murmured, and sunk back again. Suddenly, as if aware of Bertrand's presence, she sprang up with a laugh like tinkling water-drops, and wreathing her silken hair around her fingers, for a moment half bashfully, she laughed again, and the little quivering feet raced forward, and throwing herself on the arm of her aunt's chair she hid her face in the queen's neck.

"Avoynt thee! little witch!" cried the queen, catching her hands and holding her at arm's length, where she could not hide her blushes, "dost thou goest hence, to-morrow?"

"Whither, pray?" asked the melodious voice, as Eve opened wide her filmy eyes.

"De Boru attendeth thee!" continued the queen.

"And where," said Eve, "will my cousin Richard be? Ah, the dunce, he sleepeth!" For the prince, stretched on the couch that was scarcely large enough for one of his arms, lay with closed eyes, but greedy ears; and stealing gently over to him, Eve of Guienne thrust a thorn into his forehead. Richard bounded up.

"Just guerdon, little maid!" said he, seizing her in his great arms, but she slept away like an Undine, and assumed shape in her aunt's arms again.

"Thou art a hoyden; not a princess!" said the queen, not well pleased.

"Is he not my cousin? may I not torment those I love?" said the sly coquette.

All this time Bertrand sat looking silently on, and almost carelessly. But there was a passion in his heart that forbade him to stir, that nearly stifled his breath, that sent the dark blood flushing and paling his cheek by turns, that would not suffer him to speak, lest his soul rising within him, his whole love should burst forth into being, and perhaps scorn, before his rival. And still he despised and laughed bitterly at himself, at being finally entranced and by so slight a thing. All at once Eve of Guienne began tearing off her bracelets of gold and throwing them on the floor.

"Why doest thou so?" said Queen Eleanor.

"O, that perchance," she cried violently, "I go from this happy place and those I love, knowing not whither nor why—alone—dost cease to love? Is Richard angered? Is —"

"Bertrand de Boru goeth with thee!"

A haughty flash of contempt wreathed the voluptuous lips turned full upon him, followed by a quick, arch smile, then a sudden burst of tears, and a vehement outbreak of angry temper.

"I will return to Guienne!" she exclaimed, starting up, treading on her bracelets and striking her hands. "I will not linger! I will go away where I am loved!" And she flung a ring from her finger at the feet of Richard, and began unwinding a chain from her neck. "I will not speak fair again—never! I will be a nun! that indeed!" and suddenly as her anger had arisen, it ceased. For catching sight of the bough of white blossoms, she ran towards them, and plucking a handful disposed them charmingly about her person, and tripped smilingly back, like a petted child or an artful beauty. "Thou thinkest me wayward," she said, and putting her mouth close to the queen's ear, she whispered: "Dost thou believe Bertrand may care for me?"

Richard had meanwhile guarded an incorrigible silence.

"By my soul, Bertrand!" he uttered at last, "I will be revenged on that Jewess!"

"And how will the Lion-Hearted effect vengeance on a woman?"

The next morning the Lady Eve, wrapped in a cloth habit of dark blue that singularly became her astonishing beauty, was placed in a lofty litter, borne on the shoulders of stout servitors, her maidens riding on ponies beside it, and Lord Bertrand de Boru, who was obliged to be unknown in London, awaiting them without the gates. They had nearly reached the first quarter, when a cry went up—"The wanton Eve of Guienne, friend of the wicked queen, a conspirator against the good king's life!"

The rumor flew among a populace always ready for a disturbance, and seizing stones and clogs, they hurried to the scene of action. On the first confusion of fierce cries and shouts, one in the van, more adventurous than the rest, tore aside the curtains, and Eve of Guienne appeared to the more curious than angry multitude, leaning on her elbow and gazing at them with surprised eyes. Childish smiles instantly illuminated her face, beneath its shade of snow plumes.

"They want money, Gilbert!" said she, in her sweet Southern tongue, not at all understanding the barbaric jangle of their language. "Give them gold!"

Whether it was the gold that stilled the tumult, or whether the people felt intuitively a compassionate and protecting instinct for so beautiful, weak and smiling a plaything, cannot be told; an instant they paused, and then one crying, "Will you let her smiles bewitch ye, men!" hurled his clog at the litter. The bearers stooping to avoid it, tilted the litter low upon one side, and a woman threw herself in, unperceived in the distraction. It was Rachel, the Jewess.

"He loves thee!" said she to the wondering little beauty, "therefore I will save thee!" The bearers recovered their balance, striking with their staves at their oppressors, and the litter rose above the shoulders of the crowd once more, when, parting the curtains, which had closed again, Rachel stepped forward, and confronted the populace. She paused a moment before the people struck into silence by her courage and majestic mien.

"It is the queen!" they said, in subdued murmurs, seeing the sun striking on her diamond frontlet. Rachel instantly saw and seized the advantage she had gained.

"Disperse, all of ye!" she cried, in their own dialect, extending her long arm towards them. "Cometh a crowd to tread out two women? Fear the king's vengeance for his insulted wife!"

"The king hateth thee!" screamed one brutal voice to the fictitious queen, whose eyes flashed like fires, as she said:

"If so, wretch! I should not be here. Look to thyself! Eleanor of Guienne loveth the English people, nor would willingly punish them, but one word of her's could call out forces that would hew ye all in pieces! wives and babes! Disperse! I command ye!"

There was a backward movement in the crowd, over which Rachel still towered like a Judith, and in a few moments the members of the mob left the streets gradually to their usual appearance. When the bewildered Eve of Guienne would have covered her preserver's hands with kisses, the Jewess was gone. And on reaching the gate, Eve, no wise disturbed, was taken from litter to palfrey, and rode on by the side of Bertrand de Boru.

Merrily they reached the confines of Sherwood Forest, with song and laughter, and with but one adventure with the king's men, in which, while the lithe, tall figure of Bertrand charged in the valley, aided by Robin Hood and the forces springing up from every ambush, Eve standing on the hill, clapped her hands and laughed with glee; but when Bertrand returned, his arm slightly wounded, all the color forsook her face, and with a demure sobriety she bound it as if the wound were one that endangered her own life. A few days Bertrand tarried in the forest, and all the hours flew by on rosy wings.

One morning, following a bird from bush to bush, Eve of Guienne, in her shining, snowy raiment, entering a glen, a paradise of earthly beauty, sat herself by the side of a stream, skipping pebbles over the waters that turned into radiant prisms beneath them. For no long time had she sat there, her eyes growing duskier with calm thought (and indeed, for a few days past, she had assumed a most womanly bearing), before Bertrand, returning from the chase, spied her through a vista of oaks, and sought her. He had a bunch of fragrant, purple bells in his hand which he silently presented. Eve took them, as he gave them, without a word. A moment, the tears kept pouring into her eyes and she bit her lip to restrain herself; the next, throwing the flowers into the brook, she stood up and fell again on her knees, with her face against a cold rock, while her frame shook with sobs. An arm surrounded her, the little head was drawn back, curved lips, never before parted but for sarcastic wit, grew to her own in one long kiss. The grief was stilled, the fear forgotten, the womanly bearing disappeared—she started to her feet, gathering blushes around herself from head to foot, then kissed his brow, his cheeks, his mouth, in a childish passion. Within a week, Bertrand de Boru left for his castle on the continent, for he heard that the king was marching to besiege it.

A month had passed, and the white sails of the royal fleet bore back a victorious king and a captive, for Bertrand de Boru, the daring and successful warrior, had been taken only by a shameful stratagem; and now, any noble would have staked his head that Bertrand de Boru's world would roll in the sand, whenever the king could sufficiently complete his vengeance, by bringing Eve of Guienne to witness his death.

The old, heart-broken monarch ordered Bertrand to be brought before him. The great doors opened, and the guards, standing back, admitted the captive, unchained, but unarmed. With a haughty glance he took in the whole scene—the king whom he had injured, though in self-defence, whose sons, by goads of satire he had aroused to sedition, the scornful courtiers who once had fawned upon him; the ladies, who, in palmier days, would have given their little finger tips (and he knew it) for one smile from his mocking lips; and folding his arms, he stood proudly erect, with the old bitter smile, and at a distance.

"I think, Bertrand, thy wit has failed thee!" exclaimed the king.

A quick expression of savage triumph writhed across Bertrand's face, followed by a gleam of pity. He bowed low to the king, and said in a cutting tone:

"Yes, my lord, it failed me on the day that the valiant young king, your son, expired; on that day I lost sense, wit and knowledge."

The king bounded forward, staggered and fell.

"His majesty fainteth!" cried one, and they bore him to an adjoining room. Once more the door opened. A tall female, deeply veiled and wrapped in a superb Indian shawl, followed by a slave bearing a coffer, passed through, and with an imperious gesture, entered the room of the king. A quarter of an hour had elapsed, when Bertrand was summoned within. The room was empty of all save his majesty and Rachel, the Jewess.

"Thy ransom is paid!" said the king, rising. "Ten thousand marks! Thank thou thy ransomer!"—and he left them.

In the midst of his promised happiness with Eve of Guienne, Bertrand's heroic soul had faced death and dared it. Now, a great rage overwhelmed him in his unexpected relief, that he should owe life to her whom he had perhaps wronged. But his nature was too noble for so unworthy an emotion, and going forward he would have taken her hands, have poured forth thanks—but she drew them back, and only with clear, serious eyes looked him through and through. Bertrand would not shrink, nor would he be the first to break the silence. A long time it lasted. Still Bertrand never quailed. She turned from him.

"Not Holofernes to Judith, not Sisera to Jael, did as thou—" she muttered, with ghastly lips and face. "Never shall I look on him again—can I not control myself? Must I tell my misery to him who rejoiceth therat? Women of old slew and cursed. Anna the prophetess foretold. Is her gift lost to our people? I will tell thee, Bertrand de Boru!" she cried, coming back to him. "When in thy dreams thou seest Rachel with a bloody line across her bosom, know that thou dost draw it! for thou alone, of all the world, hast wronged me!"

Her cheeks flushed wildly again, her lips pulped full, her eyes glowed, her whole splendor, more brilliant for the moment than even Eve of Guienne's, corruscated over face and figure and went out.

"If I have wronged thee, Rachel," said the deep, sad tones of Bertrand, "it was unwittingly. I am yet thy friend. We both misjudged ourselves!"

"Thy hands are defiled with blood, thy lips have spoken lies, therefore is judgment far from thee!"

"Come thou with me, Rachel, to a home of happiness, where we will win thee back to gentleness."

"Never! I will not curse! I cannot bless! I can only die. Thou hast betrayed me!" she exclaimed vehemently, striking her tender breast. "Let the thought of me, Bertrand de Boru, flit across thy happiness like the wing of the destroying angel, and blast it!" And then throwing herself on her knees, she wrung her hands, crying, "Have I indeed cursed thee? I am as a whirlwind. Forgive me! O, forget me! cursed rather be the day wherein I was born!" and she stretched out her arms tenderly, as one would to a little child. "I degrade myself in despair," she said, rising. "Thou wilt see me yet once again, but I shall not see thee,"—and pulling her veil about her, she went out.

The old king had died, cursing his children, and Richard, the Lion-Hearted, swayed the sceptre of England. Fate and Beren-

guella of Naples had reconciled him to the union of Bertrand de Boru and Eve of Guienne; and this very morn, his coronation day, had the bishop of Winchester made the twain one. The feast was spread in the great halls magnificently decorated for the occasion. Wealth was spread upon the boards, beauty surrounded them, but the pearl of all, Eve of Guienne, in robes of white more glittering and gauzy than she ever wore before, half lay on the velvet couch, between Queen Eleanor and her own wedded lord, Bertrand de Boru; beyond Eleanor, sat the king.

The heavier courses had been dismissed, and wine and song and mirth were passing freely, with a hundred changes, where women were not excluded. There came a little hush, and skilful serfs behind, ringing out accompaniments, Eve of Guienne, scarcely raising herself from Bertrand's shoulder, with drooping lashes and but half-parted lips, sung or rather sighed:

"The grape is bursting in the woods,
The sun on yellow moss is shining.
Will birch stream south upon the wind,
Still thou and I are intertwining
This one long wreath of rosemary and rue.
Drop thou the thread away,
Loosen thy glance to-day,
Smile on me, smile on me, tender and true!
Down where the vines stray,
Fling thou those blossoms gay.
None but my beauty seek thou to view!
While sweet skies are o'er us bent,
Close thy tired lids and sleep—
Alas, for all merriment,
Some others weep."

In the wild caprice of her nature, Eve had chosen her song but illy; for a damp sadness stole over the guests, but a moment before hilarious. Saddest of all were the long-cut eyes of two dark-bearded Jews, at the foot of the table, beyond the salt.

"By my sword! I swore it!" cried Richard, leaping from his chair, "I swore no Jew should live, and this chancing! Let out the wild beasts! Advance the soldiery! SLAUGHTER! Let no Jew be alive within the walls, at sunset."

Instantly all was confusion. The Jews were flung forth. A terrible tumult arose in the streets, but the doors were closed, and the mirth within grew more boisterous from its sudden check. But a trouble came, ere long, into Bertrand's eye. It seemed to him as though he were spell-bound, and heard that one voice, that was to be the Nemesis of his life, calling him.

"Thou art avenged on the Jewess!" he exclaimed. "Come!" and he rushed from the banquet hall. The king madly followed, neither from love or hate but as by some stronger power. The crowd, full of violence and thirsting for blood, opened for the steed of the king and his companion, and two women following with other nobles, and they came to the Jews' quarter. The houses were undemolished, though sacked, but every door-stone was stained with blood. Bertrand de Boru rushed into one where three months before he had knocked for usury, the pale and speechless Eve of Guienne clinging to him, and following. Open trunks were strewn around; ruins everywhere. Mounting the broken stairs, they traversed the hall to the Oriental room, whence gushed a flood of golden light. They entered. It was quiet and unmolested. Perhaps no one had been there. Nay—but one only, and he had fled away, maddened at his deed. The sculptures were white and still; but stiller, and whiter, and more beautiful, stood even in death, with rigid arms entwining the cedrine pillar, one, whose unveiled bosom was ensanguined with a purple drip—Rachel, the Jewess.

FIGHTING POWERS OF DIFFERENT NATIONS.

The French, proverbially a brave and excitable people, are brilliant and formidable in an attack. If repulsed, a revulsion equally violent usually takes place, and would often prove fatal if it were not for the precaution of placing reserves. When these are not wanting, they are capable of being easily rallied, and their fighting spirit is soon restored. The Russians are less excitable; but, nevertheless, in an attack are not to be surpassed in bravery and perseverance by the troops of any European nation, with this advantage, that they appear to be incapable of panic, and, though they may be repulsed and defeated, they cannot be forced to run in confusion from the field of battle. The Prussian armies engaged in these campaigns, were not, for the most part, very young soldiers; a spirit of enthusiasm pervaded their ranks, which rendered them capable of the most brilliant achievements. In cases of defeat, the momentary hurry and confusion, to which all young troops are liable, were less violent with them than the French; but, though easily rallied, and their patriotic enthusiasm soon restored, they could not rival the Russian stoicism in adversity. The Austrians, properly so called, were highly disciplined and brave, but the infantry of that race appeared deficient in energy when compared with the French or Prussians, and their physical powers could not be compared with those of the sturdy Russian soldiery. The Bohemians appeared to be somewhat more healthy and robust, but did not materially differ in point of national character from their Austrian brethren in arms. The Hungarian infantry were decidedly superior to both in point of energy and physical power, and the select corps of grenadiers furnished by that nation were equal, if not superior to any in the field.—*Hon. George Cathcart.*

THE PLEASURES OF TRAVELLING.

In my view, the greatest enjoyments of travelling are to be found in the chance delights, rather than in the official part of travelling. I go through a picture-gallery, enjoying with instructed and well-regulated satisfaction all the things I ought to enjoy. Down in the recesses of my mind, not communicated, perhaps, to any of my companions, is the secret hope that the room I see in the distance is really the last in the building, and that I shall have to go through no more. It is a warm day, and stepping out upon a balcony for a moment, I see a young girl carefully helping her infirm mother out of church, and playfully insisting upon carrying the market-burdens of both, far too heavy for her little self. I watch the pair to the corner of the street, and then turn back to see the pictures which must be seen. But the pictures will fade from my memory sooner than this little scene which I saw from the balcony. I have put that by for my private gallery.—*Companions of my Solitude.*

Success in life depends upon the heroic self with which a man sets out in life.—*J. R. Lowell.*



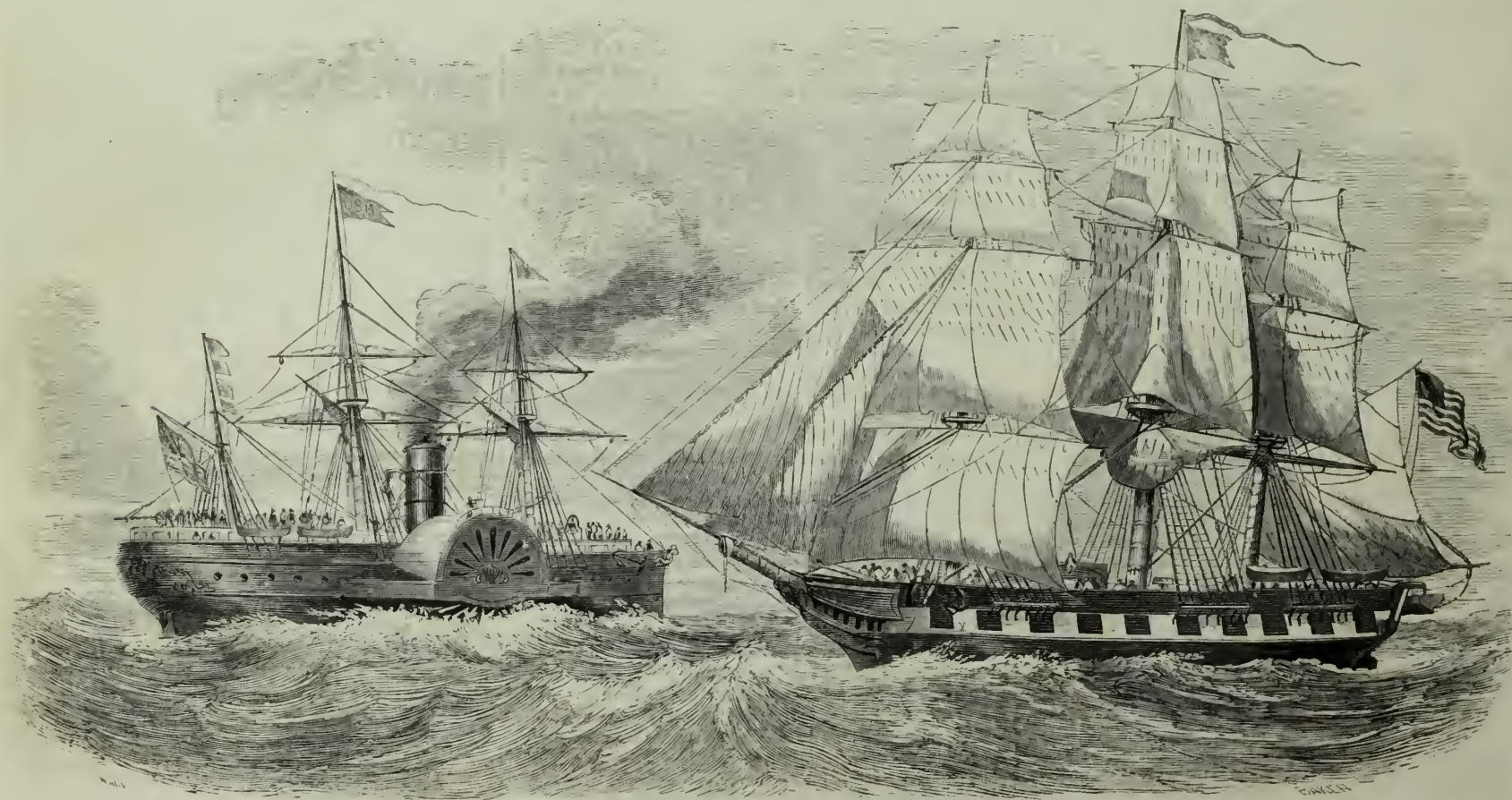
AN AMERICAN PACKET SHIP.—LEAVING LIVERPOOL.

THE AMERICAN PASSENGER PACKET SHIP.

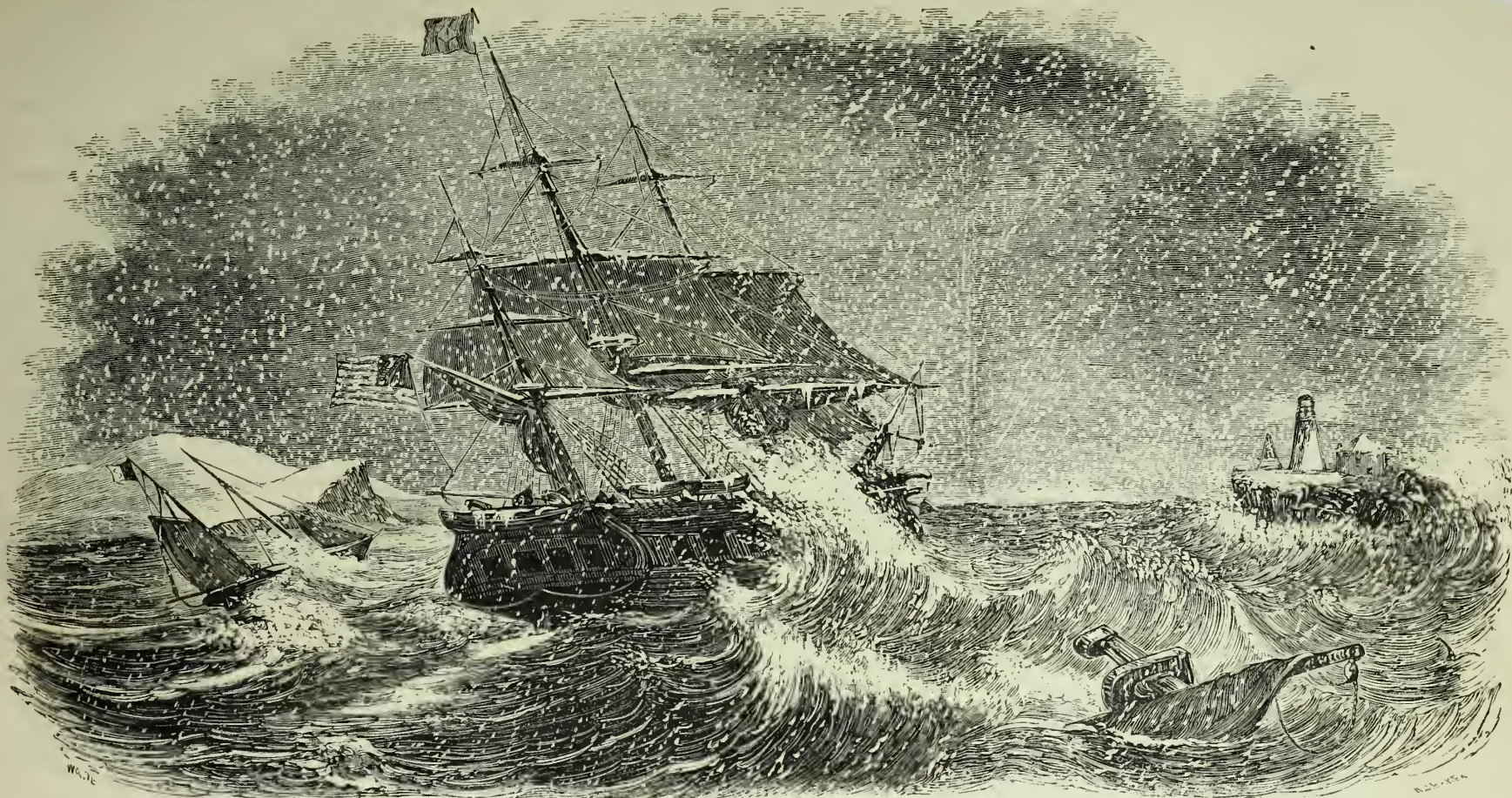
We feel much pleasure in presenting our readers with a series of original marine sketches, drawn for us by Mr. Wade, who understands so well the poetry and life of the ocean. These views represent the most striking phases in the voyage of one of Colonel Train's packet-ships from Liverpool to Boston. The first picture shows the vessel leaving port and being towed out of the Mersey by a steam-tug. She is crowded with passengers, who are taking their last look at the familiar face of the city. On the quarter-deck are the cabin passengers, travelling for business or pleasure, some of them, doubtless, afloat for the first time; others, old stagers, who have crossed and recrossed the Atlantic till the voyage presents no novelty. The deck is thronged with steerage passengers, emigrants, bound to try their fortunes in a new world. The large proportion of these have no capital but their thews and sinews, and are now on board a large ship for the first time. Unlettered and inexperienced, everything seems dreamlike to their senses—the rattling of blocks and ropes, the cries of the busy seamen as they heave round the capstan, the hoarse orders of the officers, the strange bustle aloft and aloft, the rise and expansion of the huge masses of canvass that wing their floating home, and will soon cover it with piled-up clouds. Here are women with

swollen eyes, who have just parted with near and dear ones, perhaps never to meet again; mothers seeking to hush their wailing babes. In one place an aged woman, who has nearly reached the extreme term of life, sits listless and sad, scarcely conscious of the bustle and confusion round her. She lives not in the present, but in the past. Her days of hope are over; she is almost alone in the world, and yet clings with tenacity to a life of which the charms are gone. This voyage across the Atlantic is another dreary chapter of an existence made up of periods of strife with hard adversities, chequered, as even the hardest lot is, with gleams of sunshine here and there. Perched on a cask, leaning on the bulwark and gazing sorrowfully shoreward, is a stalwart young peasant, who is thinking of the girl he left behind him. The tender passion refines his unintellectual features, and his lips would doubtless utter words charged with the poetry of natural sentiment, were they not engaged in emitting whiffs of smoke from a short pipe, which certainly does not breathe the odors of Araby the blest. His broad shoulders are decorated with the loose folds of a stained and shabby brown coat; his corduroy breeches descend just below the knee, and scarcely meet the thick gray stockings which increase the apparent magnitude of "calves that would make a chairman stare." He is a type of the "finest

pisantry." There are children, too, gay as larks, running about the decks, fearless, frolicsome and full of careless mirth. But each one of these dirty little urchins has a faithful guardian of either sex, so that there is not the slightest danger of his tumbling down the hatchway, or disappearing through a port-hole, or being extinguished by the bight of a cable. But at last the bustle subsides, and out of chaos comes order. The little steamer has accomplished her mission, the sails of the packet-ship have begun to draw. Liverpool and Birkenhead are lost to view—the miles of docks and acres of shipping are to the voyagers as if they had never been, and, if the wind holds, before a great many hours the good ship will be rising and falling on the blue waves of the broad Atlantic, and laying her course athwart the trackless deep. The second picture of our series represents our packet-ship speaking one of the Collins steamers at sea. She is backing her topsails and checking her way, while the captain of the steamer, standing on her starboard paddle-box, hails through his trumpet. The passengers and crew of either vessel crowd the decks and eagerly listen to the exchange of salutations and such scraps of news as the passing moment admits of. But the yards are braced, the topsails and royals filled, and away plunges the good ship, while the steamer's paddles paw the water, and with mutual cheers



SPEAKING A COLLINS STEAMER.

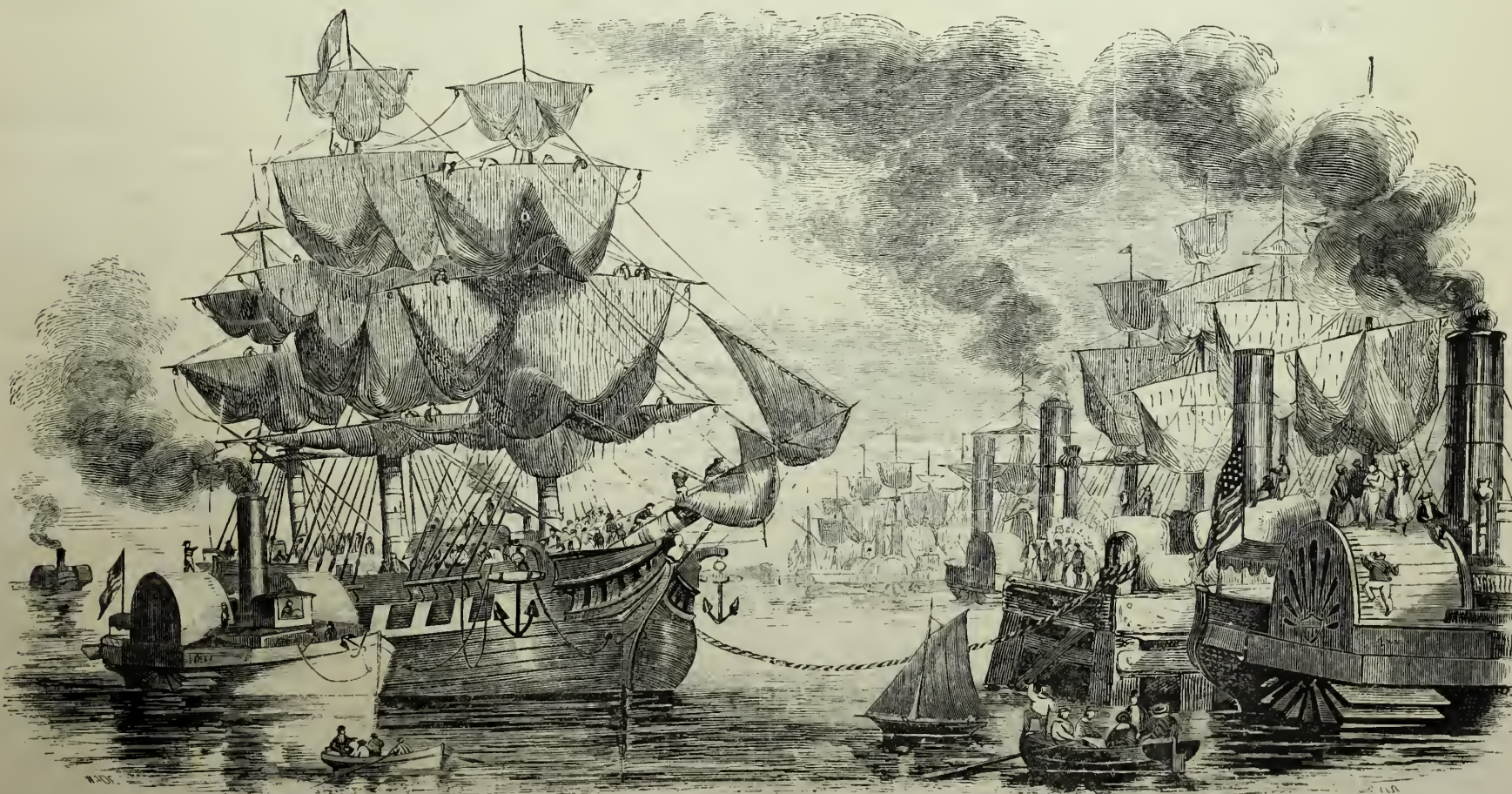


MAKING BOSTON LIGHT IN A SNOW-STORM.

the vessels continue their course. The steamer soon becomes a mere blot on the face of the waters, and then is lost to view from the deck, only a dim cloud marking the place of her disappearance. But at last the good ship, buffeted by wind and wave, approaches the term of her voyage. The cry of "land!" has roused every soul on board of her. The languid invalid feels new life stir within him. Our artist has given us, in his third picture, a spirited representation of the ship off Boston light, in a smart snow-storm. The courses are hauled up, the jib and topsails reefed, and while the sea breaks over her laboring bow, freezing as it falls, the pilot-boat dashes up on her lee. A floating spar and sail, the dismal token of a wreck, are wallowing in the foreground of the picture, but yet the sentinel tower flashes forth its faithful rays upon the storm, and we feel that the good ship will breast it triumphantly, and bring her crew and passengers safe and sound into port. The last scene shows the arrival of the ship at the wharf. The steam-tug has piloted her huge bulk to the pier. A hawser has been carried ashore and made fast, and now the sailors are heaving on the windlass with a will. Every soul is on the *qui vive* on board, hundreds of anxious eyes are bent on the shore, some to scan the appearance of the promised land, others seeking to recognize familiar faces sure to beam with the smile of joyous welcome.

The pier and the neighboring vessels are crowded with interested spectators. In a few moments more the ship will be alongside the wharf, and the gangway rigged out, up and down which a tide of human beings will be pouring, while trunks, boxes, cooking utensils and bedding will be propelled over the inclined plane, to the imminent danger of legs and bodies. The custom-house inspector will force his way aboard, heedless of the peril of a plunge in the dock, for every chattel that goes ashore must pass under his vigilant eye. Colonel Train's establishment will of course be represented. Pitman's voice will be heard, trying to regulate the confusion. Harry will be there if not busy elsewhere. Cab and cart-men, you may be sure, will be abundant, for they know to a moment what time the vessel will arrive, and are on hand, ready for a job. What joyous meetings! What hearty shakes of the hand! What greetings between girls dressed in the height of fashion and their ill clad sisters who come ashore in the ragged garb of poverty! Pat with the velvet breeches and the very long tailed brown coat, hardly recognizes a countryman in the stylish gentleman who actually wears pantaloons and sports a gold guard chain, and very likely draws off a kid glove to shake hands with his old crony from Tipperary. For some hours the confusion incidental to the landing of the passengers

from an emigrant ship continues, but finally the last box slides down the gangway, the last man takes his departure, and as night closes, silence reigns on the packet pier. The laws regulating the accommodations and management of passenger ships are now very stringent and rigidly enforced, but Train & Co.'s line was always famous for the excellence of its arrangements. We never heard any complaint against them, and, on the contrary, have been always surprised to see how admirably their vessels have been managed. Order, system and liberality have distinguished all the operations of this house. We have witnessed the landing of some thousands of their passengers, and the discharge of many of their cargoes, and have had occasion to note the promptitude and efficiency invariably evinced. They have obtained success by deserving it. In years gone by, we have seen some sad sights in connection with passenger ships. We remember one case of an overcrowded vessel arriving after a long passage, in the course of which very many of the passengers died, though most of the deaths were occasioned by their partaking too freely of wine and oranges in Fayal, where the ship touched to refit after heavy weather. Too frequently the privation and disease connected with the poorly provided emigrant ship make terrible work, cutting off the ill-fated passengers by scores.



ARRIVAL AT THE PIER.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MIND.

BY WILLIAM R. LAWRENCE.

The mind intent shall spring to its reward,
No path circuitous may lead the way;
Deep penetration is its high behest,
Though cumbered here by feeble, senseless clay.

All obstacles alike are cast aside,
No earthly thrall shall chain the soaring mind;
All feeble opposition finds an end,
As leaflets flee before the autumn wind.

Stern resolution rules each fleeting hour,
Each moment conquers, is o'ercome of none;
'Tis thus the victory must be achieved,
And thus the long and arduous race be won.

Omnipotent is mind! her attributes
Uphold in strength her power almost divine;
From source eternal energy she drew,
Through endless ages shall her glory shine.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

IMPRESSIONS OF ITALY.

BY EDWIN W. MONTAGUE.

As we lie here at anchor, in the harbor of Messina, a city, which lies at the foot of numerous high, precipitous hills, well cultivated and green, I seat myself to write a letter, which I intend to mail at Malta to-morrow. Forty-seven days have I been on the shores or the waters of Italy; and never before, in the same period, have I received so much pleasure and so much disgust. Pleasure in the examination of the antiquities and works of art, and in the indescribable loveliness of nature on land and sea, in a land "where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile." Disgust in the degradation, slavery, wickedness and wretchedness of the people; at the filth which everywhere abounds; at the knavery of priests and rulers; at the universal and overwhelming indolence of all orders and classes. And then my heart has ached for the people, as I have witnessed the signs of their servitude. Rome filled with foreign troops (the French), continually parading in her streets, and a foreign flag hanging from the castle of St. Angelo. Naples overawed by an immense collection of soldiery, marching and countermarching in battalions of thousands daily before her citizens; not foreign, it is pleasant to think, but kept for no other object than to overawe and repress all aspirations for liberty. And, in a merely economical point of view, what is extremely painful in the sight of these immense armies in a nation of beggars, is the fact that they are the strongest, the most able-bodied men in the country, who ought, by the evident design of Providence, to be engaged in productive labor, increasing the wealth and resources of the nation; instead of living in idleness, and eating up the bread which others have earned, thus being a double drain upon the country, both in what they do not produce and in what they consume.

Another very painful sight is the great number of priests and monks, parading in their peculiar dress, living in idleness, eating up the resources of the people, and doing no work with their own hands. Then, after walking through a filthy street in an Italian city, every sense pained by filth and sights of grossness, beset with beggars and victims of every disgusting disease, one enters a splendid church, and sees that millions have been there expended on gorgeous marbles and tawdry gildings. When he sees new churches building, even now, in the middle of the nineteenth century, at an expense sufficient to support the standing poor of some Italian city for a whole year, with a costliness which disgusts, because out of place, and because every visitor knows that the country cannot afford it, and that Italy has other things to do before she builds any more temples to ecclesiastical pride, how does one mourn for the land bound by the double chain of tyranny and superstition; how does one long to wrench away the gold and the silver from the altar, and employ it in the service of God, and not of pride and bigotry; in the relief of the poor, the education of the ignorant, the cleansing of the streets and houses, and no longer in support of a debasing idolatry!

Let me tell you my experience at the custom-house of Fondi. As we entered the nasty streets of this town, sending forth intolerable stenches, as they do, flowing with every abomination, and crowded with shameless, importunate beggars, we were stopped at the custom-house. Ignorant of the venality of the officers, we unfortunately omitted to take the precaution of offering a bribe of a few dollars to be permitted to pass unmolested; so, after they had satisfactorily tumbled and disarranged all our clothing, they pounced upon our books and engravings, and bore them, in pompous complacency, to an upper chamber, whither we followed, like lambs to the slaughter. After long arguments, we at last forced them to admit that Murray's guide-books, of which there were a large number in the party, might be allowed to pass without danger to the government; but a shameless, lying villain seized my two volumes of the Latin Poets, which I had bought in Rome, and not content with dirtying its beautiful vellum covers on the nasty counters of his filthy room, told me that the work could not be allowed to enter the kingdom of Naples, unless a soldier accompanied me with it to Naples, I bearing the expenses of his escort, which would be at least eight or ten dollars!

After the miscreant had stained his soul by this lie (for I thought it a lie at the time, and learned at Naples that it was so), with mercenary meanness, he changed his tone, and told me if I would conceal the books under my cloak, at every custom-house we

passed, I could carry them with me, without a soldier, and he would allow me to take them from Fondi, if—I would pay him a fee for this advice! It was my best resource, and I paid this faithful, high-minded officer of the government five francs (which barely satisfied him), for his noble advice to skulk through the kingdom with the books hidden in my cloak! I need not say that I did not stop to follow the advice of the venal wretch: as soon as I got to a place where I had access to my trunk, I replaced the books where they belonged, and where alone I would carry them if I had to pass a hundred Fondis.

I am happy to say that this five francs is the only fee that the officer got out of us, unless (which indeed is not unlikely) he directly cheated his government; for his other extortions from us were under the pretence of levying regular duties, for which he gave us a receipt. This extortion was, however, by no means small, amounting to over seven dollars for the party. My share was one dollar, for a little book of Views of Rome, for which I paid two dollars—fifty per cent. ad valorem, for a few pictures of scenes in this accursed country! The other charges were for engravings, medallions, and a pair of Roman ox-horns—for the latter paying a dollar and a half! Never did I so regret my imperfect knowledge of Italian. I longed to tell the villains to their faces just what I thought of them. I did tell them in English, and my face and attitude, said my companions, expressed a sublime indignation. I made them understand by signs what I could not by words. The idea was too much for my endurance, that the Latin Poets could not be suffered to enter the kingdom except under the surveillance of a soldier; and equally indignant was I at receiving the advice to skulk, like a guilty thing, through the kingdom, concealing contraband articles under my cloak. To that humiliation I did not submit.

When I landed at Civita Vecchia, I was treated quite civilly. The officers wished a fee, but a very small one contented them. Several bibles were taken away from gentlemen who landed with me, but they succeeded in reclaiming them through our consul at Rome. While I was in Rome I formed a slight acquaintance with a German student, who wore a beautiful chocolate-colored "Kossuth hat." (It would not have done for me to write that name in Naples!) It pleased me very much, and I wished to buy one like it; but my friend told me that he had been cautioned twice by the police for wearing it, because it looked revolutionary; and had only escaped trouble by appealing to his ambassador, and reminding them that he had bought it in Rome, and the seller was more to blame than the buyer. Perhaps this innocent remark cost the poor vender dear. An American lady told me that she had been informed that there was hardly a single family of the lower orders at Rome of which some member had not been imprisoned on political suspicions, and that there were several men then imprisoned for selling hats! Our first evening at Naples we offered, at the trattoria where we dined, a dollar coined by some European state about the time of the French revolution. The waiter brought it back to us, saying that they could not take it because the word "Liberty" was stamped upon it!

One of the saddest thoughts is that the people are not fit for the boon of liberty, even if it could be given them. They need education and industry! The best thing American sympathizers could do, would be to organize a company which would furnish fast steamers carrying passengers at low prices between Italy and America; thus opening a better communication, and by enabling Italians to visit a free country, and increasing the number of a free, and, above all, an active and energetic race travelling in Italy, to do something to raise the Italians from the abyss of indolence and ignorance, and prepare them to understand what freedom is, and to endeavor to gain it. Steamers between Italy and America and England, and railroads in Italy, are essential as the preliminary steps to Italian liberty. Would that the money given to the premature efforts of Kossuth and Mazzini had been expended in this more effectual manner!

I am writing at Malta, at the office of a steamboat company, stopping an hour or two on my way to the Piræus. Malta is a neat town, of a light yellow stone, rising steep from the water, and surrounded by impregnable fortifications. It is pleasant to see signs in my mother English and to hear the accents of my native tongue. We had a rough passage from Messina to Malta. And now for three days and twelve hours tossing in the very centre of the Mediterranean!

WHAT WOMEN CAN DO.

Woman, sister—there are some things which you do not execute as well as your brother, man; no, nor ever will. Pardon me, if I doubt whether you will ever produce a great poet from your choirs, or a Mozart, or a Pbidias, or a Michael Angelo, or a great philosopher, or a great scholar. By which last is meant—not one who depends simply on an infinite memory, but also on an infinite and electrical power of combination; bringing together from the four winds, like the angel of the resurrection, what else were dust from dead men's bones, into the unity of breathing life. If you can create yourselves into any of these great creators, why have you not? Yet, sister woman, though I cannot consent to find a Mozart or a Michael Angelo in your sex, cheerfully, and with the love that burns in depths of admiration, I acknowledge that you can do one thing as well as the best of us men—a greater thing than even Milton is known to have done, or Michael Angelo—you can die grandly, and as goddesses would die, were goddesses mortal.—*De Quincey.*

CHILDREN.—I remember a great man coming to my house at Waltham, and, seeing all my children standing in the order of their age and stature, he said, "These are they that make rich men poor;" but he straight received this answer, "Nay, my lord; these are they that make a poor man rich; for there is not one of these whom we would part with for all your wealth."—*Bishop Hall's Life.*

[Gathered for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FACTS OF INTEREST.

The Greeks had little or no notion of butter, and the early Romans used it only as a medicine—never as food: so that it is comparatively a modern article of diet.

Great Britain received the name of Albion, by which it is often called, from Julius Caesar, on account of the chalky cliffs upon the coast, on his invasion, half a century before Christ.

The Koran, or Mahomedan Bible, was written by Mahomet, assisted by Baticas, a Jacobin, Sergius, a Nestorian monk, and by a learned Jew, and was published about the year 610 A. D.

Animal magnetism is no new discovery, but was practised by Father Hehl at Vienna, about 1774, and had wonderful success for a while in France and England in 1788 and 1789.

The first book ever printed was the book of Psalms, by Faust and Schæffer, A. D. 1457. It was printed on one side only of the leaves, which were, in the binding, pasted back to back.

Among the Romans, all men of full age were obliged to marry, and it is even a modern law of England which inflicts a fine upon all bachelors in the kingdom, of twenty-five years and over.

The first bank was established by the Lombard Jews, A. D. 808. The word bank is derived from *banco*, a bench, which was erected in the market place for the exchange of money.

Calico, the well known cotton cloth, is named from Calicot, a city of India, from whence it first came. Calico was first brought to England in the year 1631.

The largest and oldest chain bridge in the world is said to be that at Kingtung, in China, where it forms a perfect road from the top of one mountain to the top of another.

The piano forte was invented by J. C. Schroder, of Dresden, in the year 1717, during which year he presented a model of his invention to the court of Saxony. They immediately became popular.

The bayonet derives its name from the place where it was invented, Bayonne, in France, and was first used in battle as a weapon by the French in the year 1603, proving a novel and efficient arm.

Bearded women have been known in every age: one was seen at the court of the Czar Peter I., in 1724, with a beard of immenso length. Margaret, governess of the Netherlands, had a heavy beard.

Bowling is an English game and was common as early as the thirteenth century, especially among the higher ranks. Charles I. played at it, and it formed a daily occupation for leisure hours with Charles II.

Stone bullets were used until the year 1514, when iron was adopted. It was near the close of the sixteenth century before leaden bullets were generally adopted. Stone cannon balls are yet used in the East.

The practice and principle of insurance is of great antiquity, and was known in the time of Claudius Cæsar, A. D. 43. It is certain that assurance of ships at sea was practised as early as the year 45 A. D.

Chocolate was first introduced into England from Mexico, A. D. 1520. It was made from the flower of the cocoa-nut, and soon became very popular and universally used in the London coffee houses.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WOLFERT'S ROOST and other Papers, now first collected by WASHINGTON IRVING. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 383.

A new book from Irving, with illustrations by Darley! If this is not the *summun bonum* of literary luxury, we wot not what is. It proves on examination, worthy to rank with the long list of its predecessors, not one of which will be lost to the column in its march to posterity. The stories and sketches charm us, not only by their subject matter, but by that exquisite style of which the author only is the perfect master, and which has exerted so powerful and healthy an influence upon American literature. Long may the tenant of "Wolfert's Roost" be spared to us to give such "Sunnyside" pictures of the fortunes of humanity! Redding & Co. have this work.

HARPER'S GAZETTEER OF THE WORLD.—Redding & Co. have for sale the 9th number of this model work.

GETTING ALONG. A Book of Illustrations. 2 vols. 12mo. New York: J. C. Derby & Co. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1855.

The motto of this book, "Know Thyself," is a key to its moral. The story, without being very intricate, is interesting, and the characters are wrought out by the hand of a master. It is the work of no trivial caterer for popularity—but that of a deep thinker and careful student of the greatest problems of life. If successful, it will be so in spite of the prevalent craving for excitement, which is the curse of the age.

CLASS-BOOK OF BOTANY. Designed for Academies and Private Schools. Illustrated. Part I. By FRANCES H. GREEN. Part II. By JOSEPH W. CONGDON. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 223.

The first portion of this work, by Frances H. Green, an experienced teacher of botany, treats of the elements of vegetable structure and physiology. The treatise is the result of successful experiment in teaching; and certainly, if it do not excite a desire of study of the science attractive, then all effort to attain that end is useless. Part II. is devoted to systematic botany, and is illustrated by a comprehensive flora of the Northern States. It is admirably prepared, may be studied without a teacher, and is based upon the best authorities. It is from the pen of a scientific botanist, Mr. Joseph W. Congdon. Altogether this work is the most satisfactory botanical class-book we have yet seen. It may be obtained at Ticknor & Co.'s.

THE INITIALS. A Story of Modern Life. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Co. 12mo. pp. 402.

This is one of the very best novels of the 19th century: one of the very few works of fiction which bear frequent perusal. It has been several times out of print since its first publication, and the constant demand for it has induced the present publishers to offer it in a substantial shape for preservation. It is a picture with equal vividly and truth. It is the story of a young man, devoted to his work before us; they only serve to whet without gratifying public curiosity. The sketches from Mrs. Farrington's own pen, in this volume, are among her most readable productions—spirited, saucy, strongly dashed with slang expressions, and reminding us, in their wittier portions, of the style of Mrs. H. Marlon Stephens.

THE LIFE AND BEAUTIES OF FANNY FERN. New York: H. Long & Brother. 1855. 12mo. pp. 330.

The above-mentioned work is for sale by Redding & Co. It is principally made up of such contributions of Fanny Fern to the newspapers, as she did not care to incorporate in her volume of "Fern Leaves." We question the good taste of publishing in a collected form the wails of a popular writer without her permission, merely because it can be done without infringing a copyright. The promise of a "Life" of Fanny Fern on the title-page is ill-redeemed by the few pages devoted to her biography in the work before us; they only serve to whet without gratifying public curiosity. The sketches from Mrs. Farrington's own pen, in this volume, are among her most readable productions—spirited, saucy, strongly dashed with slang expressions, and reminding us, in their wittier portions, of the style of Mrs. H. Marlon Stephens.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.
LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

THE INVISIBLE PRINCE.

This extravaganza of Planche's has been brought out at the Boston Theatre with splendid dresses, and very effective scenery, by Lehr and Bartholomew. A familiar fairy tale furnishes the plot of the piece, but it abounds in bits of parody, and sharp hits at modern follies. The dialogue is pointed, humorous and witty. It was played very well throughout, the burthen of the piece resting on Mrs. John Wood (Leander), Mrs. W. H. Smith (Abricotina), and Mr. John Wood (Prince Furibond). Mrs. Wood's *Leander* was a graceful and winning performance. She looked charmingly, and sang the airs allotted to her part with great spirit and effect. Her caricature of the operatic style of vocalization was much relished by the public. Mrs. W. H. Smith's *Abricotina* was a rich piece of burlesque acting, which acting, by the way, is very difficult and rarely done well, particularly by ladies. But Mrs. Smith entered completely into the spirit of the part, and every point in her speeches and songs told. John Wood's *Furibond* was immense! His making up was admirable, and his caricature of the stage tragedy style, his rants, his attitudes, his action, his imitations of Charles Kean, all spoke the finished artist. It was by all odds the best specimen of burlesque acting we ever witnessed. Miss Taylor never looked better than as Princess Xquisite's little pet. The piece was brought out with the care and liberality which distinguish all of Manager Barry's productions.

THE CHASSEURS' DRILL.

The Independent Company of Cadets, of this city, Col. Amory, are engaged in learning the drill of the Chasseurs de Vincennes, and devote much time and care to its acquisition. Apart from the effectiveness it gives the bayonet, this drill imparts strength to the muscle and a soldierly bearing to the men. We are not aware that any other of our volunteer companies have adopted this drill, though it will before long, we think, be universal. In the last volume of the Pictorial we published a series of engravings illustrating the principal thrusts and guards of the chasseur manual, which are based on those of the small-sword, and are used against both cavalry and infantry. The French chasseurs are armed with the sabre-fusee, instead of musket and bayonet.

BIG GUNS.—Lieut. Maury says that small vessels mounting heavy guns are the most effective in naval warfare, and that these gigantic pieces, properly served, will hereafter decide the fate of naval battles. A single successful shot from a monster gun with a long range may cripple the largest and finest line-of-battle-ship that ever floated.

SUCCESSFUL.—An evidence of the excellence and popularity of *Bogle's Hyperion Fluid* is manifest in the fact of the large quantity which is constantly exported for the London market. It is something new for America to supply Europe with cosmetics, oil and perfumes.

LIFE OF WASHINGTON.—Irving has nearly completed his *Life of Washington*. It will be as popular as his *Life of Columbus*.

SPLINTERS.

.... A man threw himself off the Hudson River cars because the conductor said he should put him out.

.... They have had shocking times in Waterville, Me.—a smart touch of the earthquake to rattle dry bones.

.... The sheriff of Ramsay county, Minnesota, charged \$500 for hanging an Indian. Considered high.

.... People ought to understand that dropping a light into a gasometer will produce an explosion.

.... A new paper devoted to the Mormon interest has been established in New York. It defends polygamy, of course.

.... They are exporting snails from Switzerland. What can they do with snails in these fast times?

.... Money is abundant in this city and New York. Great news for the afflicted! It will soon be a drug.

.... The Donald McKay spreads canvass enough to cover half Boston Common—more than the Pennsylvania.

.... In Broadway, New York, the mud is knee deep on an average—in spots it is immeasurable.

.... The celebrated English air, "God save the king," was taken by Handel from the French.

.... Mr. Goddard, of Cincinnati, in lecturing on Milton, declared that his conception of the Deity was blasphemous.

.... A ladies' fair has been held for the benefit of the Boston Baptist Bethel Society. Quite productive.

.... Workmen who have sought Lynn for employment in the shoe business have been disappointed.

.... Washington's birthday was celebrated in various places with something more than the usual spirit.

.... A new trial has been ordered in the case of *Fry vs. Bennett*, of the New York Herald. \$10,000 at stake.

.... Mr. R. M. McCormick, Jr., of New York, is writing letters from the seat of war to the Express Messenger.

.... A pair of salmon taken on the Penobscot, were sold for eighty dollars to the Revere House.

.... The French troops suffer less than the English in the Crimea; but still the weather has affected them.

THE BRITISH SYSTEM.

We find in one of the English papers, brought by the last steamer, the following paragraph:

"The great difference between the French and British officer, is that one is a professional man, and the other an amateur. The one knows his work, because his life is devoted to it; the other is very often ignorant of it, because it is only to be the employment or amusement of a few years. One joins his regiment after passing examinations as stringent as those for our university honors; the other enters the service merely a big ignorant boy, who has succeeded in answering a few questions, hardly above the capacity of a child. A French corporal was expatiating the other day on the merits of General Bosquet: 'Il sortit numero un a l'Ecole Polytechnique' (he came out of the Polytechnic school, No. 1), the man declared, and went on to say that he obtained all his grades by merit, and not one by seniority. He is now a general of division, at the age of 42. What the practice in our own service is, we need not say."

We have here the real cause of the inefficiency of the British troops in the Crimea. We have more than once, when speaking of military affairs, and long before the present war broke out, taken occasion to point out the radical vices of the British military system. The officers are not educated for their work. Money and favoritism command commissions in the army, while long services are too often neglected. We have seen, ourselves, gray-haired lieutenants, who could tell tales of the hard-fought battles of the peninsula, out-ranked by beardless striplings, whose family happened to possess influence or money. Such things do not exist in France. Even the despot Louis would not dare to confer a sub-lieutenancy on an individual who had not received a sufficient military education. No government in France, however powerful, would venture to change the system; and that not from fear of popular clamor, for French governments have often disregarded this, but because the British policy is suicidal, and would weaken the right arm of the nation's defence. In a country like France, a powerful standing army must be kept up in time of peace, for there is no knowing when the turbulent revolutionists will unpave the streets, build their barricades, and plant the red flag. Hence the constant imminence of danger has kept them in a constant state of preparation, and this order of things requires able officers of all grades at all times.

But in England, the case is different—there the police force is adequate to suppress any civil commotion, and in peace there is really no occasion for a standing army. It matters not who commands a regiment or a battalion, so far as the immediate exigencies of the time are concerned. The want of an immediate pressure has accordingly lulled the British government into a tolerance of systematic vices not felt in time of peace, though telling with crushing force in time of war. Let us do full credit to the valor of the British. Every man is a hero. In the present campaign, one man alone disgraced himself by cowardice, as in our revolution one man alone proved a traitor to his country. The charge at Balaklava was a charge of heroes and worthy of the days of Charlemagne. But the days of the paladins have passed away. War is no longer a game in which heroic gallantry wins the prize—it is a science, and only skill and valor combined can triumph.

Now it is not speaking harshly of brave men to say, that in those qualities which command success in modern times, the British army of the East is woefully deficient. It possesses but one great element of success—courage. It is badly officered; the commanders do not understand the science of war. On the other hand, there is not an officer in the French ranks who is not qualified by education to command a division. Hence the French have been able not only to perform all their own work, but to do a great part of that of their allies.

Our own army system is similar to that of the French, our officers being all educated for their profession, and well educated; for, though favoritism may procure an appointment to a cadetship, nothing but industry and talent can carry a man through West Point, and secure his admission into the army.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

Of the established weeklies, we have observed no paper that has been so much improved as Ballou's Pictorial, which was recently purchased of Mr. Gleason, by M. M. Ballou, Esq. It is now the only illustrated paper of America, worthy the name, and we know of none in the world that can show a pleasanter face. This weekly has had wonderful success. It finds the greatest number of readers in New England, in proportion to the population, and yet 30,000 are circulated south of Mason and Dixon's line. The Californians are gladdened with more than 4000 copies, weekly, and more than 1000 are distributed weekly at Liverpool, England. The bound volumes are now among the pleasantest of the library and drawing-room; and fifty years hence they will be considered about as precious as gold dust. Ballou's Publishing Hall is one of the lions of the town. About one hundred persons, of both sexes, are constantly devoted to the three periodicals issued in the building, and some sixty more writers, artists, etc., indirectly. The busy hands in the building, the action of eleven Adams' power-presses, day and night, the piles of papers directed to all parts of the world, the beauty of the principal apartments, the order and system that pervade the whole establishment, make it a constant resort of residents and strangers.—*Barnstable Patriot*.

OUR DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—We could tell some truths about the number of subscribers that have poured in upon us, from far and near, for our "Dollar Magazine," that would astonish the reading public. The secret of this is, that it is the *cheapest* monthly ever published. One hundred pages of reading matter monthly for one dollar a year!

LAST WORDS.—The last words of a French baron who lately drowned himself in the river Seine were, "My cigar is finished: my grave is flowing beside me. Adieu!" That man was certainly in-seine.

SHIPPING.—Twenty thousand vessels are annually admitted into the Liverpool docks, which occupy an area of about one hundred acres.

DIAMONDS.—Diamonds have no brilliancy when dug out of the earth—like a rough genius from the country, they need polishing.

FIVE CENTS SAVINGS BANKS.

We refer the reader to an advertisement in another column, of one of these institutions which, although of recent introduction, have met with a success which shows that their principle is a sound one, and that economy may be made a popular idea. No one ever thought of disputing Poor Richard's maxim, "A penny saved is a penny gained," or of denying the assertion, "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves." But the great trouble of reducing these theories to practice, was that there was no secure place for taking care of the pence. The poor wife, afflicted with a drunken husband, who could yet spare a few dimes from her own earnings; the poor boy, who would fain be thrifty, but was surrounded by dangerous neighbors; the poor mother, whose selfish son daily robbed her by dribbles—knew not where to lay their little economies, till they amounted to the smallest sum receivable at the old Savings Bank. Men, raving for rum, would hunt up the little boards of wife and child, and appropriate them, or temptations to spend would prove too strong—the idea of reaching five dollars became hopeless, and so every little surplus went. But the Five Cent Banks operate like a charm. Thieves cannot break in and steal, and the most timid feel that their little savings are secure and accumulating. They have taught economy and the first rule of arithmetic to thousands who could not really afford to lose a cent. Thousands of extravagant poor men have ceased to say, "Pooh! that only costs five cents—here goes!" and have actually been taught by demonstration that one hundred cents make a dollar. The feeling that one has money in the bank, if it be only a half dime, is a hopeful and encouraging one. And it is particularly important that thrift and economy be fostered at a time like this, when ruinous extravagance seems fast becoming a national sin. There is no danger of a people becoming mean—there is always danger of the reverse.

MILITARY DEFENCES.—There are 105 forts and military posts in the United States and Territories, all of which, except 14, are garrisoned. Florida has 7 posts; Louisiana, 5; Texas, 10; New Mexico, 12; California, 8; Oregon, 2. In all New England there is but one garrisoned post, namely, Fort Independence, at Boston. The State of New York has eight military posts, but only three of them are garrisoned. There are eighteen arsenals and two armories in the United States.

RIPE GRAPES IN DECEMBER.—The February number of Hovey's Magazine of Horticulture contains an article from M. H. Simpson, of this city, describing succinctly his method of producing grapes in December. Mr. Simpson's grapes, as we can attest, are of the finest flavor.

MISSIONARIES.—The American Unitarian Association have voted to establish two missions in India.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Jameson, Mr. Edward H. Grafton to Miss Sophia B. Angell, both of Providence, R. I., by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Calvin G. Bunker to Miss Hannah Orcutt, both of Roxbury; Mr. Wallace J. Stanley to Miss Mary J. Paluater; by Right Rev. Bishop Eastburn, Mr. Henry Sparks, of Detroit, Mich., to Miss Elizabeth Jordan, of London, Eng.; by Rev. Mr. Wildes, of Brookline, Mr. T. Warren Gould to Miss Carrie Goddard.—At Chelsea, by Joseph Hockey, Esq., Mr. John Hopkins to Miss Deborah Sands, both of Boston.—At Lynn, by Rev. Mr. Tilton, Mr. Charles D. Howard, of Salem, to Miss Sarah C. Blaney.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Allen, Mr. Thomas H. Magoun to Miss Helen E. Wilkins.—At Ipswich, by Rev. Mr. Dadman, Mr. Jeremiah R. Chapman to Miss Mary Louisa Wilcomb.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Woodbury, Mr. Francis E. Woodstenholme to Miss Elizabeth J. Churchill, of Elmore, Vt.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. Frederick W. Comerford to Miss Hannah Jackson.—At Waltham, by Rev. Mr. Fales, Mr. Rufus Moulton, of Newton, to Miss Roxana Greenwood.—At Worcester, by Rev. Dr. Swain, of West Cambridge, Mr. B. S. Luther to Miss Carrie E. Bowen.—At Sandwich, by Rev. Mr. Borden, Mr. Henry C. Stratton, of Boston, to Miss Esther B. White.—At North Adams, by Rev. Mr. Crawford, Benjamin Phillips, Esq., to Mrs. Elizabeth Day.—At Portland, Me., by Rev. Mr. French, Capt. Nathan Hodgkins to Mrs. Mary Pierce.—At Belfast, Me., by Rev. Mr. Palfrey, Mr. Isaac Allard, Jr. to Miss Mary Ellen Chase.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Greenleaf C. Batchelder, 45; Mr. Benjamin F. Darling, 35; Mrs. Leafy, wife of Mr. Joel Bowker, Jr., 45; Capt. Thomas Kittson, formerly of Portsmouth, N. H., 75; Mrs. Susan K., wife of Mr. Guy C. Haynes, formerly of Newburyport, 70; Mr. Otis Minot, Jr., 20; Mrs. Patience Cleasby, 54; John C. Danforth, Esq., 27.—At Charlestown, Mrs. Susan C., wife of Mr. Pliny Bartlett, 36.—At Roxbury, Isaac Davis Dudley, 48; Mrs. Harriet, wife of Mr. Joseph H. Gardner, 53.—At Somerville, Widow Tryphosa D. Bascorn, 55; Mr. Samuel Watson, of Cambridge, 87.—At Quincy, Mr. James Field, 89.—At Neponset, Mr. Nathaniel Minot, 82.—At Lynn, Mr. Micajah Alley, 69; Miss Jane Wright, 27.—At Salem, Mrs. Mary F. Symonds, 56.—At Marblehead, Mr. Thomas Grush, 69; Widow Elizabeth M. Knowlton, 48; Miss Mary A. Goss, 19.—At West Needham, Widow Femina R. Wright, 97.—At Newburyport, Mr. William Stanwood, 38; Miss Martha Ann Morse, 48; Mrs. Nancy Saunders, 79.—At Plymouth, Mrs. Rebecca Hathaway, 84.—At Cape Isle, Mrs. Anna Lovejoy, 76; Mr. Cyrus Green, 55.—At North Brookfield, Mrs. Anne Moore, 82.—At South Wilbraham, Mr. Josiah Langdon, 90.—At Worcester, Mr. James Sheridan, 45.—At Pittsfield, Mr. Lemuel Isham, 87.—At Nantucket, Capt. David Baxter, 79.—At Springfield, Mr. Asbur Hitchcock, 70.—At Portland, Mr. Cyrus F. Babb, 23; Stephen Patten, Esq., 90.—At Waldoboro', Me., Mary Louisa, daughter of Newell W. and Sarah P. Ludwig.—At Breckenridge, Ky., Mr. William Sherrill, 103.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.

This paper presents, in the most elegant and available form, a weekly literary melange of notable events of the day. Its columns are devoted to original tales, sketches and poems, by the BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS, and the cream of the domestic and foreign news; the whole well spiced with wit and humor. Each paper is *beautifully illustrated* with numerous accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and of men and manners, altogether making a paper entirely original in this country. Its pages contain views of every populous city in the known world, of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemisphere, of all the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service, with fine and accurate portraits of every noted character in the world, both male and female.

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WM. H. PRESCOTT, THE HISTORIAN.

No modern historian is better known than the author of "Ferdinand and Isabella," the "Conquest of Mexico," and the "Conquest of Peru." These works are as popular, and are read with as keen an interest as some of the best works of fiction, and they enjoy a foreign as well as domestic reputation. They have been translated into several of the continental languages; and such is the beauty—indeed, we might say, perfection of their style—that even in a foreign garb they are still charming as compositions. But only the English reader can appreciate the beauty and fitness of the diction, elegant without being florid, at once musical and full of vigor. The periods and the characters selected by Mr. Prescott abound with the romantic; and whether we review the fortunes of the patrons of Columbus, or follow the banners of Spain to the halls of Montezuma or the home of the Incas, we cannot move a step without treading on enchanted ground. Yet the author sacrifices nothing to picturesque effect, like, for instance, Lamartine; he is rigidly impartial, and weighs the evidence he painfully accumulates with the most scrupulous care. His opinions are the result of laborious investigation, and deliberately formed. We have thought that an illustrated biographical sketch of an author who has conferred such lustre on American literature would not prove uninteresting to our readers. William Hickling Prescott was born in Salem, May 4, 1796. He belongs to one of the oldest and most distinguished families in the country. He is the grandson of Col. William Prescott, of Pepperell, who commanded the American forces at Bunker Hill. It is not a little remarkable that the grandfather of Mrs. Prescott, Capt. Linzee, was a leader in the same deadly strife, and that he was as zealous upon the royal side. If there are any relics in Mr. Prescott's library that he is prouder of than others, they are the very swords of Col. Prescott and Capt. Linzee, "enemies in war, and friends in peace," that were drawn on that battle-field. These swords hang from the ceiling of the library-room, as if embracing each other—a beautiful pledge, it may be hoped, that Great Britain and America will live henceforth in perpetual amity. The father of the historian was the late William Prescott, LL.D., who was familiarly known among us as Judge Prescott, a man of great worth, and of distinction in his profession. He removed with his family to this city, when the subject of our sketch was twelve years of age; here our future author received the best educational advantages the town afforded. His classical instructor was the Rev. Dr. Gardiner, rector of Trinity Church, a pupil of the celebrated Dr. Parr; and one of the finest Greek and Latin scholars in the country. Under the doctor's tuition, Prescott advanced sufficiently to enter Harvard College as a member of the Sophomore Class. Here he distinguished himself particularly in his classical studies. Among his classmates were Dr. Walker, now president of the col-

lege, the late Mayor Brimmer, Judge Merrick and others. It was Mr. Prescott's early purpose to become a lawyer, but an accidental blow having deprived him of the sight of one of his eyes while at college, and that of the other becoming weakened by over study, he reluctantly relinquished his design. It may be proper to observe here, that Mr. Prescott's appearance was not injured by the

Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., whose imprint will hereafter appear on all the new editions of Mr. Prescott's previous works. Each of his valuable histories enjoys an extensive circulation, which is increasing year by year. The accompanying portrait of the author, drawn and engraved expressly for our publication, is pronounced a satisfactory likeness by competent authority.



WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

accident; both his eyes being lustrous and apparently without a blemish. In 1815, he visited Europe, where he spent two years. After his return to Boston, he entered upon a course of preparation for the life that he is now leading. He spent years in collecting materials for his first history, that of "Ferdinand and Isabella," and other years in preparing it; and we all know the sensation that the work at once produced among the readers of English, and wherever it was translated. But how could Mr. Prescott write such a history?—and how has he written his later ones of the "Conquest of Mexico" and the "Conquest of Peru?" Let us read Mr. Prescott's own words on this subject, which he wrote two years ago to a gentleman wishing the information. He says: "As you desire, I send you a specimen of my autograph. It is the concluding page of the 'Conquest of Peru,' Book III. chap. 3. The writing is not, as you may imagine, made by a pencil, but is indelible, being made with an apparatus used by the blind. This is a very simple affair, consisting of a frame of the size of a common sheet of letter-paper, with brass wires inserted. On one side of this frame is pasted a leaf of thin carbonated paper, such as is used to obtain duplicates. Instead of a pen, the writer makes use of a stylus, of ivory or agate—the last better or surer. The great difficulties in the way of a blind man's writing in the usual manner, arise from his not knowing when the ink is exhausted in his pen, and when his lines run into one another. Both difficulties are obviated by this simple writing-case, which enables one to do his work as well in the dark as in the light. Though my trouble is not blindness, but a disorder of the nerve of the eye, the effect, as far as this is concerned, is the same; and I am wholly incapacitated from writing in the ordinary way. In this manner I have written every word of my histories. This *modus operandi* exposes one to some embarrassments; for, as one cannot see what he is doing on the other side of the paper, any more than a performer in a tread-mill sees what he is grinding on the other side of the wall, it becomes very difficult to make corrections." Mr. Prescott writes in this way quite rapidly, and the writing may be read by one thoroughly acquainted with it, with considerable ease. His secretary transcribes every page of his manuscript in a good plain hand for the printer's eye. Mr. Prescott is now known to be engaged on a work of great importance, the "History of Philip II. and his Times," to which he has already devoted the labor of ten years, and of which the first two volumes will be issued by our enterprising publishers.



CARROLLTON VIADUCT, NEAR BALTIMORE.

CARROLLTON VIADUCT.

This fine structure, a view of which we give on the preceding page, is on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and is located at the western boundary of Baltimore, over Guyan's Falls. The material is granite. It was built by Mr. James Lloyd in 1829, and cost \$80,000. A double track is laid over the bridge. The dimensions of this work give it an imposing appearance of magnitude and strength; the main arch having a span of eighty feet, its rise from the water being about forty-five feet. The structure is pierced by a smaller arch, seen on the left of the principal one, through which the road passes. The latter arch has a span of twenty feet. If we are just beginning, in this country, to succeed in ornamental architecture, yet we have long excelled in useful works. All of our long lines of railroad present bridges, viaducts and other incidental building which challenge admiration for their strength and fitness, while many of them are not without a certain architectural elegance. The work depicted in the engraving is not without grace, though chiefly characterized by strength, like the Roman works of a similar character.

STETTIN.

The accompanying engraving will give the reader a correct idea of this handsome and strongly fortified town, so noted for its commerce, the capital of the province of Pomerania. It is the principal port of importation in Prussia, with a population of between thirty and forty thousand inhabitants. It is admirably situated. The Oder, which flows through the centre of the Prussian dominions, is navigable as far as Ratibon, near the extreme southern boundary of Prussian Silesia; and is united by means of canals, with the Vistula, the Elbe, the Spree, etc. Stettin is, consequently, the principal emporium of some very extensive and flourishing countries; and not only the port of Frankfort-on-the-Oder, Breslau, etc., but also of Berlin. From the latter to Stettin, there is a railway. Stettin is a free port; that is, a port into and from which all sorts of goods may be imported and re-exported free of duty. If goods brought through the Sound, be imported at Stettin, and entered for home consumption in the Prussian States, they are charged with two and a half per cent. less duty than if they had been imported through any other channel. This is intended to reimburse the merchant for the Sound duties, and to encourage importation by the direct route, in preference to that carried on through Hamburg and Embden. The town is one of the strongest fortresses in Prussia. It stands on an eminence on the left bank of the Oder, about thirty-six miles from its mouth. The citadel and forts are remarkable for the solidity of their construction; there are five large gates, eight posterns, several government offices, a palace, formerly the residence of the Pomeranian dukes, a fine library, barracks, hospital, theatre and several institutions. The manufactures are woollens, linen, cotton, leather, hats, sail-cloth, etc. Boats and ships are built here, and the anchors for all the ships of the Prussian States are manufactured here. The trade is very considerable, it being the chief port for the manufactures and produce of Silesia, and for the importation of all kinds of foreign goods. The principal exports are corn, especially wheat, spirits, rape-seed, spelter, timber, etc.

IRVING'S RESIDENCE.

The house at "Sunny-side," in which Washington Irving resides, is one he built some three years ago. It is about two and a half miles below Tarrytown, directly on the banks of the Hudson. It is built on the site of the "Van Tassel House." In fact, the new structure includes a portion of the old walls. At an earlier day it was called Wolfert's Roost—Wolfert Acker being one of the privy council of the renowned Peter Stuyvesant. Afterwards it came into the possession of the Van Tassels. It was here that the quilting party and dance took place, so graphically described in the Legends of Sleepy Hollow. It was here that the unfortunate Ichabod Crane and Brom Bones met, both being suitors for the hand and heart of Kate Van Tassel. A weather-cock, of miserable appearance, is perched on the gable-end of the main building. It was once the ornament of the old Stadt House of New York, in the time of the old Dutch rule. The house is surrounded by trees—some wild and some planted by Irving. The buildings are nearly covered with vines and creepers. The trumpet-flower and the



STETTIN, IN PRUSSIA.

ivy-vine are the most conspicuous among them. The ivy, that grows unusually rank, has a peculiar interest. It was brought from Melrose Abbey, near Abbotsford, Scotland, some twenty years ago. It was brought by a Mrs. Trenwick, an intimate friend of Mr. Irving, and planted at "Sunnyside," by her own fair hands. This lady was a Miss Jean Jeffrey. Her father was a minister, and it was about this lovely girl, then about seventeen, that Burns wrote two beautiful stanzas, among the gems of his poetry.—*Detroit Tribune*.

A POPULAR PLANT.

A writer in Chambers's Journal furnishes a very interesting article upon "The Most Popular Plant in the World." He commences his observations with the remark that some of his readers may not be prepared for the fact, that tobacco, though not good for man or beast, is the most extensively used of all vegetable productions, and next to salt, the most generally consumed of all productions whatever—animal, vegetable, or mineral—on the face of the globe. In one form or other, but most commonly in that of fume or smoke, it is partaken of "by saint, by savage, and by sage." There is no climate, from the equator to the pole, in which it is not used; there is no nation that has declined adopting it. The consumption of the article in Great Britain has greatly increased during the past decade, and during the last thirty years it has nearly doubled. From the facts and statistics adduced by the writer, there can be no question of his statement, that "tobacco is the most popular plant in the world."

ROSTOCK.

This town, represented below, is the principal trading port of the Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, an agricultural, wool-growing and grazing country. It is built on an eminence in a flat and fertile district, on the banks of the River Warnow, about nine miles from the place where it flows into the Baltic. Its harbor is excellent and its quays roomy and well-built. The out-port is Warrentunde, at the mouth of the Warnow. About one hundred and fifty ships sail under its own flag, and the total number of yearly arrivals is stated at six hundred, principally Russian, Swedish and Danish vessels. The exports are chiefly corn and wool. The imports are colonial produce, wine and bay-salt. There are several manufactures of canvass, linen, baize, ships' anchors, soap and vinegar, and some breweries, distilleries and sugar-refineries. The population is about 19,000. Rostock consists of the old, the middle and the new town, besides the suburbs, and it is surrounded with ancient fortifications. It is mostly built in the old fashion of the free German cities, with the gable-ends towards the street; but it has many large and elegant modern houses. The principal public buildings are the grand ducal palace, the university and the churches of St. Mary and St. Peter, the latter containing the tomb of Grotius. St. Peter's has a fine steeple, four hundred and twenty feet high. Rostock

joined the Hanseatic League in 1630, and was for a long time, the next city in rank in the Baltic, after Lubeck. Great privileges were granted it by the Dukes of Mecklenburg, many of which it still retains; and, though its commerce is not so considerable as in the time of the Hanse, it is still a place of importance. Our engraving presents an accurate view of this noted place.

HOW TO GET ON IN THE WORLD.

A working man, some time ago, published his own biography, one of the most interesting little volumes that has appeared during the present century. It is as follows: "It may, to some, appear like vanity in me to write what I now do, but I should not give my life truly, if I omitted it. When filling a cart with earth on the farm, I never stopped work because my side of the cart might be heaped up before the other side, at which was another workman. I pushed over what I had heaped up, to help him; so doubtless he did to me, when I was last and he first. When I have filled my column or columns of a newspaper with matter for which I was to be paid, I have never stopped, if I thought the subject required more explanation, because there was no contract for more payment, or no possibility of obtaining more. When I have lived in a barrack-room, I have stopped my work, and taken a baby from a soldier's wife, when she had to work, and nursed it for her, or gone for water for her, or cleaned another man's accoutrements, though it was no part of my duty to do so. When I have been engaged in political literature and

travelling for a newspaper, I have gone many miles out of my road to ascertain a local fact, or to pursue a subject to its minutest details, if it appeared that the public were unacquainted with the facts of the case; and this, when I had the work, was most pleasant and profitable. When I have wanted work, I have accepted it at any wages I could get, at a plough, in farm-draining, stone-quarrying, breaking stones, at wood-cutting, in a saw-pit, as a civilian, or a soldier. In London I have cleaned out a stable and groomed a cabman's horse for sixpence. I have since tried literature, and have done as much writing for ten shillings as I have readily obtained—both sought for and offered—ten guineas for. But if I had not been content to begin at the beginning, and accepted shillings, I should not have arisen to guineas. I have lost nothing by working; whatever I have been doing, with spade or pen—I have been my own helper. Are you prepared to imitate? Humility is always the attendant of sense, folly alone was proud. A wise divine, when preaching to the youths of his congregation, was wont to say, 'Beware of being golden apprentices, silver journeymen, and copper masters.' The only cure for pride is sense; and the only path to promotion is condescension. What multitudes have been ruined by the pride of their hearts!" Here is testimony worth treasuring in mind by everybody.—*London Christian Penny Magazine*



ROSTOCK, IN GERMANY.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Edwin Forrest has recently presented Miss Lizzie Weston, of the Walnut Street Theatre, with a magnificent diamond ring, in token of the appreciation of her ability and merit as an actress, and for the excellent manner in which she supported him during his late Baltimore engagement. — Gen. Hinton, who made his escape from Ohio, on being convicted of extensive mail robberies, is working as a journeyman house-carpenter at Honolulu. — It is stated that the disasters of the times fall heavily on the American Bible Society—200 hands, one half of the entire working force, having been recently discharged from the Bible House on Astor Place, in New York city, and nearly one-half of the presses stopped. — Michael Hoffman, an elderly gentleman, went to Providence with a young girl to be married, but she robbed him, instead, of \$773. — The Journal of Commerce warns the community against the increase of infidelity, arising from the immigration of great numbers of the German disciples of the anarchist school of Heine, according to whose creed "there can be no true freedom until Christianity is wholly abolished." — The Panama railroad is now in full operation. The price for through adult passengers is \$25—children half price. The freights, compared with other railroads, are of course high. — President Roberts of Liberia was born in Petersburg, Virginia. Before the year 1825, his mother, "Aunt Roberts," as she was called, emigrated with her sons to Liberia. In time, Joseph J. Roberts, one of these sons, was chosen president of the colony, and still continues in the office. — The term for naturalization in Canada has been reduced from seven to three years residence. Any foreigner, therefore, having resided that time in the Province, may be naturalized on taking the necessary oaths. — The operations at the cobalt mine at Chatham, Ct., are going on successfully under the management of Dr. Frankfort, who has had some experience in European mining. Two new steam engines of 150 horse power have been procured, and there is every present prospect of success. — In New York, recently, a laborer, who was cleaning a boiler in a sugar refinery, felt cold, and requested a fellow-workman to turn on the steam. The man turned on more than he intended, and the poor fellow inside was scalded to death. — In Hamilton, Canada, on the 11th ult., eight prisoners who were confined in the jail, made a rush for the door, and after knocking down the turnkey and jailor, passed into the yard, scaled the fence and escaped. — The quantity of anthracite coal shipped from the different regions of Pennsylvania during the year 1854, was 5,726,869 tons, an increase of 639,000 tons compared with 1853. Besides this there was 120,500 semi-bituminous shipped against 98,000 tons in 1853. — The first branch of the city council of Baltimore have passed an ordinance making it a penalty of \$20 to bring oysters in the shell, or to purchase to sell, in the city, between the first of May and the fifteenth of September. — The law abolishing capital punishment in Michigan, took effect on the 2d day of March, 1847, since which time, a period of nearly eight years, only fifteen persons have been convicted of murder, and sentenced for life in solitary confinement at hard labor in the state prison. — A crazy man, in New York, lately negotiated with various merchants, for goods amounting to over \$100,000. In some of the stores, the merchants and their clerks were up all night packing the goods, before his insanity was discovered. — Henry VIII. made a law that all men might read the Scriptures, except servants; but no women, except ladies that had leisure, and might ask somebody the meaning; this law was repealed in the days of Edward VI. — In the garret of a house in Quebec, recently, a spark from a candle ignited a quantity of oakum, and three children, daughters of Mrs. Tardiff, a widow, were burned to death. The mother was also dangerously injured. — The salt business of Syracuse is yearly increasing. It was commenced in 1797, when 25,474 bushels were inspected; in 1800, 40,000; 1810, 450,000; 1820, 545,374; 1830, 1,435,446; 1840, 2,622,205; 1850, 4,268,919; 1854, 5,803,347.

WEARING THE BEARD.—This is now so common in many parts of England, that a close-shaved lip and beard indicate effeminacy and foppishness. The Daily News strongly recommends the clergy to abandon smooth shaving, and return to the manly and majestic beard as worn by the glorious reformers of the sixteenth century. It says nothing would be a surer preventive of clergymen's sore throat, than for nature's covering to supersede cravats. The Rev. Peter Barlow, incumbent of Cookfield, has acted on the advice. Some of his people were so highly offended at his resemblance to Cranmer and Latimer, that they left the church. The great body of the congregation, however, were sensible enough to remain.

LITERATURE OF FRANCE.—Professor Felice states that before the revolution in 1848, the French took great pleasure in reading immoral romances or infidel writings, which attacked the most sacred principles of religion and of the family; but since witnessing the misery brought on the country by the inflamed passions of the people, they have felt that bad books can do immense injury. Such works are now repudiated by honorable minds, and good evangelical works are more read than formerly.

COMPLIMENTARY.—The London Christian Spectator says: "As a general rule, we believe American theological writers to be better versed in modern languages, and more deeply read in ancient literature—in other words, better and abler scholars—than the majority of theological writers in this country."

ANACHRONISM.—Egmont, in his travels through Egypt and the Holy Land, says that a monk of the monastery of Mount Sinai told him there was in one of their cellars a cannon deposited in the time of the Emperor Justinian.

Wayside Gatherings.

In the United States there are 36,000 paupers; in Great Britain, 904,600.

A new bank has been established at Rutland, Vt., with a capital of \$550,000.

The snow in Lawrence and Armstrong counties, Pa., is from ten to fifteen feet deep.

Mayor Wood, of New York, has drawn up an act to prevent prize fights and fights among game animals.

A female has been detected at St. Louis in forging the name of Bishop Kenrick as endorser of promissory notes for \$2400.

In 1634 a man who had often been punished in Boston for drunkenness was ordered to wear a red D about his neck for a year.

The Rev. Daniel Leach, agent of the board of education, has received the appointment of superintendent of public schools of Providence, R. I.

The two large steam mills and other property of the Milling Company, at Portland, Oregon, were burnt on the night of Dec. 18; loss \$55,000.

Two brothers met the other day at Point Coupee, La., who had not seen each other for fifty years. One is nearly 90 years old, and the other 75.

Since the opening of hostilities up to the end of the year, the total number of Russian prizes captured by British cruisers has been ninety-two.

The first tavern opened in the city of Boston was started by Samuel Cole in March, 1634, and the same year John Cogan opened the first store.

Of \$252,000,000 of domestic exports from the United States to foreign ports in the year ending June 30th, 1854, \$176,100,273 was by American vessels.

At a riot of squatters in Kansas territory, the Rev. Mr. Hammer was beaten and stoned to death, and then conveyed to the prairie, five miles from the town of Fremont.

The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations have reported a bill appropriating \$25,000 to Commodore Perry, on account of his diplomatic skill in negotiating the treaty with Japan.

They must have a perplexing time of it in Wisconsin, as the legislature has ordered the publication of some 20,000 copies of public documents in German, Danish, Dutch and Welsh.

John Tahor, who is to be hanged at Stockton for the murder of Joseph Mansfield, was formerly editor of the Stockton Journal, and one of the best newspaper writers in California.

The agricultural bureau of the patent office has just received from the Cape of Good Hope, by the Japan expedition, quantities of wheat of surpassing beauty and excellence. It will soon be ready for distribution.

Henry Blodgett fell into a pond in Enfield, N. H., while getting out ice, 17th ult., and was drowned. A little boy fell in at the same time, but Blodgett nobly exerted himself to place him on firm ice, and then perished.

It is stated that Rachel, who is announced to appear in this country, is seriously ill, and fears are entertained by her physicians that she is not long for this world. Rachel is to receive a million of francs for six months of declamation in America.

The grand jury of New York visited the mayor of New York city, recently, and presented to him a series of complimentary resolutions passed by them, in consideration of the energetic and effectual manner which he displayed in the performance of the duties of his office.

A pot pie, made of the following materials, was manufactured on board the frigate Constitution at Port Mahon, in 1821, for a Christmas dinner: 151 turkeys, 50 lbs. fresh pork, 40 lbs. salt pork, 1 bushel onions, 5 lbs. pepper, 1 1-5 bls. flour, and 50 gallons red wine.

The annual steamboat commerce of the Great West is estimated as follows: eight hundred steamboats, of nearly two hundred thousand tons, traversing thirty thousand miles of coast, and moving a commerce valued at three hundred and thirty millions of dollars.

The Chicago Times reports a very important arrest of a man calling himself Driggs, in that city, a short time since. The man had but just arrived in Chicago, when he was arrested and found to have about him counterfeit and altered bank notes to the amount of \$30,000!

A new town called Superior City was laid out on Lake Superior in May last, and now contains a population of three hundred people, with a fair prospect of trebling the number next year. A valuable copper vein has been discovered recently in the vicinity of the town.

Mr. Isaac Edge, Sr., the pyrotechnist of Jersey City, has invented a new and powerful double action and chambered rocket, for government service, which, the Sentinel says, from experiments tried, bids fair to rival the famous congrève or French rocket, whose services are well known in the present European war.

In a lecture on China, Dr. Bowring said it had been calculated that if all the bricks, stones, and masonry of Great Britain were gathered together, they would not furnish material enough for a work such as the wall of China; and that all the buildings in London put together would not have made the towers and turrets which adorn it.

The police made a descent upon an establishment in Broadway, New York, known as DASHALL & Co.'s gift enterprise office, and took possession of a large number of tickets and other property of the concern. It is said that the parties intended to have realized about \$30,000 by the swindle. DASHALL & Co. have an existence only in name.

A novel pianoforte is being exhibited at St. Martin's Hall, London. By newly arranging the movement belonging to the keyboard, and by placing its flats and sharps in close rank one behind the other, Mr. Hasketh Hughes, the inventor, brings many more notes within command of the player's hand than it can embrace on keyed instruments as they exist.

The Chicago Democrat tells the following: during the great storm, while W. J. Hutchinson was riding along the track of the railroad beyond Young America, he had the misfortune to ride into an open well. His horse became so tightly wedged into the hole that the united efforts of Capt. H. and two other men could not release it, so that it was left to perish.

A project is now on foot to establish works for smelting copper ore at Chattanooga, Tenn., to accommodate the rapidly increasing mining interests of East Tennessee and Northwestern Georgia. The intention is said to be to do away with the general practice of shipping ore to Baltimore, which has hitherto been considered a matter of necessity.

Foreign Items.

The empress of the French, it is said, works daily at the preparation of lint for the army. Visitors to her apartments, receive, as a matter of course, a piece of old linen, from which they are expected to make lint.

The Shakspeare and Garrick goblet, made from the memorable mulberry-tree that grew in Shakspeare's garden at Stratford-on-Avon, was sold last week at Sotheby & Wilkinson's for £32. Garrick drank out of it at the Stratford jubilee.

Kiss intends to send the model of his new group, "St. George and the Dragon," a pendant to his "Amazon," to the Paris Exhibition. It will be conveyed upon a wagon constructed for the purpose, and entire, if the tunnels are all of sufficient height.

In many of the macadamised streets in Paris, which when paved were almost uninhabitable from the noise, the houses are now worth, in rents, at least ten per cent. more than they were, and the economy in the wear and tear of carriages is at least fifty per cent.

There has very recently been found, at the shop of a pork-butcher in London, a considerable portion of a very fine copy of the first edition of Aristotle's works, printed by Aldus, at Venice, in 1497, and also fragments of other works of less rarity, but still of considerable value.

The German art-papers speak highly of a grand historical picture by Herr Feuerbach, of Carlsruhe. The subject is the Death of Aretino the satirist, a famous poet of the sixteenth century, who died at a drunken feast. He is represented crowned with ivy, and the cup is dropping from his freezing hand.

The emperor of the French has awarded a gold medal, large size, to Dr. Thomas Williamson, chief physician at the hospital at the port of Norfolk (United States), and a gold medal of honor, first class, to Dr. James Harrison, of the same establishment, for the kind care and attention given by them to some of the crew of the French steamer, La Chimere, who were taken to that hospital when laboring under the yellow-fever.

Sands of Gold.

.... Steel assassinate—the passions kill. Where is the difference?—*Deluz.*

.... Life is common property; but fame belongs to great souls only.—*Metastasio.*

.... Fortune is the rod of the weak and the staff of the brave.—*J. R. Lowell.*

.... The discretionary power of judges is very often little better than the caprice of a tyrant.—*Colton.*

.... They teach us to dance; O, that they could teach us to blush, did it cost a guinea a glow.—*Deluz.*

.... Truth is an immortal flower; a thing that has nothing to fear from circumstances, and a post where danger has no power.—*Kozlay.*

.... Most men remember obligations, but not often to be grateful for them. The proud are made *sour* by the remembrance, and the vain *silent*.—*W. G. Simms.*

.... The passions are like those demons with which Afrasiah sailed down the Orus. Our only safety consists in keeping them asleep. If they wake, we are lost.—*Goethe.*

.... In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labor to subvert religion and morality, those great pillars of human happiness, those firmest props of the duties of men and citizens.—*Washington.*

.... Men's feelings are always purest and most glowing in the hour of meeting and of farewell; like the glaciers, which are transparent and rosy-hued only at sunrise and sunset, but throughout the day gray and cold.—*Jean Paul.*

Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail, in exclusion of religious principle.—*Washington.*

.... Vanity may be likened to the smooth-skinned and velvet-footed mouse, nibbling about forever in expectation of a crumb; while self-esteem is too apt to take the likeness of the huge butcher's dog, who carries off your steaks, and growls at you as he goes.—*W. G. Simms.*

Joker's Budget.

A blockhead—a fellow who has not sagacity enough to sound the depth of his own mind and detect its shallowness.

Sausages made of red flannel, bootjacks and the hind quarters of a night-mare, are good for those who like 'em; but we never did fancy 'em.

How many poor women are there condemned to wash, mend, bake, boil and fry their whole lifetime, who would never find out they had a heart, except they fell in love with it!

"My German friend, how long have you been married?" "Vell, dis is a ting dat I seldom don't like to talk about, but ven I does, it seems so long as it never vas."

There is a lady in Troy so full of sympathy, that every time her ducks take a bath in the mud-gutter, she dries their feet by the fire, to keep them from catching cold.

The emperor of Russia hopes to be found with the "sword in his hand and the cross in his heart." Europe echoes his hope, simply reversing the locality of the two articles.—*Punch.*

A lawyer, wishing to rid himself of an obnoxious clerk, discharged him on account of his waste of time and ink, occasioned by crossing his t's and dotting his i's.

Mr. Finn, the comedian, who sometimes sent us beautiful fables, and other graceful productions, remarked, quite naively, in "Paul Pry," when he offered himself to Phebe (Mrs. Herring), that nothing was more natural than that a Finn should be attached to a Herring.

"Why don't you hold your head as I do?" said an aristocratic lawyer to a sterling old farmer. "Squire," was the reply, "look at that field of grain. You see that all the valuable heads are howed down, while those heads that have nothing in them stand upright."

The other day, a teacher at a ladies' school, while putting a company of juveniles of the gentler sex through their spelling lesson, came to the word "lad," of which, in accordance with the modern method of tuition, she asked the signification. One little puss, on the question being put, with a sidelong glance, blushing answered, "For courtin' with."

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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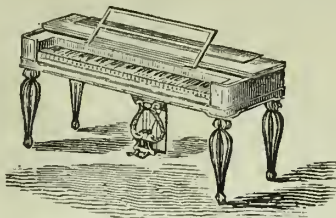
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MR. AND MRS. W. J. FLORENCE.

On this page we present our readers with portraits of these popular artists who are now fulfilling a very successful star engagement at the National Theatre in this city. The first engraving represents Mrs. Florence as she appears in private; the second, Mr. Florence as Paudeen O'Rafferty; and the third, Mrs. Florence in the character of the Dutch Organ Girl. Mr. Florence is one of the most successful delineators of Irish character on the stage. He was born in Albany, New York, on the 26th day of July, 1831, but came to New York with his father when three years of age. The death of his father in 1846 left the family destitute, and upon the subject of this sketch, then attending school in Princeton, New Jersey, devolved the whole care of supporting his mother, brothers and sisters. There are few boys of sixteen who would have proved adequate to the task; but Florence possessed talent, energy and resolution. His first expedient was writing for the press, but this not proving sufficiently remunerative, though his contributions were appreciated by the public, he obtained a situation as assistant book-keeper in a large mercantile house. Here his health gave way under the pressure of tasks beyond his strength, and a severe fit of sickness threatened to terminate his existence. He now turned his thoughts towards the stage, and by way of preparation, joined the Mordoch Theatrical Association. The late Thomas Hamlin, the lessee of the Bowery Theatre, chancing to witness one of his performances, was so struck with his ability that he immediately tendered him a stock engagement, which young Florence felt compelled to decline, in consequence of the feebleness of his health. Subsequently, however, he accepted the offer of an engagement from Mr. Chippendale, then of the Richmond Theatre, and made his debut Dec. 6, 1849, as Peter, in the Stranger. During the remainder of the season he played constantly, with increased popularity, and advanced rapidly in his profession. From Richmond our young artist went to Niblo's Garden Theatre, where he played for the summer season. It was then under the management of Messrs. Chippendale and John Brougham, both of whom gave him counsel and encouragement. Mr. Brougham advised him strongly to devote his attention exclusively to Irish characters and to exhibit his abilities in this line, on which his popularity may be said to rest. In Providence, at Brougham's Lyceum (now Wallack's), New York, and at the Broadway, he was brilliantly successful, his genuine humor, vivacity, ease and dialect winning their way directly to the hearts of his audiences. We have mentioned that he commenced life as a writer for the press, and we may add here that his literary talents are of no mean description, as evinced by the pieces he represents, nearly all of which were written by himself. On the first of January, 1853, he married Miss Malvina Pray, with whom he has since visited the principal cities of the Union, the young couple meeting everywhere with



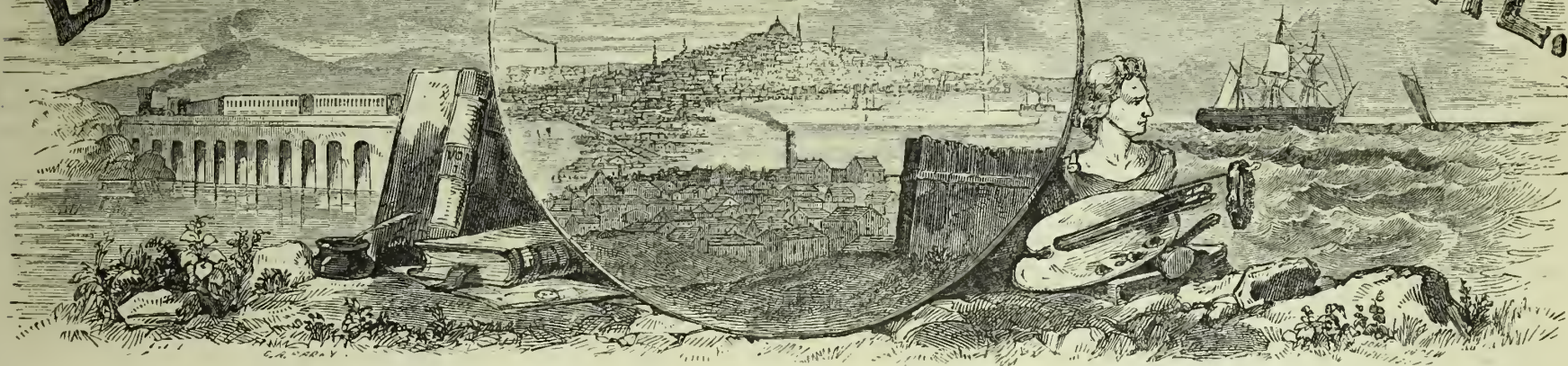
MRS. W. J. FLORENCE.

the success they so well deserve. Mrs. Florence is the daughter of Mr. Samuel Pray, a highly respectable gentleman of New York, and was born in that city on the 19th of April, 1834. She is a sister of Mrs. Barney Williams and Mrs. G. F. Browne. She made her debut as a danseuse, at Mitchell's Olympic Theatre, in 1846, and though only twelve years of age, met with complete success. She continued her career at Niblo's and at Brougham's Lyceum, and became deservedly a very great favorite with the New York public. Mrs. Florence is possessed of great versatility of talent, and soon after her marriage, by the advice of judicious friends, she was induced to devote her attention to the de-

lination of Yankee girls, a line which she and her sister have made peculiarly their own. Indeed, they may be said to have created it. The young couple commenced a starring tour, unheralded by puffs, relying on their talents, and resolving to deserve success at least, if they did not command it. Their first experiment was made in New York and was a legitimate triumph. They played to excellent houses, and to the perfect acceptance of the public, while the press spoke of them in terms of high approbation. From New York they came to this city, where they made an impression which their present engagement has served to confirm. Their first performances here fixed them as especial favorites with our people. All theatrical visitors are sure of a courteous reception; but this salutation passed, the new comers are subject to the severe scrutiny of an audience critical, perhaps, to fastidiousness. Hence a favorable Boston verdict is something that any actor may be proud of. If our enthusiasm is almost boundless after we have discovered real merit, we cannot surely be charged with yielding our applause unthinkingly. From Boston the Florences went successfully to Philadelphia, Baltimore, Buffalo, Rochester, Albany, Chicago, Cleveland, Louisville, Cincinnati and other cities, in all of which they gathered laurels. In more than one of these places the citizens testified their approbation by presenting them with valuable testimonials of their regard. In St. Louis, a splendid gold watch, set with diamonds, was presented by a committee of citizens to Mrs. Florence. Though Yankee girls are particularly well rendered by this lady, she performs well whatever she undertakes, her versatility enabling her to glide gracefully from one line of character to another. She is still, though out of practice, an elegant dancer, and both in figure and face fitted to adorn the stage. Mr. and Mrs. Florence are very happily adapted to each other, and we learn that in private life they are as much esteemed as they are popular in public. We have remarked that the peculiar line of Mr. Florence is the delineation of Irish character, and that of Mrs. Florence Yankee and Irish girls; but we would not convey the impression that they have adopted this line of character from necessity. Both of them are capable of a wide range, as their occasional divergence from their chosen sphere fully proves. This we were particularly impressed with the other evening at the National Theatre, where we saw Mrs. Florence perform no fewer than seven characters so excellently well that it would be difficult to assign the palm to either of them. Her husband, too, possesses equal versatility, an advantage not to be despised even in the personation of a single line, since there are fine shades of pathos and energy frequently thrown into comic characters, and nice touches of humor blended with those of a more serious cast. Dramatists are well aware of this peculiarity of human nature, and hence the necessity of a wide range of conception in every actor, to give full effect to his characters.



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IOWA.

The eagle is a fit heraldic emblem for this aspiring young State, which bids fair to surpass many of its older confederates ere long. In 1673, when a French exploring expedition from Canada discovered its fertile prairies, Iowa was the home of the war-like Dacotahs, who were the terror of their savage neighbors. But while the men were absent on war-parties, or engaged in hunting the buffalo, their patient "squaws" were busily engaged in their cornfields. The artist has sketched one of these female agriculturists, busily drumming as she shouts at the blackbirds, who evince a disposition to rob her of the crop which she has so carefully tended. She has erected a staging, the better to overlook her field, and has a shelter upon it to screen her from the sun or rain. A story illustrating the pioneer history of Iowa will be

found on page 170. Upon the other hand we see evidences of civilization, although the mounted hunter, with his rifle and dog, shows that deer and wild turkeys yet abound. Farther on the right, a group of miners are getting out lead-ore, which one of their number is wheeling to a furnace. The lead from Dubuque is exported all over the world; and in other parts of the State, iron ore, limestone and coal are found in abundance and of excellent quality. Iowa has the Mississippi upon her eastern boundary and the Missouri upon her western, their tributary streams watering her fertile prairies. Large steamers can carry her productions to New Orleans and bring back such articles as she does not produce. At first a portion of the territory of Wisconsin, Iowa was recognized as a territory in 1838, and was admitted into the Union on the 28th of December, 1846. The area of the State is 33,809

square miles—the capital, Iowa City, is upon the Iowa river. Population in 1840, 43,112—in 1850, 192,214—in 1852, 234,984. Iowa contains 193 churches—71 of them occupied by the Methodist persuasion. There are two colleges, and nearly 1000 common schools, for the support of which there is an ample fund, with additional sources of income for the maintenance of school-libraries. This speaks well for the future prosperity and intelligence of the State. The inhabitants of Iowa are industrious, active and well-informed. The luxuries of civilization are fast replacing the log-cabins of the pioneers, and large towns stand upon the old hunting-grounds of the Dacotahs. Now a frontier State, another half century will find Iowa in the very heart of the Union. Its advance in population is almost unprecedented in the history of either of the Western States.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SECRETS OF THE CELLS: —OR— LEAVES FROM MY DIARY.

BY REV. J. H. INGRAHAM.

NUMBER ONE.

TRAVELLERS IN A STRANGE CITY.

WHEN one has arrived by night in a strange city, with what novel sensations of curiosity does he draw aside his curtain in the morning and look forth upon the strange buildings! There is no personal independence parallel with that experienced by a stranger for the first time in a city where he knows no one, and every street of which is as mysterious to him as the unfolding thread of a labyrinth. With a sort of abandon, delightful as it is new, he commits himself to the current on the sidewalks, and goes around whither fancy, caprice or chance directs his fate. To know no one, and to be as unknown to all, enfolds him in a pleasing mystery, and he walks, as it were, invisible amid the throng.

It was with such sensations of personal independence and of mystery, that the morning after my first arrival in the romantic city of Nashville, I sallied forth from my hotel and joined the strange people who were in the strange streets. It was yet early, the sun having just illumined the upper portion of the capitol and kindled the gilded vane of a distant church spire.

It was market morning, and the ways were thronged with laughing servants, balancing well-filled baskets of vegetables upon their heads with wonderful precision; with poor widows, hastening along with little baskets on their arms containing the "small dinner" of poverty; the luxuriant boarding-house landlady, followed by her serving-maid, stooping under a huge load of meats, poultry, fish and all manner of garden esculents; with the neatly-clad coachman of the rich citizen, with venison and other choice marketing; with the indigent, the laborer, the serving-woman, and all the varieties of people who must daily "eat and live." But what impressed me very forcibly was the close likeness of these persons to precisely such a crowd of market-goers as I had mingled with a few mornings before in another and distant city! The general outline of humanity is ever the same. We see in each city we go into the same people—but not the same faces; that is, all American populations bear a striking resemblance to one another. Let a man leave one city where he has lived, leaving thirty or forty friends behind him, and on coming to another, he will ere long find *just such* people, with different names and faces, but just such people as he has left, and their acquaintanceship will supply the place of the former. There is Peter Brief, Esq., the acute lawyer, in every city; old Will Brunson, the fat butcher; Tom Logie, the landlord of the Swan, with his red face; then Dr. Sniff with his everlasting smell of rhubarb; little Tim, the snub-nosed news-boy; Simon, the one-eyed handcart-man; and old fleshy Aunt Betty, the apple-woman, who for the last fifteen years has preserved a full, rotund corpulency, increasing with age. All these and fifty other personages, whom one well knows in his own city, he will be sure to find, sooner or later, in every other city he goes to. All populations are alike, especially market-going folk; and hence it is that an idle stranger always feels more at home in a market than elsewhere; for he seems to have been there, and seen and heard all these people chatter and chaffer before.

But this is digressive. After passing through the market, which, to speak candidly was by no means the cleanliest or best arranged I had ever seen, I discovered a street terminating in a cliff, upon which majestically reposed what seemed to me to be a grand ruin of white marble, upon which the sun was shining with a roseate tint. I took this street up, passing some neat private mansions, and on the left a Grecian structure in imitation of the lesser Temple of Minerva, near Athens.

"What building is this, uncle?" I inquired of an aged African, with patched habiliments, who was seated on his saw-buck filing an antiquated saw, which looked as ancient in years and service as himself.

"Dat, massa," responded the sable wood-sawyer, looking up and touching his file to the front portion of his old straw hat, by way of a bow, "dat, or dis here one?" and he pointed to a tall, imposing structure on the opposite corner of the street.

"This," I answered, laying my hand on the pedestal of one of the columns.

"Ah, well den, *dis* one," he said, in the politest way possible, but with a bull-frog sort of voice down in his throat, "am de Romie Apholom church."

"Thank you, uncle," I answered, placing a few inches of "twist," which I always carry about with me for my colored friends (never chewing tobacco myself), in the palm of his dark and shrivelled hand. He looked at it with surprise and pleasure, and then glancing up into my face, smiled ineffably, and pulled the front of his straw encasement with an emphasis of gratitude and satisfaction that was worth a dozen quids.

"Bress de Lor! but massa is a gentleman. Old nigger don't get baccy every day. Tank massa tousand times." Here half the twist disappeared in the toothless vortex of his jaws.

Leaving the old man to his filing, I could not but regard with surprise a Roman Catholic church constructed on a purely Grecian model. It had the external air of a substantial bank. It was open, as mass was just over. I entered and found the interior resembling much that of a handsome New York Presbyterian

church; only the usual display of lace covering the altar, and screens and festoons of colored tissue paper and gold thread arranged around, showed that it was a papal church. On either side the image of the Virgin and of St. Joseph, with a gilded crucifix in the centre, completed, with four confessional boxes, its distinctive character.

Opposite the Roman church, towered the elegant facade of a marble structure, which looked like some Italian palace dropped down amid the American dwellings of the city. Upon looking at it, in passing, more closely, I perceived that it was a copy of a section of the Borghese Palace at Rome, and by no means an unworthy copy. I found, on inquiring, that it was the sumptuous residence of a gentleman of fortune; and wishing that all our wealthy men who build would manifest as much good taste, I continued my walk up the hill towards the summit, where shone the white, irregular walls which I had before seen. As I approached, I perceived that what at a distance appeared to be a magnificent ruin was the half-upreared pile of marble which was destined to be the future capitol of the State.

Its site was most commanding. It crowned a rocky eminence that rises boldly from the heart of the city, like the Acropolis, and towering above the surrounding country. From the top of the structure I surveyed beneath and around me a suburban prospect that is unequalled in the West. The city belted the base of the hill and lay before my eyes with its streets and gardens, like one of those models of towns one sees in European cabinets. To the east, flowing past its base, sparkled the blue wave of the lovely and meandering Cumberland, on one shore walled in by the crags on which the city is built, on the other bordered by green fields. Over it stretched a dark old bridge, beneath the arch of which a steamboat was at that moment passing with her chimneys depressed almost to a level with her deck in order to escape contact with the floor of the bridge, while rolling all round it went up vast masses of smoke and sparks, as if both steamer and bridge were on fire.

The city stretched far away to the southward, till lost amid the groves and fields upon an opposite eminence, adorned by a tasteful villa, the residence of the Rutledges, late of South Carolina. Northward lay farms and gardens, woodland and glen, with country houses peeping from the shutting covert of foliage. Westward the hill sloped away to a verdant meadow, across which lay a turnpike, penetrating into the fertile bosom of the country, and nine other macadamized avenues, not all visible from the capitol, radiate from the centre of the city, piercing all sections of the surrounding country, which is beautifully wooded, well watered with a thousand pellucid springs, and finely cultivated. But amid the lovely scenery that lay west of the city, my gaze fell upon a vast edifice of stone, about a mile distant, which rose from the green bosom of the pleasant fields and groves, the most prominent object in the landscape. Its shape, a huge centre with long wings, three stories in height, its tower and alarm bell, its tall brick wall enclosing half a dozen acres, with massive gateways with sentry turrets at the angles, assured me for what purpose it was erected and to what sad object it was devoted. Nevertheless I asked of a man bearing water past me what building it was.

"Is it the on' aforement yer honor?" responded the hod-man, whose rich brogue, velvetene corduroys and peasant-like civility spoke of his recent migration.

"The large structure near the turnpike," I answered.

"Sure, and dat is the Pinitashary, anyhow," he responded, without taking his short-stemmed pipe, or duceen, from his mouth. "It's two hundred o' them as is in there, and hewin' all the stone for this! Look, yer honor, and ye'll be aft'er seein' the quharry, to the right."

"I see it," I replied, observing in the rear of the high wall a large quarried space, on the white rock of which the sun shone as if reflected from a surface of snowdrift.

The sight of this prison now fixed all my attention. It seemed to cast a dark shadow over all the loveliness of the landscape. The voice of the busy city, the lively scene of moving boats upon the bright river, the blue sky, the green fields and verdant meadows, the singing birds and shining sun, all seemed to feel the cold shadow cast by those prison walls on all within the circling ring of the horizon. It was a gangrene, a blot upon the fair earth!

"There, within the compass of the four sides of those confining walls," I reflected, "are imprisoned two hundred or more of God's immortal creatures—man created in his image and destined for a life beyond the tomb that runs parallel in duration with that of the everlasting angels! There, shut out from the homes, from the hearts, from the thoughts of the world, exiled from the bosom of society and outcast from their fellow men, as if they were brutes, and men no longer, are two hundred persons, who, though fiends of crime now, it may be, were once innocent babes, all of them. With what joy the mother of the vilest convict there first pressed his infant cheek to her heart! With what joy gazed upon her own face reflected in his; with what pride witnessed his first smile, discovered his first tender tooth, saw it take its first infantile step, heard its first sweet articulation of "ma—pa," listened to its beginnings to articulate words to explain its love or its wants; guarded its childhood from harm, and, like the hen gathering her chickens under her wings, protected it in the covert of her sheltering arms from the dangers to which it was daily exposed from its helplessness! Ah, yes! all of them there were once the objects of a mother's love, of a father's pride: all of them were once without sin; once the lie, the oath, the stealing fingers, the desire for lust, hatred and revenge were unknown to them: once they knew no evil; once were as innocent and pure as that babe, O mother, that now looks lovingly up into your eyes to receive your glances of love back again!

But behold them now—these former innocent children! If from this height and at this distance I could hear and see, I should hear the curse of rage, the execrations of despair, the clank of chains; I should see the red, hollow eye of hate, the knotted brow of crime, the sensuous life of lust and brutality, the clenched hand of restless vengeance. I should miss the lineaments of the divine image exchanged for the features of a demon. All this should I hear and see. And if I could penetrate the secrets of their bosoms, that secret each keeps locked up there from men's ears and eyes, I should discover murder, theft, highway robbery, arson, rape, forgery, fraud, and every shade of crime that stands upon the statute books as forbidden unto men to do.

And whence this vast change? What has made this terrible difference between the infant and the man? that innocence should, growing in years beneath God's sun, breathing God's air, eating God's bread, expand into vice? Not less surprising would it seem for the rose-bud to expand and blossom into a thistle, wounding all who touch it, or the egg of the robin redbreast produce a scorpion. But this is a subject for the metaphysician, the theologian and psychologist; but it seems to me that the cause mainly lies in two things—the neglect of parents to obey the injunction, "Train up your child in the way he should go!" and in the State legislating to punish crime by voting penitentiaries, instead of legislating to prevent crime by voting schools.

With a small pocket telescope with which I usually travel, I was enabled to see that the quarry was alive with gray-clad figures. Some were pecking stone; some prying out huge blocks; others hauling vast masses on trucks by ropes laid over their shoulders; one and all engaged like so many ants upon their hill. I could discern the "guards," distinguishable by their black clothes and muskets, standing here and there overlooking the prisoners, who numbered not less than a hundred all together engaged in the quarry.

It was with emotions of sadness and humiliation that I turned away my glass from a spectacle so painful as this one, over which angels bending from heaven might weep. These poor, wretched men had "sown the wind and were now reaping the whirlwind." But how much of their guilt lay upon the souls of fathers and mothers? God only knows, and will one day reveal!

As I left the capitol and paced the massive stone floors, and noticed the elegant finish of all the stone work, I could not but reflect how every stroke upon it had been given by the hand of an unhappy man! how that every peck was directed by eyes that looked forth from a soul dark with guilt; that over it for days had bent the gaunt, and wasted, and pale figure of one whom earth's powers had shut up and out from his kind, as unfit to live among men. What thoughts, what dreadful and wicked thoughts, must have hovered and been breathed over and around and upon these stones, as these outcast men hammered, and hammered, and hammered, from early dawn to obscure twilight, upon their hard surfaces—symbolic of their own hard and obdurate natures.

I thoughtfully and sadly descended from the capitol and slowly took my way to my hotel, but with an impression of sorrow and sympathy for the lost men, "fast in prison," which daily took deeper hold upon my heart and feelings. I had come to this city, arriving the night before, for the purpose of entering upon a course of theological studies, as candidate for orders in the Episcopal church. Three years of hard and close, but delightful, because congenial, study were before me. During the day, I delivered the letters of introduction which I had brought, and the next morning found me domesticated in a quiet study, surrounded by the learning of the fathers of the church, which I was to make my own, by diligent use of the early sun and of the late "night lamp." The intervening hours of the day were to be occupied in teaching, that I might find "oil" for my midnight lamp.

The evening of the third day after my arrival, I left my room for a sunset walk. I had been hard at work over Hebrew lexicons and "Ecclesiastical Polity," and also teaching eight classes in an institute, during the whole day, and the fresh air and bright green foliage and joyous birds renewed the vigor of my strength and flow of my spirits, as pedestrian exercise, after a day of mental toil, always does those of the sedentary man. The poor "prisoner and captive," for whom we pray every Sunday in our beautiful litany, had not been out of my thoughts, and I directed my steps toward the prison, the tower and broad roof of which were just visible from the turnpike, above the lofty trees which environed its walls.

But having in this number introduced myself and my subject to the reader, I will reserve for the next chapter the narrative of my evening walk and of its incidents and results.

NUMBER TWO.

THE EVENING WALK—THE GANG OF PRISONERS.

My first number was rather introductory than a portion of my diary proper. It related the circumstances under which I found myself in the city of Nashville, and whereby my sympathies with the "prisoners and captives" were awakened. At the close of that number the reader found me about to take an evening walk in the direction of the prison, the distant walls of which, peering above the trees that adorned the landscape, had been seen by me from the capitol.

The evening—says my diary, which here properly begins its daily record of events and incidents—was one of those pure, delicious hours which in the west so often, in autumn, makes earth appear to be a ruined but lovely fragment of the glorious heavens. The air was still: the trees moved not with the life of the winds breathed upon them; the sky seemed to expand over the arching world above like the azure throne of the Creator; clouds of purple tint, clouds of rose-color, clouds of crimson, and of every hue of the prism were gathered in the western fields of the air,

and the sun in his descent seemed to be enfolded the magnificence of nature's evening drapery about him, and to leave the world in darkness while he expired amid the splendors of light ineffable. The skies near the horizon were of that peculiar green so rarely visible, called apple-green, which gives them the appearance of being set with a mosaic of emeralds.

But it is not my purpose to become a painter and describer of sky-scenery. The west is peculiarly the land of lovely and gorgeous sunsets; and other pens, and, also, pencils of the artist, will yet recount their atmospheric glories. Italy's sky has had its poets, its enthusiastic panegyrists and its painters; but these were English pens, tongues and pencils. English people, dwelling in their fog-veiled isle seldom see the cloudless sun; and rarely more than a gray, cold, cloudless sunset gladdens their eyes. When, therefore, English tourists reach Italy and behold the sunsets of the shores of the Mediterranean, and the sunrise and sunset skies that are full of glory and magnificence of colors, they at once go into raptures, and proclaim the beauty of Italian sunsets to all the world; and all the world believed, until recently, that all the world must cross the Alps to see the sun set paradisaically—to see the skies in the west glitter and burn with the gorgeous hues of a shivered prism—as if all the rainbows since the flood had been gathered up by the sun and cast about him as he dies.

But all the world is beginning to know that the western continent has its superb sunrises and sunsets. Americans who have so long admired Italy through John Bull's great round spectacles begin to see for themselves in more ways than one. They have put off their English pin-a-fores and short clothes, and put on the *toys viriles*. Because John Bull, out of his foggy island, claps his hands, with "bravoes" at Italian sunsets, as the only fine sunsets of earth, Young America does not feel longer bound to clap his hands too; but, using his own eyes, points to the New World sunset scenes, and shows "all the world" that they are as glorious, rich, gorgeous, primitive and altogether as superb as those of Italy.

On the evening I have named, which found me directing my steps towards the prison, the heavens which arched the west were more gorgeous than any Italian sunset Claude Lorraine ever transferred to canvass. There was the same pure green tint in the air, the same purple, plum-colored clouds suspended above the sun; the same golden-dyed and silver azure commingled; the same orange and rose dyes blended; the same soft, hazy veil of atmosphere, through which all this splendor was made, and by which all was softened, that one sees in Italy; and which John Bull, because he sees them not in his "sea-girt isle," fancies they are not to be seen in the world but in Italy, where alone he has travelled.

While I was walking onward, now gazing upon the western sky, now upon the rural scenery about me, I saw rapidly approaching me a man whose awkward and uncertain step and peculiar manner attracted my attention, as he moved along like one bewildered. As we drew near each other, I noticed that every article of dress he wore was new, from his cheap black hat down to his thick, buff-colored brogans. His fresh linsey-woolsey coat, black, cheap vest, and coarse trousers, had evidently, from the crosses in them, not been out of the chest or off the shelf an hour. His face was pale, peculiarly cadaverous; his gait weakly, uncertain and hesitating; his eyes wandering, and his whole air that of one lost and vacillating in mind. Yet there was an expression in his face of inward joy mingled with a kind of wonder. Whether he were an escaped lunatic, or an idiot on a holiday excursion, I could not decide before we met. He drew back as I approached, and would have gone around me, and I saw that he watched me with a suspicious eye. But the next moment, seeing me nod kindly, his confidence seemed to be restored, and he said, in a low, dogged tone:

"Is this the road to Nashville?"

"This is the city," I answered, pointing to the capitol and spires behind me.

"Yes—but—I am kind o' lost. It is a good while since I walked abroad alone. But I don't fear any man now!" This was spoken with singular emphasis.

"Why should an honest man fear?" I said. "It is the rogue only who has reason to fear men."

"Rogue! Well, I am no rogue now, if nine years' service to atone for guilt makes a man innocent. Sir," he added, seeing that I regarded him with interest, "you see a man who for nine long years has not walked the streets of a town, crossed a green field, or spoken to one who knew him. Half an hour ago I was discharged from that place; here he pointed towards the prison; "and I am now going to my old home to see if anybody I knew is alive or knows me. But I expect they are all dead!" Here he shook his head sadly. "In seven years I've not heard from my wife nor from my children—and I had three—nor from anybody! I have been locked up there! The world looks strange to me now. I wonder if I am out and at liberty, or only dreaming, as I used to dream of being free. How strange I feel, sir! How helpless like, and like a child I seem. I hardly know how to walk, even; and not to have the guard's eyes upon me—and—O, sir, I feel quite lost—bewildered!"

His manner fully expressed the truth of his words. Imagine the feelings and conduct of a man, dear reader, nine long years confined in prison, suddenly released and turned into the boundless world, to breathe the pure air and go whither he will. You will understand his sensations when he said to me, after a moment's silence:

"I feel like a babe just born; I don't know what to do."

He was a stout built, short man, with a round head, open forehead and a good face, though the expression was cowed by habit,

and his complexion was wilted and pale as the face of the dead, with color none. His hair was cropped short to his head, and his new hat and new clothes were all too large for him. As he did not feel disposed to leave me and continue his way, but seemed to hang to me, helplessly, I asked him whither he was going.

"I hardly know. I can't think right and clear yet. My head is sort o' confused. But I mean to go where I lived—up in Maury County. I've nowhere else to go; and there I know nobody will be glad to see me," he added sadly. "I almost begin to wish," and here he looked towards the prison, "I had been in for life! I don't feel so happy as I thought I should!"

"Have you any money?" I inquired.

"Five silver dollars, sir, and this new suit. This they give to all discharged convicts."

At this moment seeing a man coming from the direction of the prison, he looked alarmed, regarded him closely, and then ran swiftly from me in the direction of the town; but unaccustomed to use his legs for so many years, except in the short walks to and from his cell, he stumbled before he had gone far and fell heavily to the earth. Before I could reach him to assist the poor fellow, he had recovered himself, and climbing the hedge which bordered the pike, was hidden from view. The man he had seen and whose presence alarmed him, came up laughing, and said, in a cheery tone:

"You need not scamper off that way, Barker, nobody will harm you now, if you behave yourself. You were talking with him, sir?"

"Yes," I answered; "he told me he had just been discharged from the prison, after nine years' service."

"True. He seems not to know how to use his freedom, like it is with most all who have been a long time in. It bewilders them to get out."

"Are you one of the guards?" I asked, seeing the butt of a pistol sticking out of his pocket, as if unintentionally exposed.

"Yes, sir. Seeing me going into town on business has frightened him. He was an obedient and steady prisoner while with us, and I hope will keep clear of us in the future."

"What was he put in for?" I inquired.

"Arson. He was a carpenter. He had built a mill for a man, of whom he could never get his pay. He secretly set fire to the mill, all the work upon which and every foot of timber was his own, and burned it to the ground. It was a hard case, but he was sentenced to nine years, and to-day, as you see, is discharged. Good evening, sir."

"It was, indeed, a hard case," I said, mentally, as I walked on. "Here is a man who has given his own property and months of labor to another, who defrauds him of the whole by some shape of fraud, and then when the wronged man, in a moment of temptation, sets fire to his own to take it from the lawful enjoyment of the other, he is imprisoned, and the original wrong-doer escapes justice. Such are the equity and nice distinctions of the law. Without question, the act of the wronged man was arson and punishable, but the law should also have shackled to him and imprisoned with him for as long a time the fraudulent man who had wronged him. Doubtless the injured carpenter, an uneducated man, believed that he had a right to set fire to the property for which he was unpaid, and intended no crime. But human law is in an imperfect state, human justice is unequal, human equity full of error; and God the judge of all will one day revise all terrestrial judication. All the worst men are not inmates of penitentiaries."

In a few minutes after leaving the guard I came to an angle of the prison grounds. A lane, bounded on one side by the huge wall and on the other by a pleasant field, led off to the right towards the quarries. My attention was here attracted by a party or gang of men, marching with military order down this lane towards me. I saw at once that they were criminals, from their parti-colored garb, one having a brown and a gray sleeve, one a gray and a blue leg; while others wore clothes made of long, broad blue and white strips sewn together, not unlike the prevailing fashion of "fast young gentlemen" found in our cities now-a-days.

These men marched eight abreast and were in five platoons, forty men in all. They all had shaved heads, close, striped woolen caps, and their unoccupied hands hung swinging by their sides as they moved along. They came onward with a heavy tramp, silent and sullen. Behind them walked, armed only with a musket, a young man, the only guard in sight, to keep in subjection forty stalwart men, used to crime, and daring enough to execute the heart's promptings. Yet these forty men stepped before him with perfect subjection, taking the way towards the great gate without a leader, save the foremost rank.

I wondered that they all, unbound and free-armed, should march thus in fear and submission before one man. I marvelled that none attempted to escape, or that all did not bolt away together across the meadows—for but one only could be shot in the attempt—thirty-nine at least would get off free! But doubtless each one feared that he himself might be the one killed, and thus this individuality of caution kept the whole body together and obedient.

They passed me by without appearing to notice me, as I stood on the roadside. But one man looked up! They fixed their faces upon the ground and tramped past in silence and with the crushed aspect of men daily subjected to fear, whose "soul is melted within them" and their spirit broken. He who looked up at me was a tall, handsome young man, with an eye like an Indian's and an air defiant and aggressive. He looked as if, could he inspire his comrades with his own spirit, he would on the instant lead them to freedom, in spite of the guard and his loaded musket. As he caught my eye his own lighted up with contempt

and hatred, emotions aroused in his heart because I gazed upon him as a spectacle.

The whole band, after going round the wall at their sullen pace, entered the wide gateway, which was thrown open for them, and the closing leaves shut the last platoon from my sight.

I remained a few moments in front of the prison, gazing up at the three stories of grated windows, and observing the massive strength exhibited in the whole structure, when I beheld a lady, closely veiled, come forth from the smaller door, which led from the guard-room. Her graceful and subdued manner, her quiet step and plain but strictly lady-like attire, assured me that she was a superior person to the ordinary class of females who sometimes are permitted to have interviews with their imprisoned husbands, brothers or fathers. She was, moreover, accompanied to the door by the warden, whose manner was full of deference, and who, with great civility, assisted her into a light carriage which was standing before the door of the guard-room. As she seated herself in the carriage, she raised her veil, and I recognized the beautifully calm and benevolent face of Dorothea Dix, the female Howard of the New World. As the carriage was turning to drive off, I had an opportunity to recognize her by a bow.

"You know that woman, doctor?" said, interrogatively, the stout, strong-featured and rather stern-looking man who had conducted her to the vehicle, speaking to an old gentleman who had just alighted from his horse at the gate.

"Yes; it is Miss Dix."

"Well, who is Miss Dix?" he answered, impatiently. "She is the only woman I ever was afraid of. She is as intelligent as a man; knows as much about penitentiaries and prisoners as I do, and I have kept a prison for twenty years. She has an eye like a hawk, and asks more questions than a man knows how to answer. She talks to the convicts as freely as if she had known all about 'em. Who is she, sir? That is, who sent her to visit prisons? Is she a spy, or what? I have seen her name often in the papers; and to-day she pops in upon us and says she is 'Miss Dix,' and would like to see the prison; and she speaks as if she was a regular captain; yet somehow she speaks like a bred lady, and is so gentle and pleasant that one can't say a word."

"She is a philanthropist, colonel, and all prison doors open to her. You must brush up when she comes. She prints everything."

"She does—confound her! She don't get in here again very soon. Women ought to be at home minding their babies."

"But Miss Dix's babies are convicts, colonel," answered the old medical gentleman, pleasantly smiling. "She devotes her life, her time, her fortune to visiting prisons and seeing if there are abuses to be corrected and reforms needed for the comfort of her 'children,' the convicts. She is the convicts' mother."

The warden bit his lip; and the physician entered the prison to see his patients. The sun was just setting, and in order to reach the city by dark I was about returning, resolving to get a permit from the inspectors and visit the interior of the prison the first opportunity, when I heard one of the guard, who was lounging in the door, smoking, say briskly:

"Here comes another bird, boys."

Upon looking towards the road, I saw an officer, as he proved to be, mounted upon a horse which appeared to have travelled far, and driving before him a man whose arms were secured by a cord which led to the pommel of the saddle. The prisoner was a young man, almost a lad, with blue eyes and a fair complexion; but he seemed much wearied and travel-worn. I could see his eye range restlessly over the front of the iron-windowed prison, and rest uneasily upon the embossed and massive gates. The officer drew rein in front of the guard-room door, placing some papers which he took from his broad-brimmed hat in the hand of the deputy warden who met him, he hauded to him the end of the cord, saying, with an oath:

"Well, he is here safe, and I am confounded glad to get shet of him. We have come in four days one hundred and twenty-nine miles, from the middle of my county."

The youthful prisoner was now unbound and led into the guard-house, or office. I was permitted to go in also, for it was a common reception-room of visitors, external to the regular prison enclosure.

As I looked round the gloomy room which was ornamented with rows of flint muskets in brackets, broadswords and pistols, and a portrait of the warden, done, as I afterwards learned, by one of the convicts, the new-comer was registered by the clerk of the prison. His description was accurately recorded in the book, with any peculiar physiological marks; he was then led to a stand where his height was taken, and if I am not mistaken he was also weighed. His crime, theft of money, was also recorded. He was all the while passive; his pale cheek and restless eye alone betrayed the deep emotion that evidently moved his soul. I saw him cast anxious, and earnest, and lingering looks out of the open windows, as if loath to leave the free world and be shut out from its pleasures so young. He was now roughly conducted into a side apartment, from which in about five minutes he reappeared in the gray and brown pie-bald prison uniform, with his hair cut, or rather shaved, close to his head, in the vilest style. His whole appearance was singularly changed by this costume and the loss of his long brown locks. He looked, and seemed to feel, cowed and humbled. His very spirit seemed cropped and his soul clad in patched and striped clothes; for the inner man is irresistibly influenced by the costume of the outer. Wellington in a shingled pate and in pie-bald breeches and woolen prison-cap would never have won Waterloo!

The under prison-keeper was now sent for, and entered by a massive iron door which communicated with the inner court of the prison. In this door was a grated out-look, which turned on



THE LATONA PIECE.

hinges, and through which those in the guard-room could look into the prison-yard. At the approach of the prison-keeper, who was a short, thick-set man, with a small, keen gray eye, that glittered beneath square, shaggy brows, and who looked as if he feared no man, and loved power over his species, the youthful criminal's lip became colorless, and I saw that his eyes were suffused with tears. Was he thinking of the hard confinement he was now to enter upon, from which he shrunk, or was it the thought of a sorrowing mother or sister that stirred his soul and suffused his eyes?

"In with you!" was the stern, brief order of the prison-keeper, as he threw the heavy door back and pointed through it.

The prisoner obeyed hurriedly, as if he feared any delay would be followed by a blow; and the heavy door closing upon him, he disappeared into that fearful vortex which receives from time to time those men which society, by its courts of justice, casts from its bosom. Scarcely had the iron door swung to, when the whole prison was aroused by a sudden ringing of the alarm bell! then within the court was heard shouts, followed by the report of a pistol and then of a musket. All was instantly in confusion and activity in the guard-room. The idle guards seized their guns! some hurried out of doors, receiving orders from the warden to skirt the walls, while others rushed into the court of the prison.

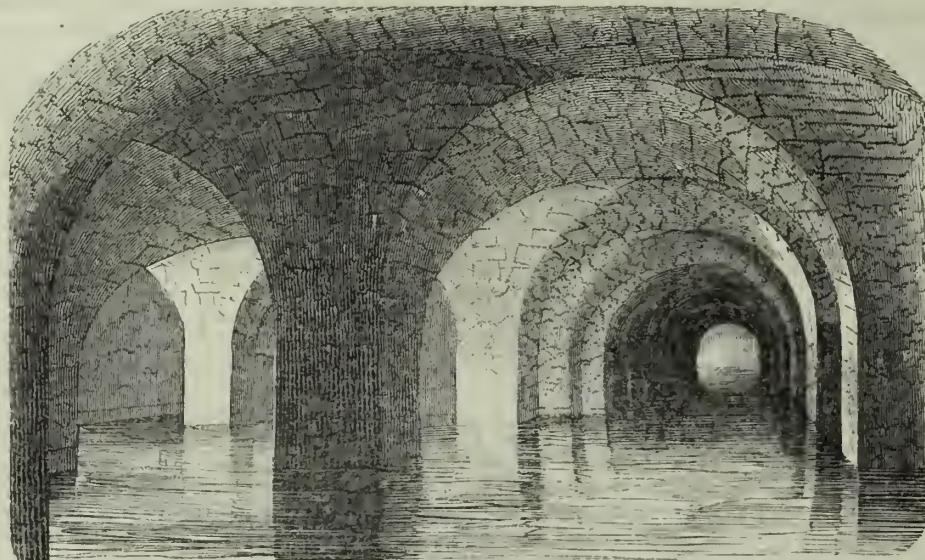
"One of the convicts has sealed the wall, sir, by means of the tinner's ladder," called out the prison-keeper from within, to the warden.

"Which way?" inquired the excited and anxious warden. "At the northeast angle. He was fired upon by the sentry, but leaped to the ground, and is now making towards the river."

The clerk, seizing a pistol from the rack above his desk, leaped upon the doctor's horse, which stood at the door, and at full speed galloped around the walls. We all ran forth, and on gaining the

sent his pistol at his head. The fugitive, however, did not stop until the young man was close upon him, when he stood still, and surrendered. Levelling the pistol at him his captor drove him to the prison gate. It was the same tall, dark-eyed fellow I had seen in the last platoon of the squad of stone-cutters. He looked wearied with his efforts, and seemed to suffer from a sprained ankle, but only smiled defiance as the door of the prison was opened to receive him once more to bondage, and to increased rigor of discipline, if not severe corporeal punishment. The day was now closed, and by the light of the rising full moon I took my way towards the city, reflecting painfully on the sad scenes I had witnessed in my visit to the outside of the prison. "What," thought I, "will the interior present for contemplation, when the scenes on the exterior are so sorrowful?" Poor humanity! What a wreck of a nobler creation man is! What a wreck of some more glorious and perfect world is earth! We are wretched dwellers upon a fragment of a once lovely universe! All around us indicates a ruined world, physically, as all within us does mentally. The wild storms, the dread earthquakes, the pestilential atmosphere, the terrific whirlwinds that sweep sea and land, the severe cold of winter, the burning heats of summer, the rough face of the earth, all that we are surrounded by show ruin to be the rule; beautiful scenery here and there being only the exception. The world nor man, as they both are to-day, never came from a perfect Creator's hand as they now appear! The once glorious and beautiful world is lost and marred. In a word "Adam has fallen," and the "flood has swept" the surface of the earth.

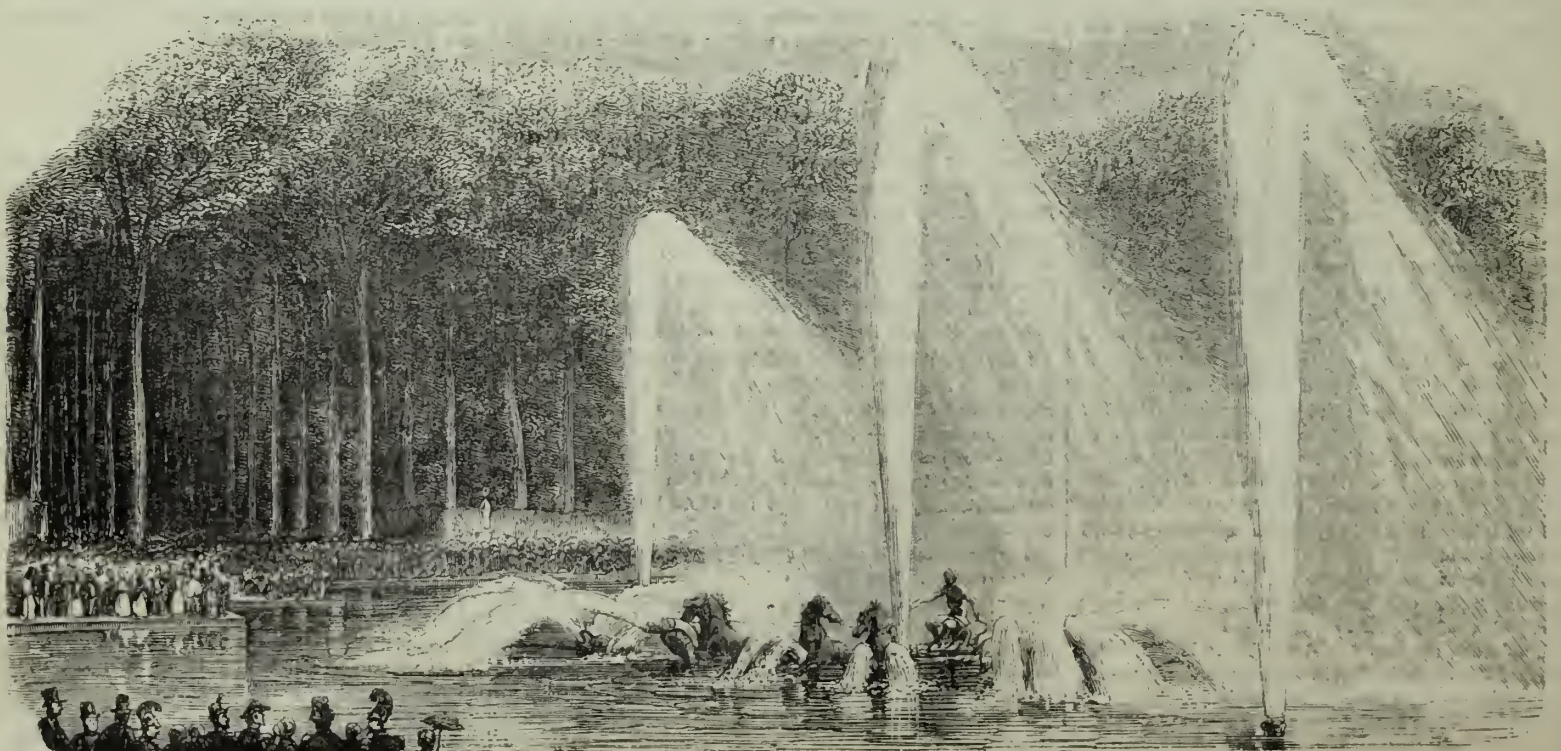
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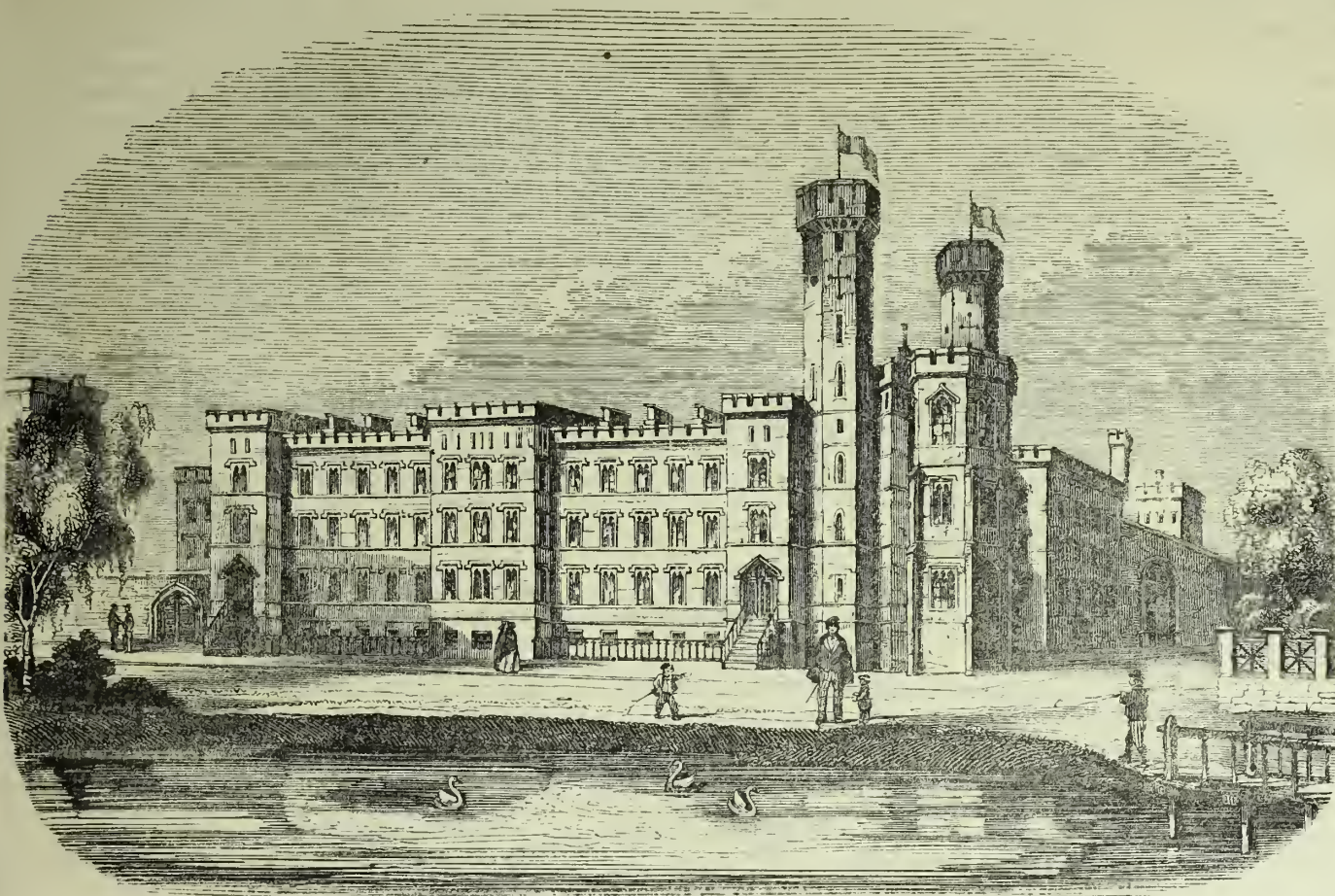
THE RESERVOIRS.

angle of the wall, I could see the prisoner indistinctly in the twilight, making his way limpingly across a meadow. The horseman leaped the fence, and in a few moments headed him and pre-

and beautiful world is lost and marred. In a word "Adam has fallen," and the "flood has swept" the surface of the earth.



THE CAR OF NEPTUNE.



COURT HOUSE, BRESLAU.

THE WATER-WORKS AT VERSAILLES.

The splendid palace of Versailles, with its fairy-like gardens and magnificent water-works, remains a monument of the criminal prodigality and arrogance of the royal family of France. It originated with the pompous vanity of Louis XIV. The palace is no longer a royal residence—even the present emperor does not think of occupying it—and it is merely preserved as an historical monument. The water-works are only played upon certain days, as a spectacle for the sight-loving Parisians and the thousands of strangers always to be found in the gay capital of France, who, on these occasions, congregate by thousands to gaze upon the glittering fountains, the marvels of art and ingenuity. The palace of Versailles never equalled in magnificence the Vatican of the middle ages, and the king of Denmark possesses one far more sumptuous. Many ruins of the ancient nations of the East bear witness to a by gone splendor, compared to which, that of Versailles is insignificant. Considering the relative power of the states, the magnificence of the Medici, whose monuments are yet unchanged, eclipsed that of Louis XIV. In point of fact, Louis XIV. was not the most sumptuous of monarchs, but, since he closed the list of a luxurious line of kings he has come to bear the burthen of the bitterest comments upon royal waste and prodigality. Few, however, who thread the gilded and deserted halls of the palace, or gaze enraptured on the sparkling play of the waters, count the cost of their production or philosophize upon the misery of the people from whose hard earned gains were wrung the vast sums required for the construction of this fairy abode. There was no water at Versailles when the king conceived his idea of embellishing it with fountains, and years were employed in constructing the canals and aqueducts necessary to bring it from a distance. Then a vast hydraulic machine had to be invented and put up for raising the water to a proper height and obtaining the adequate power. The engravings on the preceding page, represent the water-piece called Latona, from the principal figure representing the mother of Diana and Apollo; that called the car of Neptune, from a figure of the old sea-god, and the vast subterranean reservoirs containing a supply of water for the hydraulic machinery by means of which the fountains are exhibited. In the winter of 1849, in consequence of a thaw, a fissure was opened in the walls of the reservoirs, through which the water escaped and undermined the soil about the basin of Latona. A gulf suddenly opened under the feet of a gentleman who was walking in the park, and who disappeared suddenly from the eyes of his alarmed wife, as Curtius vanished in the chasm of the Roman forum. The gentleman was not lost, though he and his umbrella were extricated with a good deal of difficulty. As he happened to be a popular representative, the matter was brought before the Assembly, and they immediately voted a sum of 300,000 francs to repair the damages and restore the water-works to their original condition. In the course of those repairs the figure of Latona was gilded as in the time of Louis XIV., and a plentiful supply of gold-leaf was also applied to other mythological ladies and gentlemen who adorn other fountains, so that on a grand fete, the travellers may now be-

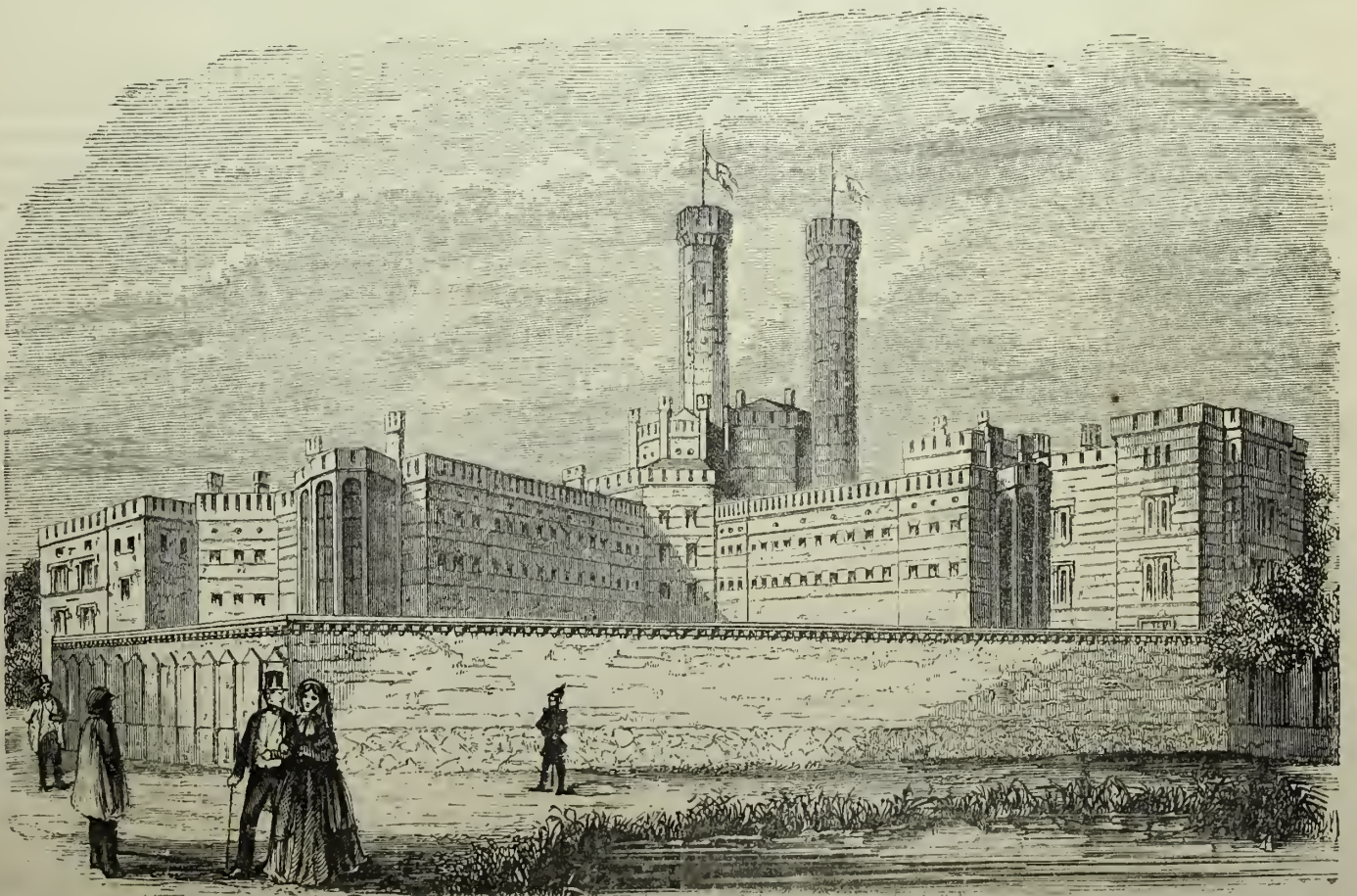
hold the wondrous water-works of Versailles in the same style of splendor which delighted the eyes of the courtiers of the *Grand Monarque* in the palmy days of his illustrious reign. No one can read without indignation the history of these famous water-works. St. Simon says, in his memoirs, that the water provided in the first reservoirs proving insufficient, Louvois conceived the idea of bringing the River Eure to Versailles, and as it was a time of peace, the king ordered the infantry troops to perform the labor. "Who can reckon," says the duke, "the money and men which the attempt cost for many years, until it was prohibited under the severest penalties, to speak, in the camps which were established and kept up there for a long time, of the sick and especially the dead, whom the labor and yet more the exhalations of so many tracts of excavated land killed? How many others were years in recovering from this contagion? How many never recovered their health during the remainder of their lives? And yet not only subaltern officers, but colonels, brigadiers and even generals were employed, whatever their rank, and had no liberty to absent themselves for a quarter of an hour, nor to fail themselves of performing one quarter of an hour's service on the works." Dangeau informs us that in 1684, 22,000 men and 6000 horses were daily employed at Versailles. The following year he carries the number of workmen to 36,000. Madame de Sevigne says that carts filled with sick and dead were carried off in the night. And

the old town are mostly narrow; but those in the newer parts are broad, and the houses good; while the number and magnificence of the public buildings give it an air of splendor. The place is the most bustling, animated town in the Prussian dominions. The inhabitants are evidently wealthy; and the increasing number of new buildings, ornamented villas and pleasure-grounds in the vicinity, attest its growing prosperity. It is said to be a desirable place to live in. It is salubrious; provisions are abundant and cheap; education excellent, and to be had for almost nothing; the people intelligent, frank and sociable; the literary institutions numerous and easily accessible; and the country around beautiful. Breslau is the seat of government for the province, has a court of appeal for the latter and for the regency, a supreme council of mines, and other administrative establishments. Besides the university, founded in 1702, it has a school of industry, of deaf and dumb, of surgery, one Catholic and three Protestant gymnasiums, a seminary for the instruction of schoolmasters, a school of architecture, a school of art, and an immense number of inferior schools, a society for the promotion of public utility, etc. The library of the university contains above 13,000 volumes, and there are several smaller collections all open to the public. The city contains many other objects of interest, among which may be mentioned a statue of Marshal Blucher, of cast iron, erected in 1827, opposite the Exchange.

we read in the memoirs of Madame de La Fayette, "Troops were employed on this prodigious design to hasten by a few years the pleasures of the king, and it was accomplished at less expense and time than might have been expected. The number of maladies, always caused by the excavations of earth, incapacitated the troops encamped at Maintenon, where the severest labor was, for any kind of service, but the inconvenience did not seem worthy of any attention in the bosom of the tranquillity we were enjoying." Impelled by false ideas of grandeur and glory, Louis XIV. had pushed prodigality to madness; here the same infatuation led him to acts of cruelty. No wonder that on his death bed Louis warned his heir against the extravagance of which he had been guilty.

COURT-HOUSE, ETC., BRESLAU.

The new court-house and prison at Breslau, the capital of Silesia, here depicted, form one vast building, which is justly considered one of the greatest achievements of modern times, and as such is worthy to be presented in a collection of the wonders and beauties of art. The first engraving represents the court-house, which was opened for business in the summer of 1852; the second a view of the opposite side, designed for a prison. The plan was furnished by Russe, a celebrated architect of Berlin. The scale of these structures is vast, and they are highly imposing and magnificent. The internal arrangements are calculated to do justice to the vast field of promise suggested by the extensive and commanding exterior of which one would hardly desire a more beautiful representation than the accompanying views present. Breslau is the second city of the Prussian dominions and contains a population of nearly 100,000. It comprises the old and new towns, with various suburbs, some of them built on islands of the Oder, and united to the body of the town by numerous bridges. Streets in



PRISON AT BRESLAU.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE WIFE OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

BY EVELINA M. F. BENJAMIN.

[Not merely when his successes and his discoveries on the ocean made his presence longed for at the palace, did she interweave her best affections with the lord of her heart. It was in the hour of adversity she became his dearest companion, his ministering angel; and when the gloomy walls of the accursed Tower held all her empire of love, how proudly she owned her sovereignty.—H. W. Herbert.]

O, many loved and noble names adorn fair history's page,
And deeds and words heroic come down from age to age;
But though I've gloried as I read of valor's footprints found,
And almost heard the clashing steel on some old battle-ground,
Though faces fair and beautiful "make pictures" on my brain,
Yet most I love to think of her than all the gorgeous train.

She wedded when her Raleigh's fame was bright as his good blade,
While countless smiles about his path like beams of sunshine played;
And when the Armada's dreadful fray with glory blent his name,
She proudly loved, but none the less when the night of sorrow came;
And when on Orinoco's tide his pennon kissed the breeze,
Or when he led his gallant band at the storming of Cadiz—
When the tidings came, rang peans loud; then her sweet face beamed and flushed,

But a deeper love that fond heart knew when the song of praise was hushed.

Soon waned his star, and thick and fast fell fate's sharp arrow shower,
Soon traitor to his name affixed consigned him to the Tower;
Then brightly shone in sorrow's gloom the woman and the wife,
Such spirits make, where'er they dwell, a paradise of life!
With deeper love than when in youth she linked with his her fate,
She proudly stood, with him to dare the bitterest blasts of hate.

Not only when for that dear life to royalty she pleads,
Do those who read with tear-dimmed eyes applaud her loving deeds,
But through the long and dreary years we watch her as she prays,
Or words of hope and counsel speaks the captive's heart to raise;
And when the hour of parting came, she nerved his noble heart,
And veiled her anguish, calm and pale she saw the loved depart.

Rich is her guerdon; every clime that owneth learning's sway,
In storied page her name embalms—it cannot pass away;
And while holy love and constancy exist, a world to bless,
Her name will flourish as a type of woman's loveliness.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE OLD SOFA.

BY REV. HENRY BACON.

CHARLIE ORTON had admired his friend Heaton's splendid mansion. He had gone into ecstasies over many of the arrangements and had more than once said to himself, "What a lucky dog Heaton is—is not he?" But when he came again to the cosy study or library, and quietly seated in an ample arm-chair, took an inventory of the appointments of the gorgeous room, he spied in one corner, in a little pleasant nook, an old sofa, and wondered not a little at its presence there. Just then his friend Heaton returned, and looking up to his host, Orton exclaimed:

"What on earth, Heaton, makes you keep that old thing there? It looks like the last relic of a decayed merchant!"

"Why, Charlie, that old sofa cost me too much to part with it," said Heaton.

"The cost of a thing is a poor reason for keeping it," laughingly replied Orton; "or else I should have kept many a piece of property I have been glad to get rid of."

"That may be," answered Heaton, "but that sofa cost me over ten thousand dollars!"

"Nonsense! nonsense!" exclaimed Orton, as he jumped up, thrusting his hands into his pantaloons' pockets and striding over the floor in a merry mood.

"I own to you, Charlie," said Heaton, "it was nonsense, but it is nevertheless true—ten thousand dollars went by that sofa."

"Why, did you make it a safe, and somebody find the thousands hid there, for which the sofa—poor innocent thing—was not to blame," merrily responded his guest.

"No, no," was the reply; "but the cost of that sofa is not all that makes me retain it. It defeated my fondest plan—it was the scene of my happiest success, and every wrinkle in it has a memory for me."

"Why, really, Heaton," said Orton, "you'll have to celebrate the old sofa in a song, and rival the 'Old Arm-Chair.'"

"If I were a poet," said Heaton, "I'm sure I could do it. An arm-chair is only for one, but only think of a sofa—the poetry of two, three, or even four, and then, too, the felicity of a full length stretch on one."

"Come, then, let's try, Heaton, and see," said Orton, "if we can't get up some poetry;" and then pausing in front of that antique piece of furniture, and placing himself in a most tragic attitude, he began—

"O Sofa! in that cosy nook,
How oft have I, with news or book,
Sunk down my weight upon your springs,
And at full length made strife with kings,
Fought desperate battles—gained them all,
And noted stocks—the rise and fall—"

"Get out, Charlie! stop your nonsense!" exclaimed Heaton; "you may have the freedom of the house, but that sofa is too good for you."

"Please to veil it then," Orton replied, "and let the eye of no infidel pollute the sacredness of your precious darling—sofa."

"But nonsense apart now, let me tell you something of the history of that sofa," said Heaton.

"So do—I'm all attention," replied Orton, as he sunk himself down again into the ample arm-chair, with his left hand still in his pocket, and his head resting most comfortably on his right hand, the palm pressing his chin up in a manner that made him

look as though his teeth were set. "All ears, Heaton—talk on. This is a day of wonderful revelations, and now for the story of the ten thousand dollar sofa! Whew!"

"You remember, Charlie," said Heaton, "where I was when we became acquainted—"

"Yes, doing a first rate business, and I thought you a lucky fellow, as I have ever since," said Orton.

"True, Charlie," replied Heaton; "and it was then that I resolved on the kind of house I would build—build to suit my own fancy and to surprise my wife by having everything to her liking. I fostered diligently my means with this intent—I was economical and sparing—I treasured up the memory of every observation I heard Mrs. Heaton make about what suited her in this house and that, wherever we visited, and my ideal grew every month more definite and more beautiful. Fortune's favors had their best charm in the fact that they gave me more means for my favorite project; and though business ambition was one of my leading traits, yet I sincerely believe that it was this favorite notion that made me ambitious, or at least gave it the true fire. Well, matters were going on finely, when one day, Mrs. Heaton told me at tea, that she had seen that day 'a love of a sofa,' an exquisite thing, and she must have it. She had never said must before, and then I saw it was said only to let me know how much her heart was put upon it. I tried to seem indifferent to the matter, but that would not do, seeing she was so earnest about it. I found fault with the style she described as she told what kind of an appearance the sofa had. I called it old fashioned, odd, quizzical, some cast-off fancy varnished up; but I made no headway at all. I could do nothing to prevent the purchase without telling my darling project, and I couldn't afford to do that. I saw what troubles would come in my way should that sofa come into the house; yet it would not do for me to tell my forebodings lest I should seem to be set against any improvements in the appointments of our house. So the sofa was bought, and when it came and Mrs. Heaton made me sit down by her side to see how beautiful it was, hang me if I didn't give up and declare it the most elegant thing in town."

"Good! bravo, Heaton!" exclaimed Orton, springing one hand from his pocket and the other from beneath his head, and clapping his palms together in ecstacy. "Go on, go on, my friend—make a clean breast of it."

"Well, it was but a short time before the chairs had to be changed and a different table introduced; then a splendid carpet, to be in keeping with the splendid sofa; then the walls had to have richer paper; new chandeliers must come in; our portraits must have costlier frames; an oblong mirror must be placed over the mantel; the piano must be exchanged; and the improvements begun in the parlor marched into the hall, up stairs, and all over the house. I was prospering in business, and could not say a word against these expenses without letting out my darling project, or seeming close in pecuniary matters, which was a kind of counterfeiting I could not succeed in. But it wasn't long before Mrs. Heaton complained of our house being so cluttered with furniture that there was no room for comfort. After some struggling against fate, I thought my success in business might continue, and if so, why, I could bear the burden. So a house was bought—a house I hated because it stood directly in my way, and took away half the opportunities of pleasing Mrs. Heaton in the arrangements of my ideal house. The house was made ready for us, and I had to pump up enthusiasm to seem glad when we took possession of it. We gave grand parties, and in the most approved, or, at least, the most expensive fashion, we set it apart to our friends and acquaintances as our home. Congratulations came thick and fast, and I swallowed them all. So went the months and years; the success of business continuing, I was still enabled to hold to my project, but the increased outlays to which I had been impelled deferred the accomplishment of my fond purpose from year to year, well knowing the danger of taking capital too extensively from one's business in the hope that no 'tight time' will come; and cautioned too, by the fact, that after the opening of my new house, I should have suffered severely, as I now see, had not an unexampled success in business favored me just then when so many found a 'tight place.'"

"Yes," said Orton, "I remember that time, and what favors my father received at your hands. My heart in gratitude has warmed to you ever since, and no one has observed and rejoiced more in your success than I have. 'Charlie,' said my old father, just before he died, 'remember Heaton, for my sake. It's not likely you can ever serve him, but if you have a chance, do it, my son.' I have had the will, Heaton, to do so, and I've got it still."

"Thank you, Charlie, thank you," said Heaton, grasping his friend's hands. "Your father amply repaid me all obligations. He was an honest man—a noble merchant. Once when scores kept ignoble silence, your father smote an enemy of mine, not with his fist, but with a few honest, scathing words, that live now as a proverb amongst us. But back to the sofa, the old sofa. I succeeded still longer in business, and at length began my house here, the spot having been spoken of by Mrs. Heaton as the loveliest place in all the country, and just the place for a house for her if she was ever fortunate enough to have another. I built the house, constantly maneuvering to keep her from going to ride in this direction, and choosing the time when she was to be away to the sea shore, and even obtained our physician's aid in advising her to tarry longer from the city than usual. The house was finished; and it was a proud day when I took her to see it, and heard her declare how exactly suited she was with all its divisions and sub-divisions. Of course the furnishing of the house was to be her choice, for I could not venture on that, and

to her taste everything was now left. Just then came the awful crash in the commercial world, and I had reason to think of the old proverb, "It never rains but it pours." Disaster after disaster came, and on my darkest day I went into an examination of all my affairs—my losses, my risks, and I found myself looking over the consequences of clinging to my old fancy and having to buy that sofa, and the expense to which it led, and I put it down at the cost of over ten thousand dollars. Could I have carried out my purpose, that sum would have been saved. I now went home, resolved to confess all to my wife, and ask her advice for the future. It was a terrible task—that confession! but it was accomplished. We sat together in our little sitting-room where that sofa was then, and I told her all—the whole story of the past, from the first dream of surprising her with a perfect house, to that hour. She heard all my story with eyes that smiled and grew tearful; and when I had finished she took my hands into her own, and with a kiss sweeter than ever she had given before, said, in a tone that gladdened me to the heart, 'Sell, and by the love that never seemed so holy and beautiful as at this hour, I will be content with a poorer home than this we are now in; and, husband, think not you have again to live on the past, for I'll keep you to the present and hopeful for the future by my improvement.' This was the hour of my best success, and wasn't I proud of my dear wife when she said, 'So long as this sofa is spared, I will be content, and will help you in the world, for no one shall remark on my dress or amusements, or anything else as unfitting this time of commercial embarrassment. Better than all wealth is the confession you have made to-night.' The crisis passed. Unexpected returns from heavy debtors came to me, and the favors, as rich as they were unanticipated, helped me in the most difficult strait, and once more the shallow river was full. We moved into my perfect house with the best assurances that it was both safe and right to do so. And now this mansion seems to me all the more beautiful for this experience. But what do you now think of my holding on to the old sofa?"

"Think!" replied Orton, with his usual enthusiasm, "think! why I think I should not only preserve it as you have, but I would put an inscription over it, forbidding the profane from seorning it as I did."

So saying he marched up to the sofa again and made a most respectful bow. He looked up and caught sight of a beautiful painting which hung over the sofa on the wall, and after taking a fair view of it, Orton exclaimed:

"O, I see you've got here the inscription in a painted allegory."

"What do you mean, Charlie? There is no meaning to me in that picture, save that it is a fine view of a lovely spot, and the order which I gave a young artist to paint it was a good thing for him," replied Heaton.

"But there is meaning beyond that," said Orton. "The scene is beautiful. The rounding of those hills and the splendid curve in the shore where the river becomes a lake, are fine points, and I know very well the hand which has left its touches here. But what I want you to see is the meaning which—shall I say it?—this old sofa gives to the movement of this piece of art; notice how the soft and mellow light of the moon is thrown just in advance of the pilgrim on the shore, and the radiance seems to be rising more and more to bathe him in beauty. Isn't that the true emblem of a wife's influence—to throw a light before us when all around us is darkness, and to increase that light till the very things which were all sadness once, become attractive in the new light she throws upon them? That pilgrim is yourself; the moon is Mrs. Heaton, and that finely rounded hill is the old sofa."

Orton turned round and sank down on the sofa only to discover that Mrs. Heaton and his own wife were in the room to join the gentlemen for supper. He saw at once that they had heard the whole of his exposition of the "painter's allegory," and with a most grave expression, he put his finger-tips together, as much as to say, "Be merciful in your laughter." His wife answered:

"Say, Charlie, don't you wish that moon was your wife?"

"O, Mrs. Orton! I didn't say it *wasn't*," he gravely replied.

"I said a wife's influence, didn't I?"

"Yes, and," laughingly responded Mrs. Orton, "you also said the moon is Mrs. Heaton, didn't you?"

"Right, wife; but if you will only shine as usual, I'll make it over to you," said Orton. "I walk in darkness; O, Moon, please to shine!" and saying this, he rose and with a most admirable mimicry of melancholy, paced the floor in front of his wife.

"Now, Charles, that's too bad," said Mrs. Orton, "to represent me as in a cloud, for—"

"No, no, Mrs. Orton," he replied; "I only meant that I hadn't got far enough to receive your light. You know I didn't see you till he turned round."

"But tell us," said Mrs. Heaton, "what set you in such raptures about the old sofa? You were quite poetical about it, and seemed to wish to speak the unspeakable."

"Shall I tell?" answered Orton, as he looked to his friend Heaton.

Heaton looked to Mrs. Heaton; she looked searchingly into her husband's face, and raising her fan in a most menacing manner, she exclaimed:

"You've been and told him all. O, men can keep secrets, but women cannot! But I don't care;" and thus saying she caught her husband by his arm, and in a moment sat down with him on the old sofa, exclaiming; "Here is our throne! I take more pride in this old sofa, than in anything in the house."

Conscience is a clock, which in one man strikes aloud and gives warning: in another the hand points silently to the figure, but strikes not; meantime, hours pass away, and death hastens, and after death comes judgment! There is something unspeakably solemn in this image.—Taylor.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE TEAR-DROP.

BY ANNE BOWEN.

Softly, steal softly, O ye pearly drop!
Ye gushing fount of the o'erflowing heart!
Course silent on, ye lovely gem—but stop,
The world will frown to see the tear-drop start.

Gently, flow gently in retirement, when
The cold and heartless critic is not nigh;
In solitude repose, repress not then
The sweet indulgence of the rising sigh.

Silent, glide silently, 'tis sweet relief,
When all the toilsome cares of day are done,
For the lone heart to indulge in secret grief;
Yet still trust not the world, but weep alone.

Gaily, laugh gaily, all around are gay,
Though sorrow wring thee, thou must play thy part;
Seem to appear as well content as they,
Though fell despair consume thy breaking heart.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A VISIT AT AUNT ELTON'S.

BY DELIA E. WARD.

"Now, sister mine, throw aside that sober book of German hieroglyphics, and let us out for a ramble," and Alice Vaughn wresting with playful force the book from her sister's hand, pleaded beseechingly. "Come, Nellie, there's a darling, the whole of us are going to the top of Croft Hill and back again before dinner—you'll go, will you not?"

Lovely Nellie Vaughn's eyes brightened at her sister's proposition, and brushing back the flaxen curls from her pure, pale brow, she sprang up and quickly joined a merry group who were awaiting her. Their joyous laughter echoed back as they turned into the green lane which led away from Croft Lodge, the fine old place where all of this merry company were visitors.

Mrs. Elton, the proprietress of the domain, with its fine old trees, sloping lawn, cosy-looking stables, and old-fashioned dovecote, was always cheerful and happy, but most truly so when her otherwise vacant table was surrounded by a dozen, at least, of faces.

This gay group of girls, just set off on their rambles, and which she had watched with almost a mother's love beaming from her face, filled up her house at present and delighted her heart. It was composed of three or four nieces, together with Alice and Nellie Vaughn. These last, the daughters of a neighboring officer, retired on half pay, were enjoying their visit with peculiar zest; the lavish freedom of Croft Lodge being in such marked contrast with the rather straitened circumstances of their own home.

Mrs. Elton would have been quite alone but for a bachelor brother who had just returned from a residence of five years on the continent, and now abode with her. No one would dream of calling Everard Ventnor a bachelor if his sister did not insist upon it so strenuously, and from her continually reiterating the assertion, it had come to be believed.

The gentleman in question either never knew or never noticed his sister's pointed allusions. Living in the luxurious apartments devoted to his use; attended by a German valet who spoke no English; rarely appearing at table except at dinner, how was he to know anything of what transpired?

Thus quietly and separately had they dreamed away the summer at Croft, until a fortnight previous to this morning, when Everard Ventnor had been aroused from a most delicious reverie by the liquid laughter and busy tones of girlish voices. They were soon running and flitting over the oak floor like a flock of snow-birds, and then dispersed into the various apartments surrounding his own, being the very ones Mrs. Elton delighted in filling with visitors.

"Wilhelm, are there many of them?" he asked, raising his handsome, but ridiculously lazy head languidly from the couch, as that personage entered.

"Yes, sir. More than before, sir," answered Wilhelm, with so piteous a look and shrug that Everard burst into a peal of laughter as merry as any had been outside his portal.

Every evening the long hall was full of a soft, mellow light, from the open drawing-rooms, and music, plaintive or brilliant, laughter rippling out in streams of sound, or a low-toned voice reading, might be heard; while the group were gathered around a table littered with feminine stitchery upon which they were engaged. Out of obstinacy, or because he really did not care for female society, Mr. Ventnor had never yet been tempted to enter the drawing-rooms of an evening.

Alice Vaughn was Mrs. Elton's peculiar pet; and it passed her comprehension how Everard, who was very fond of music, could hear the light, airy touch of her fingers upon the piano bringing out such fine tones, and yet keep away: she had counted upon that as certain to lure him within the charmed circle. But a fortnight had already elapsed and still every one in the establishment was heart whole—except it might be Wilhelm; Nellie Vaughn had occasion one day to thank him for some slight service he had rendered her, and doing it in his own tongue, the poor fellow was quite overcome.

"Your taste has gone sadly astray, Wilhelm," said his master, one morning, when, as usual after catching a glimpse of Nellie, he had some laudatory remark to make. "It is not so correct as formerly, I fear," he continued, while an amused smile passed over his face at the man's consternation; "there is my dashy

niece Belle, or the eldest Miss Vaughn, who plays such gigantic German music, they throw that quiet little thing completely into the shade."

A shrug and solemn shake of the head was his only reply; it was too much to think his master's fancy could possibly lay in that direction.

In their walk of the morning, the girls had gathered a quantity of large fragrant violets with which every vase in the rooms was plentifully supplied; a few of the finest being reserved for sketching. Twilight coming on found Nellie Vaughn still over her favorite flowers, trying to catch their peculiar tint and beauty; putting aside the drawing materials, she stood at one of the long windows which opened upon the lawn, and listened to the distant voices among the shrubbery; then humming a low melody which the scene suggested, went to the piano and striking a few chords sang the song through.

Nellie sang only for her father and herself; Alice was the musician, and as no one accused her of a musical taste, she was never teased to perform; her old ballads were not obliged to be drilled and tutored into modern shape, but were let alone to well up from the heart when and how they pleased.

"Please go on, Miss Ellen, do not finish yet," said Everard Ventnor, rising from a distant part of the parlor, and coming forward.

There had been the sound of footsteps sometime before, but Ellen had forgotten it, and looking up in some surprise answered: "I do not sing, Mr. Ventnor."

"I beg your pardon, I have just been listening to you."

"O, do you wish me to sing those?"

"If you will favor me."

"Certainly; you quite remind me of papa" (Everard winced), "for he is the only person who likes them besides myself."

She began again, a serenade; after a verse or two Everard improvised a tenor, and they sang together; an hour thus passed.

"You will sing to me again?" he asked, rising to go, as the servant approached with lights, and Mrs. Elton's voice was heard.

"With pleasure, if you like it."

"Thank you."

It happened several times after this when Nellie was alone that Everard would find his way to the parlors, and it seemed almost wrong when she was laughed at for remaining by herself so much, not to say it was beyond her control, for whenever she was found without "that gossiping set," as Everard privately called his sister and her other guests, he detained her in spite of herself.

Everard had seen much of the world, and in it many fine women; Nellie never dreamed that he sought her company for any other reason than to pass away time; yet he made himself so agreeable she was beginning to feel a strange sort of pleasure in his society, especially after one morning, when she heard him, as he paced to and fro upon the balcony, sing her pet ballad of Allan Percy which she had taught him.

Mrs. Elton was a most indefatigable knitter of purses and such small ware, but for all the practice was continually making blunders in her work; Nellie offered one day to assist in setting straight some unravelled stitches, and seating herself by the pleasant window of the breakfast room, kept up a desultory conversation with her hostess. The unmistakable perfume of an Havana had been wafted in upon the breeze at intervals, which caused Mrs. Elton to exclaim, with a sigh, "Poor, dear Everard, he is so fond of smoking, but I never knew it to be blown from his windows so strongly before." It did not come from the windows at all, Nellie knew, for she had seen him sitting in the summer-house at the bottom of the garden, and drawn her chair out of the range sometime before. During one of the pauses Everard came across the balcony, and casting a glance around the room as he passed the window, threw himself upon a seat beside it.

"Miss Ellen," he began, taking from his pocket a book, "I have found that remark of Schlegel's which I tried to quote to you the other day when we were talking of pleasure-seeking—shall I read it?"

"If you please," answered Nellie, demurely, not raising her eyes from her work.

"He says," continued Everard, "Pleasure must be a free, spontaneous burst of feeling, not the result of certain means applied for the attainment of any particular object; for pleasure thus pursued becomes occupation rather than enjoyment." Was I not right? Is it not absurd, this toil after pleasure? The etiquette of society compels one to it, unless society is ignored after my fashion."

"Now, Everard, you are certainly mistaken, that is your great fault," interrupted Mrs. Elton eagerly, coming forward.

Everard started to his feet with an exclamation; he had not the remotest idea of expressing his sentiments to his matter-of-fact sister.

"It is very good of you though to come and read to Miss Ellen, and you have really had some nice talks together: well! that is right, I did not know you were so well acquainted."

"Humph! probably not," ejaculated Everard, with a comical look at Nellie—but she, with the least little flush upon her cheek, was looking down and knitting with great apparent diligence.

"Now I do hope," continued his sister, "that as the ice is broken, we shall see you among us frequently; you have no idea how beautifully Miss Alice plays, and for Belle's sake, as you are her only unmarried uncle, you ought to be more gallant."

In the evening, as they were seated as usual around the table, Mr. Ventnor made his appearance. Mrs. Elton had the good sense to refrain from thanking him at once, although one could plainly see the words flickering about her mouth as if trying to come.

Everard had some sparring with his flippant niece Belle, talked a little with Alice, and finally found a seat beside Nellie.

"Here are some German lines, Miss Ellen, which I think would go very prettily to that serenade we were singing the other night."

"Uncle Everard, what on earth do you mean? You singing with Nellie Vaughn? When? where?" asked Belle.

Everard knew the avalanche of words he had drawn upon himself, and intended to enjoy their consternation; until seeing Nellie's evident distress at their quizzing, his tone changed immediately. Rising from the table with a quiet dignity which forbade further raillery, he said:

"Miss Ellen has accompanied me here several times, and also allowed me to sing with her. It has given me much pleasure, and I am much indebted to her."

He left the room soon after, and there was a pause. Belle pursed up her lips and looked wise, Mrs. Elton knitted away as if she felt silenced too, while Alice stole her arm around her sister, and whispered: "Nellie, dear, what does this mean?"

Making a secret of the least trifle gives it importance, and Nellie felt herself suddenly called upon to explain, as if there were something serious going on, which she did after they retired.

"Come, girls, let us take a peep into Uncle Everard's room," said Isabella Elton, as they were descending the stairs a few days after this. "I can assure you it is the finest in the house."

"Had we not best wait for an invitation,?" suggested Nellie.

"An invitation! you don't suppose I would propose going in if his lordship were there? Not I, indeed; his dignity is beyond my forbearance."

"Why, I am sure—" began Nellie.

"Yes, so am I sure—sure you are the only person he treats with any consideration; there, don't blush."

Throwing open the door, the lovely view disclosed by a bay window opening directly opposite, caused each one to turn back, and at Isabella's bidding enter the room.

"Come here, Nellie, do," cried Isabella, from the window, seeing that Nellie hesitated. "Here are some of your pet German authors, you were wishing for the other day."

Nellie bounded forward and seating herself, began turning over page after page of one. A magnificent book of plates had engaged the attention of the rest. Presently a footstep sounded in the lower hall and Everard Ventnor's voice was heard. This was the signal for flight; darting away, with a burst of laughter at their escape, into a short passage, they were hid from Everard; all but Nellie, she, too much absorbed at first to notice what they were doing, was behind. Hurriedly opening the door, she expected to meet the owner of the apartment upon the threshold—but no, she was in another room; the relief was only momentary, for it was soon visible there was no opening from this one; what could she do? Covering her face with both hands she stood quite bewildered with her situation.

At this moment Everard approached the room, and not daring to look, she fairly held her breath to hear his exclamation on seeing her. But not a word reached her ear, and as he walked towards the table she breathed again—perhaps he had not noticed her. If she had seen the half look of surprise as his eye fell upon the drooping form, and the satisfied smile as he comprehended her situation, they would soon have undeceived her.

Mr. Ventnor took up the book Nellie had been reading with a glance at the disorder of his prints and rung the bell. Nellie fairly started—what could be done if his servant should now come?

"Wilhelm," said his master as he entered the room, "take this package to the post-office, and on your return call at Major Vaughn's and say I shall be disengaged to-morrow, at any hour that will suit his convenience and will wait upon him."

"Leave those, Wilhelm," as the servant began arranging the disordered table, "go at once."

"Yes, sir—very well, sir," and he left the room.

Motionless sat Nellie all the while upon a seat into which she had sunk from sheer exhaustion. Everard paced the room to and fro until her situation became perfectly tantalizing. At last he seated himself and began reading aloud; the soft summer air stole in soothingly, but the sound of her jailor's voice, so rich and finely modulated, fairly distracted her; still he went on, selecting passage after passage from that most exquisite of poems, the "Golden Legend." There was a fascination in his tones; Nellie could not turn away, but gazed at him with her face half concealed by the drooping hair. He ceased reading, and slowly raising his head with a smile, looked full in her eyes. This aroused her rudely enough, and with a half smothered scream she sprang forward.

"O, Mr. Ventnor, what do you think of me? I was such a coward—I dared not speak; do forgive me!"

Everard put his arm around her trembling form, and holding her fast, said in a low tone:

"Shall I tell you, dear Nellie, what I think of you?"

"O, no, no!" she exclaimed, starting, a new revelation breaking upon her; "please let me go, I—" and she burst into tears. Everard saw she was overcome by excitement, and blaming himself, he immediately opened the parlor door and conducted Nellie to the gallery leading to her room; whispering as he left:

"I shall be obliged to tell your father to-morrow what I think of you, may I, darling?"

A slight pressure of his hand was the only reply.

Mrs. Elton was greatly surprised the next day by Major Vaughn coming to take his daughters home; but Everard, with mock seriousness, met her with:

"My dear sister, poor Nellie Vaughn has but six weeks of freedom to boast of in this life."

"Why, Everard, what do you mean?"

"That she will be Mrs. Ventnor at the end of that time, and go up to London with me, that is all."

AMHERST COLLEGE.

Massachusetts holds Harvard University in her right hand, Williams College in her left, and Amherst College nearly at her geographical heart. The latter is situated on high ground, four miles east of the Connecticut River and opposite Northampton. Well worthy of description and pictorial illustration is an institution so rich in scientific men and treasures, so affluent in bold and beautiful scenery, and which can say with the Roman woman,—"These are my jewels;"—when she points to such of her academical sons as Professors B. B. Edwards, George Shepard, Charles U. Shepard, H. B. Hackett, C. B. Adams, Alphonzo Gray, R. P. Stebbins and R. D. Hitchcock, and the Rev. Messrs. H. W. Beecher, R. S. Storrs, F. D. Huntington, the poet E. W. Ellsworth, Esq., besides judges and Congressmen, who, like the men just named, if not all living, yet live in our admiring memories. Nor is the list of the college faculty, in times past and present, less brilliant than the roll of its alumni, for it includes the world renowned geologist, Edward Hitchcock, together with such names as Heman Humphrey, Jacob Abbott, N. W. Fiske, William C. Fowler, Jonas King, Edwards A. Park, and others equally distinguished. We give a sketch of the magnificent prospect of the Holyoke range of mountains, as seen from the terraced grounds of the college. The view looks to the southwest. The foreground is the graded plateau directly in front of the main buildings, and immediately beyond the edge of this is visible the low-lying southern extremity of the village of Amherst. The highest point of the mountain range, in our sketch, is the much visited Mt. Holyoke, up the acclivity of which a carriage path leads from the river, as far as a point several hundred feet below the summit, from whence the remaining ascent is made either by

sands of characters beautifully woven—lying at his feet; beyond this, the two little forests of brick which have suddenly grown from Boston capital—the manufacturing towns of Holyoke and Chicopee. All about are more than thirty villages visible from our stand-point; the roofs of Springfield glimmer in the blue haze, and, to the right, the Holyoke range of brother summits, unlocking hands for a brief space, for the river to pass through (as may be plainly seen in our sketch), reach onward far to the south, until they suddenly halt at the East and West Rocks at New Haven, which points are discoverable even at this great distance. The seemingly isolated group of peaks, opposite Mt. Holyoke, on the right of our view, are known as Mt. Tom. Such is the panorama, unsurpassed in its union of stupendous sublimity and exquisite beauty, within an hour's reach of the college. But the noble Holyoke hills themselves, with their high rearing and freely careering outline, are ever in the student's eye, as he paces the college terraces, and must inspire him with lofty aspirations, while their majestic repose and the rural sweetness of the nearer woods and meadows soothe his wild ambition. Standing in the street, which lies in the middle ground of the view of Mount Holyoke, and looking in the opposite direction, namely, to the northwest, the college chapel, dormitories and observatory arrange themselves to the eye as they are in another of the accompanying engravings. The hill divides the long public green, or, as it might be called, double street of the town, and the main part of the handsome village is beyond it, on the north. The observatory crowns the hill, and is a very roomy and ornamental structure, the larger part of it being used as a mineralogical cabinet, and crowded with fine specimens, including the large collection made by Professor Shepard, and the many fossils, par-

libraries connected with the college contain an aggregate of eighteen thousand volumes. The cabinets number four thousand six hundred specimens in mineralogy, twenty thousand of American rocks and fossils, four thousand species of plants, three hundred of seeds and fruits, two thousand specimens of four hundred species of vertebrated animals, eight thousand of shells, five thousand of articulated animals and two hundred species of radiated. There is a department of science, separate from the regular course, in which students are pursuing one or more branches, with all the advantages of such ends which the institution can offer. This seminary of learning is now relieved from its former emharrassments, put upon a firm and broad basis, and is in a very flourishing condition. It has professorships of natural theology, geology, rhetoric and oratory, English literature, mathematics, natural philosophy, chemistry and natural history, Greek language and literature, Latin, modern languages, intellectual and moral philosophy, analytical and applied chemistry, zoology, Persian, Turkish and Arabic, Mohammedan literature, and agriculture. The faculty is composed of thirteen instructors; among them are the veteran geologist and late president, Dr. Hitchcock; the well-known chemist and natural historian, Professor Shepard; the accomplished teacher of Greek and general writer, Professor Tyler; the exact and masterly instructor in mathematics and natural philosophy, Professor Snell. The whole number of students is two hundred eleven. The late Noah Webster was one of the originators and earliest supporters of Amherst College. The corner-stone of the first edifice was laid in 1820, the first design being, as in the case of Harvard and Yale, to found a charitable, religious institution. Dr. Z. S. Moore was president from 1821 to 1823; Heman Humphrey, D. D., from that time to 1845; and

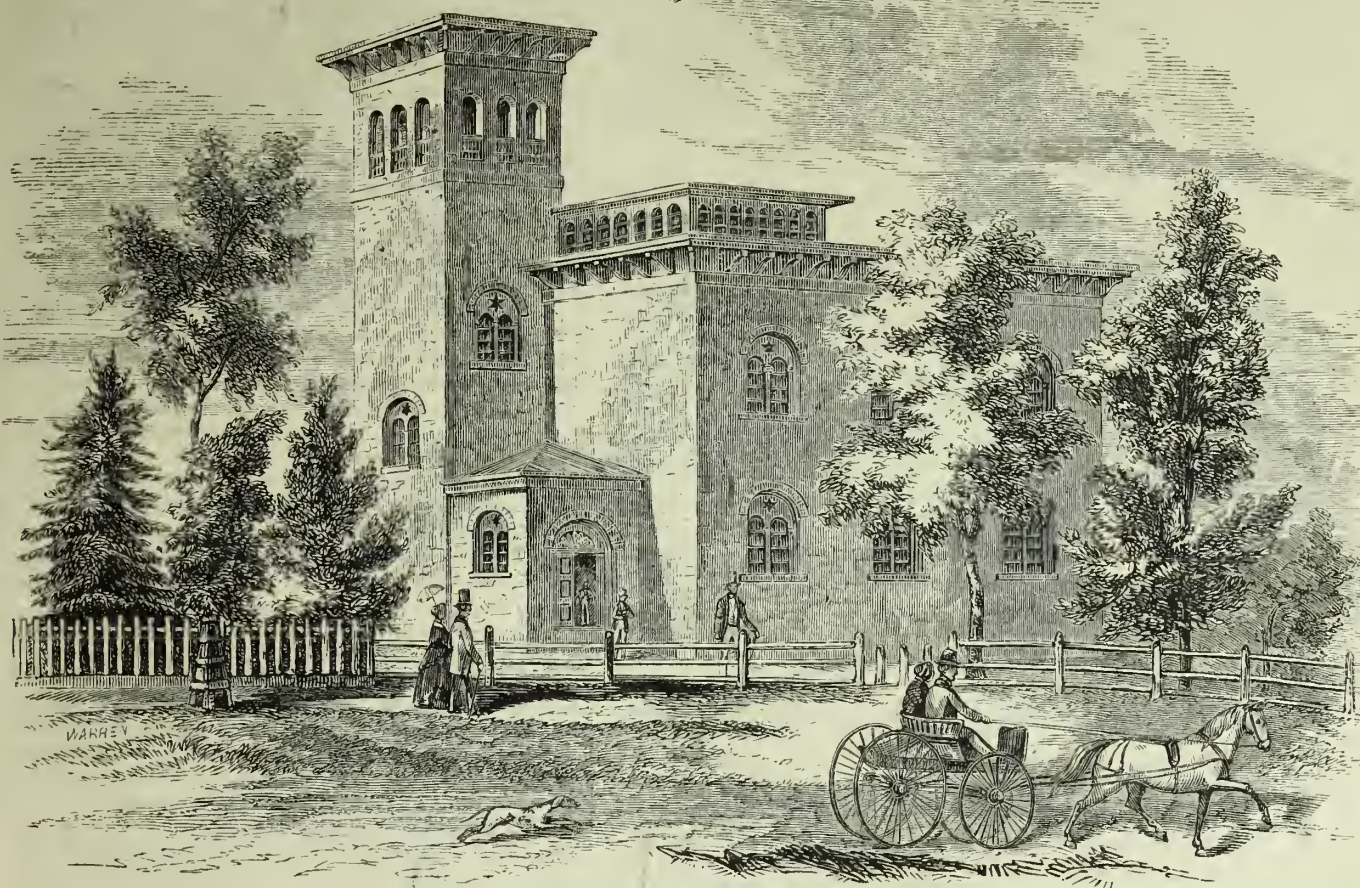


MOUNT HOLYOKE, FROM AMHERST COLLEGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

a stairway or by a car attached to a rope and drawn by a stationary horse power at the top. These fixtures, and the eating-house, observatory, etc., would be agreeable conveniences to the public, were it not that they have been arranged with no eye to a preservation of the rugged wildness of the place, and were it not for the contemptible presumption of fencing in the whole summit and levying a tax on every one who enters the area. Had it been a puppet-show, instead of Heaven's own glory of earth and sky, these obtrusive traps of small speculators would have been no impertinence. Happily, the visitor's soul is soon filled with the far reaching splendor of the scene, to the exclusion of less worthy objects of contemplation. Before him, on the north, spreads the broad valley of the Connecticut River, inlaid with the grand silvery sweep of the stream as it winds about through alluvial fields level as a lake, and patterned in long stripes of various colored cultivation, the whole being unfenced, for the reason that the spring freshet overflows the bottom land. One of the curves of the river describes a line of seven miles, gaining only the one mile occupied by the wide, elm-shaded street of Old Hadley village. Northampton, with its prominent Round Hill Water-cure buildings and tall spires; the other Hamptons—East, South and West; Hatfield, Williamsburg, Leverett, Haydenville, Whately, Sunderland, North Amherst and Deerfield, are all nestled in this lovely valley, which is closed on the north by Sugarloaf Mountain or Mt. Toby, and the Conway Hills. Around, on the steep slopes of the encircling rampart, are other villages, and far beyond, in the dim distance, are glimpses of the high-lifted heads of Greylock and Monadnock. Amherst College stands forth conspicuously on the slope at the right of the scene. Turning south, the spectator beholds the gigantic Mt. Holyoke Female Seminary, an intellectual Lowell, where myriad thoughts are spun and thou-

tionally mammoth bird-tracks, gathered by Dr. Hitchcock. An excellent and costly telescope, with other instruments, has been lately purchased, to be placed in the other portion of the building. The college chapel is a very large edifice, containing, besides the chapel proper, recitation rooms, laboratory, and extensive philosophical apparatus, and halls devoted to large cabinets, in all the departments of zoology. The collection of shells made by Professor Adams is especially complete. And the missionaries, who have gone forth in great numbers from this institution, have not failed to send back many rare curiosities from all parts of the world. No university can surpass the one at Amherst in facilities for studying natural history, while it is behind none in its opportunities for classical, mathematical and philosophical education. Nor is the physical wholly forgotten, there being a delightful grove filled with gymnastic devices, in rear of the buildings. The library remains to be spoken of. It stands between the president's mansion and the village church, on the opposite side of the street from the observatory, or in other words, just to the left of our view of the hill. Its exterior aspect may be learned from the sketch of it. It was built last year, at a cost of ten thousand dollars, and is proposed to be, at some future time, extended to the south, which is the left hand of the picture. The material is limestone, undressed, and the style Tuscan, the simple massiveness of which, together with the rough surface of the stone, gives the structure a very substantial and effective appearance. The first floor has a room devoted to coins, medals, Indian relics, and some large sculptures from Nineveh; also a reading-room, librarian's apartments; and the next story, a double one, is the spacious library proper, with a goodly number of volumes, and adorned with portraits of some of the great benefactors of the institution, such as Mr. Williston, of Easthampton. All the

since then Edward Hitchcock, LL. D., who the last year resigned on account of ill health, yielding his place to the newly-elected incumbent, Rev. Dr. Stearns, of Cambridgeport, Massachusetts. The town of Amherst was formerly a precinct of Hadley, and called "Hadley East or Third Precinct," and accordingly we must look for the more interesting portions of its history in that of Hadley. Here it was that Goffe and Whalley, two of the judges who condemned Charles I. of England to death found refuge from the persecutions of the royalists. Whalley had been a lieutenant general and Goffe a major general in the army of Cromwell, facts which sufficiently prove their worth, if no other were at hand. They succeeded in making their escape from England, and came first to Boston. Their appearance and manners commanded universal respect. But they were not long permitted to enjoy the hospitality of the chief city of the Puritans. Soon after their arrival, an order for their apprehension from Charles II. reached our shores, and to escape the vigilance of the royal commissioners, they were compelled to seek refuge in the woods, and resort to caves for shelter to their houseless heads. A portion of the time they were secreted in a cave at West Rock, about two miles from New Haven, and once they were concealed under a bridge in New Haven while their pursuers crossed it on horseback. Stiles, in his history of the judges, relates some curious particulars respecting them. "At or about the time the pursuers came to New Haven," says he, "and perhaps a little before, to prepare the minds of the people for their reception, the Rev. Mr. Davenport preached publicly from this text: Isaiah 16: 3, 4; 'Take counsel, execute judgment, make thy shadow as the night in the midst of noonday; hide the outcasts, betray not him that wandereth. Let mine outcasts dwell with thee, Moab; he thou a covert to them from the face of the spoiler.' This doubtless had



NEW LIBRARY AT AMHERST COLLEGE.

its effect and put the town on its guard, and united the people. "To show the dexterity of the judges at fencing, the following anecdote is told: "That while at Boston, there appeared a fencing master, who, on a stage erected for the purpose, walked it for several days, challenging and defying any one to play with him at swords; at length, one of the judges, disguised in a rustic dress, holding in one hand a cheese wrapped in a napkin, for a shield, with a broomstick in the other, whose mop he had smeared with dirty puddle water as he came along—thus equipped, mounted the stage. The fencing-master railed at him for his impudence, asked him what business he had there and bid him begone. The judge stood his ground, upon which the gladiator made a pass at him with his sword to drive him off—a encounter ensued—the judge received the sword into the cheese, and held it until he drew the mop of the broom gently over his mouth, and gave the gentleman a pair of whiskers. He made another pass, and, plunging his sword a second time, it was again caught and held in the cheese, whilst the mop was drawn gently over his eyes. At a third lunge, it was again caught and held in the cheese until the judge had rubbed the broom all over his face. Upon this, the gentleman let fall his smallsword and took up the broadsword. The judge then said, 'Stop, sir, hitherto you see I have only played with you, and not attempted to harm you; but if you come at me now with the broadsword, know that I will certainly take your life.' The firmness with which he spoke struck the master, who desisting, exclaimed: 'Who can you be? You must be either Goffe, Whalley, or the devil; for there was no other man in England that could beat me.'" The judges passed three years and a half in and about New Haven, and then, in October, 1664, set out for Hadley. Barber says (Historical Collections of Massachusetts), "Travelling in the night only, probably with a guide, they were undiscovered, and arrived at the house of Mr. Russell, the minister of Hadley, after a journey of about one hundred miles. The house of this friendly clergyman, situated on the east side of the main street, near the centre of the village, was of two stories with a kitchen attached, and ingeniously fitted for the reception of the judges. The east chamber was assigned for their residence, from which a door opened into a closet back of the chimney, and a secret trap-door communicated with an under closet, from which was a private passage to the cellar, into which it was easy to descend in case of a search. Here, unknown to the people of Hadley, excepting to a few confidants and the family of Mr. Russell, the judges remained fifteen or sixteen years. The dangerous secret of their concealment was known to Peter Tilton, Esq., whose residence stood on the same side of the street with Mr. Russell's, about half the distance towards the south end of the village; and here, it is said, the judges occasionally resided. A Mr. Smith, who lived in the northern part of the village, is said to have occasionally admitted the exiles to his house. Mr. Tilton was frequently at Boston, being often a mem-

ber of the General Court from Hadley, and through him, donations from their friends in England and elsewhere were received by the judges. During his residence in Hadley, Goffe held a correspondence with his wife in England, under a fictitious name. By one of the letters, dated April 2, 1679, it appears that Whalley had died some time previous, at Mr. Russell's. He was buried in a sort of tomb, formed of mason-work, and covered with flags of hewn stone, just without the cellar wall of Mr. Russell's house; where his bones were found by Mr. Gaylord, who built a house on the spot where Mr. Russell's was standing, as late as 1794." Soon after the death of Whalley, Goffe left Hadley and travelled to the southward. According to tradition, however, he died and was buried in a garden near Mr. Tilton's house. Colonel John Dixwell, another of Charles's judges, also remained with Goffe and Whalley for a time at Mr. Russell's. He died at New Haven, in 1688-9. During King Philip's war in 1676, Hadley was attacked by about seven hundred Indians, who were re-

tranced over mountain and valley, meadow and river, woodland and clearing. We fear that our native scenery is not sufficiently appreciated. It is more the magic of great names that attracts tourists abroad than the intrinsic superiority of European nature. If we have no Alps within our own State, yet have we bold detached mountains, and chains of hills formed to amply gratify the lover of the bold and picturesque. If we have no Rhine, we have our silver Connecticut, flowing through scenes of exceeding beauty, from its source to its confluence with the Sound. Yet we see painters neglecting the combinations of charms which lie within an hour's ride of them, and toiling in garrets to obtain the means of studying nature abroad. Of late years, a better taste has sprung up, and home scenes are depicted by American artists and writers, with a success that shows that the true sphere of any art is the home of the artist. If our native land does not give us inspiration, we may be sure that the divine fire does not burn in our bosoms.



COLLEGES AND OBSERVATORY AT AMHERST, MASSACHUSETTS.

pulsed after a fierce engagement, with the loss of only three on the part of the colonists. "When the people were in great consternation, and rallying to oppose the Indians, a man of venerable aspect, differing from the inhabitants, appeared, and assuming command, arrayed them in the best manner for defence, evincing much knowledge of military tactics, and by his advice and example continued to animate the men throughout the attack. When the Indians drew off, the stranger disappeared. Who the deliverer was none could inform or conjecture, but by supposing, as was common at that day, that Hadley had been saved by its guardian angel. It will be recollected that at this time the two judges, Whalley and Goffe, were sequestered in the village, at the house of Rev. Mr. Russell. The supposed angel, then, was no other than General Goffe, who, seeing the village in imminent danger, put all at risk, left his concealment, mixed with the inhabitants and animated them to a vigorous defence. Whalley being then superannuated, probably remained in his secluded chamber." The town of Amherst was incorporated in 1759. The first church was organized, and the Rev. David Parsons, the first minister, was settled November 7, 1739. The second parish in Amherst was incorporated in 1783, the south parish in 1824, and the north parish in 1826. Amherst College was established in 1821. Its resources, at first, were limited, and a doubt was even entertained of its permanency, but it has happily survived the difficulties that beset its commencement. Amherst is quite a flourishing place. It is exceedingly attractive to strangers from its salubrity and the beauty of its scenery, of which the original engravings accompanying this sketch will serve to convey a correct impression. But their glorious scenery should be viewed, to be appreciated, in the glory of summer, when the hills are clothed in verdure and the streams mirror myriads of wild flowers; or, better still, in the early days of autumn, when the forest blushes at the first kiss of the frost, and when the pure atmosphere affords the widest scope to the delighted eye, that wanders en-

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE SPANISH WRECK.

BY FRANCIS A. DUBIVAGE.

Anchored fast in the yellow sand,
Like a mammoth skeleton bared to view,
The ribs of the wreck, when the tide is down,
Their shadows fling to the waters blue.
Steamer, and flag, and woven sail,
And mast, and yard, there is none to see,
Nor deck to tread, nor helm to guide,
Nor wealth in the foundered argosy.

No one living there is who saw
The vessel drift to her dreaded fate,
When night hung black on the iron coast,
And the surges roared with the voice of hate.
They are gone who once heard the minute-gun
The tale of peril and woe proclaim,
What time the flag with its union down
Was shown by the levin and rocket's flame.

Bleaching below in coral caves
Are they who trod on the gallant deck;
Vainly aloft the tempest raves,
They sleep with the gold of the Spanish wreck;
With rusted blades and mouldering guns,
And easkets of fashion and value rare:
The fruit of many a toilsome hour
And deed of daring is wasted there.

But when the full moon is eclipsed,
Once in a term of many years,
And the sounding sea is black as death,
Strange stir of life in the wreck appears.
Masts shoot up from the deck restored,
Sheathing glistens along her side,
Figures move to and fro aboard,
And lanterns gleam in the shuddering tide.

Manhood is there, and beauty fair;—
The cup is passed from hand to hand,
And bearded lips are dashed with wine,
And laughter floats on the air to land.
Then a sudden rush of armed men—
A clasp of steel! a cry of woe!
The vision fades into naught again,
And rayless the midnight waters flow.

But sorrow betides the luckless wight
Who'er doth the phantom revel see—
Ere ever a year pass over his head,
His bed with the drowned of the wreck shall be.
Seek not to fathom these mysteries dark—
Seek not for visions—but pass thy way—
Nor question the crimes of the sunken bark:
Let them sleep—let them sleep, till the final day.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE DACOTA'S CAPTIVE.

A TALE OF THE LEAD MINES OF IOWA.

BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.

WHILE the Spanish colonists ravaged the southern portion of North America in quest of gold, and the English planted the germs of self-governing on the eastern coast, the French were but the agents of home-merchants, who enjoyed a monopoly of the various traffics, and were sustained in the enjoyment of it by the strong arm of military power. To the trading association in particular, we owe the discovery of the Mississippi, by the son of one of the members—the intrepid La Salle. In his day lead was first discovered within the present limits of the State of Iowa, but the noted Julien Du Buque was the first who taught the Indians to collect the ore, and make an article of trade of it. He was not only a brave, but a crafty man, and after his death the savages, in compliance with his dying wish, deposited his remains upon the summit of a high cliff overlooking the "Father of Waters," securing the mouth of the mansoleum with a massive leaden door of a ton weight. They then burned his dwellings and erased every trace of civilized life around his settlements, except the orchards planted by his own hands. Vandal whites afterwards cut up the door to sell, but the name of Du Buque will ever be remembered in Iowa.

Years passed away. The white flag of France no longer waved over the Mississippi valley, and the bold frontiers-man, advancing on the foremost wave of civilization, crossed the river in quest of the lead ore, game and fertile soil. One of the first settlements thus established, was formed by a party from Kentucky, led by the grandsire of the younger generation—old Joe Bates, a noble specimen of a frontiers-man. Seventy winters had whitened his long locks, but he was still hale and hearty, able to wield an axe with any of his sons, or to draw bead on a rifle with that fatal accuracy of aim which had enabled him to render good service at the battle of New Orleans. Selecting a good locality on the very shore of the Mississippi, old Joe and his sons built a log cabin, surrounded by a stockade to keep off the Dakotahs. They then surrounded a "clearing" with a worm fence, deadened the standing trees by the fatal axe circle, and planted corn. When their corn was well above ground and freed from weeds, they began to "prospect" for lead ore.

Thus far they had seen no Indians, and began to flatter themselves that the "red-skins" had left the country to their peaceful possession, but the wily savages had kept a constant watch upon their movements. Perhaps, had they confined themselves to agricultural labors, the intruders might have gone unmolested, especially as the Dakotahs wished to conciliate the United States government into a profitable treaty, but when pick-axes were wielded in search of lead ore, the destruction of the pale-faces was resolved upon in council.

The first object of savage vengeance was the oldest son, Frank Bates, who had built him a cabin about five hundred yards from "head quarters," despite the warnings of old Joe. Frank, however, had no fear of Indians, and lived with his wife and their babe in great happiness, until one summer's night, when he was awakened by the loud barking of his dogs. Springing from his bed, he looked through an opening in the logs, and saw to his horror, at least fifty Dakotahs, in full war costume, evidently seeking the easiest way to force an entrance into the cabin. Arousing his wife, he raised a cellar trap-door, and was about to send her down, when the child she had left in the bed began to cry.

"I cannot leave my babe," said she.

"Nay," he exclaimed, "I will take care of the boy," and almost forcing her down into the small cellar, he closed the un-latched door, over which he drew a large chest. Then, seizing his rifle and hatchet, he took the infant and ascended to the loft of the cabin, pulling up the ladder after him. A moment more, the door was forced from its hinges and the Dakotahs entered, eager for their prey. But Bates did not remain to watch their movements, for lashing his boy to his shoulders, he cautiously opened a shutter in the gable of the loft, and seeing that no Indians were beneath, jumped to the ground, rifle in hand.

Ere he had traversed his little garden, the air resounded with the blood-chilling tones of the war-whoop, and a volley of arrows rained around the fugitive. Happily only one struck him, and that in the fleshy part of the arm, so that he kept on, straining every nerve to reach the stockade around his father's cabin. But ere he had gone many paces a gigantic Indian overtook him. Turning, like a stag at bay, he faced his antagonist, knocked him down with the butt of his rifle and then sped on his way. But now, to his horror, he saw a large body of the Dakotahs around his father's dwelling as he approached, firing over on to the roofs of the cabins with arrows to which burning tow was attached.

He paused—but the cries of his boy aroused him to a sense of his own danger and his wife's perilous situation. Directing his steps towards the river, where he found his "dug-out" safely moored, he soon was paddling across the river to a settlement where there were a large number of whites.

Day had scarcely dawned on the succeeding morning, before twenty miners, good men and true, were ready to accompany him across the river. They cared no more for Dakotahs than for prairie-dogs, and acted upon the spur of the moment, regardless of consequences. Crossing above his residence, young Bates led them towards his clearing, but on arriving there, nothing remained of his house but a mouldering pile of ashes. His beloved wife had evidently perished in the flames, for among the ashes and charred beams in the cellar they found some blackened bones. Just then they were joined by old Joe Bates and two of his younger sons, armed to the teeth. They were delighted to see Frank alive, for they had feared that the column of smoke that had arisen from his cabin was his monument, but now they did their best to console with him in their rough way. He said but little, but secretly vowed to avenge his wife's death, and well did he keep his word. To have seen him, no one would have supposed that the mild-looking, slender-built Frank Bates was an incarnate demon in a fight with the Dakotahs, yet within a year after his cabin was burnt, he had twenty scalps hanging at his girdle. "Vengeance" seemed his only thought—his life's desire.

For some time after this outrage, the Dakotahs kept away from the miners, but at last a party of them came prowling about, and the miners determined to have a brush with them—who was so competent to lead the party as that sworn enemy of the "red-skins," Frank Bates? The party engaged two Winnebagoes as guides, and then struck into the forest, following a recent trail. The third night of their journey, the wary leader insisted on standing sentry, and about midnight the clear crack of his rifle awakened every sleeper. In an instant, every man was on his feet, rifle in hand, ready to repel any lurking foe, but a low whistle from Frank announced there was no danger. Morning came, and as the party crowded around the sentinel to learn the cause of the alarm, he merely pointed to what appeared to be a huge bear; a nearer approach to the object discovered to their astonishment the grim visage of a dead Dakotah, enveloped in the skin of a gigantic bruin, who, thus disguised, had attempted to reconnoitre the position of the frontiers-men.

Frank now felt assured they were near their enemy, and followed the trail in silence, on the alert for their foe. On reaching the summit of a knoll, they saw the village before them—a collection of high, conical tents, made of dressed buffalo-skins sewed together, and ornamented with rude representations of the battle or the chase. On the outskirts were the squaws, engaged in the laborious occupations which fall to their lot. Their infants, tightly bound to straight strips of bark, were tied to small, bent-over birches, which gently danced them to sleep, and the boys of the village, with bow and arrow, were firing at the representation of a Kansas hunter. In the centre of the village, before the towering tent of the chief, sat the braves, smoking their tomahawk pipes with stoical gravity.

The white men looked at the priming of their rifles, put their sharp hunting-knives between their teeth, and with a deafening yell rushed down through the frightened squaws, ere the Dakotahs could comprehend what caused the alarm. Dashing into the startled group of warriors with fierce war-whoops, they dealt destruction around them. The chief was the first slain, bravely defending himself and encouraging his warriors, who nobly struggled to avenge his death, but all in vain.

Frank Bates fought like a demon, but at one time was nearly a victim to a stalwart warrior. But on glancing at his opponent, Frank recognized, in a gay red handkerchief around his head, his marriage gift to his lost wife. This added renewed strength to

his body and increased activity to his fury, as he seized his assailant with his left arm, lifted him from the ground, and at the same time with nervous force thrust his knife into his heart. This decided the battle, for the surviving Dakotahs, panic-struck at the sudden attack, rushed to the spot where their horses were tethered and escaped into the forest. Upwards of fifty dead warriors remained on the bloody field and others grievously wounded, but not a single white man was seriously injured.

The women and children fled to the woods, and the whites found an abundance of plunder, comprising blankets, rich furs, horses, dried meat and tents. But Frank Bates felt sad at heart, for the sight of this memento of his wife made him fear she had been tortured before perishing in the flames. Night came on, and feeling positive that he could not sleep, he volunteered to keep watch. It was a bright moonlight night, and as he was pacing his solitary round, planning new schemes of vengeance, he heard a light step approach from the thicket.

Frank, at first, raised his rifle to shoot down the intruder, but a secret influence led him to call out: "Who comes?"

"Are you a white man?" was the reply, in tones that produced an indescribable effect upon the stout-hearted pioneer.

"Yes, and you?"

"I am Frank Bates's wife, who was taken prisoner over on the Mississippi," and as she spoke, she advanced.

The rifle fell to the ground, and Frank stood as if under the influence of a magic spell. His hands were convulsively clenched, his hair stood erect on his head, a shiver ran through his frame, and he tottered back several paces. But not so the female, who had recognized her husband as she drew near, and now exclaimed as she threw herself into his arms:

"Frank! my own Frank! Do you not know your wife?"

Yes, it was his long-mourned bride, her features stamped with sorrow, but still retaining her early beauty. Mutual explanations followed, and when the delighted wife learned the safety of her boy, all her hardships vanished. It now appeared that when the Indians had entered Bates's house, they found a keg of whiskey which they drank freely, and then plundered everything, removing the chest in their researches. Soon two of them quarrelled for the handkerchief Bates had seen the day previous, and drawing their scalp-knives, one speedily received a mortal stab, and fell directly upon the trap door, through which his blood ran upon the hidden wife. She, believing that it came from the veins of her husband, shrieked aloud, thus betraying her place of concealment. Dragging her forth, her captors bound her, then rifling the cabin, applied the torch. The body of the slain Dakotah was consumed, and over his bones Bates had mourned as for those of his wife.

That day they "packed" the plunder upon what horses the Dakotahs had left, and started for their homes, which they regained in safety. The proceeds of Frank Bates's share of the spoils enabled him to rebuild his house, but this time close to that of his father and enclosed with a high stockade. The Dakotahs, however, never returned, and in the course of time were driven to the Far West. Frank Bates is now one of the wealthiest land-holders in Iowa, a member of the State Senate, Judge of the County Court, and Major General of militia. Time has dealt leniently with him and his wife, but neither forgets her captivity. Their son never passes the scene of his father's flight on that memorable night, without feeling a renewed sense of his filial obligations, and a deeper love for his boyhood's home.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A TREATISE ON ENGLISH PUNCTUATION. By JOHN WILSON. 3d edition, enlarged. Boston: John Wilson & Co., 22 School Street. 1855. 12mo. pp. 334.

If the sale of a work depended on its intrinsic value and utility, then would the treatise before us sell by tens of thousands in a year, nor do we doubt, as it has already reached a third edition, and received the approbation of the highest authorities, that it will amply remunerate the enterprising publishers. Every habitual letter-writer, every author, editor, and proof reader should possess a copy. We have given it a conspicuous place among our indispensable books, and shall always refer to it as decisive authority on the important subject of punctuation. We should be glad to see it introduced generally into our schools and academies.

BATTLES OF THE CRIMEA. New York: G. S. Wells. 1855.

This is a concise and well-written resume of the history of the war in the East, from the opening of the Turkish campaign to the present time, and very valuable for reference. It is for sale by Redding & Co.

HARPER'S GAZETTEER OF THE WORLD.—The tenth and concluding number of this valuable work, which forms a large 8vo. of more than 1900 double column pages, illustrated by seven colored maps, has just made its appearance. It is for sale by Burnham Brothers, Cornhill, and Redding & Co., State Street.

INEZ. A Tale of the Alamo. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. 12mo. pp. 298.

We have often wondered that Texas, whose history is so full of romance, from the period of the first settlement to that of the battle of San Jacinto, had never been adopted by an able writer as the locality of some stirring fiction. The work before us relates to Texan scenes, and is written with much spirit, though the author is far from having reaped the field. It has many elements of popularity. For sale by Redding & Co., State Street, and Burnham Brothers, Cornhill.

NORTH AND SOUTH. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is not, as the title suggests, an American novel of the Beecher Stowe school, but a reprint of a deeply interesting and powerful fiction, by the gifted writer of "Mary Barton." It forms No. 193 of Harper's Library of Select Novels, and may be obtained of Burnham Brothers, Cornhill, and Redding & Co., State Street.

THE SONS OF THE SIRS. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 223.

Thank fortune we have nothing to do with politics, and therefore do not feel called upon to eulogize or attack this "history of the rise, progress and destiny of the American party," which will doubtless be read with avidity by those who espouse the doctrines of that party, and handled with severity by those who oppose them. For sale by Redding & Co.

THE INITIALS. A Story of Modern Life. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. 1855.

We have already noticed this charming book and neat edition, and can only repeat our hearty recommendation of it. No one with the slightest pretension to literary taste can read it without being charmed with it. It is worthy to stand on the same shelf with Don Quixote and the Antiquary, and we venture to say, will be taken down as often. Go at once to Redding & Co.'s and buy a copy.

THE NATURE OF EVIL. By HENRY JAMES. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 318.

This work is a reply to the Rev. Edward Beecher's "Conflict of Ages," an 11 treats of the most momentous questions that agitate the human soul. The author professes to present "a more exact formula of the controversy between natural and revealed religion, between philosophy and Christianity, than has hitherto been popularly attained." It is written with great earnestness and vigor, and is evidently the fruit of deep thought and laborious study. For sale by Redding & Co.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.
LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

THE PLAINS AND CALIFORNIA.

George H. Campbell, Esq., of California, has announced his intention of publishing in a large and illustrated 8vo. volume, a complete guide to the traveller, from the valley of the Mississippi to the eastern line of the Gold State, and a full account of the resources, business and history of our great El Dorado, affording a fund of practical and reliable information, which will be at once interesting to the general reader and invaluable to those who seek a fortune or a home on the shores of the Pacific. Mr. Campbell has been a resident of the land of gold since 1849; but, determined to give no statement upon hearsay, he is organizing an exploring and engineering expedition on a large scale, of which he will take the command in person, and the results of which will be presented in his work. In the whole range of our acquaintance we know of no one more peculiarly fitted to accomplish the task he has laid out. He possesses ample means, is resolute, energetic and reliable, and is withal a vigorous and pleasing writer. We have the fullest faith in the accomplishment of his projects, and the brilliant success of his book.

MUSICAL EVENT.

The opening of the Academy of Music, New York, under the auspices of Ole Bull, Strakosch, and Max Maretzek, was quite an event for the Gothamites. Verdi's Rigoletto was selected for the opening attraction. Madame Maretzek, Madame Strakosch, and Signori Rocco, Coletti and Boiceno divided the applause of an overflowing house. The chorus of the Academy is large and effective, and the orchestra a well-balanced one. The libretto of Rigoletto is taken from Victor Hugo's "*Le Roi S'Amuse*," a powerful play, but revolting from the horror of its incidents.

AN UNEXPECTED RIVAL.—Certainly New York, the queen of the Atlantic, never expected to see Chicago, the queen of the lakes, become her rival in the navigation of the ocean. Yet this is now likely to be the case. A house in Chicago announces the establishment of a direct line between that city and Liverpool. If this attempt is crowned with success—which would not be at all surprising, by the way—Chicago, placed on the threshold of the half-wild regions of the northwest, may become in time the great centre of European immigration.

HOUSE AND LAND.—We refer our readers to an advertisement in another column, of a desirable piece of property now offered for sale in the pleasant town of Winchester, within a short distance of the railroad station.

AN ADVANTAGE.—One peculiarity of the new steam fire-engine, Miles Greenwood, is that it does not drink brandy or throw brick-bats, says a Cincinnati admirer of "*de masheen*."

HARD TIMES.—A mocking-bird was sold at auction in Philadelphia, recently, for \$47, and a pet poodle for \$25.

SPLINTERS.

.... The skating on Jamaica Pond was kept up to the last with the greatest spirit.

.... The new Winthrop school-house in this city was lately dedicated with appropriate and interesting ceremonies.

.... Mrs. John Wood, at the Boston Theatre, had an overflowing house at her benefit. She is a charming actress.

.... Banvard's panorama of the Holy Land continues to attract large audiences to the Horticultural Hall.

.... Mayor Wood, of New York, is the terror of the mock auctioneers. He makes them disgorge their plunder.

.... The ice in the Ohio river at Wheeling, Va., caused very great damage and loss when it broke up.

.... A new tenor singer, Signor Brignoli, is creating a great sensation in New York, if we may believe the papers.

.... Rousseau says French music must be bawled—we have heard it squall in our day.

.... John Jacob Astor, it is stated, laid the foundation of his fortune by selling "furs and pianos"—an odd mixture.

.... Eleazer Williams was lately in the city of Albany, N. Y. He don't think of dethroning Louis Napoleon just now.

.... The clipper ship Great Republic is now on her way to London. She is yet a monstrous craft—upwards of 3000 tons.

.... Luey Stone is lecturing on the subject of woman's rights in Michigan. Her appearance is said to be quite manly.

.... The State of Illinois is going to have a new constitution—the old one being about used up.

.... It is said that the steamer Massachusetts has violated the neutrality laws of the United States.

.... The Canadian Parliament will probably abolish the duty on newspapers—a good move, though rather late.

.... In Michigan it snowed lately twenty-two days. About enough for a couple of years, at least.

.... The patriotic fund already raised in Canada for the prosecution of the war in the Crimea, amounts to \$25,000.

.... Wood is retailing at \$16 per cord at Chicago. No one is allowed to purchase more than half a cord at a time.

.... One of the county jails in the State of Wisconsin, having been vacant for several weeks, is now rented to families.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

PARIS, Feb. 22, 1855.

FRIEND BALLOU:—A line or two from this gay capital, where I purpose remaining till spring, when I accompany the G's to Italy, may not prove uninteresting to you, and even though you print it, I shall not find fault with you. Since I have been here I have seen so many sights that I do not know what to write about. You may understand this predicament—the French call it *l'embar-ras des richesses*. Of course you would not thank me for attempting to describe monuments which have been described over and over again, and which from time to time you offer in the shape of pictures to your readers—the only way in which architecture is understandable—as perhaps Willis would say. As for describing the people and their pursuits, not being a practised writer, I don't know where to begin; so don't blame me for being confused in my crude efforts to amuse you. The carnival is over; and if I may credit those who have passed several winters here, it was rather "slow," though, if that be the case, I'm sure I can't fancy what a "fast" carnival is. The

"Masking and mumming,
Guitaring and strumming,"

were enough to satisfy a sober citizen like myself from the land of steady habits. As I made it a point to go to all the principal balls, I have had enough of folly and frolic, I assure you, and I am not sorry that we are to put on sackcloth and ashes, and repent of our sins for forty days. There is a *mi-careme*, however, when all the row revives, and people are mad again for a brief period. In the midst of all this gayety, it was painful to see, in the public places, some of the pale and languid invalid officers, returned from the Crimea. There are a good many returned officers and soldiers in and about Paris, and the first arrivals caused a good deal of sensation, but we are used to the spectacle now. I see by the papers that you have had what was called an open winter. The first part of the season here was very warm and spring-like—flowers blooming in the open air in the Luxembourg, but latterly we have had snapping times, and even last month snow enough for sleighing. The emperor turned out to enjoy it while it lasted, driving a very stylish pair. Some of the nobles and sporting characters followed the example, with odd contrivances shaped like swans, bears, boars and other animals. One or two Russian sledges—not driven by Russians though—were on the track. Snow rarely falls in Paris in sufficient quantities for sleighing. It is regarded as a nuisance—as indeed it is here, and is taken up in carts by the scavengers and dumped into the Seine.

I have been several times to see Rachel, the tragedienne, perform, but do not count myself among her most ardent admirers, perhaps because I am not yet sufficiently familiar with spoken French to follow her without the book. New comers, American and English, usually buy books of the play, as our Italian opera-goers do, and as, in the classic dramas of Racine, Corneille, etc., not a word is omitted on the stage, you can very easily follow them, particularly in tragedy. The rustling produced by the simultaneous turning over of two or three hundred leaves when the bottom of a page is reached, produces an odd effect. But the French never laugh, for they are particularly indulgent to foreigners who are striving to master the language, and just now the English are in high favor. Rachel is very thin, and uses very little action. I do not think she would have thought of visiting America, but for the war between France and Russia. St. Petersburg was a perfect El Dorado to her.

Everybody here is talking about the Great Exhibition of May next, when there will probably be more people in Paris than ever assembled within its walls. I do hope America will be well represented in her arts and manufactures. The building is advancing rapidly, though not so rapidly as I should think they would have driven it. You have doubtless seen prints of the plan. The Frenchmen say it will far outshine the London Crystal Palace. Over the main entrance is a colossal figure of France extending her hands to smaller figures, typifying Art and Industry. The Great Hall will be illuminated by painted glass windows. Its arches have a noble elevation and sweep, and a rich effect. The galleries, too, are very broad, arched, floored with oak, and reached by steps of solid stone. The interior is painted a sort of neutral tint, which color, as is well known, harmonizes with or relieves every other; so that the full effect will be given to the most brilliant wares exposed within it. The hotel and lodging-house-keepers expect to make fortunes during the exhibition. I have no doubt they will do well. But I have reached the end of my paper, and will not bore you any longer with my crudities.

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GRAPES.—E. A. McKay, Esq., of Naples, Ontario county, N. Y., raised from one acre of land *eleven thousand pounds* of Isabella grapes. Isabellas commanded readily in our market last fall twenty-five cents per pound. At that price the produce of this single acre would have brought \$2750; at only twenty cents, they would have brought \$2200.

PHOTOGRAPHS.—We have seen some likenesses produced by Masury & Silsbee, at 299 1-2 Washington Street, that we believe have never been equalled in this art for perfection of finish. Their rooms are truly a gallery of art.

PROCEEDS OF THE FRENCH BALL.—The receipts of the French ball at Union Hall were \$338 50; expenses, \$207 62; leaving a balance of \$130 88 for the French Benevolent Society.

FRUITS OF WAR.—Although the Russian foreign commerce is small, the English have captured 92 Russian prize vessels.

GROUP OF ANIMALS.

On the last page will be found the representation of a number of animals, drawn and engraved expressly for the Pictorial, like our preceding illustrations of Natural History. No. 1 is the Opossum. This singular animal is hunted for its flesh, which is very good eating. It is very tenacious of life, and is noted for its cunning—often feigning itself dead, and then stealing away when the hunter's vigilance is lulled. No. 2, the Kangaroo, is a native of New Holland and Van Diemen's land. The power of its body lies chiefly in its hind-legs. Its leaps are prodigious. The female kangaroo carries its young about in a kind of pouch. The Australians feed largely on its flesh. No. 3, the Raccoon, is a well known inhabitant of Canada and North America. It is much sought for, for the beauty of its fur. Its food is principally smaller animals and insects. It is easily tamed. No. 4, the Tapir, forms a connecting link between the elephant and hog. It is an inhabitant of both the Eastern and Western Hemispheres. It is fond of water, and capable of remaining a long time below the surface. Its principal food is vegetable. It is quite gentle in its disposition, but can defend itself with its powerful teeth when attacked. No. 5, the Asiatic Buffalo, is a large and powerful animal, and a formidable antagonist even to the tiger. It has long been domesticated in India, where its great strength renders it a powerful auxiliary in the labors of the field. No. 6, the Arabian Camel, is a fine representation of the "Desert Ship," the wealth of the nomadic tribes. No. 7 is the Bactrian or two humped camel. No. 8, the Llama, a native of South America, resembles the camel in many particulars—particularly in its endurance of, or rather provision against, thirst. The wool is valuable, particularly that of the Alpaca species, and its flesh is relished by the South Americans. They are used, when tamed, as beasts of burthen. No. 9, the Koodoo, a native of South Africa, is a large, but agile animal, and chiefly remarkable for its beautifully shaped spiral horns. No. 10, the Springbok, is a beautiful animal of Africa, famous for its wonderful agility. No. 11, the Eland, another African animal, is the largest of the antelope tribe, exceeding an ox in size. No. 12, the Duck-billed Platypus, a native of New Holland, almost appears to be a link between the aquatic birds and the mammalia. It is covered with fur like that of an otter. Its spurs discharge poison like the fangs of serpents. No. 13, the Hippopotamus, is an exclusive inhabitant of Africa. It is quiet and inoffensive if undisturbed. The Dutch colonists of South Africa eat its fat salted, and call it Zee-Koe Speck, or sea-cow's bacon. No. 14, the Armadillo, inhabits the warm parts of America, and feeds on carrion, insects and fruit. Its defensive shell resembles the plate armor of Charles the first's time. It burrows with great rapidity under the earth, and can only be forced out by smoke or water.

OUR ADVERTISEMENTS.—Our readers will perceive, by a glance at our advertising page, that it contains both novelty and variety—forming a sort of business directory, of value to residents, and interesting also to persons at a distance, as a guide to the most flourishing establishments in our great seaboard cities. It also chronicles the new publications of interest issued by the leading houses of the United States.

"KATE AYLESFORD."—Charles J. Peterson, Philadelphia, has in press a highly interesting tale of the Refugees, embracing much of revolutionary incident, with the above title, which, from the knowledge we have of the author's powers, we doubt not will prove popular. Mr. P. has been long and favorably known to the public as publisher of the Ladies' National Magazine, and as editor of one of the leading Philadelphia daily journals.

SOUP TO THE POOR.—Upwards of 400 gallons of soup are given daily to the poor at the three city soup houses. The soup is estimated to cost the city about ten cents per gallon.

MARRIAGES.

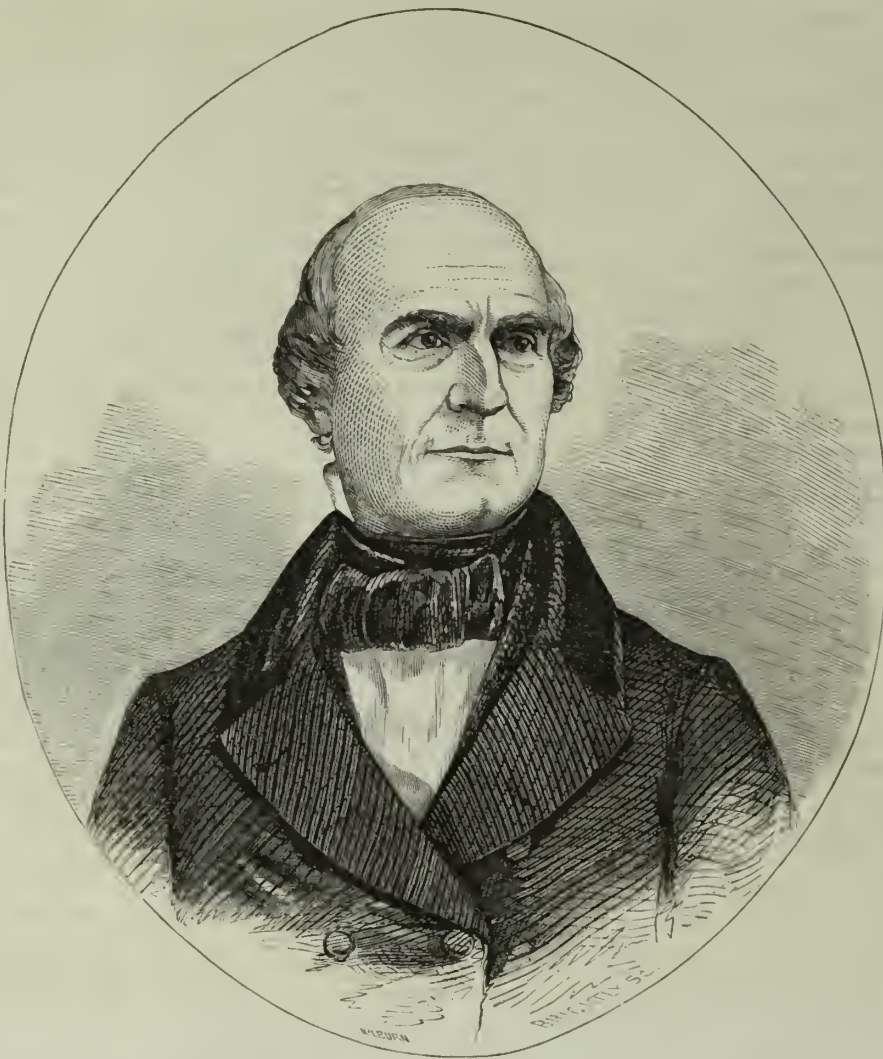
In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Charles Anderson to Miss Georgiana Messer; by Rev. Mr. Taylor, Mr. Edwin A. Coles to Miss Sarah E. Pettigrew, of Kittery, Me.; by Rev. Mr. Stone, Mr. M. S. Burr to Miss Sarah M. Perry; by Rev. Mr. Huntington, Mr. Nathan H. Chamberlain, of Cambridge, to Miss Hannah S. Tewksbury; by Rev. Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Daniel E. Dacie to Miss Abbie W. Goldthwait; by Rev. Dr. Neale, Mr. Charles D. Wild, Jr., to Miss Rebecca B. Roberts; at Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Flint, Mr. Joseph B. Fenerty, of Sackville, N. S., to Miss Mary A. Southwick; at Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Spalding, Mr. Rinaldo Stansel to Miss Caroline B. Goodnow, both of Charlestown; at Dorchester, by Rev. Mr. Bulfinch, Mr. Joseph P. Sisby, of Roxbury, to Miss Lydia Clapp; at Somerville, by Rev. Mr. Pope, Mr. Lyman Rhoades, of Boston, to Miss Marion W. Whitmore; at Dedham, by Rev. Dr. Lamson, William L. G. Pierce, Esq., of Lincoln, to Miss Isabel M. Carret, of Trinidad de Cuba; at Sutton, by Rev. Mr. Chase, of Wilkesville, Mr. Augustus J. Leland to Miss Caroline A. McNeil, formerly of Wilmot, N. S.; at Danversport, by Rev. Mr. Chaffin, Mr. Charles F. Worthen to Miss Augusta Belaney; at Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Howe, Mr. David Knox to Miss Caroline Delaney; at Clinton, by Rev. Mr. Winchester, Mr. J. M. Batchelder, of San Francisco, to Miss Lizzie A. Mitchell; at Montpelier, Vt., by Rev. Eli Ballou, Rev. G. V. Maxham, of Medford, Mass., to Miss Demis Adeline Ballou.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. William Wildes, 33; Mrs. Mary, wife of Mr. Holmes Cushman, 56; Mrs. Susan, wife of Mr. William Jones; Mr. John J. Hagerty, 20; Mrs. Mary C., wife of Mr. Charles H. Crosby, 25; Mrs. Mary A., wife of Mr. Albert E. Jordan, 18; Mrs. Lydia Donk, 70; Widow Hannah Foster, 85; Mr. Ezra Allen, 63; Mr. George Harris, Jr., 44; Widow Susan Little, formerly of Wells, Me.; at Charlestown, Mrs. Susannah Parker, 92; at Cambridgeport, Mrs. Mary L., wife of Mr. R. Henry Fuller, 28; at Brighton, Widow Mary Alexander, late of Boston, 85; at Watertown, Miss Susan S. Sharp, 26; at Dedham, Mrs. Maria E., wife of Henry Comerai, Esq., 28; at Medford, Mrs. Ellen K. Coggin, 35; at Gloucester, Miss Susan Hutchinson, 59; at Newburyport, Widow Sarah Kettell, 89; Mr. Samuel Lunt, 76; Mrs. Catharine G., wife of Mr. Alfred Hale, 29; at Plymouth, Mrs. Rebecca Hathaway, 83; at Enfield, Thomas Carey, Esq., 84; at Clinton, Mr. J. C. Kittredge, 48; at Haverhill, Widow Sarah Duston Whitaker, 89. She was supposed to be the last surviving great-grandchild of Hannah Duston, who massacred the Indians in 1697; at Andover, Daniel Fox, 75; at Rowley, Mr. Wade Cogswell, 86; at Taunton, Mrs. Ruthy Dean, 70; Mr. William C. Hood, 61; at Fall River, Mr. Joseph Malcom, 34; Mr. Isaac Thrasher, 65; at Barre, Mr. William Clark, 54; Mr. Harrison Newton, 52; at Providence, R. I., Mrs. Thankful Gage, 89; at Bethel, Me., Ellen Mirah, daughter of Mr. Alonzo and Mrs. Nancy A. Howe, 19 months and 23 days.

CHARLES GORDON GREENE,
EDITOR OF THE BOSTON POST.

The United States, at the date of the last census, rejoiced in no fewer than 1372 members of the editorial profession, whose busy pens are devoted to the cause of religion, literature, politics, statistics, art, in short, *omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, for in this country the press is the great mouth-piece of every sentiment and interest. Of the almost innumerable host of American editors, no one is better known than the gentleman whose name stands at the head of this article, and whose manly and handsome features are presented in the accompanying engraving. Charles Gordon Greene was born in the town of Boscawen, N. H., July 1, 1804. His family was highly respectable, and his father, Nathaniel Greene, was a lawyer by profession. His uncle, Samuel Greene, was lately Chief Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court in New Hampshire. In 1811, the parents of young Greene removed to Virginia, and Charles accompanied them. The following year his father died, and he returned with his widowed mother to his native State. Subsequently, while living with his brother Nathaniel at Haverhill, in this State, he enjoyed the educational advantages afforded by Bradford Academy, at the head of which was the celebrated Preeceptor Greenleaf, who still lives to enjoy the prosperity of his distinguished pupil. His school days ended, he became an apprentice of his brother, at that time printer, editor and publisher of the Essex Patriot. He afterwards continued his apprenticeship in the office of a Mr. Lamson, at Exeter, N. H. At the age of eighteen he came to Boston and entered the office of his brother Nathaniel, who was then publishing the "Boston Statesman." Here he remained until 1825, when he removed to Taunton, where he published and edited the Free Press. He afterwards returned to Boston, and published the Boston Spectator, Charles Atwood, editor. After relinquishing his interest in this publication, he became connected for a brief period with the Statesman. In 1827, he removed to Philadelphia, and became a partner with James A. Jones, in the publication of a daily paper called the National Palladium, which was the first journal in Pennsylvania to advocate the election of Andrew Jackson to the presidency. In the spring of 1828, he was connected with the United States Telegraph newspaper, at Washington, owned and conducted by General Duff Greene, with whom he remained until the autumn preceding the election of General Jackson, when he returned to Boston, where he has since been permanently established. After succeeding his brother Nathaniel, as joint proprietor and publisher, with Benjamin True, of the Statesman, he became sole owner of the establishment, and on the 9th of November, 1831, commenced the publication of the Boston Morning Post. Mr. Greene brought to this enterprise the fruits of a varied experience as an editor and publisher, a competent knowledge of men and affairs, a thorough acquaintance with the popular topics of the day, a vigorous and practised pen, and a hearty love of his profession. He was blessed with a happy temperament, and knew how to be a warm partisan without ceasing



CHARLES GORDON GREENE.

to be a gentleman. It could not be said of him, as Goldsmith wrote of Burke, that he "to party gave up what was meant for mankind." While a vigorous champion of the political principles he espoused, he had never, as an editor, neglected those general public interests which lie without the circle of politics. Moreover, a generous appreciation of and patronage of talent, particularly of rising talent, had enlisted as warm friends and zealous contributors some of the finest writers of the day. Such men as Willis and Oliver C. Wyman had contributed sparkling poems to the Statesman, and its office was the head-quarters of the wits of the town. Added to all these elements of success,

Col. Greene possessed tact as well as talent. The Post was a saucy little craft, its dimensions bearing about the same proportion to those of the Post of to-day, that a corvette does to a line of battle. It was a bold partisan and a pleasant gossip. The wit and humor of the editor flashed in every number. Its court reports, prepared by Counsellor Gill, were a feature, its news well digested, while the literary, dramatic and art criticisms, were distinguished by vigor, independence and justice. The influence of the editor was apparent in all the departments of the paper, giving it what a painter would term a harmonious tone throughout. The business and social interests of the community were well cared for in the new paper, and hence it soon reached a wide circulation, irrespective of party, and was established on a permanent basis. The size of the Post soon proved too pent-up a Utica for its matter, and it passed rapidly through successive stages of development, until it reached its present dimensions, without losing a particle of its vigor, wit and general attractiveness. From the date of its commencement to the present time, Col. Greene has been the principal editor, never leaving his post for more than a week or two at a time. He has now associated with him in the editorial department, Mr. Frothingham, the historian, and Mr. Nathaniel G. Greene, one of his sons; but the increased size of his paper demands as much exertion at his hands as when he first launched it on its adventurous career. It bears throughout the unmistakable impress of the mind, taste, and feeling of its projector. The circulation of the Post is equal to that of any of the large daily papers of the city, while the extent of its business patronage is very great. It enjoys a very extensive exterior circulation. Travel in any direction in New England and you will find the Boston Post, and in the Southern States it is met with in all the principal places. No paper is more eagerly sought for in the public reading-rooms and hotels. The inexperienced may regard it as a small matter to have founded such a newspaper, with its daily, semi-weekly and weekly press, to have remained editor and proprietor of it for nearly a quarter of a century, and to have conducted it so as to secure an uninterrupted increase of circulation and popularity from the outset, but those at all acquainted with the nature of this business, know that he has performed an Herculean task which no ordinary man ever did, or could possibly accomplish. Col. Greene has been a representative in the General Court, was one of Governor Morton's aids in 1840, and in 1853 was appointed naval officer for the port of Boston and Charlestown by President Pierce, the nomination being unanimously confirmed by the Senate. In his person, Col. Greene shows no trace of the labors of his life, for he is blessed with a vigorous constitution, and has lightened his tasks by regularity and system. The accompanying portrait, from an admirable daguerreotype by Southworth & Hawes, will be readily recognized by his acquaintances, though of course, it is impossible to impart to an engraving, the pleasant and genial smile and peculiar sunniness of expression which render the colonel's face so welcome to his friends.



ICE-CUTTING AT FRESH POND, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.



THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

ICE CUTTING AT FRESH POND.

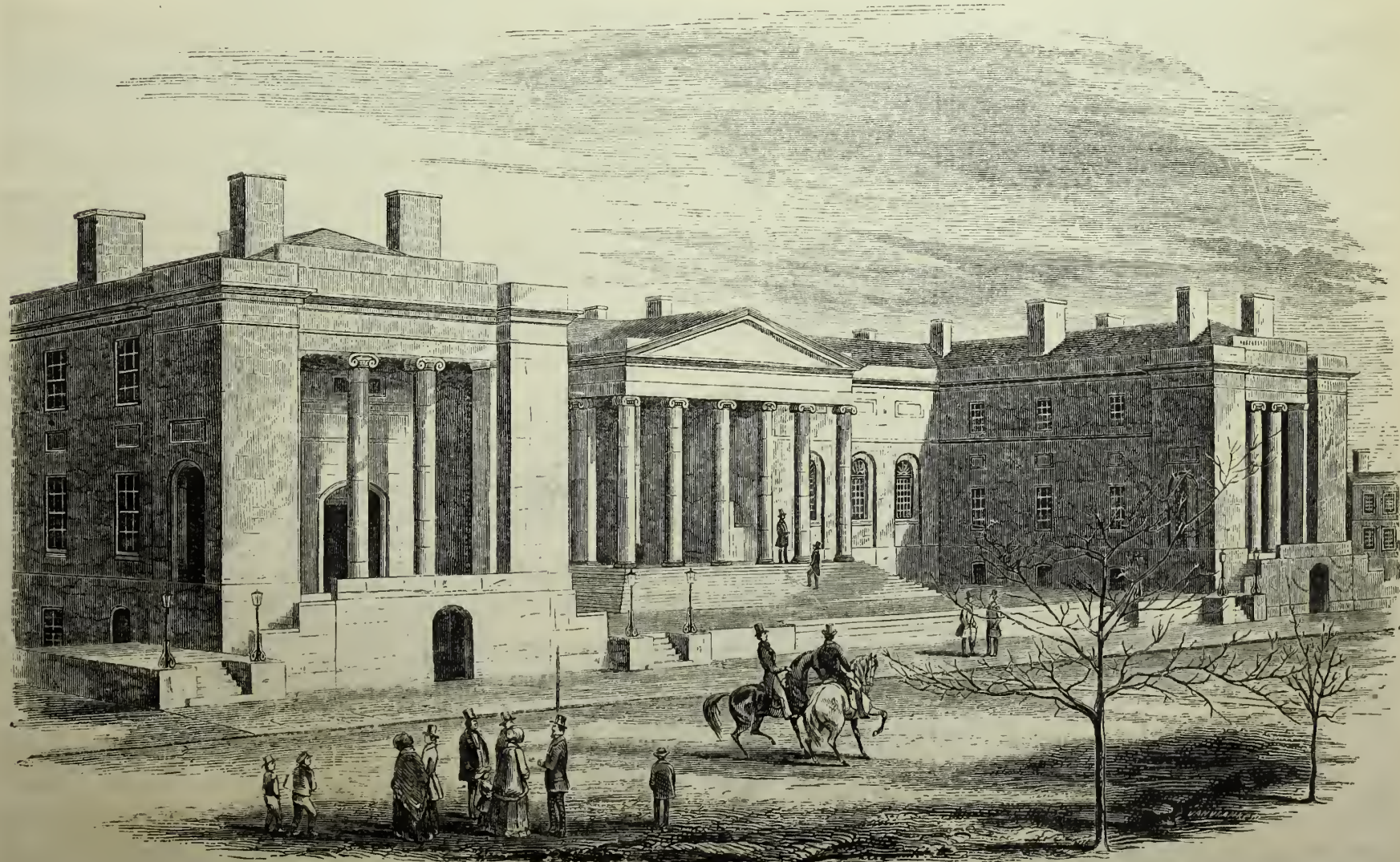
This is the process of cutting and honsing ice, as shown in our engraving on page 172. The ice is first marked out in squares, then severed, and the blocks turned into a channel cut for the purpose, and floated to an inclined plane, from which they are hoisted by horse power to the platform above. From the store house the ice is conveyed by railroad to the wharves at Charlestown, where it is packed and shipped to all parts of the world.

PRESIDENT'S HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The White House, so called, has a front of one hundred seventy feet, by a depth of eighty-six feet, is two stories high, and is built of white freestone, with Ionic columns and pilasters. The north front has a portico of Ionic columns and a projecting screen of three columns. The outer range forms a landing place for visitors, and a convenient passage to their eariages, a space being reserved for callers who arrive on foot.

CITY HALL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

This building is built of brick, and stuccoed. The west wing and a third of the centre building joining it, are devoted to the city government. Commodious rooms are occupied by the mayor, register, board of health, assessors, etc. A magnificent court or portico penetrates the main edifice, and ample accommodations are afforded for the State courts, and the criminal courts of the District of Columbia.



CITY HALL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

In Cuba, the practice in vogue in respect to interments, is not to have the coffin buried with the body—so that the same coffin may answer for hundreds of funerals. In rural villages there is a public coffin, as we have in our villages a public hearse. — Steps are being taken at Albany, N. Y., to have a national horse show at Utica, N. Y., this spring. — The vital knot of the nervous system is not larger in size than a pin's head. Upon this tiny speck depends the life of the nerves, which is the life of the animal. Whatever portion of the nervous system remains attached to it, lives; while that which is separated immediately dies. — A few days since the sword of General Jackson, used at New Orleans, was received by Congress and deposited in the national archives at Washington. It was broken in two pieces. — The Halifax Chronicle says that the railway commissioners in Halifax will require between two and three thousand laborers to work upon the railroad on the opening of spring. The entire road from Windsor is to be located, let out and finished without the least delay. Fifty miles of the road will be finished during the present year, the outlay on which will be £250,000. — Geo. R. Graham, late of Graham's Magazine, has been appointed warden of the port of Philadelphia, an office said to be worth four thousand dollars a year. — It is the fashion among the firemen of New York to draw their engines over the sidewalk, instead of in the middle of the street, and within a few days several persons have been knocked down and severely injured by them. — Twenty-four hundred bales of cotton were destroyed by fire at Troy, Miss., a few weeks since. — The city council of Philadelphia has followed the example of Boston and New York, and appropriated thirty-six thousand dollars for the erection in that city of a fire and police alarm telegraph. — There has not been a fire—and but one or two alarms in Lowell, with its 30,000 population, for more than seven months. — The Merrimack, at the Charlestown navy yard, will probably be finished earlier than any of the other vessels of the same class now being constructed under the law of the last session of Congress. She will probably be launched about the 1st of June. — Maryland has the heaviest debt, in proportion to population, of any State in the Union. — One tenth of the entire population of New York are said to be in extreme poverty, and most of that number entirely destitute, not knowing for a day where the means of existence are to come from. — The Salisbury (N. C.) Banner of the 16th ult., says that Mr. Maxwell Chambers, of that place, lately deceased, has willed to Davidson College the magnificent sum of \$300,000. — About \$26,000 have been received by the committee appointed by a town meeting in Philadelphia, for the relief of the poor, and an amount quite as large has probably been contributed through other channels. — The Canada Indians have surrendered to the Provincial government the peninsula lying between Georgian Bay and Lake Huron—600,000 acres. — A single pound of flaxen thread, intended for the finest specimens of French lace, is valued at six hundred dollars, and the length of the thread is about two hundred and twenty-six miles. One pound of this thread is more valuable than two pounds of gold. — The New Bedford Mercury states that five drafts received in that city, all drawn at Honolulu, amounting to the sum of \$8700, have been proved to be counterfeit beyond a doubt. — The Cleveland Plaindealer says the last way discovered to evade the liquor law is as follows: the keeper has procured a large lot of small phials, and puts up a drink in each, and sells them to his customers at a shilling a bottle, and they go to another saloon and drink it. This evades the law, as it provides for selling liquor by the "bottle," when not drunk on the premises. — According to the recent census of the Canadas, there are 35 persons reported to be upwards of 100 years old, and about 400 are found between the ages of 90 and 100 years. — A daring gymnast recently accomplished the fearful task of walking on a tight rope from the garret-window of the Branch Hotel, in the Bowery, New York, to the German theatre, on the opposite side of the street. This fool-hardy feat was enthusiastically received by thousands of groundlings.

THE SKETCH CLUB.—In New York there is a society of artists and amateurs under this title, who meet at certain times at the houses of the members, when a subject is selected for illustration, and each exerts his utmost skill impromptu. Some beautiful drawings are produced in this way. The club lately met at the house of Mr. Fosdick, whose wife is half-sister to Mrs. Hayne (Julia Dean), and passed a very pleasant evening, enlivened by the presence of ladies, among whom was Miss Phoebe Carey, the poetess, so well known to our readers. The subject for illustration was the "Culprit Fay," and it called out a great display of talent. The plan of the club is an excellent one, and we wish it were adopted in this city.

"BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS."—We have been testing the qualities of this article, which, the reader will recollect, has been advertised in our columns. In every respect we find it fulfils the promises of the proprietor. It is one of the few, the very few cosmetics which ought to have a place at the toilet. Fretledge & Co. will undoubtedly make a fortune by the "Balm." The ten thousand dollars which they are said to have paid for the receipt will be the fertile seed of ten times that amount.

SHOOTING.—The Minnie rifle-ball kills at three-quarters of a mile—if it hits. Firing into a flock, as in the Crimea, you are pretty sure to hit somebody. The range of an ordinary musket-ball is half a mile.

NEW FRIGATE.—A fine U. S. frigate, the Santee, was successfully launched from the Portsmouth, N. H., navy yard, lately. She is of 2000 tons burthen and mounts 44 guns.

Wayside Gatherings.

Two tons of coal per day are consumed in heating the new Boston Theatre.

"Dick Tinto" noticed a female lighting the street lamps, lately, in a town of France, of ten thousand inhabitants.

The newboys of New York gave a concert on Saturday evening week, in the Tabernacle. It is said to have been entirely successful.

Last year 535 patients enjoyed the benefits of the Vermont insane asylum, and 80 were discharged, 40 died, 12 were improved, and 14 not improved.

The New York board of emigration estimate that \$20,000,000 in money has been brought into the country in the last year, by German emigrants.

At Springfield, Mass., the earth cracked, from cold, with frequent explosions, and the file shop at the U. S. armory was split from top to bottom.

Mr. John Trull recently shot a white owl at West Chelmsford, near the depot. It measured 7 feet from tip to tip, and weighed twenty-eight pounds.

It is said that there are at present more persons unemployed in San Francisco than at any time since 1849, and the same remark holds good all over the State.

Oliver Lee, who killed W. H. Harrison during the election riots in Williamsburg, N. Y., in November last, has been sentenced to the state prison for fifteen years.

Isinglass is a most delicate starch for fine muslins. When boiling common starch, sprinkle in a little fine salt; it will prevent its sticking. Some use sugar.

In Siberia, the greatest luxuries are raw cats served up in bear's oil; while in Japan a stewed crocodile flanked with monkeys' feet is the height of epicureanism.

On Thursday of last week 980 cases of shoes were sent to the railroad station in Haverhill, for exportation, being about 100 cases more than were ever before taken there in one day.

"England," writes Mr. Peyrat, a London correspondent of *La Presse*, "has constantly labored to become a great house of business, and she is astonished that she has not become a barrack."

Gen. Paez, ex-President of Venezuela, denies the statement in the London Times that he had offered his services to the British government, to take charge of a number of troops in the Crimea.

There are living in the small village of Leyton, England, four persons of the name of John Swan, not at all related, and all with wooden legs, although not one has been in the army or navy.

Mr. George Mumford, of Pawtucket, was seized with a paralytic fit in one of the streets of Providence, in the evening, recently, and survived the attack but a few hours.

A beef steer was killed near Dallas, Texas, which weighed 945 pounds, and from which 243 1-2 pounds of tallow were taken. The steer was taken off the grass, and had never eaten an ear of corn or other grain.

Stephen Hurlburt, of Glastenbury, Ct., made thirty-seven gallons of wine last fall, from native grapes, and it needs only bottling and age to make it far superior to any foreign wine in the market.

It is predicted by a gentleman of the highest standing in the money world, that the present money crisis will soon pass over, and that the country will in a short time again experience easy times.

Commodore Page, the commander of the French Pacific squadron and governor of the French Society Islands, a great friend of the United States—will visit Boston previous to his return to France.

Between the 15th of September, 1854, and the 1st of February, 1855, there were entered 400,000 acres of land at the Huntsville (Ala.) land office, under the graduation law, and \$52,000 paid into the office for the same.

In connection with the completion of the Panama Railroad, it is said a steamship will be despatched from New York for Aspinwall, carrying freight only, to be transferred to a steamship on the Pacific, thus placing goods in San Francisco in about thirty days.

E. J. Somers, alias J. D. Miner, Mrs. Miner and Mr. Rozenkrants, have been arrested at Cleveland, and \$20,000 nice counterfeit bills on eastern banks were found in their residence, all ready for circulation, with a whole trunk full ready to be filled out.

We are informed, says the Dalton Times, that in the vicinity of Riceville, Tenn., there is a very rich lead mine in process of working, where they are finding lead in great abundance. It is thought by the best mineralogists that it contains 25 per cent. of silver.

Massachusetts has one mile of railway to each seven square miles of its geographical surface; Essex county, with a geographical surface of 400 square miles, has 159 miles of railway facility; which is a ratio of one mile of railway to each three square miles of its surface.

A committee of the Buffalo Board of Trade, appointed to investigate the subject, report that one million of dollars will not, in their opinion, cover the total damage sustained by the Western Lake commerce in 1854, from the unnavigable condition of the St. Clair falls.

The Council Bluffs (Mo.) Bugle says that there is a great want of mechanics at Council Bluffs. Wagon-makers and millers, particularly, are very scarce, and mechanics of any kind may acquire there, by strict attention to their business, honor, respectability and wealth.

The farm, embracing 800 acres of land, stock, tools, buildings and furniture on the estate of the late Hon. Daniel Webster, at South Franklin, was sold on Thursday week for the sum of \$15,000. Rufus L. Tay, Esq., formerly of Concord, now of Boston, was the purchaser.

A human skeleton was discovered recently, in a cedar swamp about three miles north of Bangor. It was under a tree, to a limb of which a rope was fastened. The remains are supposed to be those of a man named Phillips, who disappeared about three years ago.

Transporting timber from Massachusetts to Vermont, would seem like carrying "coals to Newcastle," but a Greenfield paper informs us that a lumber dealer in that town during the past year has forwarded upwards of eighty thousand feet of oak and yellow pine to Windsor, Vt.

The owner of the celebrated running horse called *Wild Irishman*, has challenged any horse in the United States, for three matches, for \$3000 each. He proposes to match his horse for mile heats in repeat, two mile heats, and three mile heats, upon any race course on Long Island, and does not except the great blooded animal, *Lecompte*.

Foreign Items.

Glue diluted with water is used in France as a fertilizer for delicate plants.

St. Helena has a population of 5490 persons, of whom 534 are liberated Africans, and 511 soldiers. There is but one physician, and but two attorneys on the island.

Accounts from Hamburg to the 30th January mention the arrival of Jenny Lind Goldsmith, who, with her husband, gave a concert the night before at the Apollo Saloon, which was crowded to suffocation.

A train of coaches, weighing eighty tons, and conveying 240 passengers, is drawn from Liverpool to Birmingham, and back from Birmingham to Liverpool by the combustion of four tons of coke, the cost of which is £5.

M. Foyatier, the sculptor, whose fine statue of Spartacus in the garden of the Tuilleries has been always so much admired, has finished an equestrian statue of Joan of Arc, ordered for the city of Orleans.

There is great suffering in India from the high price of rice. At Madras it has led to rioting, only quelled by military force, after considerable damage had been done. In Ceylon mothers have sold their infants to obtain the means of buying food.

Out of twenty-six samples of London milk, purchased from different vendors, twelve were genuine, two had some of the cream extracted, and eleven had water added, in proportions varying from one-sixth or seventh of the entire to one-half—that is, precisely half pure milk, and the other half water.

The French government intends authorizing a grand lottery at the period of the Grand Exhibition. The amount to be raised is, it is said, to be 10,000,000 f.; and it states that there are to be one large prize of 500,000 f., four of 100,000 f., and a great number of smaller amounts.

The Duke of Buccleugh, one of the richest men in England, has laid aside from his revenues, every year for the last twenty-four years, the sum of £20,000, as an accumulating fund, in order to rebuild Montague House in a palatial manner. This would make £480,000, but as it was profitably invested, it amounts now to a much larger sum.

Sands of Gold.

.... What is joy? A sunbeam between two clouds.—*Deluzy*.

.... Not to sorrow freely is never to open the bosom to the sweets of the sunshine.—*W. G. Simms*.

.... Every action in company, ought to be with some sign of respect to those present.—*Washington*.

.... Money is a bottomless sea, in which honor, conscience and truth may be drowned.—*Kozlay*.

.... The moment a man begins to rise above his fellows, he becomes a mark for their missiles.—*W. G. Simms*.

.... It is not a great Xerxes army of words, but a compact Greek ten thousand that march safely down to posterity.—*J. R. Lowell*.

.... We are willing to look on antiquity as superior to our time, but not on posterity. It is only a father that does not envy the son.—*Goethe*.

.... Be courteous to all, but intimate with few; and let those few be well tried, before you give them your confidence.—*Washington*.

.... Why does the new moon bear the form and the name of a sickle? Is it because it mows down our joys and our sorrows as it moves onwards.—*Jean Paul*.

.... It is far easier to detect error than to discover truth: the one lies on the surface, and can easily be discerned; the other lies deeply hidden, and few are able to find it.—*Goethe*.

.... He who maintains the right, though countenanced by the few, must forego all expectations of popularity till there shall be less to censure than applaud in human conduct; and when this is the case, the millennium will have dawned.—*Colton*.

.... Every heavy burden of sorrow seems like a stone hung round our neck, yet are they often only like the stones used by pearl-divers, which enable them to reach their prize and to rise enriched.—*Jean Paul*.

.... A giant mind may be held in suspense, but that suspense must be brief, and the action which follows it will be more decided and energetic in consequence of that detention; just as a stream rushes with greater force for a temporary obstruction.—*Colton*.

Joker's Budget.

What key will finally open all doors of civilization to all mankind? Answer—Yan key (Yankee.)

"Do you play by the ear?" inquired a pupil, of a dancing-school fiddler. "No, my dear, I play by the night."

What is stronger in death than in life? An old, yellow-legged hen. If you don't believe it, try to dissect one after boiling.

A *cicerone* directing the attention of a foreigner to the portrait of *Harvey*, said, "This is the man who invented the circulation of the blood!"

Men are like bugles; the more brass they contain the further you can hear them. Women are like tulips; the more modest and retiring they appear, the better you love them.

A lady was at the representation of a deep tragedy, and did not shed a tear. Everybody was surprised, perceiving which the lady said: "I could indeed have wept, but I am engaged out to-night to supper."

The nearest a certain man in this city ever approached to luck was to find a counterfeit ten dollar bill on a broken bank. He thinks that if anybody else had found it, it would have been a gold piece.

The author of the following original conundrum is now confined in a calico straight jacket—his feet in a wood-box, and his head in a honeycomb poultrie: When is a lover justified in calling his sweetheart *honey*? When she is *bee*-loved.

"It is estimated," says a California editor, that the line "Sebastopol is not yet taken," has had a wider circulation than any other line in the English language." We move that hereafter the line "Sebastopol not yet shaken," be substituted. When taken, you see, "it can be shaken!"

A country editor, evidently very verdant in the ways of city life, can't exactly understand how Young America in New York ekes out a living. Out of every twenty-four hours, he says, that young gentleman devotes sixteen "wid der masheen," and the other eight in *augering* holes in targets.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.—One page only of this paper is devoted to advertisements. The immense circulation of the Pictorial (being over one hundred thousand copies weekly), forms a vehicle of advertisement that is rarely offered to the public. Another fact which greatly enhances the value of the Pictorial as an advertising medium is, that it is preserved, and not destroyed after being read, being regularly bound up every six months, so that each advertisement (all being placed on the inside of the paper) becomes a permanent card of the advertiser's business for years to come.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—Fifty cents per line, in all cases, without regard to length or the continuance of the same. Advertisements must be sent in two weeks in advance of the period of their publication, as our edition is so large that it occupies fourteen days in printing. Address, post-paid, M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor, Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

SPRING IMPORTATION! CHANDLER & CO.

HAVE RECEIVED
BY THE AFRICA, ASIA, J. E. THAYER, SUPERIOR,
AND OTHER LATE ARRIVALS,
210 PACKAGES
BRITISH, FRENCH AND GERMAN GOODS.

Comprising an extensive assortment of the choicest styles adapted to the season; to which they invite the attention of wholesale and retail purchasers.

CHANDLER & Co.,
6 and 8 Summer Street.

AMERICAN GOODS.

CHANDLER & CO. are now opening a large Stock of AMERICAN GOODS, comprising the newest and most desirable styles, which have been chosen with great care, and will be found worthy the attention of purchasers. In addition to our complete assortment of FOREIGN GOODS, we intend to keep our RETAIL DEPARTMENT well supplied during the season with the most approved AMERICAN FABRICS, which will be selected with the utmost care, and every article will be offered at the lowest price.

By bestowing more than ordinary attention to this branch of our business, we hope to accommodate those purchasers who have expressed a desire to patronize AMERICAN MANUFACTURES.

CHANDLER & Co.,
6 and 8 Summer Street.

mar 17

IN PRESS—KATE AYLESFORD.

A TALE OF THE REFUGEES.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON,
AUTHOR OF "CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR."

The editor of the Philadelphia "Dollar Newspaper," who has read the book in manuscript, pronounces it "a powerful work, and predicts for it a greater popularity than that acquired by any original novel published for years. The author, in revolutionary incident, is better booked up than any man in the country of his age." Complete in two volumes, paper cover, price, \$1; or in one volume, cloth, for \$1.25. Booksellers, News Agents, and all others, will please send on their orders at once to the publisher,

T. B. PETERSON,
102 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

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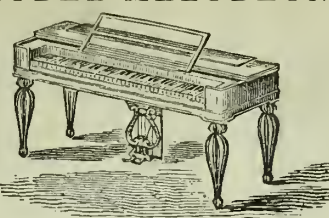
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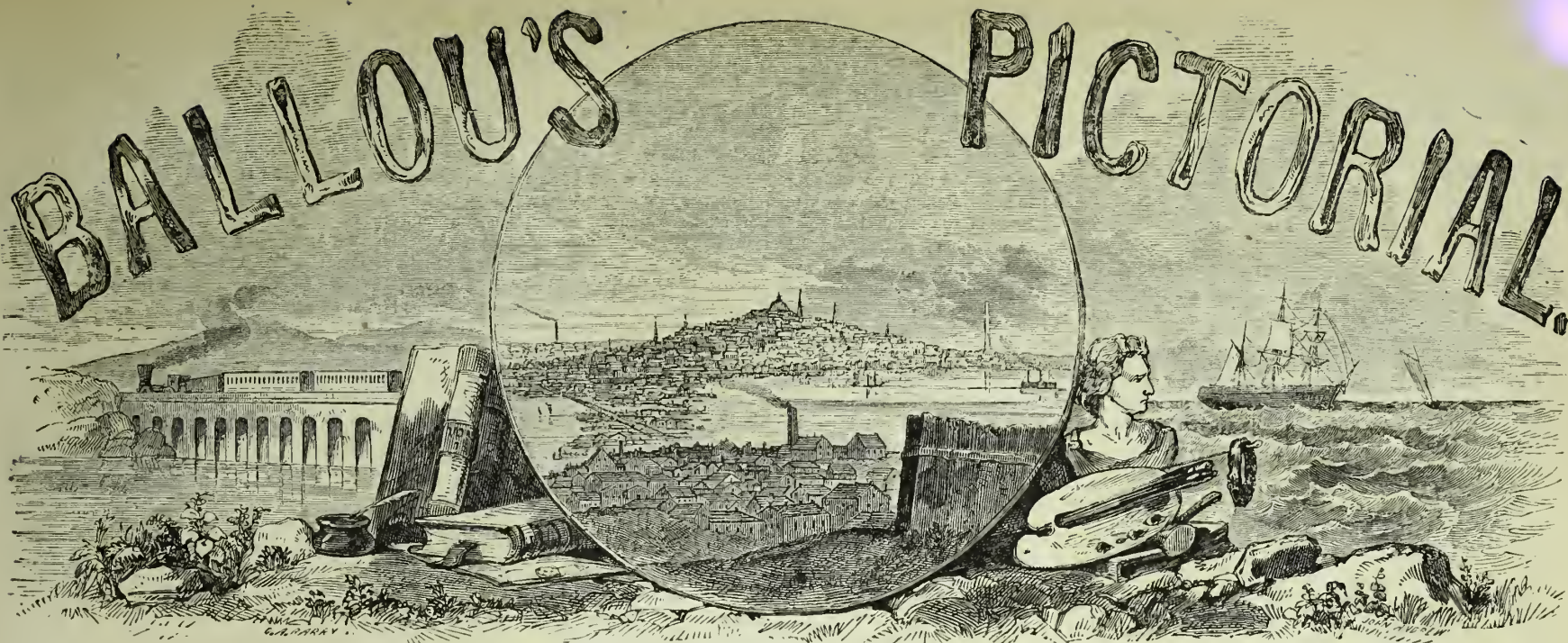
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6 CENTS SINGLE.

THE PRIESTESS. ACT I.—SCENE III.

NORMA—ADELGISA—OCTAVIAN.

Mr. Rowse's design illustrates the scene in the first act of Mr. Sargent's new tragedy, now performing at the Boston Theatre, where Adalgisa (Miss Biddles) is announcing to Norma, the Gallie priestess (Julia Dean) the presence of Octavian (Pauncefort). The back scene represents Norma's cottage, afterwards the shelter of the intruding Roman. The play which has supplied us with this illustration is worthy of its success. It is not only ingeniously constructed and effective, full of fine dramatic situations, but abounds in passages of true beauty, which cannot fail to make it a favorite reading play, if the author consents to its publication. A brief sketch of the plot may not prove unacceptable to our readers. The scene lies in Gaul, about the commencement of the Christian era. The Romans, under Aeilus, are waiting for reinforcements from the imperial city to attack the Gauls, over whom Norma, the high priestess, holds a controlling influence, though hated by the chief Druids, whose cruel rites she has suppressed. Arnulf, a renegade, the deadly enemy of Norma, seeks the Roman camp, and persuades Octavian to win the love of the high priestess, that, through her influence, he

may subjugate the Gauls. Arnulf's real object is to ruin Norma. Octavian succeeds in the proposed design—wins the heart of Norma, and is married to her in the Roman camp, and she, wearied of struggling with the Druids, concludes a treaty of peace between Gaul and Rome. The marriage of Norma is still kept secret from the Druids. Octavian, his purposes accomplished, is recalled to Rome, and having persuaded Adalgisa to accompany him, is preparing to obey, when Norma is suddenly apprised of his faithlessness. After a scene of great power between the perjured husband and his victim, the latter joins her countrymen, who rise in arms against the Romans, defeat them and make Octavian prisoner. Octavian and Norma meet again, and a reconciliation takes place between them, Octavian abjuring his fleeting passion for Adalgisa. The priestess then commands the release of her husband, when Arnulf, foiled in all his schemes of vengeance, attempts to kill Norma and slays Octavian. The latter dies in the arms of Norma, who falls upon his body as the curtain descends. Such is a faint outline of this effective piece, filled up with characters we have not named, and successive scenes and situations, which, increasing in interest, carry the story to its thrilling climax. We have not room to speak of the artistic per-

formance of Norma and the other leading characters, nor of the characteristic excellence of the *mis en scene*, which is worthy of the taste, liberality and experience of Manager Barry. That the tragedy will prove a permanent favorite we cannot entertain a doubt. In the preceding sketch we have done no justice either to this fine tragedy or to the manner of its performance. The production of an original five act piece is an event in the history of our stage; such events are few and far enough between—but we hope they will be more frequent in future. Mr. Sargent has shown that we can rely on him as a contributor to our drama; and we trust that his friends will not let him rest upon his laurels. Will he pardon us, if we suggest that the scene of his next play be laid in this country—a field that yielded so rich a harvest to Prescott and Dr. Bird, has ample gleanings for the dramatist? We know no one of our poets more capable of doing justice to the dazzling procession of historical events involving the conquest of the capital of the Aztecs, and presenting the religious chivalry of the old world in vivid contrast with the barbaric chivalry of the new. The revolutionary epoch, too, is now far enough removed to admit of its being treated by the dramatist, and presents many a startling episode fitted for the stage.



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[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SECRETS OF THE CELLS: —OR— LEAVES FROM MY DIARY.

BY REV. J. H. INGRAHAM.

[CONTINUED.]

NUMBER THREE.

VISIT TO THE PRISON—ITS INTERIOR ARRANGEMENTS.

A FEW days elapsed after my visit to the exterior of the prison, when, as I was about to make application to some one of the inspectors for permission to visit the interior, a servant placed a note in my hand as I was leaving my house, to the following purport:

"SIR:—Will you have the kindness, when you visit the penitentiary, carefully to observe everything and let me hear your report of what you see, particularly noticing the food, the sleeping accommodations of the convicts, the state of the cells, the discipline, so far as it appears, and whatever else may present itself to a philanthropic eye. A lady has no opportunity of properly seeing and judging. When I visit prisons, much is concealed from my observation that would not be veiled to others. You will oblige me by an early visit and report."

This note bore a signature, but it was so illegible, like the writing itself, which could with difficulty be deciphered, that I could not make out the writer's name. But I readily divined from whom it came. And as I was at that moment on my way to obtain a permit to see the prison on my own account, I readily consented to observe also for the writer, should the results of my visit afford anything of interest to report to her.

The permit I asked for was very courteously granted to me in writing by one of the inspectors, and when, on the following Saturday, I presented myself at the door of the guard-room, the warden, Colonel McI—, after perusing the note which I placed in his hands, politely invited me to enter the prison. I passed through the outer guard-room, with its adornments of muskets, pistols and swords ranged around, and a massive gate being opened by an assistant, I passed through it, attended by the courteous warden into the court of the prison. As the heavy gate was closed, bolted and chained behind me, I experienced an unpleasant sensation of restraint; but this feeling was only temporary. I felt that though I was locked in like the other two hundred men who were there captive, it was in my power to return at any minute to the free air and open world. We found ourselves in a large area, enclosed by lofty walls and shops in which gangs of the convicts were at work, plying a score of different trades. The largest portion of the yard was occupied by blocks of lime-stone or coarse marble cut from the adjacent quarries. Within the surrounding sheds, nearly a hundred men were busy pecking, rubbing down and cutting stone. We entered the shops and passed slowly through their midst. Not an eye was raised to look at us that I could detect. Our presence seemed to be quite unobserved. The prisoners' hair was closely cropped; they wore woolen caps, and the blue and white striped uniform of the prison—a dress adopted to distinguish them as convicts should they escape; though the convict fashion of large stripes and squares in dress, so prevails among fashionable men, that the escaped convict, instead of being taken up, is more likely to be set down as a blood of the first water, and to be suffered to walk the streets with impunity.

"These men cutting stone comprise about half our number, sir," said the civil warden. "The legislature has ordered me to put one hundred men in the quarries and stone shops, as they are in a hurry to finish the capitol, every stone of which has been got out and hewn by my people here. So you see the men actually work for and do good service to the State. Crime is not without its advantages to a government."

I could not but think of the beautiful pile which I had first visited on my arrival, and with regret that all those noble outlines and symmetrical forms of architecture were erected by the hands of criminals; that the noblest structure in the West should be purchased by the penal sufferings of human guilt. It seemed to me that an edifice so erected should ever groan audibly like the traditional moaning statue of Trebizond and weep tears like the weeping house of the Shahs of Persia. How oddly, it occurred to me, it would appear, if every stone, like those given to the monument of Washington, were inscribed with the name and style of the donor or worker. "This base done by a murderer." "This capital done by a horse thief!" "This column by a counterfeiter!" "This entablature by a bigamist!" "This architrave by a house-burner!" "This arch by a forger!" "This frieze by one committed for perjury!"

We passed on through the long shop, in which the only sound heard was the deafening din of the mallets and iron chisels upon the hard surface of the stone. Two guards at a long distance apart kept order and discipline over this busy scene. The floor was covered with severed fragments of the rock, and the air filled with the fine floating particles.

"Sometimes we have to remove the men to other work," said the warden; "as the fine dust acts injuriously upon the lungs."

Quitting the shops of the cutters, not the eye of one of whom met mine, we entered an apartment where furniture was made. Bureaus, book-cases, bedsteads and toilet stands of the best finish showed the skill and care of some of these convict mechanics. Here the workmen neither looked up nor noticed us; but were as

diligent at their tasks as if working for their own profit rather than as a punishment and for the State.

I saw one old man, grey and red-eyed, who was making chairs. He bowed civilly.

"That man is in for the third time," said the warden, after we had gone by; "he no sooner serves out a sentence than he gets to horse-stealing, which is his propensity, and we have him back again in two months! There is a man," he continued, pointing to a thin, pale, middle-aged person who was cooping, "who has been four times discharged, and is no sooner out than he is in here again. The fellow told me as an excuse, that he had no home—his wife was dead—his children refused to own him and nobody cared for him, and he didn't know how to get an honest living without stealing; so he no sooner serves out a three years' sentence than he steals some trifle in order to be sent back again. Look at the fellow! he is perfectly happy here, and will no doubt end his days in prison from choice."

"Then you must treat your men well?" I remarked.

"Yes, if they behave themselves; and then they have nothing to fear. But if they are ugly, they get the 'cat.' There is no better or safer place in the world for such a chap as he, if he is docile, than a penitentiary. He has only to work well on his part, and we lodge and feed him well on ours."

We continued our walk through the long ranges of shops, passing convicts at work making mattresses, cloth-weavers, wool-carders, shoemakers and even tailors, who were making as fair coats as one would find in a tailor's shop in the city.

"One of these tailors," said the warden, "put slyly on over his prison dress a coat and pants he was making for me, and a broadcloth cap he had made for this purpose, and joining a party of visitors walked out with them and was off. Do you see that tall young fellow with dark hair and an eye like an Italian?" inquired the warden, pointing to a well-formed and sturdy-looking person.

"Yes," I answered, "you mean the man who is finishing that saddle?"

"The same. He is a college educated man. He belongs to a rich, old family in Maryland. He ran through his fortune in a year, committed a forgery in Memphis to raise funds, and is here for three years. That man has dined at the White House in Washington, and drank wine at table with Harry Clay. You see what he is now!"

The young man seemed to be conscious that we were speaking of him. He glowered nervously towards us, colored and seemed to wish to avoid my scrutiny. I felt for him, and did not again look at him. Not far from him I noticed a mere lad of fifteen who was cooping.

"That scamp," said the warden, seeing me attentively and with some surprise regarding him, "has been in ten months; he goes out in two more. He is the worst convict, young as he is, I have under my charge. He is utterly reprobate and abandoned. He is in for robbing the mail. He was mail carrier on horse-back between two villages in the western part of the State; and he had the villany to cut the leather bags and take letters with money to the amount of eight hundred dollars. He has more of the evil one in him than any man here; and has to be more closely watched."

As I passed him he gave me, as if conscious that I had been learning his biography, a look of the most infamous impudence, and placing his thumb to the extremity of his pug nose, moved the remaining fingers of his hand in a fashion extremely expressive but perfectly indescribable for their drollery and malice.

At the end of the shop was a sort of screen, behind which I observed a kind of area fitted up as a painter's room or atelier.

"Here is our *genius* in particular," said the warden, with a twinkle in his keen eyes. "Let us pay him a visit."

Before an easel, upon which was a canvass stretched over a frame, sat a man who was busily at work with pencil and colors. At first he did not notice us, as his face was turned partly aside. He was about eight and twenty, with jet black hair inclined to curl, though now, by the prison regulations, closely cropped of its flowing honors. He was handsome, so far as fine features go to make up a face. Upon his head was a round cap, half of blue silk and half of green, set jauntily over one eyebrow. His costume was that of the prison, pie-bald, but he had managed by means of his brush to ornament his garb with various grotesque figures, which gave him the appearance of a harlequin.

We walked round and looked upon his canvass. It was, as I was afterwards informed by the warden, the representation of a huge bull-dog which belonged to the prison, and of whose physiognomy the artist had obtained sittings by stealth and the irresistible temptation of half his own dinner.

"You have made a good likeness, St. Leger," said the warden. "It is 'Wolf' to the life."

The man turned quickly, and seeing me, started and colored as deeply crimson as any of his own tints upon his palette. I at once recognized an itinerant artist, who in 183— had been to Natchez and the adjacent country, and had put upon canvass execrable caricatures of certain young ladies, old maids and children and parents at fifteen dollars per caput; and for which perpetrations he justly deserved the penitentiary where I now again recognized him. He was then a handsome, dashing, long curly-haired young fellow of nineteen, doubtless a coach-painter's apprentice on his travels to see the world; and whose raven locks and impudence captivated more than one young maiden. He suddenly disappeared, and I had neither seen nor heard of him from that time until the present. His cool impudence, however, enabled him to rally, and he quietly remarked he "believed he had had the pleasure of seeing me before, south!"

I smiled when I reflected upon the contrast of the man now in

his parti-colored prison uniform and shaved crown, and the man then dressed in the extreme of fashion and gilded jewelry, and creating a sensation in the evening parties which had the honor of entertaining the "distinguished genius."

After we left the atelier of the prison the warden said:

"That man was put in for swindling and forgery. He has been here five years and has two more to stay. He only wants courage to be the chiefest of rogues. He is a villain in a small way. I let him paint his pictures, as he makes as much by them for the State, as many buy them, as he would by making shoes or tailoring; but shoes he cannot make nor anything else useful. I have tried him at everything—so I let the villain stick to his brush. That good likeness of me you saw in the guard-room was by him."

"Then you make all the prisoners as available to the State as you can?" I inquired, as we passed into a lower range of shops.

"Yes. Every man who is brought here, after being cropped and put into the prison dress, is put to work to the trade he happens to know. If he knows none, which is the case of three out of every five, we set him first to pecking stone; and there we keep him until we find out his capability as to endurance and bodily strength; for stone-cutting tries them badly. If they are to break down, they break down at that! In a few days we find some are not able to endure it, and then we put the weaker ones to tailoring, or shoemaking, or stuffing mattresses; and others to cooping. We make the old convicts teach the new ones. We never over-work a man at anything his strength won't stand; our object is to make each man the most profitable, in the way he can work to best advantage to the State. At present, however, we have seventy men at stone-pecking in the shops in the sheds, and forty more out in the quarries, as the legislature has directed me to put all the force I can on the work for the capitol. This of course brings in small revenue in money to the treasury; yet last year our net proceeds were thirty odd thousand dollars from the profit of the men's labor at the different trades."

"How early do you begin work in the morning here?" I asked.

"As soon as it is light enough to see a man across the yard," he answered. "We work them till twilight: they must all be locked in before dark!"

We now went down into the lower range where the steam-engines were at work which moved the machinery in the shops above. Here were the blacksmiths' shops, and here all the large machinery was manufactured, and gins and wagons made. The class of prisoners here at this heavy work were the most powerful, physically, and the most wicked-looking, morally, I had seen in the prison. Their faces, smutty and grim with soot, their muscular arms, their broad naked chests, and their animal-like frames reminded me of the classical descriptions of Vulcan and his forgers of thunderbolts. There were fourteen or fifteen of these men wielding the most formidable instruments of labor, and only under the supervision of one guard, who occasionally left them to overlook another department under his charge. They cast their eyes upon us with looks of positive hatred, and yet I could see how they cowered and dropped their glances when the warden spoke to either of them.

This gentleman himself was a study. He had been a score of years superintendent of prisons, and was the oldest warden in the United States. His experience, therefore, was very great, and he had a thorough and shrewd knowledge of men. It was said he could guess pretty nearly the crime a man was sent to him for, as soon as he looked in his face. He was a large built, square framed, heavy man, with broad, rough, Scotch features, turned to the rigidity of moulded iron by the habit of twenty years' authority over hardened and bad men. His face was like a crag in its imperturbable immobility. His eyes were a clear, starry blue, and in their depths, beneath thick level brows, there slumbered fires that his men knew it would be no trifle to enkindle; yet usually their expression was quiet and agreeable, and his countenance, though stern, was stamped with benevolence and good sense. He was feared and liked by the convicts, who knew that if they were insubordinate they would feel the weight of his power, yet if they were well-behaved they would be treated with kindness.

I was struck with the kind manner and tone in which he always spoke to the men whom he addressed.

"When I first took charge of a prison," he said to me, "it was knock down and then pick up! A word and a blow, and the blow first. I was young then. I have had more experience since! I have learned to make the men know my power, and that I can use it if necessary. This is enough. If they do wrong I don't swear at them nor trifle in words—but quietly hand them over to punishment. I haven't cursed a prisoner in eight years. Swearing is waste of authority and weakens it. Nothing speaks here but the cat and bread and water. The men know this and behave themselves."

"Then you do whip in the prison?"

"Not often: only very hard cases and aggravated. Our usual punishment is to shut them up in their cells and tame them down on short rations. This usually brings them to their senses."

"What punishment was inflicted upon the man who attempted to escape last week?" I asked.

"Thirty-nine with the cat, and thirty days on bread and water," was the quiet reply.

"Have you a right to kill a man attempting to escape?" I inquired.

"Yes—and the men know it, yet sometimes are fool-hardy enough to risk it. I have seen two men shot since I have been a keeper, in the act of breaking prison. But here is our dining-hall," he added, conducting me into a large room, about sixty feet by forty, the walls white as snow with lime, and the floor

paved with brick and sanded perfectly clean. Several rows of pine tables covered with a white cloth, extended in two lines through the room, with an aisle in the midst. There were benches at the tables, so arranged that all the prisoners sat facing the east, so that no one could see the face of another save by turning to his right or left, which they were forbidden to do. There were plates laid for two hundred men. At each plate was a knife and fork and a tin dipper for coffee; salt-cellars and pepper boxes were placed at short intervals on each of the tables. All the arrangements were perfectly neat and systematic. The room had a far more cheerful appearance than one-half the hotel dining halls. Beyond this eating-hall I went into the kitchen, communicating with it, which was spacious and arranged with all the apparatus of a large hotel. A negro person (of which there were but five in prison) was the cook, assisted by two or three of the convicts, whose gastronomical science elevated them to this agreeable position. Dinner was just being served and the fragrant steam from the cooking vessels, from beef soups and boiled meat and vegetables, made me think of my own dinner hour.

"Stay here a few moments and the men will soon be marched in," said the warden. In the meanwhile I tasted of their dinner, and found the soup excellent, the bread sweet, the potatoes well cooked and the coffee good.

The bell of the prison now collected the workmen from the shops, and forming by command of their guards into a double file, two by two at lock-step the convicts marched from the yard into the hall. Passing down the aisle they filed off on either hand and seated themselves in silence, about a dozen at each table; and as all faced the same way, only one side of each table was filled. At a signal from the guards, four of whom took their stations at the doors, they commenced eating, each plate being about half filled with rich, nourishing soup, and by the side of each plate was placed a huge slice of hot corn bread. Both bread and soup were relished as if excellent. The coffee was strong, clear and well sweetened, and enough of it. The receipt for the corn bread would make the reputation of a hotel. I was surprised and gratified to find these men fed so well and bountifully.

"Yes, the rogues," said the warden, "some of them never fared so well in their lives until they came here; and some of them would be glad to stay for the sake of the eating. But if we expect to get work out of sinews for the State, we must put strength into 'em. I don't believe in starving convicts. Men must eat to work. The law don't include starving in their sentence!" he drily added.

It was a sad and painful spectacle! Not a voice was heard. No man moved only his hands to convey food to his mouth. No one spoke to his neighbor. They ate rapidly and sullenly, under the vigilant eyes and pistols of the four guards. Twenty minutes was the time allotted for the meal. At the expiration of this time, at a signal from the chief guard, every man rose to his feet and stood still as a statue. At a second signal they began to march out from the tables and join two and two in double file as before. In this way, with the lock-step, they departed as they came, once more to resume their compulsory toil till twilight.

"There are but two meals a day served to them," said the warden; "a late but hearty breakfast at ten o'clock and a late dinner at half past three; but the men who choose to do so, can carry their lump of bread to their cells to eat after being locked in at night; and they always have water there to drink. On Sundays we send their dinners to them in their cells, for we do not let them out at all on that day."

"Sunday, then, they are more prisoners than on any other day of the week?" I remarked, with surprise.

"Yes—and the day therefore that they most detest," he answered. "They would rather work than be kept locked in their cells."

"This is a pity," I answered. "Have you no chaplain? no religious services?"

"None. The legislature has provided for none the twenty years I have been here, and besides religion don't do these men any good."

Before I could reply to an opinion which overturns one of the chief doctrines of the gospel of Him who came "to save sinners," he was called to the guard-house on business, leaving me to make the remainder of my tour of the prison with one of the guards off duty, whose first care was to point out to me, as if it were oftenest asked for by visitors, the cell where Murell, the celebrated land pirate-chief, was confined.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THEATRICALS IN CHINA.

The celestial empire has much the resemblance to an immense fair, where amidst a perpetual flux and reflux of buyers and sellers, of brokers, loungers and thieves, you see in all quarters stages and mountebanks, jokers and comedians, laboring uninterruptedly to amuse the public. Over the whole surface of the country, in the burghs and villages, rich and poor, mandarins and people, all without exception, are passionately fond of dramatic representations. There are theatres everywhere; the great towns are full of them. There is no little village but has its theatre, which is usually opposite to the pagoda, and sometimes even forms a part of it. In some cases the permanent theatres are not found sufficient, and then the Chinese construct temporary ones, with wonderful facility, out of bamboo. The Chinese theatre is extremely simple, and its arrangements exclude all idea of scenic illusion. The decorations are fixed and do not change as long as the piece lasts. One would never know what they were intended for, if the actors did not take care to inform the public, and correct the motionless character of the scenes by verbal explanations. The only arrangement ever made with a view to scenic effect is the introduction of a trap door in front of the stage, for the entrances and exits of supernatural personages, and goes by the name of the "Gate of Demons."—*Hue's Chinese Empire.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LELIA.

BY SARAH J. C. WHITTLESEY.

Cold white snows of two mid-winters
O'er her grave have lain,
Since they laid her down to slumber,
In the valley-plain;
Laid her down, with fair hands folded
On her pulseless breast,
Dark eyes, underneath the ice-lids,
Shut in dreamless rest!

Rosebuds round her will be blowing,
Soon, in spring-sunshine,
Brilliant as the memory-blossom,
In this heart of mine;
Summer suns will pale the petals
Of the rosebuds red;
Love's leaves ne'er will fade or shatter,
O'er her angel head.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

RETRENCHMENT.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

MR. TIDMARSH twirled a bill which he held in his hand very violently. He looked at it very minutely a few moments, before, and as his eyes rested upon the sum total, it seemed to disquiet him. He crossed one leg over the other—laid down his spectacles—rose from his chair and gave his coat such a tremendous jerk that every wrinkle rapidly disappeared. At length he remarked: "Wife, I'm thinking there are too many small leaks in my expenses—we must have some retrenchment. This January bill on your account is really exorbitant. It is more than my tailor's, hatter's and shoemaker's. Seven hundred dollars for a dry goods bill is enormous. I've been looking over the items, 'fifty dollars for a single dress pattern,' 'seventy-five for a cloak,' 'fifty for two sets of Honiton laces, under-sleeves and collars.' Mrs. Tidmarsh, we must retrench, or I shall become a bankrupt in less than a year."

Mrs. Tidmarsh looked wild—she had always supposed her husband was able to allow her in any expenditure she might fancy. Everybody had given him the reputation of being a rich man—indeed, in some of his good-natured moments he had told her of the immense profits he had realized from certain cargoes consigned to him—and his credit was so undoubted that wherever she traded she was urged to swell her account by freely purchasing. She had done so when perhaps it was not strictly necessary she should buy some articles; but it was a maxim with her that dry goods neither ate nor drank anything, and silks, satins and laces were always worn, quite forgetting that fashions materially affected their prices.

She wondered why her husband spoke so explicitly a moment ago. To be sure, she had heard the times were hard and money was tight, but she did not imagine that could affect him any. Mr. Tidmarsh was rich—it was necessary to keep up appearances. Jennette and herself always had rather led in the fashion, and she hardly knew how she could retrench.

And the mother and daughter discussed "father's" remarks. "I don't believe," said Jenny, "that he will ever again allude to the subject. Father is always testy when a bill is first presented, but after it is paid his countenance clears off into sunshine. For my part, mamma, I cannot retrench as he calls it. I was just on the point of soliciting him to buy me a set of diamonds. Julia Floyd has a splendid set—they are so brilliant—and I am certain I should look as interesting as she in them." Jenny looked in the mirror and added, "They would become me quite as well. Was father intending to settle our bill this morning, mamma? If so, I will keep quiet."

"I fancy you had better, my dear, for I have not dared to show him my bill for my Russia sables. They cost five hundred and fifty more. To be sure, your father knew it at the time I purchased them and made no objection—but he seems to forget such knowledge when the bill is presented."

Mr. Tidmarsh came home to dinner looking very blue. He never knew such a time in all his business experience. It was really frightful to contemplate the wrecks of fortune—Ford & Co. had failed for a million—they were largely indebted to Tidmarsh & Co. His next door neighbor was down. A letter from New Orleans announced that Bisbee & Blake had failed for six hundred thousand—great loss to our firm. Banks don't discount freely—notes are protested daily—capitalists are growing shy of everybody's paper—and I tell you, wife, I must look about me, or I shall become bankrupt too."

Dinah rung the bell for dinner.

"O, I've no appetite, go and enjoy your food, wife and daughter. I'm panic-struck by the news of the day. It makes me feverish. We must retrench, as I said in the morning."

"What makes papa so hysterical?" inquires Jenny. "Mamma, do give him a dose of valerian. O, how I do dread such days—but when our bills are settled we can begin a new one and get just what we please, for it will be a great while to next July, and perhaps we shall be at some watering-place when that account is rendered."

And Mrs. Tidmarsh wiped her tears with her lace-bordered handkerchief, and parted her husband and told him the darkest time of night preceded daylight, and coaxed him into the dining-room, and he carved the nice joint of meat, and Jennette told funny stories—but still father did not seem happy—the day was a cloudy one.

At evening there was a free family discussion. Some things were talked over that Mrs. Tidmarsh would gladly have closed her ears against. Some hints were so given that there was no mistake in the application, and the gist of the whole, summed up, seemed comprehended in the old hateful word, retrenchment. But there were promises made which must be executed, and to retrieve a shattered fortune and still keep the present comfortable house they had occupied for years, it was necessary there should be a diminution of the "small leaks."

In early life, Mrs. Tidmarsh was educated to perform domestic avocations. Her own mother never kept a servant, but the duties of a household were discharged by the three sisters, and very systematic and orderly were all such arrangements carried on. The retrospect of those days were some of the most pleasant that Mrs. Tidmarsh ever looked upon. But then she married a rich man, and it was necessary that she should assume a new position and change of style. She commenced house keeping with a cook and chambermaid. When Jennette was born, a constant nurse was added. When Titus was announced, a little chore girl found occupation—and last of all, since Mr. Tidmarsh had given dinner parties, Peter the colored waiter was hired for all choice occasions. For the last fifteen years the same appearances had been maintained—fortune had smiled, and there was no turn in the long lane. No wonder then, that little Jenny could not comprehend what a tight money market meant, and even her mother had lived on so luxuriously it was difficult for her to know where to begin a change. Her eyes were beginning to wane, and how could she dispense with a seamstress—besides, it would be but a saving of three dollars per week, her board they did not feel. It would cost a great deal to have the work done out of the house, besides the inconvenience and trouble it would occasion. Susy the seamstress was a very indispensable person in keeping a wardrobe in good condition.

Maggy the chambermaid got up all the nice clear-starching, and ironed Mr. Tidmarsh's dickeys and bosoms with such a waxy gloss that even experienced laundresses had begged a receipt of her—and how splendidly she made laces and collars and all sorts of embroidery look! Why, she might as well not keep house at all as dispense with all the comforts in it.

Dinah the cook was an old, faithful servant, who had been with them for the last five years. Who but she could roast, boil, fricassee and broil for Mr. Tidmarsh—for he was a very particular man, and she was all in all at a dinner party? And Mrs. Tidmarsh felt that if she should hold her face over the fire and put her delicate hands into all sorts of cookery, there would indeed be a change in her appearance.

As to Rosy the chore-girl, she might possibly dispense with her, and that would only save seventy-five cents a week, and put a poor dependent child into the street, and Mrs. Tidmarsh had some conscientious scruples on that head.

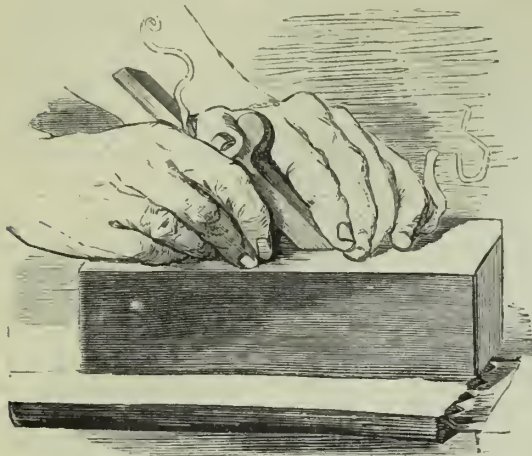
It was rumored on "Change that Tidmarsh & Co. had failed. We grieved for the gentleman and his family, but still we knew he had many friends and nobody would see them suffer—and perhaps they had lived too fast, and if all their earthly props were removed, it might be a gain would succeed in turning their thoughts more heavenward.

The crisis had passed. The bankruptcy became a nine days' wonder. Mr. Tidmarsh was a relieved man with stupendous liabilities—but the most painful scene was acted—he had faced his creditors and now he could talk openly about retrenchments.

Mr. Tidmarsh concluded to take a small house in the suburbs. It had something of the air of gentility and did not seem as if they had all at once dropped into the lap of poverty. Many of their acquaintances had done so, and were delighted with the change—so a small house was rented, from the threshold of which the cars and omnibusses ran every half hour through the day. All their friends and calling acquaintances were urged to visit them in their new quarters. The city furniture was brushed up anew, and the rooms in the cottage, though small, were convenient. And now came the trial of living without a single domestic. There was work to be done in such limited quarters. The appetite craved food—the house would become dusty and dirty, and there was a good deal of skill requisite to keep everything in a proper condition to be always visible to everybody. Mr. Tidmarsh had his counting-room on the wharf and did not go home to dinner, but this, instead of being an aid, proved a drawback, inasmuch as there was not often a dinner provided, and it did seem as if every person invited to visit them was certain to accept the invitation.

Half a dozen times in a day, when it was fair weather, Jenny would spy some rather indifferent acquaintance alighting from the omnibus, to pass the day, while perchance from the back windows, looking towards the depot, a whole group of city girls had come to romp with Jenny, and mother told them all they might stay over night if Mrs. Tidmarsh invited them. This deprived her of Jenny's assistance; and to entertain her own company in the parlor and keep all the cooking utensils in full blast in the kitchen, required no ordinary effort. Mr. Tidmarsh found that in the saving of rent he was a gainer, while the extra company consumed as much as did the domestics formerly.

Finally, to remedy matters, it was resolved that they must give up the vain struggle to maintain appearances, and be content to settle down in a quiet way and forego all show. It was a great surrender in Mrs. Tidmarsh to do this. She wept over the necessity; but after she had made it, she found she retained all those whose friendship was worth cultivating, and with the aid of a small chore girl, her house, though small, exhibited such an air of comfort that really many of her friends came nigh envying one who had relinquished so many disquieting annoyances to which they were subjected.



LABOR.



IDLENESS.



MENACE AND DEFIANCE.

A CHAPTER ON HANDS AND FEET.

Dear reader, give us your hand. We are about to discourse of hands and their expression—for they certainly have an individuality and a meaning. In nothing did Copley show himself more the great artist that he was, than in his careful drawing of the hands of his sitters, for he very well knew that the hands had their expression as well as the eyes. Apart from its intrinsic character, and from its more obvious uses, the hand is master of a comprehensive and significant language, one, too, understood by all the nations. The open hand renders words of welcome and friendliness superfluous; the clenched hand breathes the unmistakable spirit of defiance. A wave of a distant hand may save from deadly peril—a warning finger may deter from crime. How accurately we describe a pennurious person, by calling him a close-fisted hunk, and a generous man, by saying he is open-handed! Brutus stung his friend to madness by accusing him of having an "itching palm." We always speak of the finger of Fate. How much meaning there was in the long, extended fore-finger of John Randolph! How well the beautiful hand of Napoleon harmonized with the classical beauty of his face! But let us pro-

ceed to our pictorial illustrations. Our first pair of hands illustrates labor. How steadily and forcibly they grasp the plane! how eloquently they speak of a life of honorable manual toil, not necessarily excluding mental culture. The world is awakening, after a long dream, to a realization of the dignity of labor, and the artisan is no longer looked down upon by his less hard-worked brethren. Next we have idleness—a painful contrast to the preceding. The soft contours, the fleshiness of the members, the indentation of the knuckles, the long nails, incompatible with any serviceable use of the hands, bespeak a life of luxurious ease, independently of the rich dressing gown, with its cord and tassel. The owner of these hands is evidently formed of the "porcelain clay o' the earth;" can't do a turn to help himself; can neither draw a rein nor grasp a sword, and accomplishes, at the utmost, a billet-doux on perfumed paper. Hotspur's fop may have had such hands. Pass on to the third sketch, which tells quite a story. Here we have manhood and youth—indignant manhood, independent juvenility; irate foggydom, insulting Young America. The warning finger is threatening indeed; but those saucy little hands, united by two digits, and raised towards an unseen nose, breathe

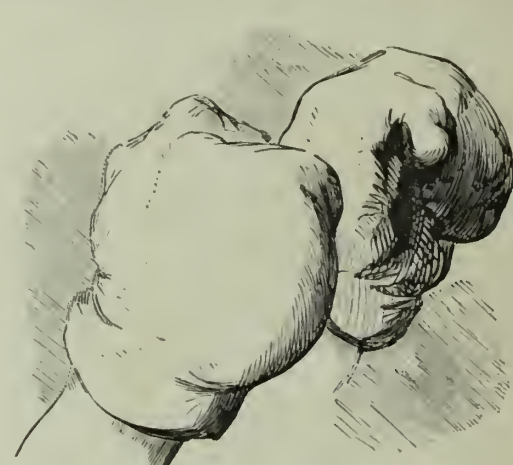
the defiance of blackguardism, recognized the world over. Where this signal originated, we cannot tell; what nation—what city—gave birth to this silent sign of "chaffing" is yet unwritten. But we dare say such telegraphic signals are exchanged between the outposts of Sebastopol; the gamins of Paris employ them to influence the wrath of the Pipelets of the porters' lodges; the little London cockney thus flaunts his fingers "howdacious" in the face of the police. It is generally executed when the young tormentor is at a sufficient distance from his insulted elder to give the former a fair start when the latter is goaded to distraction and plunges into a fruitless pursuit. The fourth sketch illustrates awkwardness. The owner of these hands is most unmistakably a clumsy person. All his fingers are thumbs, as the saying goes. The contents of that cup of coffee are destined to affect his own knees with an unpleasant sensation of excessive warmth, or to ruin the lady's dress who sits next to him. From these intractable digits, how often must knife and fork and buttered toast fall upon the floor! How utterly impossible for them to convey a Prince's Bay oyster to the owner's lips! Just fancy them undertaking to carve a tough goose; imagine the horror of their ma-



AWKWARDNESS.



MISAPPLIED DEXTERITY.



PUGNACITY.

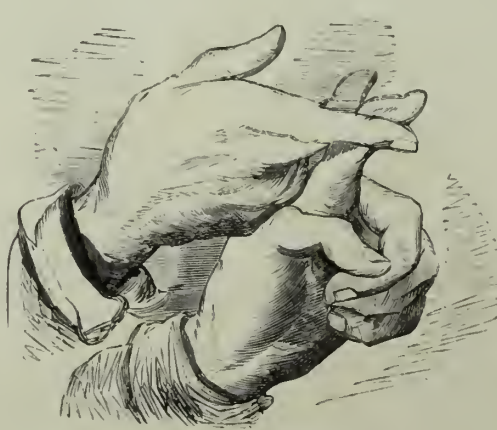
ceed to our pictorial illustrations. Our first pair of hands illustrates labor. How steadily and forcibly they grasp the plane! how eloquently they speak of a life of honorable manual toil, not necessarily excluding mental culture. The world is awakening, after a long dream, to a realization of the dignity of labor, and the artisan is no longer looked down upon by his less hard-worked brethren. Next we have idleness—a painful contrast to the preceding. The soft contours, the fleshiness of the members, the indentation of the knuckles, the long nails, incompatible with any serviceable use of the hands, bespeak a life of luxurious ease, independently of the rich dressing gown, with its cord and tassel. The owner of these hands is evidently formed of the "porcelain clay o' the earth;" can't do a turn to help himself; can neither draw a rein nor grasp a sword, and accomplishes, at the utmost, a billet-doux on perfumed paper. Hotspur's fop may have had such hands. Pass on to the third sketch, which tells quite a story. Here we have manhood and youth—indignant manhood, independent juvenility; irate foggydom, insulting Young America. The warning finger is threatening indeed; but those saucy little hands, united by two digits, and raised towards an unseen nose, breathe

nipulations on the drum-sticks, or the impossible joints of the sinewy wings. We can fancy those hands passing through a lifetime of *gaucherie*. We would not trust them to commit suicide—somebody else would have the benefit of their random action. Fancy hair-triggers in such a pair of paws in a crammed shooting gallery! The idea is execrating, and we pass on to the next subject—misapplied dexterity. Here we have the dexterous fingers of a "fogle-hunter," the designation, in classic "Romany," of a gentleman who relieves another gentleman of the care of his pocket-handkerchief. These fingers have been trained from infancy to that employment. "Of a hempen widow the kid forlorn," in his tender years the young "cly faker" was taught by elder thieves in the classic purlieus of St. Giles, to take handkerchiefs and watches from an artificial figure, without disturbing one of the straws of which it was composed. When his education was completed, he was launched into the streets of London, to levy contributions on the luckless passengers through its crowded thoroughfares. The hulks and Botany Bay, if not the gallows, close the agreeable perspective of our light-fingered gentleman. The next sketch shows a pair of hands with the

inflict mortal offence, and rush upon each other 'like two clouds over the Caspian;' this is the most astonishing of all—this is the high and heroic state of man! We should rather call it the low and bestial state of brutes. But let us pass on to our seventh sketch, which illustrates rapacity. They may be the hands of a miser raking in his cent per cent., or the gambler clutching at the golden fortune that lies upon the green cloth! the sentiment is the same in either case. You see the rapacious soul in the very tips of the fingers. Fingers, quotha? Nay, they are claws—the talons of the vulture—the human vulture, fiercer and more inexorable than the bird of prey. The kite only seizes what his appetite demands and his stomach can digest; but the miser grasps what cannot enrich him, though it impoverishes the world. What tenacity there is in those claws! what a habit of contraction is displayed in those muscles! You see that their relaxation is impossible. Those tenacious fingers can never open wide; they are tentacula fit only for gripping. If that table were strewn with gold dust, not a particle would escape the demoniac raking of those claws. The next pair of hands expresses complicated narration. The owner is laying down the law, enumerating his



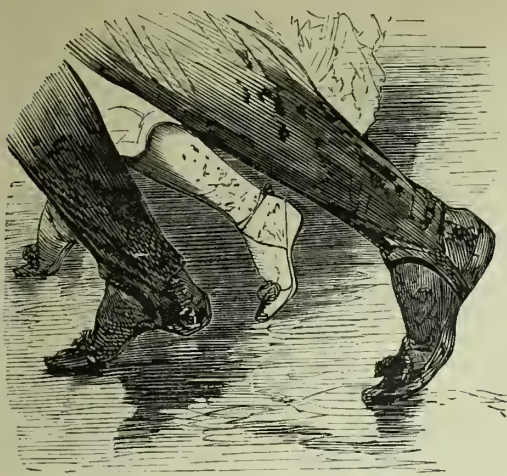
RAPACITY.



COMPLICATED NARRATIVE.



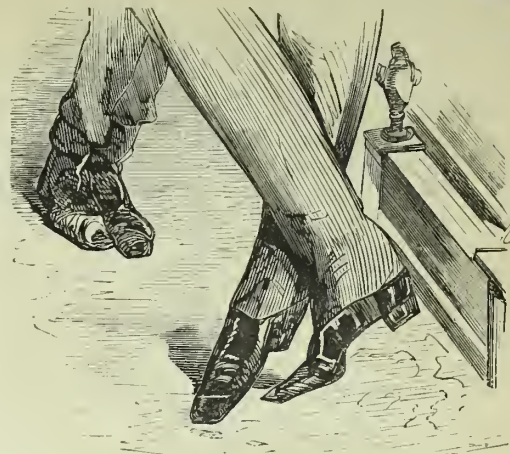
CORDIALITY.



RETURNING FROM THE BALL.



LOVE FOR LIFE.



PATENT AND GRAINED LEATHER.

arguments, or marking his points by the several digits. Or we may suppose him Mr. Mahoney, reckoning up the numbers of that "illigant" party of the night before: "There was five of us; the two Mulligans was one, O'Brady was two, Conolly was three, and myself was four. No! that's not it. There's myself was one, Conolly was two, O'Brady was three, and the two Mulligans was four. Upon me sowl! there was only four after all, and me thinking there was five!" Our last pair expresses cordiality and needs no comment. The feet, too, are not to be despised. The base of a column is quite as important as the capital, and the feet, as our sketches show, are not without expression. The first sketch, representing several light fantastic toes, as Richard Sniveller would say, returning from a ball, illustrates one of the chances to which human life is subject—penance after pleasure—disappointment after joy. It is rainy, slushy and muddy; the last cab has disappeared, and the dainty satins and varnished leathers that have lately tripped over the polished floor, must now tread the muddy streets in their forced pilgrimage. The second pair is also narrative in its demonstration. The spurred heel betrays the soldier, the attitude, an offer of heart and hand, and

feet in the right-hand corner is shrinking from some cause or other. What cause is it? There is a large foot on the left, but where is its fellow foot? Engaged, of course, in applying sundry visitations of shoe leather to the person of the owner of the shrinking feet. Kicking is a very expensive luxury, when directed to a human being and not an inanimate foot-ball. Its cost varies, but it may be safely said that a poor man cannot indulge in it. Yet even ladies have been known to affect this extravagance. The poet alludes to such treatment at the hands of an offended fair one:

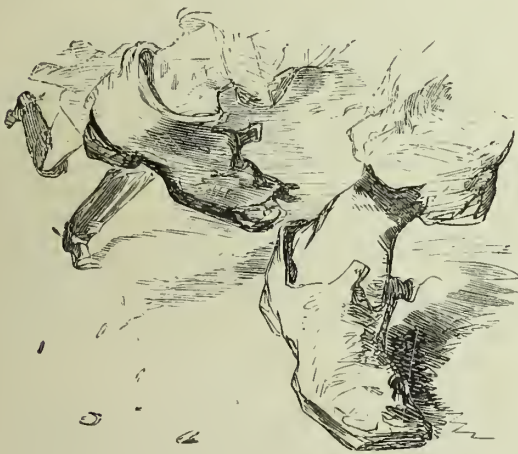
"Perhaps she was right in rejecting my suit,
But why did she kick me down stairs?"

While on the subject of feet, we may remind our readers of what Diedrich Knickerbocker said of the watchmen's feet in the good old days of Manhattan: "A brisk trade for furs," says that voracious historian, "was soon opened. The Dutch traders were scrupulously honest in all their dealings, and purchased by weight, establishing as an invariable rule of avoidance, that the hand of a Dutchman weighed one pound, and his foot two pounds. It is

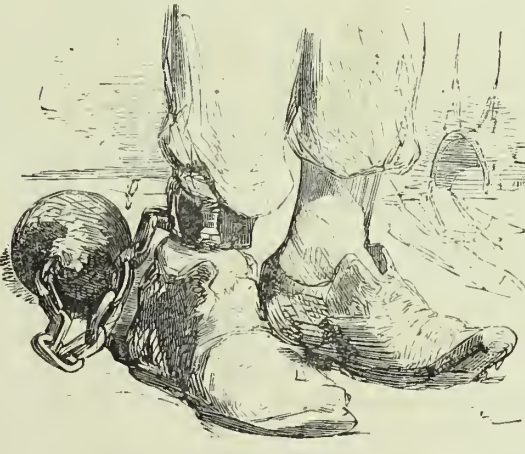
dicating the excitement of their spirits. "March on, march on, ye brave!" You are taking steps to acquire fame. In double-quick time you will arrive at the goal. Alas! some of those brogans will never retrace their steps. Peace to their soles! When the account is footed up, they will only be units in the sum total of glory.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPES.

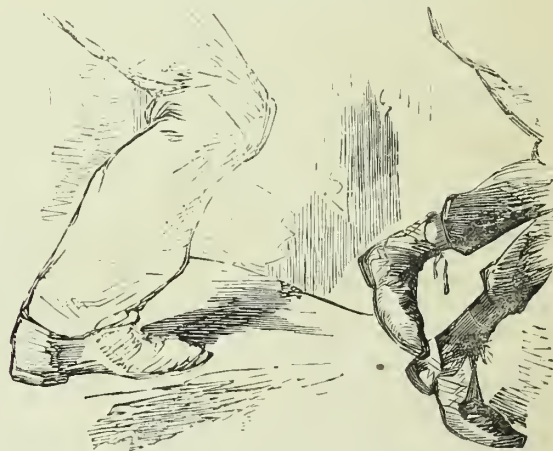
I think you will be interested to hear of the two most remarkable escapes vouchsafed to Mr. Macdonald, of the 95th regiment. At the Alma, ascending the hill under the Russian fire, he was struck on the breast by a Minié-ball, with such severity as to take away his breath, and lead him to suppose it had passed through him, and he had only to drop down dead; but finding he did not do so, he put up his hand to learn why, when he found that he was unwounded, the bullet having been stopped by the metal ornament on his belt, in which it was imbedded, as it were a medal conferred by the enemy, with the permission of Providence to wear it. After the Alma, having been made adjutant of his regiment, he was of course mounted at Inkermann, where he received



FLIGHT.



FORCED REPOSE.



A PROBLEM.

"love for life," while the smaller feet that twinkle in the picture express coyness, that will soon be overcome by ardor. The next sketch affords a striking contrast—wealth and poverty, aristocratic luxury and plebeian misery, varnished and grained leather, the elegant boot and the fragmentary brogan. The next picture shows life and animation. It is a chase. Old shoes against official boots! Of course the owner of those shoes has "took what isn't his'n." The avenging law, in the shape of those Bomhastes boots, pursues them. Who can doubt the result of the pursuit? Gildersleeve himself could not run in such gear. Vainly up one street and down another, that pair will shuffle, while the bulloa of "stop thief!" from the officer is taken up by every ragged hoy, many of them not immaculate, multiplied and reverberated by the echoes, and falling on the ear of the fugitive with an appalling weight. Vainly may he shuffle, double, and wind. He cannot shake off his grim pursuer. The next drawing shows his fate. Compulsory repose clogs the activity of those graceful soles. A ball and chain fast anchor some mercurial fugitive. Justice is satisfied. The next presents us with a problem, which it is not, however, difficult to solve. The owner of those Uriah Heep-like

true, the simple Indians were often puzzled by the great disproportion between bulk and weight, for let them place a bundle of furs, never so large, in one scale, and a Dutchman put his hand or foot in the other, the bundle was sure to kick the beam; never was a package of furs known to weigh more than two pounds in the market of Communipaw! This is a singular fact, but I have it direct from my great grandfather, who had risen to considerable importance in the colony, being promoted to the office of weigh-master, on account of the uncommon heaviness of his foot." The staff and swathed feet of the next engraving show the owner to be a conscientious pilgrim, not like Pindar's, who, when ordered to do penance with peas in his shoes, "took the liberty to have them boiled." The next pair of feet belongs evidently to a son of the Emerald Isle. He is giving vent to the exuberance of his spirits by capering on the sod. What causes his delight we can only conjecture; somebody may have trod on his coat and given him the prospect of a shindy—or some other piece of good luck may have suddenly befallen him. "Last scene of all," the march to hattle. Four pairs of brogans are travelling the path that "leads to glory or the grave," the elevation of their soles in-

ed a musket-hall through the knee, which dismounted him, and while down, a dozen or more of the savages attacked him, and though he had dropped his sword and pointed to his wounded knee, they stabbed him with their bayonets, and then struck him with the butt ends of their muskets, leaving him for dead. Happily, as he lay there, a couple of soldiers discovering life in him, carried him off with great care, and contrary to all expectations, he is, thank God, recovering, with seventeen wounds, many of them in the most vital parts, and is, I believe, on his way home. He is descended from, and is indeed the representative of, the infant son of that Macdonald, of Glencoe, the murder of whom, by Campbell, is called in history the Massacre of Glencoe—the father and all the children, except a baby saved by the fidelity of its nurse, being destroyed. So the fortunes of his infant ancestor seem to have remained with him in this brutal attempt at massacre. You know, perhaps, that it was at the time prophesied that no descendant of that Campbell should ever see his eldest son come of age. It was a dark and foreboding prophecy indeed—and it is said that to this day the curse is fulfilled.—Letter from the Crimea.



PILGRIMAGE.



DELIGHT.



GLORY.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LIVE NOT TO THYSELF ALONE.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Live not to thyself alone,
For from the realms above
The voice of God is bidding us
To live a life of love;
And like the sweet refreshing dews,
Our blessings to impart;
While binding hope's pure rainbow round
The weary, wounded heart.

Why hangs the rose upon its stem,
In blushing beauty there;
If not to scatter its perfume
And fragrance to the air?
It lives not to itself alone;
For, let it bloom or fade,
It shows to man the hand of God,
By whom its leaves were made.

The tree that in the highway stands,
We say must stand alone;
But no, we hear a voice reply,
From reason's holy throne;
Within the bosom of that tree
Young buds have found a nest,
And there, when loud the tempest roars,
Have found a place of rest.

The mountain stream that gushes on,
With sweet and gentle song,
Repeats—I live not to myself,
As swift I glide along;
Down in the valley now I leap.
Where, on my margin's brink,
The birds may sing, while those who thirst
May of my waters drink.

Then live not to thyself alone,
Is wrote on every thing—
Upon the rose that scents the air,
And on the breeze of spring—
Upon the raindrops as they fall,
Which for our good are given—
And on the silvery lamps that hang
Upon the walls of heaven.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MEETING AT THE FOUNTAIN.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

ONE of those fountains or living springs often found in New England, was so near the wayside that it frequently tempted the weary traveller to alight and refresh himself at its brink. A stone wall separated it from the highway, which, opposite the spring, was so arranged as to form a rude stile, thus affording a safe and easy footing. The vivid green by which it was surrounded, and the tall forest-trees interlacing their branches above, made it a cool and delightful retreat, during the sultry heat of noontide, in the long summer days.

The rays of the sun, thrown back by the dusty road, were beginning to make the air almost seem as if it issued from the mouth of a furnace, as a gentleman on horseback arrived opposite the inviting spot. An oak which grew close to the stone wall threw its broad branches half across the road, and securing his horse beneath their shade, he was soon at the edge of the spring. Its bubbling waters, catching bright sparkles from the sunlight, which fell in a golden shower through the foliage, imparted to the air a delicious coolness.

Secured by a small chain to one of the trees, he found a gourd, and having dipped it into the fountain, was just raising it to his lips, when he saw a young girl enter the enclosure through a small gate. A pitcher in her hand showed that she was coming to the spring for water, which, without doubt, was needed at a small farm-house, some twenty or thirty rods distant, and which was so embowered with trees and shrubbery that no part of it was visible except the roof. She evidently did not see him, and partly actuated by fear that the presence of a stranger might cause her to turn back, and partly by a desire to obtain a nearer view of her, he stepped behind a large tree, which would, until she had arrived very near, screen him from sight. She was quite young, not more than fifteen, he imagined, and her dress, though tidy, was of coarse material.

Instead of a cape-bonnet, her head was partially shaded by a hat she herself had braided from unsplit straw, and which, not having been submitted to the bleaching process, retained unimpaired, its original golden gloss. Her feet were bare, and though small and delicately formed, had grown somewhat browned by exposure. As she came lightly tripping along, her little feet burying themselves at every step in the flower-enamelled grass, there was something perfectly bewitching—so he behind the tree imagined—in the innocent expression of her countenance, and her graceful abandon. Her nut-brown hair hung in natural curls to her shoulders, and a rich bloom, like that which glows on the sunny side of a peach, mantled her cheeks.

She had almost gained the spring, when a blue-bird poured forth its mellow song from amid the branches of a maple, which were almost over her head. Raising her eyes to the place whence the sound proceeded, she answered by a gush of melody, as clear, sweet and soft as the song of the bird, and was apparently poured forth from as glad a heart. As she ceased, the stranger stepped from behind the tree, for he feared it might startle her if he allowed her to approach too near without being apprised of his presence.

If not frightened, she was certainly a good deal surprised, and her first impulse was to retrace her steps. She had already turned for this purpose, when his voice arrested her.

"I hope," said he, "that my presence will not prevent your filling your pitcher at the spring. I should be sorry if it did."

As he spoke, she for a moment raised her eyes to his, and then their long, dark lashes drooped upon the burning crimson of her cheeks. She answered him by dipping the pitcher into the fountain and then offering it to him to drink.

"Thank you, I have already quenched my thirst, by means of this gourd; but if there were some kind of a vessel in which I could give my horse a little water, he would, without doubt, feel very grateful."

"Here is a pail," said she, taking one which hung on the branch of a tree, a little back of where he stood; "my father keeps it here on purpose for the accommodation of travellers."

As she spoke, her eye happened to fall on her little bare feet nestling among the grass and wild flowers, and then stealing a quick, furtive glance at the stranger, she said hurriedly:

"Good day, sir—the pitcher of water will be needed."

She had proceeded only a few steps, however, before she stopped and turned back.

"It is noon, sir," said she, "and our dinner is ready. My parents are always glad of an opportunity to entertain a stranger."

"I am half-tempted to claim their hospitality," he replied, "for if I rightly remember, when I passed this way about a year since there was no house for the entertainment of travellers within eight or ten miles of here."

"There is none nearer than that now, sir."

"Then as soon as I have given my horse some water, you may expect me. The house I see yonder is where you live, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," she replied, and with steps light and elastic, she crossed the enclosure, anxious, if there were any little domestic arrangement susceptible of improvement, to attend to it previous to the stranger's arrival. But everything was as neat and nice as it could be, so there was nothing to do, except to place on the table an additional plate and another knife and fork.

"What made you gone so long, Bessy?" said her mother.

"There was a gentleman at the spring, and I stopped to answer a few questions he asked me," replied Bessy, as, taking a cloth, she wiped the water from the outside of the pitcher, where it stood in glittering drops.

"A gentleman, did you say? what is his name?"

"I don't know; he's a stranger, and when I told him I thought you and father would be glad to have him dine with us, he said he would come."

Bessy was now missing a minute or two, and when she again made her appearance, her rich, glossy hair, which had become a little discombed by her walk, was neatly arranged, and her feet encased in slippers, which, if not French kid, were very pretty and neat. Looking out of the window, she saw her father coming, accompanied by the stranger. Happening to come across him, and not knowing what had passed between him and his daughter, he cordially invited him to go home with him and dine, adding, as an incentive, that they should have some brook trout, and a fine salad fresh from the garden.

The stranger possessed that true politeness which made Mr. and Mrs. Maywood, notwithstanding their lowly estate, feel perfectly at ease. But Bessy, she knew not why, hardly dared to raise her eyes to his face; still it was not easy to forbear stealing a glance at him, now and then, for she had never seen what appeared to her so handsome and noble a countenance. On the other hand, the impression made on his mind by her beauty and natural grace, was deeper than he would have been willing to confess, even to himself.

After dinner, as the heat continued to be oppressive, he concluded to remain a few hours, before resuming his journey. Mr. Maywood, in the meantime, was careful that his horse should be made comfortable by a plenty of hay and oats. While thus enjoying a shelter from the sun, and the delicious aroma of a clover field which stole in at the open windows, he informed his kind entertainers that his name was Allyn Raynsford, and that having occasion to visit a neighboring State, he had chosen to go on horseback rather than by the public conveyance.

After assisting her mother to "clear away," and putting on her afternoon dress, Bessy, with some plain sewing, took a seat as remote from Mr. Raynsford as the not over-large room would permit. With eyes steadfastly fixed on her sewing, she plied her needle as if at work on a wager. Mrs. Maywood, who had donned a snowy kerchief and freshly starched cap, was also present, and did what she could to keep up a conversation with their guest till her husband, who was obliged to be absent a short time, would be able to rejoin them.

The shadows were rapidly lengthening, when Mr. Raynsford rose to depart; yet Mrs. Maywood could not, she said, think of his going till he had taken a cup of tea with them. Whether tempted to remain on account of the tea, the nice biscuit, fresh yellow butter and clear, transparent honey, or by the starry light which, as her mother pressed him to stay, beamed on him for a moment from Bessy's deep blue eyes, it is impossible to determine. All that is certainly known is, that he not only staid to tea, but till the moon, from what seemed the fragment of a gauzy cloud, resembled a fairy skiff floating over a waveless sea.

"You see what you've gained by stopping a little," said Mr. Maywood, pointing to the moon, as Raynsford, seated in the saddle, still hesitated to say farewell. "You cannot desire a better lamp to light you on your way. Shall you return this way when you've accomplished the business you have in hand?"

"I may, though I think not."

"If you should, you must not forget to call."

"No—that is, unless—I mean if I'm alone, I will certainly call and spend an hour with you."

As he finished speaking, he bent down and broke a sprig from a red rose-bush that grew close to the porch. None of the roses had yet fully bloomed, but it was covered with buds, some of them just breaking from their green bondage.

"I suspect I shall hardly need this to remind me of the few pleasant hours I have spent with you," said he. "At any rate I might have been less free in my depredations on your fine rose-bush. As it is, I will request Miss Bessy to share my spoil;" and breaking from the spray one of the buds nestling amid the verdant foliage, he handed it to the lovely girl. The next minute he was gone.

For several months after his departure, when the gray shadows of twilight began to gather, Bessy used to watch for Raynsford's return, but he did not come. When a twelvemonth had passed, she no longer looked for him. During this time, Joel Glow, the only son of the richest farmer in the place, had discovered that Bessy Maywood, to use his own phraseology, "was handsome as a psalm-book." He one day communicated this discovery to his mother, declaring at the same time that he intended to make her his wife.

"Make Bessy Maywood your wife!" This was all she said in reply, but in a voice so modulated as to embody the very quintessence of contempt.

Unfortunately, Joel's father had never thought it worth while for his son to spend his time in attending school, after he was strong enough to handle a hoe or wield an axe, so that the children of the poorest day-laborer were not so ignorant as the only child of rich Farmer Glow.

Joel pressed his suit with a good deal of ardor, much to the secret satisfaction of Mr. Maywood, for the young man, to say nothing of his expectations, was steady and industrious. But Bessy could not be induced to listen to his addresses, and when she gave as a reason that she could not like him, her father told him not to be discouraged, hinting that "faint heart never won fair lady." Mrs. Maywood, with a clearer perception of what was in her daughter's heart, knew that she would never, of her own free will, become the wife of Joel Glow.

Bessy had always held the highest place in the district school, and her thirst for knowledge daily increased. Every spare moment was devoted to study, and the schoolmaster, at the close of the winter term, gave it as his opinion, that she would, at the rate she was going on, soon be wiser than her teachers. Some secret motive, floating vaguely in her mind, for she avoided looking at it steadily, urged her on. The best key to this might, perhaps, have been found in the renewed ardor with which she was sure to pursue her studies whenever she had occasion to open the little bird's-eye-maple box, where, among those ornaments which every young girl, however humble her station, generally finds means to procure, was a withered rose-bud, so carefully preserved as to show that it was more fondly treasured than aught else the box contained.

Another twelvemonth had passed away, when one afternoon, as was often her practice, Bessy took her books and went to sit in the shade of the trees by the side of the fountain. Though she held a book in her hand, her thoughts were not on the page open before her. She was busy weaving day-dreams. They were of a brilliant tissue, for, interwoven with broad streaks of gold, were all the delicious hues of the rainbow. But dark shadows came stealing over them, and her eyes grew dim with tears. As she brushed them away, she caught a glimpse of some one on horseback, through the foliage. Imperfect as was the view obtained, she knew, at once, that it was Allyn Raynsford. She started up, and her book fell to the ground. In less than a minute he had entered the enclosure, leaving his horse to crop the grass and tufts of white clover blossoms that grew by the wall.

"Bessy," said he, taking her hand in his, "this is the place, above all others, where I should have chosen to meet you."

He was evidently somewhat surprised at the improvement two years had made in her appearance, while the deference, yet manifest delight, with which he greeted her might have been flattering to the highest lady in the land. Bessy, had she attempted it, could not have concealed her joy at again beholding him. Her heart-beaming smiles and her sudden change of color were but the outward signs of emotion, such as it would be impossible to counterfeit.

"Then you had given up all expectation of ever seeing me again," said he, as he seated himself on the gnarled roots of an oak, overgrown with moss.

"I didn't much expect you would ever have occasion to pass this way again," she replied.

"I believe I didn't name to you what caused me to undertake the journey, when I called here two years ago?"

"No, you did not."

"I was on my way, Bessy, to visit a lady, to whom I expected soon to be married. The match was projected by our parents, and we were mere children when we last met, consequently I did not know whether I should like her or not."

"And did you?" said Bessy, unconscious of the interest betrayed in the earnest tones of her voice, and in every line of her expressive countenance.

"To confess the truth, I did not."

"Did not like her?" said Bessy, with animation, but immediately endeavoring to check her joy, she added, "How unhappy it must have made her."

"On the contrary it made her very happy."

"Happy! how could that be?"

"Nothing more natural, as, previous to my arrival, she had

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE POISONED DRAUGHT.

BY GEORGE P. BURNHAM.

met with a young gentleman who exactly pleased her in every respect, and who had offered her his hand, which she had promised to accept if I would release her."

"I am glad that you did not voluntarily break your promise."

"You think it would have been wrong, even if I had preferred another?"

"Yes, if the lady you speak of had preferred you, for it would have destroyed her happiness."

"But then you know if she had held me to my promise, and I had married her, the same thing must have happened, unless I neted a part. After all, it involves a piece of casuistry which I've not skill enough to settle in a manner to suit myself, and I cannot feel too much rejoiced that I am not called upon to make the attempt. But here I have been so engrossed with my own affairs, that I have not even inquired for your parents; they are well, I hope."

"Quite well, I thank you. Father is at work in the field, and mother has gone to make one of our neighbors an afternoon visit. They both thought that you would come this way when you returned."

"Instead of returning, I found that it was necessary for me to go West, where I have ever since been detained on business."

Raynsford spent several happy days at the farm-house, and when, the evening previous to his departure, he requested of Mr. Maywood the hand of Bessy, at some future day, he did not withhold his consent, for he was obliged to confess to himself that Joel Glow was so much her inferior, in all respects save wealth, that the match would be a very unsuitable one.

It was necessary for Mr. Raynsford to return to the West, where he expected to be obliged to remain one year. An arrangement was made for Bessy to spend most of the time during his absence with his sister, a lady by the name of Willerton, who resided in one of the Atlantic cities. This would enable her to take lessons in music, for which she had a decided taste, and to attend to one or two of the modern languages. She would also have the opportunity of being introduced into good society, where, under the auspices of a lady like Mrs. Willerton, she was sure to be received with favor.

Allyn Raynsford returned a little anterior to the time he had appointed. A few weeks afterward, one bright summer morning, there was a wedding at the farm-house.

Bessy looked very lovely in her bridal dress of plain white muslin, which, with a just taste, she had chosen, that it might compare with her parents' lowly estate, rather than the more exalted one on which she was about to enter.

Among the guests were Joel Glow and his "intended," a good-natured, rosy-checked damsel, an inch or two taller than Joel, who was of low stature. He saw her for the first time at an "apple-bee," where she excited his admiration by the strength andadroitness which she exhibited in assisting to place on his shoulder a large basket, just filled from a huge pile of apples, which lay mellowing in the autumn sun. How the soft brilliance of a pair of blue eyes could ever, for a single moment, cause him to lose sight of the more bewitching lustre of good hard coin, which, were there a deficiency of bone and muscle, could never have been brought from the depths of the churn and the cheese-tub, was a mystery which Joel vainly endeavored to solve, now that with undazzled eyes he could look steadily at the "main chance."

After Raynsford and his young bride had for some weeks been quietly settled in their comfortable and elegant home, he found Bessy one day arranging the contents of a bird's-eye-maple box.

"What have you there?" said he.

"My jewel-box," she replied, laughing.

"It is not remarkable for the delicacy of its workmanship, but the quality of the jewels is not always to be judged by the casket."

"No, for this contains one which I hold dearer than pearls or diamonds."

"Will you not permit me to see a gem you value so highly?"

"Certainly," and unfolding a piece of tissue paper, she disclosed a withered rose-bud.

A RUSSIAN FUNERAL.

At the funeral of a Russian prince at Moscow, a few years ago, the body was laid in a superb crimson coffin, richly embossed with silver, and placed beneath the dome of the church; on a throne raised at the head of the coffin, stood the archbishop, who read the service; on each side were ranged the inferior clergy, clothed as usual in the most costly robes, bearing in their hands wax tapers, and burning incense. The ceremony began at ten in the morning; the chanting had a solemn and sublime effect; it seemed as if the choristers were placed in the upper part of the dome, which, perhaps, was really the case. The words uttered were only a constant repetition, in Russian, of "Lord, have mercy upon us." Incense was then offered to the picture and to the people; and, that ceremony ended, the archbishop read aloud a declaration, purporting that the deceased died in the true faith. The archbishop then placed the paper in the coffin. The lid being now removed, the body of the prince was exposed to view, and all the relatives, servants, slaves and other attendants began their loud lamentations, as is the custom amongst the Russians; and each person walking round the corpse, made prostrations before it, and kissed the lips of the deceased. A plate was handed round, containing boiled rice and raisins. The face of the dead was covered by linen, and the archbishop poured consecrated oil and threw a white powder several times upon it, pronouncing some words in Russian—"Dust thou art, and unto dust thou art returned." The lid of the coffin was then replaced, and after a requiem, a procession began from the church to a convent in the vicinity of the city, where the body was to be interred. There was nothing solemn in this part of the ceremony. Instead of the slow movement usually characteristic of funeral processions, the priests and people ran as fast as they could.—*London News.*

There is as much difference between silent caution and cautious silence, as there is between an eye-glass and a glass eye; one is an artificial mean, the other a mean artifice.

"As surely as I now speak this sentence, Alfo, so surely will I wed her," exclaimed a fiery-tempered Spaniard to his companion, at the conclusion of their interview, one clear, starry evening.

"You promise well, Pierre," responded his friend; "but it is one thing to threaten, and quite another affair to get rid of the wily and handsome Englishman."

"We shall see, then," replied Pierre; "we shall see anon;" and the friends separated for the night.

The Englishman thus alluded to was the oldest son of a rich gentleman of Sussex, who was then abroad, making a tour of Europe. Ellis Mendon was twenty-four years old, and had met the daughter of a wealthy Spaniard at Madrid, some four months previously, of whom he became enamored at first sight. The lady's name was Estelle, and her father, Don Sebastian Morelle, was the descendant of an ancient and honored family in Spain.

Pierre Souall was a high-strung fellow, valiant, determined, desperate in his likes or dislikes, and a young man who was not easily turned from his purposes, albeit he was occasionally extravagant and unreasonable in his follies. In the present instance, he had long been the favored acquaintance of the Morelle family, and was as deeply in love with the old don's daughter as it was possible for such a tempered man conveniently to be. From the fact that he had known Estelle for many years, and had long intended, at some time or other, to declare himself (in the confident expectation that the young lady could not refuse an alliance with him), and, moreover, entertaining a determination that no rival—much less a foreigner, should ever displace him, he was not a little piqued when he suddenly learned that Mendon had forestalled him in Estelle's favor, and was actually her accepted lover.

The threat he made to his companion Alfo was a serious one, and he resolved to carry it out, at any hazard. His first business was, however, to get rid of Mendon; then he believed he could execute his object the more readily with Estelle. But how was this to be accomplished?

He could challenge the Englishman, he thought, with or without a cause. He could insult him, and thus bring about a meeting, and—slay the foreigner. This was promising, but for one simple reason. He had learned the character and antecedents of his rival, and he knew him to be a most adroit and accomplished swordsman. Might not the chances be thus against him? For, to tell the truth, Pierre Souall was not skilled in the use of the rapier. He could waylay him, and the poignard would finish his business, neatly and effectually. This would do, admirably, only that Mendon rarely exposed himself after nightfall, and always went well armed. Pierre imagined that he might thus come off only "second-best;" and at this suggestion, he concluded to think it over a little, though not in accordance with his usual custom, in cases where he was so particularly and personally interested.

While the envious and unscrupulous rival contemplated upon the probability of his chances of success with Estelle, and the likelihood of his triumph over Mendon, he learned that the Englishman was to be present at a supper, on the third day afterwards, at the residence of a friend of his own, where Estelle, too, was to be a guest. Here was the opportunity for the certain accomplishment of his will; stealthily, surely, and all unexpectedly. It was an easy matter, in Madrid, to procure a subtle poison, and Pierre Souall went to the evening feast prepared to finish his rival, who entertained not the slightest suspicion of the Spaniard's feelings, or of his designs against him.

The *belle* of the feast was the delightful and always charming Lady Estelle, whose beauty and grace of manner had long come to be known in the fashionable circles of the Spanish capital. Since it was current that she was the affianced of the gentlemanly and generous Englishman, more than one of the sons of the lordly nobles, who had flitted about her, had envied his enjoyment; but none were so bitter as Pierre Souall, who had secretly resolved upon the foreigner's death, and the gaining of Estelle's hand subsequently.

The fair lady was not ignorant of Pierre's passion for her, and she was also thoroughly conversant with his desperate character. She was not aware that the hot-headed Spaniard would be present at the entertainment which she purposed to grace, in company with her English friend, against whom she was aware that Pierre cherished an unqualified and vengeful antipathy. But she met him there, and she read in his settled *haut* and callous expression a dangerous threatening foreboding, which she did not forget for a single moment to watch with the utmost care and scrutiny, without affecting to observe either his appearance or his conduct during the evening.

"A gallant pair, upon my honor!" said Alfo to young Souall, as Mendon passed down the saloon with the lovely Estelle hanging gracefully on the arm of her affianced.

"Live while you may," he said, mentally, as the handsome couple moved away, all unaware of the villainous scheme he secretly harbored in his wicked heart. "Enjoy your present opportunity—it is brief! The sun that shines on the morrow, my fair-faced Briton, will illumine your pathway, peradventure—but not if there be virtue in the draught you will quaff at midnight, three hours hence. And you," he continued, bitterly, "you, my idol, my lovely but scornful beauty, you will yet be mine—mine! *malgre* your present will to the contrary."

A moment afterward, Alfo approached him again.

"Estelle is monopolized to-night," he said. "She declines me in the waltz, Pierre. Twice have I ventured to solicit the pleasure and twice she refused me!"

"So she has me!" said Sonall, sarcastically; "but not twice. I craved the honor once, and she was engaged. Look you, Alfo," he exclaimed, pointing to the waltzers. "I faith, she is a very sylph. See, how she bounds and skims the floor, supported in the arms of her English friend. By St. Marc, this is too much!"

"There is no help for it, good Pierre," responded his friend. "She favors him, and what should you care? A hundred ladies, as fair, surround us. See the beauteous Manco's daughter, by her side, and the dark-eyed countess on her right, too—"

"Pshaw! Alf—have I not eyes? can I not see? Do I not know—and you, as well—that there is but one belle here?"

"Yes; but—"

"Ah, Alfo! do you remember my promise?"

"To wed her?"

"Ay," said Souall, proudly.

"Well, what of that?"

"Nothing, now. You shall see."

Before midnight, Pierre had wrought himself into a fury of determined revenge upon the unconscious Mendon, whose life he had resolved upon taking; and when the signal for supper came, the jealous Spaniard thrust himself as near to Estelle and her betrothed as possible, at table.

But her English friend was all good nature and generous affability—contented with the prize he had so nearly gained, and as happy as a prince, in the enjoyment of the smiles of the fair creature to whom he was so ardently devoted, and who loved him in return, with earnest preference. Amid all the enjoyment and hilarity of the occasion, however, a singular premonition had taken possession of the heart of Estelle, and she kept a steady eye upon the movements of Pierre, whom she suspected of mischievous designs.

The feast was a rare one; course after course came and disappeared. Soft music from the balconies of the elegant mansion of the host swelled upon the midnight breeze, the company were at the height of enjoyment, the wine had begun to circulate freely, and young Pierre Souall had already imbibed his full share of the seductive liquid, when he bethought him that the moment had arrived for the completion of his cursed plot for his rival's destruction.

He had provided himself duly with a subtle and fearful liquid poison, a drop of which once in the human stomach, would, "though he had the strength of twenty men," despatch the drinker straight.

Drawing from his vest a diminutive phial, he forced out the cork, to which was attached a small piece of sponge saturated with this fatal poison, and watching his opportunity, when the guests were in the height of their merriment, he placed the sponge at the mouth of a bottle of choice Burgundy near him, pressed out the liquid, and as skilfully replaced the little phial and cork in his pocket again. The movement had been seen by the watchful Estelle, and she continued to eye the subsequent acts of Pierre Souall with unflinching eagerness. He was too deeply in his cups to observe that he was noticed, at all, and hailing an attendant, he handed him the bottle, partially filling his own goblet first from another source.

The attendant placed the poisoned wine at the Briton's elbow, with the compliments of Signor Souall, when Estelle, as quick as thought, exclaimed to Pierre:

"Signor, to the right—see!"

Pierre quickly turned his head, to ascertain what was at "the right," to cause this sudden remark of the lady, when Estelle as quickly changed the positions of the two decanters that stood in front of her lover (which were precisely alike, and of deeply colored glass), thus setting aside the poisoned liquor, and leaving in its stead a bottle that Pierre supposed to be the same he had sent to Mendon, when he turned his head back again.

"What is it, my lady?" said the Spaniard.

"Nothing, nothing, signor," said Estelle; "it is passed now," and the Spaniard being intent upon his purpose, said to Mendon: "Signor, your health!"

Mendon filled his goblet from his *own* bottle, and returning the compliment in form, took the poisoned wine and sent it down by the attendant, supposing (as did the Spaniard, also) that it was his decanter.

Pierre Souall finished filling his glass from the wine he had prepared for his rival, and added:

"Mendon—a bumper. To the bottom, signor, to the bottom!"

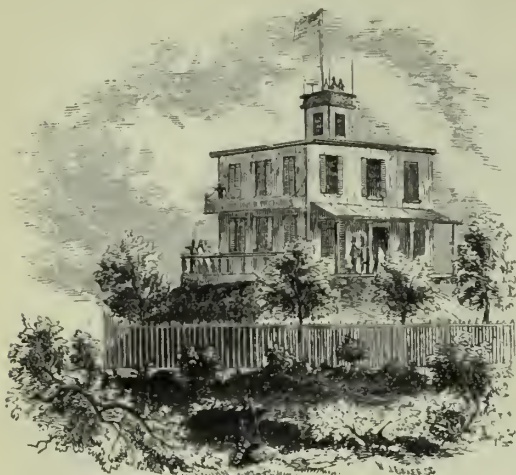
And the villain drank his potion to the dregs, as he observed his rival turn up his glass, in acknowledgment of Pierre's supposed sincerity.

Five minutes later, the guests nearest the young Spaniard were afflicted at his sudden pallor.

"Air, Alfo—air!—I suffo—air!" yelled Pierre, and he was quickly borne out upon the piazza.

A physician was soon summoned, for it was evident that the attack was no ordinary fainting fit. When that gentleman arrived, however, Pierre Souall was stone dead! It was clear that he had been poisoned, too! And an active search was instituted, forthwith, to learn how this had occurred. In his vest pocket was soon discovered the empty phial. The liquid that still remained in the bit of sponge was examined, and found to be a terribly active poison. It was clear to all that Pierre Souall had committed suicide! A post mortem examination confirmed this hypothesis, for the same liquid was subsequently found in his stomach.

Estelle had no wish to make matters worse by asserting what she knew of the affair. She contrived to keep the knowledge she possessed a secret for several years afterwards; and within six months from the evening when her lover came so near his end, through the miserable treachery of her countryman, and his rival, she became the wife of Ellis Mendon.



MOUNTAIN HOUSE, MT. HOLYOKE.

SCENERY IN WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS.

The series of sketches upon this and the next page were drawn expressly for the Pictorial, by Mr. Kilburn, one of our most promising artists, and may be relied upon as accurate delineations. The first view is the Mountain House, on the summit of Mount Holyoke. This mountain is on the northern borders of the town of South Hadley, rising from the bank of the Connecticut, 830 feet above the level of the river. The view from the summit is unsurpassed in rural beauty, and thousands visit the mountain annually to enjoy the scenery, and inhale the invigorating air. There is a



MOUNT HOLYOKE AND TOM, FROM HADLEY.

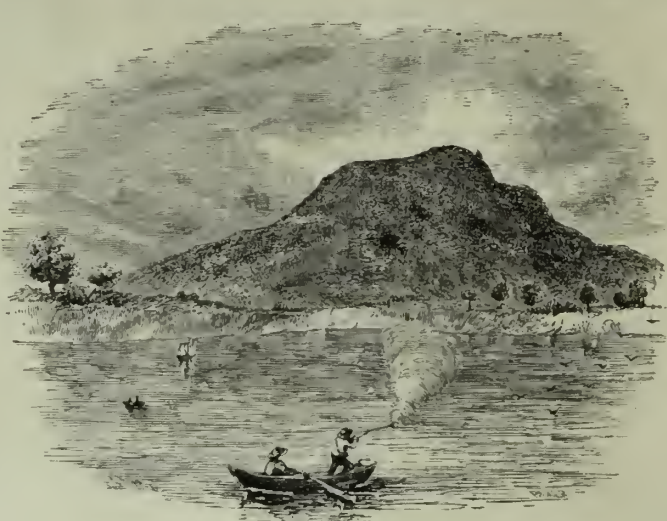
good road from the river bank to the summit—carriages can ascend about half way, where there is a house, with suitable accommodations for horses and vehicles. The remainder of the ascent is very steep and fatiguing; but there are halting-places, where the traveller can rest and refresh himself. Upon reaching the top, the trees become stunted in the growth, so that there is no obstacle to intercept the range of vision. The house is well fitted-up, and the view from the cupola and balconies is aided by fine telescopes. From this eminence the visitor beholds the Connecticut rolling its silver length through scenes of natural luxuriance and fertility, now mirroring deep woods and rugged precipices, and again reflecting the abodes of thrift, wealth and luxury, for a distance of fifty or sixty miles. The summits of the mountains in Meriden, Ct., can be discerned. In a clear day the city of Hartford, 45 miles to the southward, may be distinctly seen by a good telescope. Hadley and Northampton meadows, with their broad sweeps of emerald grass, and their patches of culture, lie beneath the eye, like a highly wrought carpet, through which glitter the waves of the Connecticut, like the furnished links of a silver chain. The towns of Northampton, Hadley, and Amherst, set at different points of this peerless landscape, invest with that attractiveness which belongs to the homes of men. Yet, in the vast expanse of hill, dale, mountain, meadow and stream, in the presence of so broad and genial a nature, how insignificant seems the handiwork of man! The college buildings in Amherst, the Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, in South Hadley, Hopkins Academy, in Old Hadley, the beautiful range of buildings upon Round Hill, Northampton, now

occupied as a celebrated water-cure establishment, the Williston Seminary, in East Hampton, a large number of church spires and other public edifices, together with the new city of Holyoke, on the west bank of the river, and South Hadley Falls, are all objects of interest within the scope of the tourist's observation. The usual route to the mountain is from Northampton across the river to the Horse Ferry. We present a sketch of the little boat on this page. It is propelled by paddle-wheels worked by horses. It does run at stated times; but whenever a carriage wishes to cross, and the boat is on the other side of the river, a blast from a tin horn (it ought to be a bugle) summons the ferryman to come and get you. On the passage across the river, you have a fine view of Mount Tom, as shown in our second engraving. This mountain is in the town of East Hampton, and is separated from Mount Holyoke by a narrow cleft or notch, as shown in our next engraving. Mount Tom is 1200 feet high, and rises in rugged majesty, the sole object in the landscape, which frowns eternal defiance on the march of human improvement. It has been remarked that "even here, if the not improbable theory of some geologists be correct, the modifying hand of nature has accomplished one of its most remarkable achievements in the excavation of a rocky channel for the Connecticut, between these two mountain heights, which are supposed originally to have formed a connected chain, at a considerable elevation above their present bases. The appearance of the bold cliffs at the Rock Ferry crossing, as well as the form of the vast alluvial basin which would be embraced within the sweep of this mountain range if only a connection here were formed, together with other geological characteristics, render this theory, extraordinary as it may seem, almost a matter of obvious demonstration." There are few mountain scenes so accessible as these, and all persons who desire to form an acquaintance with the romance of nature ought to visit them. The variety of these views they pre-

sent, the mixture of wilderness and cultivation, and the extent of landscape commanded for their summits, amply repay the expense and toil of a visit to Mount Tom and Mount Holyoke. After returning from Northampton, we may make a visit to Hadley, a street in which forms the subject of our fifth engraving. It is a handsome town on the east bank of the Connecticut River, united to Northampton by a fine bridge 1080 feet in length. The village covers a sort of peninsula formed by a bend in the river. The principal street is about a mile in length, and presents the usual features of a New England village. It is wide, and shaded by noble elms. Its Indian name was Nor-nottock. It stands in the midst of a fine agricultural region, and the annual overflow of the river renders its meadows remarkably productive. It is 88 miles southwest from Boston. It

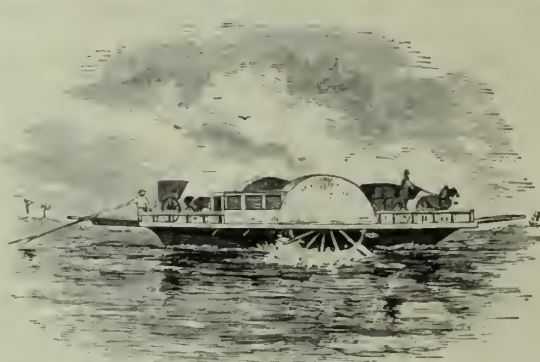
was the retreat of the regicide Judges, Goffe and Whalley, whose romantic history we sketched in our article on Amherst, in the preceding number of the Pictorial. The village consists of two principal streets, running parallel with each other, and crossed at right angles by smaller ones. Our engraving shows the most westerly of these, and the view is taken nearly at the upper end. The first building is the town-house, the next the Congregational meeting-house. After leaving Hadley, and passing up the river to Greenfield, we take the road from that town to North Adams, in Berkshire county. The scenery on the road between Greenfield and Shelburne Falls is quite diversified, and abounds in beautiful

casades, one of the most striking of which is depicted in our sixth engraving. The village of Shelburne Falls is upon the western border of the town of Shelburne, and the eastern of Buckland, lying upon both sides of Deerfield River, which falls forty-seven feet in a few rods, and affords a fine water-power, which is well improved. The buildings on the right belong to the Shelburne Falls Cutlery Works. Until 1768, Shelburne formed a part of



MOUNT TOM, FROM THE HORSE-FERRY.

Deerfield, and was called Shelburne Northwest. At its incorporation it was named for Lord Shelburne. The village of Shelburne Falls is neat, handsome and surrounded by charming scenery. It contains a well-endowed and flourishing academy; population, 1239. Our seventh engraving represents a picturesque cascade in Shelburne. After leaving this village, our road passes along the banks of the Deerfield River, one of the most romantic and beautiful streams in New England. The hills rise so abruptly from the banks of the river, that there is barely room for the carriage way, which of necessity follows all the turns of the river as



FERRY-BOAT.

it meanders between the hills, giving glimpses of the most enchanting landscape. We now come to the town of Charlemont, in Franklin county. This was formerly a frontier town, and the scene of many a bloody encounter with the Indians; there are yet traces of the old colonial garrisons. The scenery is bold and romantic. The town is rough and craggy, but contains a good deal of valuable land. Passing Charlemont, we leave the Deerfield River, not without regret. The last engraving of our series is a roadside glimpse of the beautiful river. We now ascend the Florida mountain, which comprises the town of Florida. Florida comprises a part of Zoar, an unincorporated district. The town

is situated on the height of the Green Mountain range; its climate is severe, and its surface rugged. Hoosac Mountain is 1448 feet above Deerfield River, which washes its eastern boundary. Here is the locality of the famous Hoosac Tunnel, which, when completed, will permit the passage of railway trains through the bowels of the mountain. The ascent is very great, and on reaching the highest part of Florida, the town of North Adams is only distant one mile in a direct line, but owing to the steepness of the descent the road is obliged to wind in a zigzag course, making the actual distance travelled little short of four miles. The natural bridge over Hudson's Brook, faithfully depicted in our eighth engraving, is a curiosity well worthy of a visit. The waters of this brook have worn a fissure from thirty to sixty feet in depth, and about five hundred feet in length, through a solid mass of white marble rock, and formed a natural bridge of that material, fifty feet above the bed of the stream. Our view is taken from below the bridge. The descent is dangerous,



A STREET IN HADLEY.

owing to the slippery state of the almost perpendicular rock. Large chambers are worn in the side of the rock by the action of water upon small stones which have lodged in cavities, and which gives them a rotary motion when the stream is full. In summer the water is quite low, and has the appearance shown in our view; but in spring it nearly fills the cavity to the brim, and even in summer it sometimes rises suddenly several feet, the bed of the stream being very narrow and easily acted upon by rain upon the mountain, where it takes its rise. Our tenth engraving is an accurate representation of Saddle Mountain, the most elevated place in Massachusetts. The view is taken from the Williamstown road. This mountain rises 3580 feet above tide water at Albany. The most elevated peak on the left is called Greylock, the other, Saddle Ball, and the depression between is the Notch. The mountain derives its name from the accurate likeness of a saddle which its topography presents. Climbing to the highest peak, the tourist finds his toils amply repaid by the bold scenery with which he is surrounded. He can now understand the enthu-



SHELBURNE FALLS.

tensely—the fearful precipices, the overhanging rocks, now dimly seen through a passing vapor, or hidden for a while behind some sweeping cloud. The soul is bowed down before them, and our imaginations are carried back, ay, even to a date before the creation of man! Mountain scenery always possessed a powerful charm for the eloquent Rousseau. He says, somewhere, “Never did a level country, however beautiful it might be, seem beautiful in my eyes. I must have cataracts, rocks, fir-trees, dark forests, steep and rugged pathways, with precipices at my feet, to make me shudder.” This reminds us of Burke’s assertion, that terror was the ruling passion and common stock of everything sublime. Mountains seemed formed for the dwelling-place of freemen. Centuries ago the gallant Switzers threw off the yoke of Austria, and the Alps, in the heart of king-ridden and priest-ridden Europe, are still free. The first Circassians still maintain their independence in defiance of the gigantic power of the czar; and were Liberty to be driven from all the lowlands of the earth, she would still stand at bay in the mountains. On the mountain tops our souls seem nearer to heaven, and every trivial or unholy thought is swept from the mind on these high places. It is good, therefore, from time to time, to make pilgrimages to these far summits. It is from these lofty stand-points alone, that we can obtain just views of the grandeur of creation—that we can realize how utterly insignificant are the works of man when brought into comparison with the handiwork of God. The mountaineer, no more than the astronomer, can be undevout. The daily lessons that speak to his soul forbid him to lapse into the dreamy slough of unbelief. Health of body and of soul, the most blessed condition of existence, amply repay him for the deprivations and severities of a mountain life.

THE WHITE ANT OF INDIA.

The following account of the white ant was communicated by Dr. Sender, of Madras. One of the most interesting of the curiosities in the cabinet of the Missionary House is what has something the appearance of a bundle of small twigs, of uniform size, with the bark stripped off, but which in fact is the remains of a section of one of the largest timbers of a house, which was brought into this shape by this destructive insect: “One of the most destructive little creatures in India is the white ant, which is about half the size of our American black ant. It is impossible to preserve wood floors if they can get at them. They will go through walls, even to the tops of houses, and destroy the timbers there. It is said that the queen ant is always to be found in the neighborhood of a house infested by white ants, though not under it, and that her destruction causes that of her subjects. Many years ago, Dr. Carey invariably dug up the ground in the neighborhood of any building so infested, and killed the queen, and the plan proved in every instance successful. A general governmental order has lately been issued. It is as follows:—It is hereby notified, that whenever buildings are infested with the destructive white ant, the nests containing the queen ant will always be found in the immediate neighborhood; and as the destruction of the queen ant destroys the colony, and this having been found an effectual remedy whenever properly tried, there is, therefore, no reason why any building should hereafter suffer from this destructive insect, and instructions are now given generally for digging

up the nests of the white ant in the neighborhood of all public buildings. All officers, civil or military, occupying or in charge of public buildings, being held responsible for the same, it is their duty either to take immediate measures for discovering and digging up white ant nests, within one hundred yards of the building, and destroying the queen ant, or to report to the proper authority the existence of the white ant nest within that space of the building. The queen ant is a singular creature. She is found in a very secluded spot of the nest. If we dig into the ant hill, we shall find many rooms, sometimes hundreds of them, where the ants make their home. If we dig near the centre, we shall find a room shaped like two saucers put together. Within this lies the queen. All around her room are very small entrances, and at each of these doors is stationed a sentinel to guard her from any insect intruders. These sentinels are very watchful, and if disturbed, they show their little nippers; and if in their power, they will cut their enemy into two parts, as with a pair of scissors. The queen lies quiet, not being able to move her great body. It is said that the ants bring her food, and supply all her wants, while she, month after month, continues to fill up her little world with her mischievous little brood.”

resent three thousand six hundred fighting men actually in the field. A division in line of battle is posted in two lines, one in the rear of the other, with the cavalry behind, and a reserve of guns and one or two regiments behind these, to be kept fresh in case of need. Some idea of the extent of a line may be gathered from these numbers—a regiment of eight hundred stretches two hundred and fifty yards; a division of three brigades, seven hundred and thirty-five yards, allowing for space between; and a reg-

FIELD SERVICE.

Popularly, a regiment is said to consist of one thousand men, but at present the actual strength of an infantry regiment is a battalion of one thousand three hundred and thirty-seven men of all ranks. One-third of this number, or four companies (each company being composed of a captain, two subordinates, five sergeants, five corporals, twenty-five privates), form the depot, or reserve, at home; while the other eight, amounting to eight hundred and ninety-five men, are the service companies on duty abroad. A regiment of cavalry numbers two hundred and seventy-one horses, or three hundred and sixty-one horses in the dragoons, and as many as seven hundred and three in the East Indies. What is called a division of an army is a force of from five to ten thousand men, in command of a general, and made up of two or three brigades of three or four regiments each of infantry, two or three gun batteries of six pieces each, and a proportion of cavalry. In reckoning their number, it is customary to deduct ten per cent. sick or disabled; so that five regiments say of eight hundred each would rep-



ROADSIDE CASCADE, SHELBURNE.

siasm of the mountaineer for his native land, as he stands on the crest of the huge wave that defies and rests immovable upon its mighty base. “These mighty works of nature,” says an English writer, “speak aloud of Omnipotence. Nor is it one mountain’s height alone, but where they ‘each on others throng,’ together with their grand accompaniments, which affect the mind so in-



SADDLE MOUNTAIN, FROM WILLIAMSTOWN ROAD.



NATURAL BRIDGE, NORTH ADAMS.

iment of cavalry, four hundred yards. The guns are posted in front or at the flanks, at each end of the line; the right flank and wing being at your right hand as you face the enemy, the left flank at your left hand. Generally, the artillery begin the encounter, supported by the fire of infantry. When the former have done sufficient execution the infantry advance with the bayonet; cavalry follow up the blow.—*Dickens’ Household Words.*



DEERFIELD RIVER, ROADSIDE VIEW.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FOREVER THINE.

BY MRS. E. B. WOODLEY.

Forever thine! how blest the words
That breathe such bliss untold,
How rich the promise they extend,
How better far than gold!
Though others live in gilded halls,
And flaunt in silken pride,
What care I, so I own thy love—
What can I want beside?

Forever thine! through time and space—
Through varying weal and woe,
Our hearts in unison will beat,
Nor e'er estrangement know.
As clings the vine around the oak,
In sunshine and in shade,
So trusts my love in thy true heart,
Nor trusts to be betrayed.

Forever thine! the constant sun
Which daily walks the skies,
Is not more faithful to its trust
Than love that fades nor dies.
Thy faults are virtues to my sight,
Thy joys are all my own;
Thy voice is sweeter to my ears
Than music's dulcet tone.

Forever thine! nor time nor death
Can change my constant heart,
E'en though the mighty monarch's law
May call on us to part;
But on that bright and fadeless shore
Where joys supernal reign,
Will meet to bind the broken links
Of love's electric chain!

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE BATTLE OF MARENGO.

BY FRANCIS A. D'URVILLE.

"ONE day," says the historian Thiers, "before setting out for the immortal campaign of 1800, Napoleon, leaning over his maps, and placing upon them marks of different colors to distinguish the positions of the French and Austrian corps, said, in the presence of his secretary, who listened with surprise and curiosity, 'This poor Melas will pass through Turin and fall back towards Alexandria. I shall cross the Po, and join him on the Placenza road, in the plains of la Scrivia, and I shall beat him there—and there!' And as he uttered these words, he placed one of his marks on San Giuliano. We can now appreciate the extraordinary character of this sort of prophetic vision."

The plan of this extraordinary campaign, which ended in the victory of Marengo and the treaty of Alexandria, is well known. To raise the blockade of Genoa; to throw back De Kray by means of Moreau's army on Ulm and Ratisbon; to pierce at the same time the line of operations of the two Austrian armies; to traverse Switzerland, cross the Alps, and fall unexpectedly on Upper Italy, on the flanks of one and the rear of the other; to envelop and crush the latter by an extension to the right wing of Moreau—such was the First Consul's gigantic conception, executed with a certainty of perception, a precision and audacity, to which the military annals of all nations, and all ages, does not, perhaps, furnish a parallel.

Napoleon set out from Paris on the 6th of May, reviewed at Dijon the reserves and the depot of the imaginary army so successfully combined to mask the real force, was at Genoa on the 13th, crossed Mount St. Bernard on the 20th, turned the fort of Bard, and, on the 22d, Ivree was in the power of Lannes. On debouching upon the plains, the First Consul directed his army to the right bank of the Po, as if intending to cross the river to penetrate into Piedmont, and by this second stratagem deceived Melas, who marched to the Po, while, by a sudden wheel, Napoleon fell back on the Ticino, and marched on to Milan, which he entered on the 2d of June. The Austrian general then had no other resource but to concentrate his forces, which he did at two points, Alexandria and Placentia.

Napoleon, meanwhile, seized on the fords of the Po, and established himself in the important central position of Stradella, whence he could radiate, according to the plan adopted by the enemy, in all directions. On the 9th of June, Lannes won the glorious victory of Montebello over the Austrian corps of Ott, which was returning from Genoa. On the same day he marched himself to Stradella, by the road from Alexandria to Placentia, which, according to his calculations, or rather the superior intuition of his genius, Melas must take. On the 10th he concentrated his army, and ordered it to repose, while observing the movements of the enemy. On the 11th the illustrious Desaix, his confidential lieutenant and most intimate friend, reached his headquarters, and he immediately gave him the command of the united divisions of Boudet and Monnier. On the 12th, becoming impatient at the non-appearance of the Austrians, and fearing that his enemy would escape him, he left Stradella and advanced as far as Tortone. On the 13th he crossed the Scrivia and Bormida, at the place now universally denominated the plain of Marengo, and the same where he had foreseen, two months before, that he should beat Melas. Two villages are situated on the road which unite the Scrivia and the Bormida—the first is San Giuliano, and the second Marengo. Farther on, the same road crosses the Bormida and ends at the fortress of Alexandria. Reaching this point, the First Consul caused the country to be scouted in every direction—no-

where were the Austrians to be encountered. Napoleon thought Melas had escaped. On the supposition that he might have gone to Genoa by way of Novi, he detached Desaix in that direction with the Boudet division.

He himself wished to regain his headquarters at Voghera to get news of Moncey and Duhesme, who were maneuvering, one on the Po, and the other on the Lower Ticino; but the Scrivia being overflowed, he was obliged to halt at Garifolo, after having left Victor at Marengo with two divisions, and Lannes with one only, in the plain.

During this time confusion and despair were reigning in Alexandria, the headquarters of the Austrian army. Melas had not fled, as Bonaparte feared, but he was hemmed in; and, after a protracted and stormy council of war, it was decided that they should open a passage with the 40,000 men which the Austrian general had left, out of an army of 120,000. This movement determined, the next day, the 14th, the enemy's army marched and crossed the two bridges of the Bormida. They forced the Gardanne division, which they first met, to fall back on Marengo, which they fortunately did not penetrate, and whence General Victor immediately sent to notify the First Consul that the Austrians were advancing, and that a general engagement was imminent. Before the village of Marengo stretched a deep and miry stream called the Fontanone, which allowed the French troops, surprised and inferior in numbers, to defend themselves for a long time. But finally they were compelled to yield to an overwhelming force, and, at ten o'clock in the morning, notwithstanding the valiant charges of Kellerman, the efforts of Lannes, Rivaud and Champenix who was killed, and after a horrible carnage, the French were repulsed from Marengo, and a portion of Victor's corps, completely disorganized, poured over San Giuliano, exclaiming that all was lost.

It was at this moment that the First Consul, who had hastened from Garifolo, reached the field of battle with the Consular Guard, the Monnier division and two regiments of cavalry. He had just sent to Desaix, then, it will be remembered, marching on Novi, the order to turn back in all haste on San Giuliano.

He found Victor's left in full route, the right, under Lannes, overwhelmed, but still sustaining itself below the village of Marengo. With his usual clear-sightedness, it was to this last he judged it expedient and urgent to send help first, reserving the rally of his left wing to follow the establishment and reinforcement of his right. His arrival, and the sight of the bearskin caps of the Consular Guard, restored courage to the brave fellows who had been fighting against such odds; the offensive was resumed everywhere, and Lannes's soldiers drove the troops of General Kaim into the Fontanone with the bayonet. The eight hundred men of the Consular Guard, formed in an heroic square, receiving unflinchingly the charges of a powerful cavalry, and the fire of an artillery, which battered them in breach without breaking. Lannes and four demi-brigades placed under his command performed prodigies of valor; but the Austrians fought on their part with the energy of despair. Old Melas brought them on Marengo in compact masses; there was no way of holding out. The French general issued the order to give ground with a firm front, and sustained himself on the right so as to secure a line of retreat to the banks of the Po. The Consular Guard was forced to recede, but in good order; half the day had passed away; the whole French army was in full retreat; the left, dispersed and decimated, had already sought a point of support at San Giuliano, three quarters of a league to the rear. Old Baron Melas, exhausted with fatigue, seeing the victory in his hands, returned to Alexandria, leaving the command to de Zach, the chief of his staff, and thence sent couriers to all Europe to announce his victory.

The battle night in fact have been considered as lost to the French, if nothing changed the aspect of affairs; but at this crisis Desaix arrived. This young general, thirty-two years of age only, had been a soldier from his boyhood (he was a lieutenant at fifteen), and had already won a brilliant reputation in Germany and Egypt.

At the first cannon-shot he had heard in his rear, he halted, conjecturing that the enemy he had been sent to meet at Novi must be in the opposite direction, where Bonaparte first expected him, that is to say, on the Scrivia. He immediately despatched Savary, his aide-de-camp, with a few hundred horse to reconnoitre Novi, and the latter having discovered nothing, he hesitated no longer, but faced about and marched in the direction of the cannonading. On the way he met one of the aides-de-camp the First Consul had despatched to hasten his return.

He came up at a gallop, preceding his division, which was hidden by a ridge of land in front of San Giuliano. He was surrounded, and urged to give his opinion; many were in favor of retreat, but the First Consul was disinclined to the step, and questioned Desaix anxiously. Desaix then took out his watch, cast a glance over the plain strewn with dead and dying, and answered, with the noble and manly simplicity which distinguished him, "Yes, the battle is lost; but it is only 3 o'clock—we have time enough left to win another." He immediately hastened to arrange the three demi-brigades which were coming up by San Giuliano, and, all of a sudden, while the Austrians, thinking the victory achieved, were following the high road, more in order of march than order of battle, and while Marmont unmasked twelve pieces of cannon on them, Desaix, on horseback and at the head of his demi-brigades, crossed the slight ridge of land which hid them from the Austrian column, and charged most opportunely.

At the first discharge of musketry, fired point blank, the enemy replied, and the illustrious warrior fell, struck by a ball full in the breast. "Hide my death," he said to General Boudet, "for it might shake the troops." But he had been seen to fall, and the troops were only more ardent in the attack, for they wished to

avenge him. Kellerman with his dragoons fell like a thunderbolt on Zach's column, already disconcerted by the sudden and terrible assault of Desaix's division. Pressed on all sides, the Austrian grenadiers were compelled to lay down their arms to the number of two thousand, and at their head, General Zach, who supplied the place of Melas, was made prisoner. The rest of this column carried disorder and terror into the other corps of the army. Lannes and Camille St. Cyr drove them, sword in hand, into Marengo, into the Fontanone, and into the Bormida, where they left their artillery and three quarters of their baggage. The unfortunate Melas, unable to believe his eyes, witnessed the return of his army, victorious a few minutes before, now dispersed and half destroyed. It had lost 8000 men in killed and wounded, and more than 4000 prisoners—over a quarter of its effective force. The relative losses of the French were not much less; but the victory was the reconquest of Italy after a campaign of twelve to fifteen days. All retreat was closed to the aged Melas, and the entire Austrian army would have been subjected to the shame of being made prisoners of war, but for the moderation of the victor, who rendered justice to the valor of his adversaries, and did not dream an instant of inflicting this affront upon them.

The joy of this victory was poisoned in the mind of the First Consul by the loss of his dearest friend, Desaix. "What a glorious day!" said Bourienne, his secretary, hastening towards him. "Yes, it would have been glorious," said he, "if I could have embraced Desaix to-night upon the field of battle." He sent to seek for the remains of the young general lying near San Giuliano amid a heap of bodies. Savary, his aide-de-camp, recognized him by his flowing hair, raised the precious remains, and, wrapping them in a hussar's cloak, carried them on horseback to the headquarters at Torre di Garifolo, in a room of which is yet shown a chair stained with the noble blood of the hero. Napoleon had the body embalmed, and transported it to the monastery of the Great St. Bernard, where he erected a monument to his friend. He erected a second monument on the Place Dauphine, at Paris, and a third on the Place des Victoires. Louis XVIII. removed the latter.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Pride and Prejudice. By Miss Austen. New York: Buncie & Brother. 1855. 12mo. pp. 326.

The reading public have reason to thank the publishers for this handsome edition of a standard work of fiction. Miss Austen's novels, genial, pure, pleasant and interesting, reflect the mind and heart of the author, who was one of the brightest ornaments of her sex. Would that all works of fiction had the sterling worth of hers! One is grieved to learn that she received but £150 for her "Sense and Sensibility," when fortunes are made by works questionable in taste and morality, and so poor in literary merit, that a couple of years' existence is the longest life to which they need aspire. For sale by Putnam & Brother, 456 Washington Street.

The Banking House. A capital story from Blackwood, republished by Buncie & Brother, New York. For sale by Putnam & Brother, 456 Washington St.

Ladies' Complete Guide to Crochet and Fancy Knitting and Needle-Work. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. New York: Garrett & Co.

Mrs. Stephens has here furnished the ladies with a treatise on needle-work, which leaves nothing to be desired. It is got up in very handsome style, and so amply illustrated with patterns and cuts, that even a child can easily learn from it the processes it describes.

Hoffman's Strange Stories. From the German. Boston: Burnham Brothers. 12mo. pp. 444.

This volume is made up of some of the most brilliant and startling of Hoffman's fantastic stories, all of which are distinguished by their vivid or sombre fancies, and possess a singular fascination, from which the least impressionable mind finds it difficult to escape. The publishers have judged rightly, that a "work of this character would be acceptable as an oasis in the desert of supernatural literature." The tales are preceded by an interesting sketch of the author. The translation is, we learn, from the pen of the younger member of the firm which issues it.

History of the Hen Fever. A Humorous Record. By George P. Burnham. Boston: James French & Co. pp. 326. 1 vol. 12mo.

This hit at one of the great bubbles of the day, is a most "taking" and laughable book. All who have suffered, either by an acute or partial attack of the epidemic referred to, will purchase a copy, of course, while all who have escaped its ravages will want to be able to laugh at the folly of others. Altogether this "History of the Hen Fever" is an event.

The Poetical Works of Beattie, Blair and Falconer. With Lives, Critical Dissertations and Explanatory Notes. By Rev. George Gillilan. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 298.

Beattie's "Minstrel," Blair's "Grave," and Falconer's "Shipwreck," are, perhaps, as well known and as popular as any poems in the English language. We have here all the works of these authors grouped together in one elegant volume, each author being, moreover, graphically delineated in the confident and vigorous style of the editor. The publishers have done "yeoman's service" to the cause of literature in this republication. For sale by Redding & Co.

The Chemistry of Common Life. By James F. W. Johnston. New York: Appleton & Co.

This is a serial publication—No. 6, that before us, treating of "Poisons we Select," the "Odors we Enjoy," the "Smells we Dislike." For sale by Redding & Co.

The Poetical Works of Wm. Shenstone. With Life, etc. By Rev. George Gillilan. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 284.

If it were only through his "Pastoral Ballad," and "Schoolmistress," Shenstone's name would live with those that blaze upon the bright muster-roll of British genius. His forte was a childlike simplicity, and within narrow limits he produced much that the sternest critic cannot deny to be true poetry. He had neither genuine humor, nor deep pathos, but a sort of dreamy grace that still finds admirers. The editor's biographical sketches and criticisms are interesting and satisfactory. This edition is a correct and elegant one. For sale by Redding & Co.

Questions of the Soul. By I. T. Heckler. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 294.

This work professes to answer the questions: Has man a destiny, and what is it? Who will bring the light of truth once more to dawn upon the soul—truth that will give to man life, energy, and a purpose worthy of his noble and godlike capacities? It probes, upon examination, a protest against Protestantism, and a defence of the Roman Catholic Church. Those who desire such a work, can obtain it of Ticknor & Co.

Black-Eyed Susan, John Bull and Satan in Paris. A popular melodrama, a popular comedy and a popular drama are among the recent issues of Wm. V. Spencer's capital drama series. This is an acting edition, with scene-plots, properties, costumes and stage directions.

Stanhope Burleigh; or, The Jesuits in our Homes. By Helen Dhu. New York: Stringer & Townsend. 12mo. pp. 406.

This work is evidently from a masculine pen; and there is much in the style of the book to warrant the belief that it is written by C. Edwards Lester, author of the "Glory and Shame of England"—its reputed writer. It is intensely Native American in spirit, deals largely in convicts, Jesuits, inquisitions, and other popular ingredients, with bits at prominent politicians revealed, rather than disguised, by pseudonyms; in a word, a political novel—a fact which must excuse us for not violating our neutrality by discussing its merits.

The Family Fred. By Adam Hornbrook. G. Routledge & Co., London and New York.

A rather clever story, written with spirit, and introducing a variety of characters. The scene lies in England. For sale by Redding & Co.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL. LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

CUBA.

Cuban affairs are again exciting a good deal of public attention. The removal of the veil of secrecy from the proceedings of the famous Ostend conference has re-awakened interest in a question never entirely lost sight of by the American people. We cannot imagine that Spain is so utterly blind to her own interests as to refuse to sell the island for a fair price. Nothing but the most imbecile infatuation could induce her rulers to believe that the Queen of the Antilles can for any length of time be maintained in her present anomalous condition—an unrepresented, overtaxed, power-ridden colony, lying right under the lee of a vast republic, enjoying all the blessings of a representative government, with the lightest burthens consistent with the support of that government. The long-slumbering volcano must at length burst out, and when the explosion comes, no combination of powers can prevent the severance of the colony from the mother country. We have seen lately, how the existence of a conspiracy, the whisper of the working of rebellion in the heart of Cuba has produced the most extensive and costly preparations on the part of the Spanish government. How long is this condition of things to exist? And how can Spain, impoverished and bankrupt, meet these extraordinary expenses, now called for at brief intervals? There must be some solution to the question, and the simplest, obviously, is to sell the island.

DEATH OF A VETERAN PREACHER.

The English papers received by the last steamer, report the death of the venerable Rev. G. Fletcher, at the age of one hundred and eight years. He was born on February 2, 1747, at Clarbrough, in Nottinghamshire. From six years of age he had been brought up in the tenets of Wesleyism, and remained a member of that body till his death. He spent eighty-three years of his life in active pursuits. He was at the battle of Bunker's Hill, and followed Abercrombie into Egypt, where he gained the esteem and respect of his officers. He then entered the West India Dock Company's service, where he continued thirty six years, when he retired on their bounty, still preserving, up to within six months of his decease, that astonishing activity of mind and body for which he was so remarkable, often travelling great distances by rail, and pursuing his holy calling, preaching two or three times a day, regardless of personal inconvenience, for the objects of charity and benevolence.

COMPLIMENTARY.—Mr. James Bennett, the tragedian, lately had a successful benefit at the Boston Theatre, and, on being called out, made a sensible and pertinent speech. We regard him as one of the best stock actors we have had among us for many years. There is a classical finish about his impersonations which charms a cultivated audience.

BOSTON COMMON.—A writer in the "Crayon" thinks Boston Common presents a fine field for architectural and statuesque display, and that we should there make "nature and art meet on common ground."

SPLINTERS.

.... Trotting flourishes in California. A nice-going horse is worth two thousand dollars in San Francisco.

.... Judge Ligon, of the Supreme Court of Alabama, lately dropped down dead during divine service.

.... A doctor uses chloroform in fever cases with success. It is, however, a dangerous medicine.

.... The Howard Athenæum is again, in operation under Manager Willard. Mr. Eddy is a great favorite there.

.... Jared W. Bell, of New York, is charged with forging the endorsements of Coleman & Stetson to notes of hand.

.... Mrs. E. Oakes Smith has been lecturing very eloquently to select audiences, lately, on Woman's Rights.

.... The fire in Col. Benton's house, in Washington, destroyed many of his MSS. and memorials of his wife.

.... A hundred millions of gallons of water are used daily in the city of London. Hope it is not like the Cochituate.

.... Tobacco is worth \$1 50 a pound in Balaklava, and rum in demand, but pretty well supplied.

.... A death occurred from taking ether lately in Lynn. The patient insisted on its use.

.... A prisoner named McGee assaulted a fellow-convict in Charlestown, lately, and nearly killed him.

.... The damages to our steam fire engine were promptly repaired. Its late trial proved it to be really an effective machine.

.... M. Emile Montegut, in the Revue des Deux Mondes, speaks in the highest terms of Miss Cummings's "Lamp-lighter."

.... It is believed, by the most intelligent persons, that "Tight Times" will not pay us a visit for a long while.

.... Mr. Taylor, of Chelsea, has built some splendid clippers, and intends to give us a few more.

.... Lako George is patronized in a New York picture catalogue, as a "placid and popular shoot!"

.... East Cambridge wants to be set off and set up under the name of Putnam.

.... Money is said to be as plenty as dirt. Many persons have washed their hands of it.

THE TRUTH OF FICTION.

Fiction, in the hands of a true man of genius, becomes the most powerful instrument that can be employed in moulding the popular mind. Great novelists are great teachers of their race. Truths, which, presented unclad and unadorned, would fail to command attention, when personified, or when speaking from the lips of imaginary personages, are received directly in the popular heart. The same man who will yawn at a homily will listen to a parable. Hence, from the earliest times, fictitious narratives have been employed by the wisest and best of men to convey moral and religious instruction. The indiscriminate war once waged by religious people against works of fiction was not wholly bigoted—it was commenced at a time when literature was prostituted to the service of all that was vile and corrupt in human nature. When the word novel was almost synonymous with impurity, it was no wonder that religion and morality confounded both matter and form in the same severe censure.

But before the opening of the present century, writers of fiction began to resume their rightful sway. Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield shone with a pure light that gladdened and inspired. At last the splendid genius of Sir Walter Scott burst upon the world, and fiction no longer required an apologist. He is the great master of all who follow the "unprofitable calling of story-telling." He commanded universal attention and applause, because nature and truth supplied the materials of his fictions. His historical portraits are truer than history itself—inasmuch as through them the truth made a deeper impression on the mind, than when presented in the cold lineaments traced by the hand of the historian. But what vividness is in his purely imaginative creations—yet what truth to nature in the midst of their individualities. This love of the true as well as the beautiful, the characteristic of genius, saved Scott from himself—the true man overcame the partizan. Hence his portraits of the poor and lowly and oppressed plead the cause of the people more powerfully than his splendid descriptions prejudice in favor of the proud features of the royalty and feudalism he loved. His wonderful creations are not dim images in the picture-gallery of memory—but a host of friends, whom we have met and known. It is difficult to bring one's self to believe that his characters had no real existence. Scarcely less vivid and impressive are the personages of Dickens—the prose Burns of England—of humanity.

The evident purpose of this writer is the advocacy of the poor and oppressed. He deals little with high life—nor are his fashionable characters felicitous. His most genial sympathies are with the masses. He has taught us a deep love for our fellows—a warm sympathy with their misfortunes—a holier pity for their errors. He has shown us how the light of fiction can be thrown tenfold farther than its shadow. Professor Wilson, in speaking of Dickens's popularity as a writer, says: "To what, I ask, can the popularity of such a man be attributed, but to that insight—that almost divine insight into the workings of human nature, its passions and affections, to that comprehensive soul and tender heart which sympathizes with all the griefs, sorrows, raptures, joys and agonies of his fellow-men?" He adds: "Mr. Dickens is also a satirist. He satirizes human life; but he does not satirize it to degrade it. He does not wish to pull down what is high, into the neighborhood of what is low. He does not seek to represent all virtue as a hollow thing in which no confidence can be placed. He satirizes the selfish, the hard-hearted and the cruel; he exposes, in a hideous light, that principle which, when acted upon, gives a power to men in the lowest grades to carry on a more terrible tyranny than if placed upon thrones."

These last remarks would apply almost equally well to Thackeray, whose works have dignified and extended the empire of fiction.

THE BRITISH PREMIER.—Lord Palmerston, now prime minister of England, was born in 1784. He is learned, eloquent, witty and popular, and though ranking as a Tory, has always, when in office, warmly supported the cause of constitutional liberty in opposition to that of despotism. The Westminster Review says of him: "On the whole, few English statesmen, we might say no English statesman, has been more perseveringly liberal in power."

BINDING.—We have bound up for our subscribers eleven thousand volumes, brought in to us since January 1st. Few persons, who are in the regular receipt of the Pictorial, fail to carefully preserve the numbers for binding at the expiration of each six months. We supply an illuminated title-page and carefully prepared index, bind in full gilt, uniform and durable, for one dollar each.

POLITENESS.—Many a man raised from poverty and obscurity to wealth and honor can trace his rise to his civility. Civility will always reproduce itself in others, and the man who is always polite will be sure to get, at least, as much as he gives. "No man," says Lord Bacon, "will be deficient in respect towards others, who knows the value of respect to himself!"

A LIVING POLYGLOT.—Cardinal Mezzofanti, who died at Rome in 1849, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, spoke fifty-six languages. Yet he was not a mere parrot, but well versed in general learning.

BACK NUMBERS.—We can supply any and all back numbers of the Pictorial from the commencement of the work, at a charge of six cents each.

GREEK SLAVE.—Mrs. Kate Gillespie, of Pennsylvania, drew the Greek Slave prize in the Western Art Union.

JERUSALEM.

The large engraving in this number, on page 192, exhibits a fine general view of the city of Jerusalem, details of which we have from time to time presented to our readers. In volume sixth we gave a picture of ancient Jerusalem, but the view we now give, is as it appears at present. No Christian can contemplate the scene without a thrill of awe. Before us the city lies expanded with its high walls and gateways, its monotonous blocks of houses, with here and there the spire of a mosque or the tower of a church. In the foreground rises a Turkish minaret, on the summit of which is seen the muezzin calling the faithful to prayer. There are sixty-one Christian convents in Jerusalem. The church of the Holy Sepulchre, a combination of several churches, said to be erected in Golgotha, has been the most sacred place in the sacred city for more than fifteen centuries. The city is supposed to have been founded more than 2000 years B.C. Under the successors of Solomon it was five times taken and plundered. Nebuchadnezzar razed it to the ground B.C. 586. Seventy years afterwards the captive Jews were permitted to return from Babylon and rebuild their city and temple. It came under the Roman dominion B.C. 64. But being governed by its own kings and priests, the inhabitants gave trouble, and it was reduced and destroyed by Vespasian and Titus A.D. 70. There were a few buildings left, however, and the Jews added more; but, rebelling against the Romans, under Adrian, he destroyed the remnant left by Titus in 118. Chosroes, king of Persia, wrested it from the Eastern emperors in 614. The emperor Heraclius recovered it by treaty in 628. The Saracens captured it in 637, and from their hands it passed into those of the Turks. It was captured from the infidels by Godfrey of Bouillon, during the first crusade, and erected into a kingdom, but the Turks gained possession of it in 1187, and have ever since retained it. Christians of all sects, however, are tolerated, and more than 5000 pilgrims visit it annually. It is a place of some trade. In historical interest it yields to no city of the East.

ART IN PARIS.—The Parisian artists are said to be very busy just now in their studios. Paul Delaroche is engaged on a large picture, the subject of which still remains a secret; Eugene Delacroix, on three historical paintings; M. Thomas Couture, whose *Romains de la Decadence* made such a sensation a few years since, is occupied on a modern subject founded on the same idea—*les Parisiens de la Decadence*. The scene represented is a supper in the carnival, the figures being life-size; M. Etoix is engaged on a statue of General Kleber; M. Preault, on a set of bas-reliefs for the approaching exhibition; and M. Rude, one of the authors of the *Ar de l'Etoile*, on an equestrian statue of Napoleon, the first consul.

OSSIAN'S BARDS.—This excellent company are singing to crowded houses through Vermont and New Hampshire. Our exchanges are filled with praises of the ballad singing of Charles Atherton, who has joined the Bards. Many pronounce him even superior to Russell. One great advantage that the Bards have over other companies, is, they write their own words and music, and sing them in a style unapproachable.

"THE CRAYON."—This charming art-journal is filled weekly with the choicest articles. We never had anything half so good in the line of the fine arts. By the way, the Boston Transcript has lately been doing good service by publishing several spirited communications on the subject of art.

THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—Subscribers still pour in upon us from Maine to California for our Dollar Magazine. Enclose one dollar, and obtain the cheapest publication in the world, by return mail.

EXPLOSION.—One of Whipple's gunpowder grinding mills at Lowell blew up, lately, with a terrific explosion. Fortunately no one was injured.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Kirk, Mr. Charles F. Moody to Miss Elvira C. Pope; by Rev. Mr. Schwarz, Mr. Henry Walters to Miss Maria C. Hancock of Roxbury; by Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. James Clark to Miss Catherine Algo Longhead; At Jamaica Plain, by Rev. Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Samuel D. Hills, of Brookline to Miss Sophronia E. Coffin; At Newton, by Samuel Jenkinson, Jr., Esq., Mr. Mason Townsend to Miss Elizabeth Philbrook; At Newton Centre, by Prof. Ripley, Mr. Francis Edmond, of Brookline, to Miss Emily S. Ripley, daughter of the officiating clergyman; At Lynn, Mr. Charles A. Hall to Miss Frances M. Homan; Mr. Matthias Morgan to Miss Mary E. Bendin, both of Boston; At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Dwinell, Mr. George A. Berry to Miss Ellen L. Jackson; At Marblehead, by Rev. Mr. Patch, Mr. Thomas E. Merson to Miss Eliza Proctor; At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Moulton, Mr. John H. Sargent to Miss Elvira H. Clifford; At Plymouth, by Elder Fauce, Mr. Preston Manter to Miss Sylvia E. Bates; At Haverhill, by Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Albert G. Abbott to Miss Annie Hoyt; by Rev. Mr. Hopping, of Salem, Mr. Frederic Durbar, of Charlestown to Miss Williamina Darling; At Mattapoisett, by Rev. Mr. Mather, Mr. Charles Stevens to Miss T. Jane Taber; At Clinton, by Rev. Mr. Bowers, Mr. William Miller to Miss Janet Cameron; At North Adams, Mr. Samuel Gould to Mrs. Eleanor Baxter; At Springfield, by Rev. Mr. Newball, Mr. Wareham Griswold, of Windsor, Ct., to Mrs. Lydia Witham.

DEATHS.

In this city, Col. Samuel D. Harris, 75; Mr. Alden B. Quimby, 41; Mrs. Sarah Dwight, wife of Rev. Andrew Mackie; Mrs. Annie M., wife of Mr. Stephen L. Sawyer, formerly of Portland, Me.; 65; Mrs. Mary W., wife of Mr. George Wilson, 25; Miss Sarah C. Lyder, 18; Miss Susan T. Norcross, 15; Mr. Calvin Lotthrop, 74; Mrs. Fanny Wilkins, 67; Mrs. Lucy Shute, 65; Mr. Dwight Prouty, 51; Minnie Brown, infant daughter of Mr. Stephen B. and Mrs. M. Maria Aldrich, 5 months and 9 days; At Charlestown, Mr. James E. Smith, 34; At Dorchester, Miss Lucy Sumner, 73; At Cambridgeport, Mrs. Clarissa Hutchings, 59; At Lynn, Mrs. Sarah Nourse, 46; Miss Alice E. Johnson, 22; Mrs. Dorcas Lewis, 40; Mr. John T. Lewis, 23; At Salem, Mr. Jonathan Ashby, 85; Miss Bethia Wardwell, 73; Miss Mary Osmond, 77; At Marblehead, Mrs. Mary Dodd, 78; Mr. Thomas Haskell, 88; At Plymouth, Capt. Lemuel Bradford; At Grafton, Mr. Solomon Prentice, 80; Mrs. Betsey Leland, 67; At New Bedford, Dr. Ethan Baldwin, 79; Miss Ann Maria Osman, 17; At South Reading, Mr. George A. Trott, 24; At Hartland, Me., on her birthday, Feb. 24th, Mrs. Sarah C., wife of Capt. Thomas Marsh, 72; At Augusta, Me., Rev. D. H. Mansfield, of the Methodist Episcopal Church; At Berwick, Me., Mr. Samuel Lord, 95; At Norway, Me., Titus O. Brown, Esq., 90; At Manchester, Conn., Mr. Simeon Witbell, 84; At Potsdam, N. Y., Mr. Nathan Parmeter, a revolutionary veteran, and a native of Worcester county, Mass., 98; At New Orleans, Henry C. Trumbull, Esq., of Hartford, Conn.

LUCIUS MANLIUS SARGENT.

The gentleman, whose portrait accompanies this article, and an admirable one it is, drawn for us on wood by Mr. Barry, from a photograph by Masury & Silsbee, has long been a person of note in Boston. Lucius Manlius Sargent is the son of Daniel Sargent, an opulent merchant, and was born in this city about the year 1790. His grandfather was Epes Sargent, whose ancestors belonged to Exeter in England, and were among the earliest emigrants to this country. The family established themselves originally at Gloucester, Cape Ann, and did much to promote the commercial prosperity of the place. Mr. Sargent received his education at Harvard University, and, after graduating, studied law with the distinguished Mr. Dexter. He married a sister of Horace Binney, the well-known jurist of Philadelphia, by whom he had two children, and sometime after her death, was again married to Miss Dunn, by whom he had one son, who bears his name. At an early age, Mr. Sargent evinced a taste and aptitude for literary composition. During his college career, he executed some translations from Horace, which were exceedingly graceful and felicitous in expression. At an early age he published a poem which passed rapidly through several editions. His tendency was to satire, and in a species of ironical humor, scathing and powerful in its effect, we have rarely known his equal. In some of his prose writings, he seems to have dipped his pen into the inkstands of Rabelais and Swift. At an early period in the history of the temperance movement, he espoused its cause, and became its earnest champion, both as a speaker and writer. He entered upon his voluntary labors with a zeal and energy characteristic of the man. He wrote a series of "Temperance Tales," which were at once original, vigorous, interesting and practical. As mere literary efforts, they were highly creditable; as powerful arguments, appealing to the reason and feelings of the masses, they were indeed masterly. The first of the series was, if we remember rightly, one entitled, "My Mother's Gold Ring," and created at once a profound impression. Everybody read it and talked of it. Edition after edition was circulated, and it unquestionably made many converts to the temperance cause. We think Mr. Sargent wrote some twenty or more temperance tales in all, which were circulated broad-cast all over the country. This was entirely a labor of love, the author claiming no portion of the large profits of these works, but bestowing them on Mr. Damrell (now member elect of the next Congress), the publisher. A few years since, while his kinsman, Mr. Epes Sargent, the poet, was editing the "Transcript," the subject of our sketch wrote for that journal a series of papers, entitled, "Dealings with the Dead," under the *nom de plume*, if we remem-

ber rightly, of the "Old Sexton." These essays were quaint and curious, reminding us, in their desultory character and philosophical humor, of Montaigne's. A collection of these contributions would form a large volume, and we wish that spirited firm would undertake its publication. They were widely copied at the time of their appearance, and we should think they would com-

mand a large sale in a collected form. Mr. Sargent has written a great deal for the papers on popular topics, and always handled his subject with a vigor and keenness that commanded attention. No man is more fearless in the exposition of his views, and his candor commands respect even from the opponents of his opinions. He has never been in the active practice of his profession. The large fortune he enjoys has been principally made by judicious investments in real estate. He has a beautiful seat in Roxbury, and one of the choicest private libraries in the country. From his youth he has been devoted to athletic exercises, and many stories are still current of his extraordinary feats of strength and prowess. He still sits a horse better than any man in a three mile circuit from Boston Common, and no man draws a rein over better nags than his. Mr. Sargent's contributions to the press have been quite voluminous, and cover a period of many years, but most of his contributions have been anonymous. He never writes without he has something to say, and, content with expressing his opinion, defending and enforcing it, he has been careless of popular applause. His contributions have materially aided the journals he has selected as the media of communication with the public, but he has never sought to make capital for himself out of his lucubrations. His reputation as a writer of singular power and humor is great among those who have known the source whence certain anonymous scintillations have proceeded. Mr. Sargent seems to have thought, with Cato, "that the post of honor is the private station." He is still a student, passing much of his time in his library. Few better Latinists can be named. The likeness we present herewith will be instantly recognized by all who have ever seen the original.

SCENE ON BOSTON NECK.

This picture is at once a record and a reminiscence of days gone by—*heu fugaces!* We have given up all hopes of another snow storm—the sleigh is hoisted to its place in the barn chamber, the bells—those musical bells—hang idly in the harness room. In taking down a horse collar one sometimes rattles them by accident, but their sound is that of "sweet bells jangled out of tune." Now and then you see sleighs going over the Neck, but they are piled up in carts, and dragged away by lazy ponies driven by those meritorious individuals who board sleighs by the week till sleighing time comes round. Our people had little enough snow this winter, but they made the most of it—it was a brief carnival but a merry one. Our artist made his sketch upon the Neck, and it gives as fair an idea of the scenes there as one can put on paper—but to one who has never seen sleighing on the Neck, it is impossible to convey a correct idea of its excitement.

LUCIUS M. SARGENT.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MASURY & SILSBBE.



SLEIGHING SCENE ON BOSTON NECK.

CHICAGO.

The view of Chicago, drawn expressly for the Pictorial by Mr. Barry, is admirable as a picture and accurate as a representation. This place, sometimes called the "Garden City," is situated on the western shore of Lake Michigan, about one thousand miles from the cities of Boston and New York. The great central mart of the west, it is not surprising that its population should have increased to nearly double its estimate in 1850, when the population was stated at between seventy and eighty thousand inhabitants. It is now the terminus of thirteen railroads, and is rapidly increasing in wealth. The city is very flat, and it is planked throughout. There are four first class hotels, one of which, the Lake House, is seen at the extreme right of the picture. The portion of the city from that point to the new depot is called the north side, or North Chicago, being north of the Chicago River. The long, low building, midway in the drawing, is the new Central depot for eastern travel, and that above it, of which the roof and cupola are visible, is the Marine Hospital. Directly in the rear of this may still be seen the old Dearborn Fort and block-house, marking the scene of many a ruthless Indian massacre. To the left of the depot, are seen the cupolas of the noted Tremont House, and the new court house, Rice's Theatre and the churches—the most prominent of which, the new Presbyterian, is the dark Gothic building with the tall steeple; and stretching far in the distance, to the left, Michigan Avenue, with the private residences of the wealthy citizens thereon. The growth of these western cities is astonishing even to us Americans of the seaboard; to Europeans, the accounts given of them are received as fables. A few years ago, Lamartine, the French poet, made some very minute inquiries of a young friend of ours respecting the size and population of some of our cities, and politely expressed his wonder and delight at what he heard in reply. But our friend was very much chagrined, a few days afterward, on discovering, through a mutual acquaintance, that Lamartine considered his statistics as American *blague*, in other words, an atrocious attempt on the part of a Yankee to sell him. Since that time our friend



CITY OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

flies into a terrible passion whenever a foreigner asks him anything about the growth of this country, and even goes so far as to pronounce the great Alphonse de Lamartine himself an old humbug.

CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

Our accurate view of this pleasant city will be readily recognized by all who have visited it. It is situated on a point of land between the Ashley and Cooper Rivers, which unite just below it, forming a spacious and commodious harbor, communicating with the ocean below Sullivan's Island, seven miles from Charleston. The entrance to the harbor is by two channels, which traverse the sandbar which crosses its mouth. The harbor is defended by Forts Pinckney, Johnson and Moultrie, which are built on separate islands. The population, according to the last census, was forty-three thousand. It was incorporated in 1783. The city was first settled in 1680. About 1690 a colony of French Huguenots, driven from their country by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, settled here, and from this noble stock some of the first families in Charleston have descended. The inhabitants have always been noted for the polish of their manners, their refinement, intelligence and hospitality. The ladies have a world-wide reputation for beauty and accomplishment. The Charleston people are fond of out-door amusements, and nowhere are the

high rise of the tide and the rapidity of its ebb and flow is thought to contribute to the health of the place. In the last century parts of it were two or three times inundated during high tides. The city is about two miles in length, and over a mile in breadth, and is laid out with great regularity, the streets running mostly at right angles, as may be seen in the engraving. The houses are many of them brick, and a city ordinance requires all the new ones erected to be of this material. Many of them are of wood, and ornamented with piazzas and verandahs, which gives them an airy, Oriental appearance. The busiest street in the town is King Street, which is two miles long, runs from north to south, and is closely built. A new custom house is in the process of erection, on East Bay Street. The form is that of the cross: its extreme length from east to west will be two hundred fifty-nine feet, and from north to south one hundred fifty-two and one half feet. The style is a rich Roman Corinthian. The summit of the dome will be one hundred sixty feet from the ground. Among the public buildings are the city hall, exchange, court house, jail, state citadel, two arsenals, a college, orphan asylum, theatre, seven or eight banks, and about twenty-five churches belonging to different denominations. The means of education are ample. The Library and Philosophical Society is a highly flourishing and noted institution. The city can also boast of many charitable, humane and friendly societies.



CITY OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

sports of the turf more liberally patronized. Indeed, the South Carolina Jockey Club is the leading association of the kind in the United States. During the war of our revolution, a British squadron, consisting of nine ships of war, mounting in all two hundred fifty guns, attacked the fort on Sullivan's Island, and were gallantly repulsed by the small garrison of four hundred men under Col. Moultrie. The American loss was but twenty-two, while the British acknowledged a loss of two hundred. This brilliant affair took place June 28, 1776. May 17, 1780, the British attacked the city by sea and land with an overwhelming force, and it was obliged to capitulate. In 1782 it was evacuated by the enemy. The

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The rent of Tremont Temple, Boston, is about \$19,000 per year. — According to the recent census of the Canadas, there are thirty-five persons reported to be upwards of 100 years old, and about four hundred are found between the ages of 90 and 100 years. — In New York, half the laborers are begging for soup, and the other half striking for wages. — A stupendous project has been started in Australia, viz:—A railroad, with a double track of seven hundred miles, and a single track of three hundred, to connect with Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide. The cost is estimated at one hundred millions of dollars. The scheme seeks for the protection of the home government. — Mayor Wood is making the mock auction swindlers in New York city toe the mark. — Fish are said to be very healthy food. Fishermen and their families, and those who consume fish, are healthy to more than an ordinary degree, and are almost wholly exempt from scrofula and pulmonary consumption. — Thomas Jefferson's grand-daughter is teaching school in Washington city. — The New York Post calls the publication of the Life of Dr. Judson, by a Baptist bookseller of that city, against the protest of Dr. Judson's wife, "robbing a widow to provide for country Sabbath schools." — The adjutant-general of Pennsylvania estimates the militia force of that State at 300,000. — Ezra Meach, of Charlotte, besides weighing 400 pounds, has the largest farm in Vermont, keeps 300 head of cattle and 2000 sheep, cultivates 30 acres of wheat, 40 of rye, 25 of corn, 20 of potatoes, 25 of beans and 50 of oats; 250 acres are ploughed, and 600 acres are used as meadow. — Nearly \$5000 have been collected in New York for a suitable testimonial to Commodore Perry. — Owing to the excessive number of lawyers in Hungary, permission to practice will be refused for one year to every new comer. — Three-fourths of the money business of St. Louis is done through private bankers, and their exchanges, for the year, amount to *forty millions* of dollars. — The artesian well, at New Orleans, has reached the depth of over 300 feet, and blue clay was still brought up by the auger. — Connecticut has twenty-eight clock factories, employs five thousand two hundred and seventy-nine hands in the manufacture, has one million of dollars capital invested, and makes annually seven hundred and ninety thousand clocks. One fourth of these timekeepers find a market in England. — A post-office clerk was arrested in Milwaukee, lately, for robbing the mails. He had stolen several hundred dollars. — In Russia, Herkimer county, New York, two boys, 12 or 14 years old, had a quarrel, when one went into the house and asked his mother to hand him a pistol, which she did, and he shot the other boy through the head, killing him instantly. — Out of 1397 dry measures examined in New York, only 317 were correct; while of wet measures, two-thirds were found incorrect. — Local politics run high in the Western country. A candidate for county clerk in Texas offered to register marriages for nothing. His opponent, undismayed, promised to do the same and throw a cradle in. — A large rattlesnake was recently discovered in the woods of North Carolina, full of life and vigor, denoting an early spring. — The States of Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Vermont, Wisconsin, Connecticut, Indiana and Illinois, have adopted laws entirely prohibiting the sale of liquor. Ohio has adopted one punishing the adulteration of liquor, and prohibiting the sale of all except wines from the native grapes, beer and cider. — A man driving four yoke of oxen passed through Watertown, Wisconsin, drawing his cottage, containing his family of young children, and his wife cooking their food at a good fire. He "was going out west," slowly, like the snail, carrying his shell on runners.

THE AUSTRIAN ARMY.—The Paris Moniteur gives the following statement relative to the army of the Austrian empire: "The total strength of Austria, without the gendarmes, the naval force, and the depots, is 650,000 men, of which five-sevenths may be easily employed against Russia, while the two remaining sevenths would suffice to maintain tranquillity in Italy, and keep within bounds any Russian or Slavonic outburst in Servia or Montenegro. Russia, at the outside, cannot oppose more than 250,000 men to the Austrians in Galicia, the Bukowina, and the Danubian Principalities, as she is obliged, at the same time, to wage war in Asia and in the Crimea, and has to protect Odessa, Finland, and the Baltic Provinces.

SHAKESPEARE'S MULBERRY TREE.—This tree, which stood in Shakespeare's garden, in Stratford-upon-Avon, and which was probably planted in 1609, was barbarously cut down in 1745, by the vandal who then owned it, to prevent strangers coming into the garden to see the tree. An authentic block of this celebrated tree is now in the possession of a gentleman of New York, who thinks of having it carved into a statuette of Shakespeare.

COMPARATIVE SAFETY OF RAILROAD TRAVELLING.—The official report of all the railroads in the State of New York has just been published, from which it appears that one passenger was killed for every 39,404,016 miles travelled, and one passenger was injured for every 15,761,606 miles. The largest number of accidents occurred to persons walking or standing on the track.

INDIAN PREACHER.—Mr. Tanner, a half-breed Chippewa, has been lecturing and preaching with great success in this city in behalf of his half-brethren, the red men. He speaks with great freedom and force, and has a powerful voice.

GOOD PAY.—Jules Janin receives sixty dollars an article, from the Debats Paris Journal, for a weekly critical and gossiping resume of theatrical and other Parisian matters.

Wayside Gatherings.

They produced 600,000 gallons of Catawba wine last year in the Ohio valley. This increase is very rapid.

The number of collisions at sea, reported during the four years prior to 1854, amounts to no less than 2311, or 702 annually.

A few barrels of liquor, on their way through Rutland, Vt., from Troy to Boston, were observed to be labelled, "Widows' Tears."

Telegraphic wires have been extended entirely across the peninsula of Hindostan, from Calcutta to Bombay, a distance of twelve hundred miles.

The Vineyard Gazette says that a marine railway has been contracted for, to be built at Holmes Hole the present season, sufficiently large to take up vessels of 400 or 500 tons.

During the month of February, there were twenty-seven fires in various parts of the United States, by which property to the amount of \$934,000 was destroyed.

Advices from Minnesota state that labor of all kinds is in great demand. Farm hands are paid \$30 per month, carpenters \$3 per day, and all other trades in proportion.

Among the imports by the steamer Asia, lately, was a single invoice of artificial flowers, valued at over nineteen thousand dollars, and on which the duties exceeded five thousand more.

Under authority from the legislature of Virginia, the people of Loudon are about to build a bridge across the Potomac River at Berlin, a short distance below Harper's Ferry. The company have advertised proposals for contracts.

In Albany, on Friday week, a man named Zeelin was searched on suspicion of having stolen a five dollar bill, and the money was discovered in the centre of a small roll of tobacco, which he held in his mouth and pretended to be chewing.

The St. Louis Republican learns from a reliable source that General W. S. Harney, U. S. Army, has been selected to command the military expedition against the Sioux Indians, during the ensuing season.

Governor Medill, of Ohio, has made it a rule, in pardoning convicts, to publish his reasons therefor, together with the substance of the recommendations of the prosecuting attorney and judges, when those officers join in urging the pardon.

M. Laysel, a French chemist, says that he discovered that, by grinding tea in the same manner as coffee, before infusion, the quantity of exhilarating fluid obtained is nearly doubled. The experiment is worth trying.

William Gross and Nathan Frederiek have been tried and convicted at Allentown, Pa., for being concerned in a gift enterprise, and sentenced, Gross to pay \$3000, and Frederiek \$6000, and both to stand committed until their fines are paid.

Horace Greeley offers to give \$100 to any charitable object that Miss Laura Edmonds may designate, if she will spiritually describe the situation and circumstances of Dr. Kne and his company, in a manner that future advices shall show to be correct.

A man named Fabrice Lepage died lately in the neighborhood of Berne, in his 85th year. He was cook to Robespierre, and under the reign of terror took the name of Coriolanus. He retired to Switzerland in 1816, and has remained there ever since.

Cochin China fowls have experienced in the North of England the worthlessness of fashion. The plain, useful Dorking has been taken back once more into the affections of millions; and the imperial bird is now "going" at less shillings than he once found pounds.

Two hundred members of the police corps of New York sued the city for additional compensation ordered by the Common Council, but refused by the Comptroller. The police contested the decision of the Comptroller, and won the case. The amount of money involved was \$50,000.

The Detroit Tribune says that the Canadians are talking of a railroad from Malden to Buffalo, to run along the north shore of the lake. They propose to tunnel Detroit River at Malden, and connect with the Michigan Southern Road. The total cost is estimated by the engineer, Mr. Scott, at five million dollars.

A thief ball was recently attempted in New York, in imitation of similar festivities common to London and Paris. The police sallied in just as the guests had commenced to enjoy themselves, and arrested nine of the party—well known thieves. The remainder scampered in all directions and made good their escape.

After a very long and thorough investigation upon a suit for violation of a patent, before Lord Chief Justice Ervins, it has been established that Mr. Fox Talbot is "the first and true inventor" of the art of photography. The question has been mooted for several years.

Three newsboys were arrested in Philadelphia on Sunday week by order of the mayor, for selling newspapers. After they were locked up the mayor visited them and heard their stories, which were of such a pitiful nature that he gave to each a quarter eagle and promised to look after their parents' wants.

Capt. Lavender, of schooner Elizabeth Ann, of Provincetown, while fishing last summer on the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, took from the stomach of a codfish a lady's plain gold finger ring, perfectly bright and smooth, apparently not having been long in the fish's stomach.

Daniel Fisher, of Edgartown, is considered the largest oil dealer in the world, with the exception of one establishment in London. His opinion is of more influence in the oil market than that of any other man, and as an evidence of the extent of his business, it is stated that he has had 28,000 barrels of oil in his possession at one time.

The excellent quality of the bituminous coal which finds its outlet at Baltimore is now beyond controversy. It is pronounced by United States commissioners appointed for the purpose of testing it, the best in the world for generating steam. The Cunard steamers give it the preference over all others on their return trips, and their engineers declare it superior to the best English coal.

There are now living in the eastern part of Baltimore, and all near neighbors, five old ladies, sisters, all widows, whose united ages number three hundred and sixty-five years. The oldest is over eighty and the youngest nearly sixty-five years. They enjoy good health and each of them is comfortable in circumstances, and surrounded by families of prosperous children, grand-children and great-grand-children.

The Pacific Ocean covers seventy-eight millions of square miles, the Atlantic twenty-five millions, the Indian Ocean thirteen millions. The Southern Ocean to 30 degrees is twenty-five millions. The Northern Ocean five millions. The Mediterranean one million. The Black Sea one hundred and seventy thousand. The Baltic one hundred and seventy-five thousand. The North Sea one hundred and sixty thousand.

Foreign Items.

About twenty participants in the last revolutionary intrigues of Mazzini have been arrested in Verona.

The Princess Gortschakoff, wife of the Russian general of the army of the South, has left Warsaw for the headquarters of the army in Bessarabia.

It is the intention of the emperor of the French to invite most of the crowned heads of Europe to the Exhibition. The emperor of Austria is said to have already accepted the invitation.

Miss Harriet Martineau has lately been giving a series of lectures in the Lake districts, illustrative of what she considers dangerous to the peace and well-being of the world.

It is said that a new French admiral, Fourniehon, is expected soon in the Pacific with five large vessels. Another descent on Siberia (Petropavlovski) is indicated.

A new process has been invented in Birmingham which makes bricks nearly as hard as stones. One of the new bricks sustains a weight of 2625 lbs.; a common hand-made brick breaks at 640 lbs.

The whole Academy of Vienna are employed in illustrating a prayer-book, as a present to the empress of Austria. The Deutsches Kunstblatt speaks of it as creditable to the art of the present century.

A very remarkable calculating machine has lately arrived in London, which not only calculates series with four differences up to fifteen ciphers, but at the same time prints the results on tables up to eight ciphers. The machine has been constructed by M. Schenzt, of Stockholm, who has devoted eighteen years to it.

Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler has read "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at Exeter Hall, with the whole of Mendelssohn's music, by a band and chorus under the direction of Mr. Benedict. The affair was so successful that Mr. Mitchell, the projector, announced a similar entertainment for the next Monday.

When they have a fire in Stockholm, Sweden, men pass through the streets beating drums violently, and every house is obliged by law to send a barrel of water which stands ready in each court yard. This rather slow and primitive method of extinguishing conflagrations would scarcely answer in our tinder-box towns.

Sands of Gold.

.... What is a woman's surest guardian angel? Indifference. —Delany.

.... The birth of a child is the imprisonment of a soul. —W. G. Simms.

.... Beauty may excite love, but beauty alone cannot sustain it. —Kozlay.

.... I once heard a sensible man say of a very refined circle, that their silence was as instructive to him as their conversation. —Goethe.

.... Associate with men of good quality, if you esteem your own reputation; for it is better to be alone than in bad company. —Washington.

.... A small sorrow distracts—a great one makes us collected; as a bell loses its clear tone when slightly cracked, and recovers it if the fissure is enlarged. —Jean Paul.

.... To make punishments efficacious, two things are necessary. They must never be disproportioned to the offence, and they must be certain. —W. G. Simms.

.... Submit your sentiments with diffidence. A dictatorial style, though it may carry conviction, is always accompanied with disgust. —Washington.

.... Love is a fenny garden, or everglades surrounded with beautiful flowers; alas! happy only are those who find their way therein. —Kozlay.

.... The sorrows of a noble mind are spring frosts, which precede the summer; those of a corrupt and contracted one are the autumn frosts, which are only followed by winter. —Jean Paul.

.... If thou marriest for beauty, thou bindest thyself all thy life for that which perchance will neither last nor please thee one year. —Raleigh.

.... A lady of fashion will sooner excuse a freedom, flowing from admiration, than a slight resulting from indifference. The first offence has the pleasing apology of her attractions; the last is bold and without an alleviation. But the mode in which she disposes of the two only shows that her love of admiration is stronger than her sense of propriety. —Colton.

Joker's Budget.

Why is it degrading to practise spirit-rapping in a parlor? Because it makes a tap-room of it.

The individual who was content that his life should be linked with crime, has found a strong chain round his leg.

Why should our merchant tailors form themselves into a regiment of heavy dragoons? Because they are splendid fellows for charging.

"Sambo, what ye tink 'bout de worle comin' to an end dis year?" "Dar, go away, nigger. Ye knows nothin' 'tall 'bout it. How can dis worle hab an end when it be round?"

It is a current remark in the English "lower twenties," that "if the Emperor Nicholas accepts the four pints, he will take two quarts; but that it is a k'vestion whether he vill stand so much."

An iron horse on one of our principal railways having been adorned with the title, "I still live," a wag, noticing the inscription, remarked, "That is what the passengers should be labelled at the end of their journey."

"Bill, did you ever go to sea?" "I guess I did; last year, for instance, I went to see a red-headed girl; but I only called once." "Why so?" "Because her brother had an unpleasant habit of throwing bootjacks and smoothing irons at people."

One of the papers says: "It is evident that the apple of discord has been thrown into our midst, and unless nipped in the bud, it threatens to burst forth into a conflagration that will deluge the whole land." A lively apple that!

"Does my son William, that's in the army, get plenty to eat?" said an old lady to a recruiting-sergeant, the other day. "He sees plenty," was the laconic reply. "Bless his heart, then, I know he'll have it if he can see it; he always would at home."

"Well, George," asked a friend of a young lawyer who had been admitted about a year, "how do you like your new profession?" The reply was accompanied by a brief sigh to suit the occasion: "My profession is much better than my practice."

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS. One page only of this paper is devoted to advertisements. The immense circulation of the PICTORIAL (being over one hundred thousand copies weekly), form a vehicle of advertisement that is rarely offered to the public. Another fact which greatly enhances the value of the PICTORIAL as an advertising medium is, that it is preserved, and not destroyed after being read, being regularly bound up every six months, so that each advertisement (all being placed on the inside of the paper), becomes a permanent card of the advertiser's business for years to come.

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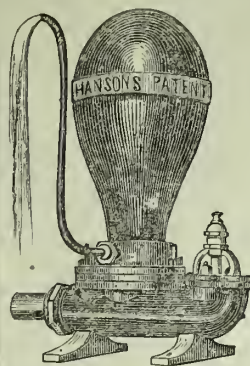
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REVIEW

Speech of Hon. J. R. Chandler, of Pennsylvania,
ON THE
POLITICAL POWER OF THE POPE:
DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, JAN. 10, 1855.

BY JOHN CLAUDIUS PITRAT,
A Member of the University of France, Founder and Ex Editor of the Journal "La Presse du Peuple," in Paris, author of "Jesuitism Unveiled," also of "Paul and Julia," and formerly a Roman Catholic Priest.

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This work, from its stern rigidity of logic in meeting the arguments of Mr. Chandler, following him, as it does, step by step through the entire length of his speech, unveiling, in a masterly manner, the subtlety of the Roman Catholic Theology in reference to the temporal power of the Popes, is better adapted to the enlightenment of the people upon the political influence of the papal power, particularly in the United States, than any work heretofore published. Not a line of Mr. Chandler's speech is suppressed in this Review, but the whole is taken up, sentence by sentence, and his defence of popery is entirely overthrown.

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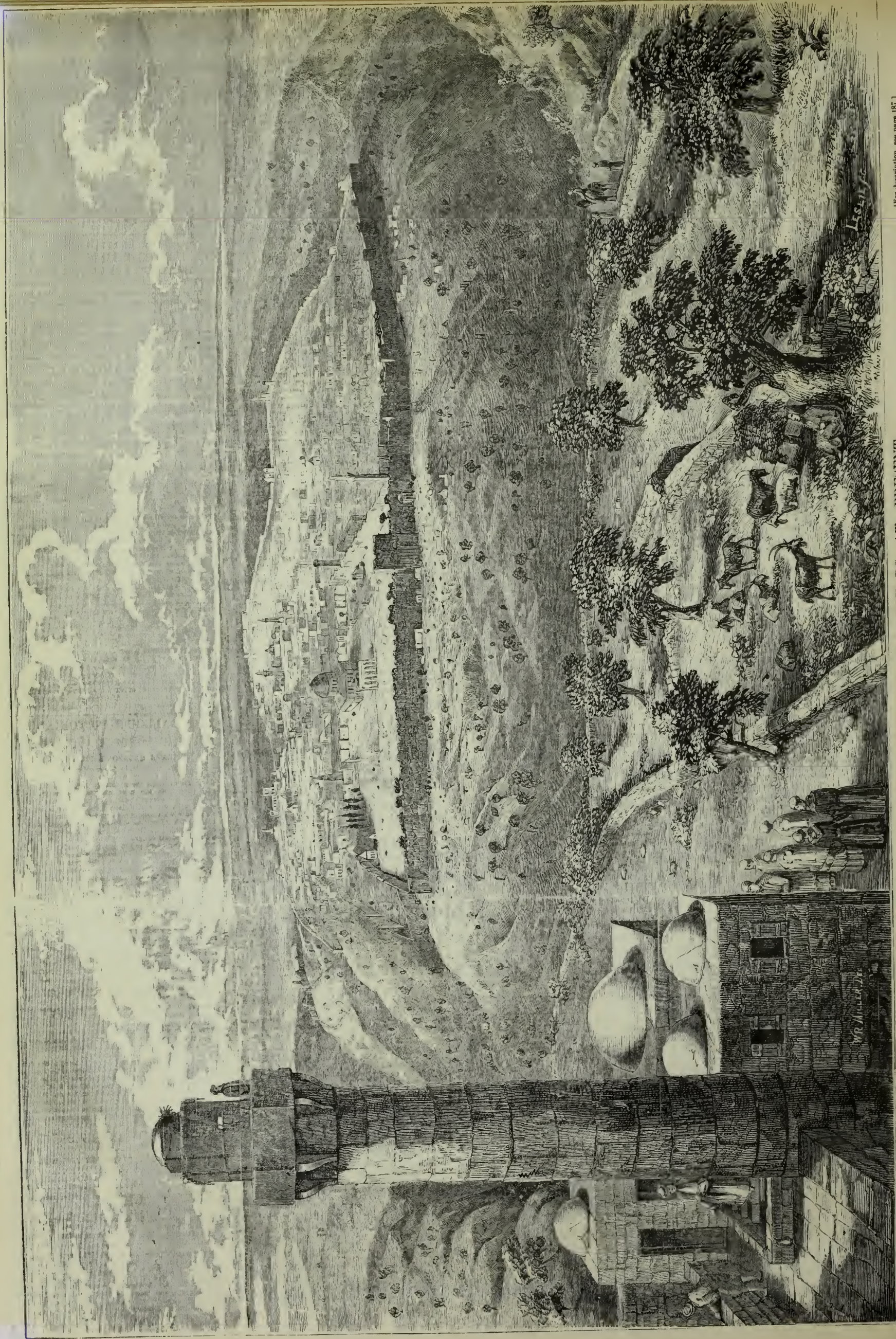
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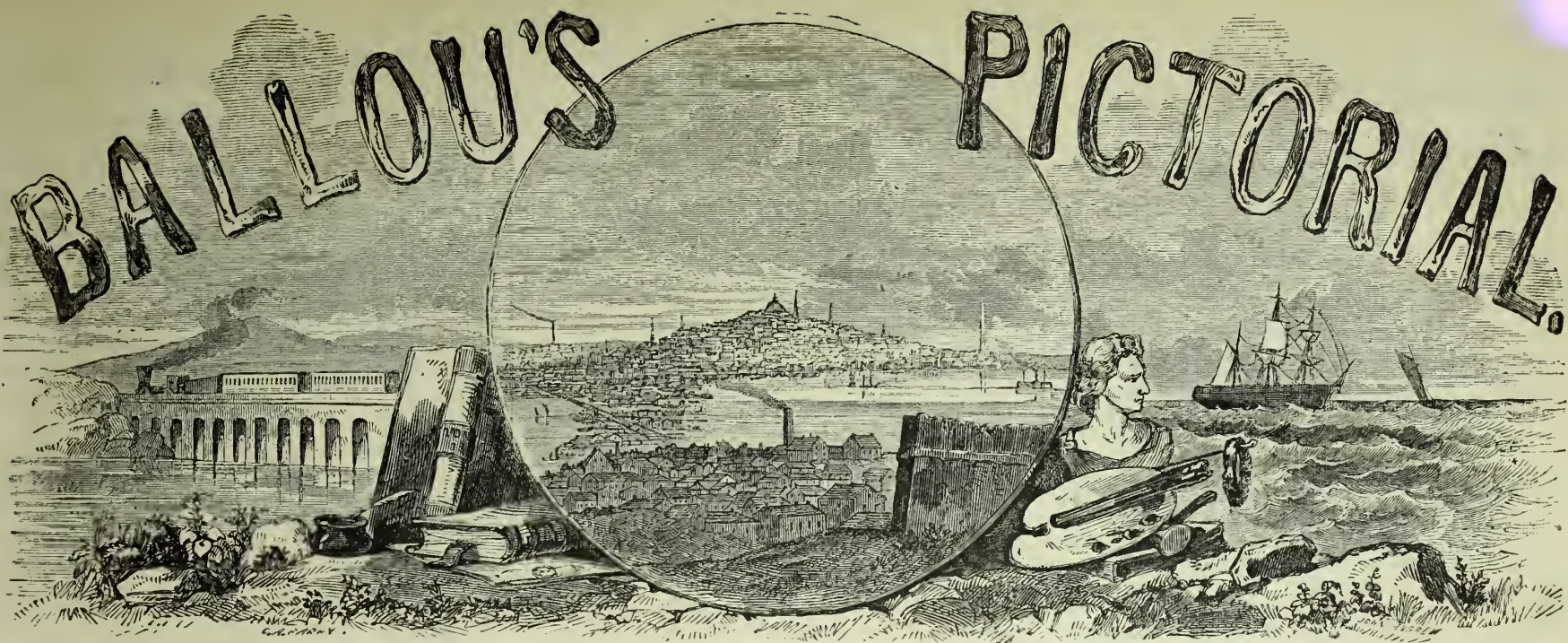
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THE CITY OF JERUSALEM, AS IT APPEARS AT PRESENT.

[For description, see page 187.]



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT
AND BROMFIELD STS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1855.

\$3.00 PER ANNUM. { VOL. VIII., No. 13.—WHOLE No. 195.
6 CENTS SINGLE.

HUGHES HIGH SCHOOL, CINCINNATI.

We present our readers below with a fine view of this noble high school building, so justly the pride of the citizens of Cincinnati. The adjacent edifices will be readily recognized by those who have visited the place. This street scene is a fair specimen of the general appearance of the city, which is well built, regularly laid out, and enlivened by the careful culture of ornamental trees. There is scarcely a city in the Union where education is better cared for. Among its institutions for the diffusion of learning, may be mentioned here the Cincinnati College, the Medical College, the Mechanics' Institute, and the Catholic Athenæum. The common free schools are of a very high order, and distributed through ten school districts, the buildings being uniform, large, capacious, and well adapted to the accommodation of the pupils, while the teachers are persons of tried capacity and character. Connected with the college is the Astronomical Observatory, which has one of the finest telescopes in the country, and which, under the auspices of Professor Mitchell, has attained a world-wide renown. There is a Roman Catholic institution here called St. Xavier's College. The Ohio Medical College, chartered in 1825, the Lane Theological Seminary, about two miles from the

city, and belonging to the New School Presbyterians, an establishment founded by the Old School Presbyterians, are among the sources of instruction. The Mechanics' Institute, mentioned above, chartered in 1828, renders the stores of useful information available to the industrial classes of the population. The buildings belonging to the Institute are appropriate and handsome, and its scientific apparatus costly and complete. The Young Men's Mercantile Library Association, similar in character to that of our own city, has also ample funds, and possesses an extensive library and a well-stocked reading-room, both of which are accessible to all respectable persons. The Apprentices' Library Association has a very fine collection of books, literary, scientific and miscellaneous. The College of Teachers, a society which has accomplished so much for the elevation of the standard of education in the West, holds its annual meetings in Cincinnati. It will be seen by our rapid glance at these various establishments, that provision for educating all classes and ages has been made upon the most liberal and extensive scale. The summary may probably surprise many at home and abroad, who have been accustomed to look upon the "Queen City of the West" simply from a commercial point of view. We are apt to regard the

West as a place where nature is lavish of her bounties, where busy hands are constantly multiplying physical enterprises, and heaping up wealth, but where the intellectual and spiritual nature of man is subordinate to his physical development. Such is not the case. Moral and intellectual progress keeps pace with its physical. Not only the star of empire, but the star of science, of art, of literature, beams under the western sky; and Cincinnati is the foster-mother of genius and talent. It was here that the genius of Powers, our great American sculptor, was developed, and the patronage bestowed upon art in Cincinnati might put to the blush that of some of the old Atlantic States. The growth of the city, which has attained to such a height of wealth and refinement, appears almost marvellous even to a citizen of the United States, familiar with the arrowy speed of American civilization. It seems almost incredible that it is but little more than sixty years since the first band of pioneers made a landing on the shores of the Ohio, and commenced a rudimental town. This was in 1789. The humble engineers ran the lines for streets through the dense forests, and marked the angles by "blazing" the trees. The act of incorporation was dated 1802, and it then contained but 1000 inhabitants. How rapid has been its subsequent growth!



HUGHES HIGH SCHOOL, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SECRETS OF THE CELLS: —OR— LEAVES FROM MY DIARY.

BY REV. J. H. INGRAHAM.

[CONTINUED.]

NUMBER FOUR.

SUFFERING OF THE CONVICTS.—IGNORANCE OF THE PRISONERS.

HAVING, in the last number, taken my reader along with me and introduced him somewhat into the knowledge of the interior arrangements and circumstances of the prison, I will not proceed here into a farther narration of details which will be incidentally brought up in the progress of my diary. The result of my visit of inspection was embodied in a brief report of what I had seen to the amiable person who had desired me to give her an account of what I should observe. This report contained subjects both for praise and censure. The humanity and judgment of the warden, in his conduct of so large an establishment, I spoke of with the commendation he deserved. Of the food, clothing and internal discipline I saw little to find fault with. The whole interior arrangements were admirable. Where defects existed, the cause was referable more to the defective construction and peculiar architecture of the prison itself, than to want of attention or of humanity in the officers. The chief particular which I found deserving of censure, I not only stated in my report, but with some warmth, also, to the warden, I mean the locking in of the convicts all day on Sunday, and, in addition, depriving them of religious instruction.

The cells in which they were thus confined in the heat of summer without ventilation, and in the cold of winter without artificial heat, were by my own measurement, if I recollect accurately, but six feet long, seven feet high and three feet wide, space not large enough to contain a modern piano. Of this breadth of space, two feet four inches were occupied by a sort of cot, or stretcher, which was the convict's bed, chair and table—all three, it being the only article of furniture the cell contained. At the extremity of each cell, in the wall, six feet from the floor, was a small aperture constructed for ventilation; but it had been choked up for some years, and was now of no benefit at all; consequently all the air which the men breathed came in through a closely grated aperture in the door a foot square; at which, on hot Sundays, when shut up, they stood with their mouths pressed against it, in order to breathe; and in winter they kept it shut to keep out the cold, only opening it from time to time, when endurance of the poisoned, over-breathed air within the cell became unendurable. Besides, I learned from the clever guard who walked with me around the galleries on which the cell doors opened, that the men were forbidden to walk their cells (the little space two feet by four wide and six feet long), but must either lie down all day or sit on their cots.

"Why this regulation?" I asked.

"That there be no sound heard. The least sound in a prisoner's cell subjects him to punishment. We have no noise!"

The peculiar prison odor was in all these cells; and even lime on the floor and whitewash could not avail to make them sweet.

The prison was constructed on the plan of one box set within another larger box: that is, the whole outside of the penitentiary visible to the eyes of those passing it, with its three stories of grated windows, was only a shell—the "outer box" perforated. The windows did not look into cells, as appeared to the exterior observer, but into a vast open interior area or enclosed apartment, as large as the whole prison and as lofty as the roof. Within this space, covered by the immense roof, rose from the ground the block of cells, rising three stories high, one floor above another, the whole "hive" standing by itself, separated from the walls, and covered, but without being touched, by the general roof—as a car stands in a car-house. It was a house built within a house. This three-story hive, or block of cells, contained one hundred in each wing of the building. The first story opened from the ground; the second floor was reached by stairs which ascended to a light gallery that extended all around, and on which the doors of the cells in this story opened. The third loft was reached from this gallery by stairs, and was surrounded by a similar promenade. On these galleries, a "guard" was always pacing when the convicts were locked in. The prisoners, therefore, when they looked out of the little grated openings in their oaken and iron-ribbed doors, did not look out of doors, could not see the green trees and blue sky, but looked only into the vast, enclosed apartment surrounding the cells, and in the centre of which their "hive" was built. The grated windows in the outer shell had glazed sashes, which, being covered with dust and cobwebs, defied vision and admitted imperfectly the light of day.

The atmosphere, therefore, breathed by the prisoner who put his lips to his grating for fresher air, was the confined and impure atmosphere within the roofed area.

"The higher range of cells," said my conductor, who was very civilly communicative, "are much hotter in summer than the lower, as the warm air ascends. The men up there complain not a little, and we only put the hardest of them up there. With the sun beating on the roof and the air from below, heated by the men breathing it, it is well named the 'convicts' purgatory.'"

"But did the judge sentence those men, whose cells are up

there, to 'purgatory,' also? Did he, besides 'three years, or five years, and hard labor,' add 'and the torments of purgatory, also?'"

"No, I believe not," answered the man, smiling; but seeing I was not smiling, he said, gravely:

"This is not our fault, that the men are punished more than the law has adjudged to them."

"Whose fault, then?" I inquired.

"The State's. The legislature constructed this building, and has been made aware, by the warden's reports, of its defects, and of the additional punishment the convicts have to undergo, on account of the inappropriate and unskilful plan of the prison."

"The cells are not even ventilated! is the legislature aware of this?"

"The inspectors are; and I believe have reported, or ought to, this defect."

"The cells are also too small for men, though they might do as cages for tigers and other brutes. Why, every horse in his stall has more room, and air, and comfort."

"We feel all this imperfection of construction, in the discipline of the prison," said my intelligent guide; "but we do the best we can. I hope the legislature will soon have a new prison erected, with the modern improvements. This is one of the old style, built when prisoners were not thought about."

"It is to be hoped, now they are thought about, that the legislature will tear down this prison of the middle ages, which reflects so severely upon the humanity of the State, and erect one where offenders will suffer the penalty of the law alone and no more; for all which is over, is injustice and voluntary cruelty."

Noticing that all the cots were made up and the cells swept, I inquired by whom it was done.

"By the convicts themselves," he replied—"each man cleaning his own cell. At the signal-bell at daylight, they rise and have time to do this; and each man on going down to work takes his night slop bucket with him as he marches out, and at a certain part of the yard empties it and leaves it. At night they take them again, with a kid of fresh water in their hands, back to their cells. We have no chambermaids or waiting men here!"

After I had taken a tour of the cells, I ascended a flight of steps to a gallery, and by means of a narrow plank bridge (the bridge of death to many a poor fellow), I entered the hospital, which was a small room directly over the guard room and office, and like them situated in the main or centre building; for the prison consisted of a main centre and two wings, within which wings were the blocks of one hundred cells. In the hospital were two patients, both convalescing; and the keeper of the hospital was himself a convict, who had been in for many years. He was one-eyed, of a round build, like a jolly landlord; for idleness and good feeding had given him fleshly fellowship with Falstaff. He looked like an arrant evil-doer, and I was told his looks belied him not: he was in for poisoning his wife! I thought it a strange exhibition of confidence to place him in charge of the hospital; but my objections were answered by the assurance "that he was kind as a woman, skilful, had great experience, and the men liked him, and so did the doctor, and he was fit for nothing else!"

He received me with a civil bow, showed me the little library of the hospital, on two shelves, in which I found John Bunyan and Robinson Crusoe, and an old Methodist hymn-book; but no Bible, save half of the book of Genesis. One of the patients, an old man, was sitting on his cot, reading a book of "Dreadful Shipwrecks," and the other patient was fast asleep, and from the pleasant look on his face, dreaming perchance of his early home, and of dwelling once more amid the scenes of his innocent youth, to awake by-and-by to find himself "a prisoner and a captive," sick in body and sick in soul, guilty before God and an outcast from among men!

The hospital also was badly ventilated, and had that close prison-smell, which one never forgets who has once encountered it. After quitting this wretched apology for a hospital, where, however, I learned but four or five men were sick at a time, I passed, in the lower area, a hook-case, locked, in which I was informed were three hundred books, which the men could take out on Sunday, returning them to the librarian, who also was a convict, the same evening, as he passed from cell to cell to collect them.

"And how many men have you here who cannot read?" I asked.

"About seventy, sir; and of those who can read and cannot write, about forty more."

"That is one hundred eleven men out of two hundred, who cannot write?"

"Yes. The rest can read and write with more or less facility. We have some well educated men here—three or four—and two men who know Latin and Greek."

"Want of education, then, seems to be the source of most of the crimes men commit," I said. "More than half your convicts here cannot write their own names; and out of two hundred, you have but four or five 'educated men,' and 'two who know Latin and Greek.' Intellectual cultivation is therefore antagonistic to crime; and were the school everywhere, so that it could reach every boy, one penitentiary would hold all the convicts that it requires thirty-two now to confine."

"I have no doubt of it," answered the guard, as he led me to the door which opened from the prison-yard into the outer office and guard room. There he pulled a bell, and the heavy, iron-barred gate was slowly swung back by a keeper stationed on the other side; and, thanking my polite conductor for his civility, I passed out of the prison proper into the outer guard-room, which directly communicated with the street.

Here I found some persons who were settling for furniture they

had just purchased in the prison, and congratulating themselves that it was so much cheaper than they could buy from the ware-rooms in town.

"Yes," said a stout, red-faced man present, "the penitentiary undersells us in everything we in town manufacture. People gain thirty-three per cent. by buying out here; and the honest workman has to starve for the convicts."

"But the convict is not benefited, but the State," said the warden, with a smile. "And you mechanics in town ought to be willing to be undersold by the State, if the State takes care of the rogues that would be breaking into, or setting on fire your shops and houses, or shooting you down on the road for your pocket-book."

The further progress of the argument was interrupted by the entrance of a woman, whose retreating, trembling figure showed timidity and embarrassment.

"Sir," she said, addressing the warden, "will you let me see my husband?"

"Well, ma'am," he answered, kindly, "I do not wish to refuse you. But it will do no good. You recollect the last time, that he sent you away crying. He is a brute, and I advise you to forget him as soon as you can."

"But he was once kind to me—once very kind, sir, before he took to his bad ways; and then, sir, he is the father of my three children. I cannot hate him."

"Well, you shall see him; but he is not worth your notice. Call Bill!"

The person so indicated appeared, and he was ordered to bring "number 39" to the grating. In a few minutes a stout, thick-set fellow, with a small, greenish-blue eye, a dogged aspect, and without one redeeming feature in his villainous countenance, came to the grating. Perhaps, however, the poor wife saw in him what to love—for, Heaven help us, if woman only loved in men what was good and true, few wives would there be—few husbands! No man seems so base that a woman may not be found to love him—ay, to cling to him, lovely and virtuous woman, too! So I suppose this fellow had lovable qualities in his soul, which men could not detect.

"O, Sam," she said, going quickly to the grating, and with a glad look beaming on her pale face, "Sam, how do you do?" and she put her thin hand through one of the square apertures in the iron bars.

"I'm well enough," answered the convict, without feeling.

"What's the news?"

"The children are all well."

"How's Jim Barker, and Jo Fisher, and the rest o' the boys?"

"I don't know: they have left our parts. Do you want anything? If the gentleman pleases, I have brought you a pair of shirts I made myself for you!" And here she glanced at the warden.

"You had better sell them and buy clothes for your children, ma'am," he said, bluntly but kindly. "We provide your husband with all he wants."

Here she thrust the coarse but clean shirts under her shawl again, with a look of disappointment, and then hesitating, said:

"Sir, may I give him, may-be, this pound of tobacco. He always loved tobacco."

"He's got nicely over that and all other bad habits, here, ma'am. He hasn't had a chew of tobacco nor a drink of whiskey since he has been here. This is the place to cure all these old habits."

The convict's face grew slightly black, but he knew better than to open his lips.

"Have you any more to say to him, ma'am?" asked the warden.

"I only hope he will try to behave well, so that the governor'll pardon him out soon, sir. Ah, sir, it is a dreadful thing to be a prisoner's widow! it is worse than being a dead man's! To have a husband, but to have him buried alive, as it were, for seven long years!"

"The law gives the prisoner's widow, as you call it, liberty to marry after three years," said the under-keeper; "so in six months more, you will be free from him."

"Let her marry again, and when my seven years are up, I'll murder both her and her new husband, as I am a living man!" said the convict, with clenched teeth and eyes red with jealous and impotent rage.

"I'll be true to you, Sam," answered the woman, in a soothing but firm tone.

"You rascal," said the warden, indignantly, "you do not deserve a thought from such a good and true woman as your wife. If she took my advice, she would never see you again. Take him away!"

Before the poor woman could object, the grating was shut to, and he was gone.

"It is one's husband, sir?" she said, apologetically.

"Yes; but my advice to you is to let him go. He will not be out for four years and a half. Forget him, and think of your children."

"I cannot look at them without thinking of their father, sir! Perhaps he may do better when he comes out, and we may yet have pleasant days together! Good day, sir. I thank you kindly."

"Woman! Blame me, if I don't think woman half an angel, especially the wives of these scamps!" said the warden, with emotion. "They seem to have married the best sort, only to make them wretched. I never knew but one woman take advantage of the law, and marry over her husband's head while he was in prison; and in six months we had the second husband here, fast and snug, for blowing her brains out, from jealousy. The two men worked together in the same shop, and sometimes on

the same stone, and were blissfully ignorant of the conjugal relation they held to each other; for secrets, and news, and events from outside, never penetrate these walls; and few prisoners know the real name or the crime of their fellow."

In answer to an inquiry now made of me by the warden, "how I had been pleased with my excursion through the prison?" I frankly stated my objections to the cells, and to the Sunday system of locking in. "The legislature does not require this?" I asked.

"No; that is an arrangement of our internal police. We have hut sixteen officers and guards, all told. These officers are always on duty, night and day, and have only Sunday for recreation. We, therefore, let half of them go to their homes Sundays, for several have families, or where they please, after locking the convicts safely up. The presence of half a dozen guards throughout the prison is therefore sufficient on Sunday."

"And is this police regulation absolutely necessary?"

"Yes; unless we double our present police force; and for this the legislature makes no provision. Everything goes for economy; little outlay and great income. If we let the men out on Sunday to walk about, the whole force would have to be on duty."

"But you deprive the convicts of one of the highest privileges of the Christian Sabbath—hearing the gospel and worshipping their Maker," I answered.

"I do not deny it. I am a church-member—a Baptist—and know men should hear the gospel; but it won't do here in prison."

"It is written that one of the marks by which Messiah was to be known was 'that he should preach to the prisoners in prison;' 'proclaim liberty to those that are bound.' If prisoners are not to be reached by preaching, why, then, should Jesus preach to them?"

"That is all true, sir. But I will tell you why we can't have preaching to the convicts," he answered, in quite a decided manner, as if he did not wish the subject continued: "first, the legislature has not provided for paying a chaplain, and it is not in the charter; second, the guard have to be kept in all day; third, the State has built no chapel; fourth, the prisoners are not to be trusted together, for when we have had preaching they have been very unruly, and we have to keep the whole guard armed in the room, and sometimes carry off three or four in the midst of the meeting, to punish for skylarking out of sight on the back benches."

"Then you have had preaching?" I remarked.

"Yes. Once in a long while a stray preacher, a Methodist or Baptist brother, comes along, and gets me to consent to let him talk to the men; but there is always trouble; the men behave worse after it, and it don't do no good whatever. So I have made up my mind to let no one preach to them again!"

Hereupon I entered into an argument with the excellent warden, aimed at his Christian faith and common sense, as well as to his humanity. I showed him how that the gospel recognized no men so bad that its precepts could not reform them; that the walls of a prison could not shut out the river of the waters of life; that Christ died for sinners; and that the first person saved under Christianity was a thief executed for his crimes.

To all this the warden assented. I then resumed, and explained how that Sunday was to the men, and was called by them, their "accursed day," their day of suffering and of privation, instead of a day of rejoicing and delight, as it should be; that the confinement was so irksome that the men, as the guard had told me, would rather do double toil on that day than be shut up in their cells, half frozen in winter, half-suffocated in summer; and that, aside from giving them an opportunity to hear the word of God, it would be an act of common-humanity to let them out an hour or two to breathe the air. I also reminded him that the guards had told me, in answer to my inquiry, that the men went more feebly to their work on Monday morning than any other.

"This," said he, "I believe to be a fact."

"The deficiency of a chapel," I suggested, "might be remedied by converting one of the long workshops into a chapel, with temporary seats or benches from the dining-room. Where there's a will there's a way," I smilingly remarked.

"Yes, that is true, sir. When the last Methodist preacher came here, ten months ago, we had the men all down in one of the shops. But who wants to preach to the men? do you? Are you a clergyman?"

"No, sir," I answered. "At present I am only preparing to be one; but my Sundays are my own. If you will let me come out and read the Bible or a sermon to the men and talk to them, I shall esteem it a great favor. I have no authority to preach; but I can read to the prisoners what may do them good."

"But they are so unruly and dangerous altogether in a body."

"Try them once more! If they give you trouble, I will never ask the privilege again."

"But the guards will have to remain at prison all day."

"They may be willing to do so, if asked."

"Well," he said, after a few moments' silence, looking me closely in the eye with his keen glance, "I consent for this once."

"This is all I ask," I replied, with much gratification. "Shall I come out on Sunday next?"

"Yes, then as well as on any other," he answered. "But let me tell you that had you been a parson, or argued the matter less earnestly, I would not have given my consent; for I don't know how it is, but preaching acts badly upon the prisoners. It relaxes discipline, and the men take advantage. Come out at eleven o'clock, and I will have the benches fixed and things ready for you."

I warmly thanked the worthy warden for his kindness, and with a hearty shake of the hand, took my leave of him and returned to town by the way of the quarries. These are the most remarkable I ever visited, both for their geological formation and the

beauty of the stone, which is a coarse marble compound of minute shells, so small that not less than a million are compressed in a cubic inch. Although five hundred miles north of the Gulf of Mexico, the whole super-stratum has the appearance of having been washed by the sea. The quarry presented an active and novel scene, with the convicts busily at work beneath the eyes and muskets of the guards.

Having now, dear reader, fairly presented you to the prison and its scenes, and familiarized you with the details of penitentiary life, and shown you how the writer came to have permission to approach and talk to the convicts, I shall in future numbers render these chapters more interesting and varied, by unfolding to you some of the stirring romances of real life which were communicated to me from time to time from the lips of the men who were chief actors therein.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SIGHING FOR THEE.

BY ALEXANDER KNIGHT.

Lonely I lie 'neath the sad drooping willow,
Listening to zephyrs glad some and free,
Gazing afar on the wild tossing billow,
Sighing for thee—sighing for thee.

Starlight is streaming o'er forest and mountain,
Echoes are lost in the silence of eve,
Sweet fancies, tripping by streamlet and fountain,
Love's tendrils weave—love's tendrils weave.

Lovely wert thou as a seraph immortal,
Fleeting thy course as a meteor bright;
Angels awaited thee over death's portal,
Beaming with light—beaming with light.

Life hath no charms for the sad and forsaken—
Fondly I turn to thy home;
Hearts that love truly, though sundered, shall waken,
Never to roam—never to roam.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A MODERN BELLE'S CAREER.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

"I SHALL never marry the old bachelor, so you need not annoy me any more, with an account of his fine reputation and love of the beautiful. I should rather take Sam Popinjay, without a ninepence in his pocket, and a cap without a vizor, than old Bland with his broadcloth, and his beaver done up in a Parisian hat case! What could a young lady like myself do with his crotchets and semiquavers? Instead of attending an opera, the dear old gentleman would require me to read to him an article 'on finances,' or 'how the war was progressing,' in lieu of taking my morning walk, and calling at the confectioner's and taking my lunch with Sam, I should be bound in a carriage, with the windows closed, and 'My dear, be careful of my foot, it is dreadfully swollen to-day.'—No; if there is anything on earth I despise, it is the union between an old man in his frosty age and a young lady in her dewy youth!"

"Carrie, dear, you shock me with your base comments! You know, my love, neither your father nor I should for a moment countenance an engagement between Mr. Popinjay and yourself. He may do well enough to flirt with a silly girl; but remember, child, to flirt with a gentleman is one thing, and to be married to him is quite another. Carrie, love, you must not be seen too often with Popinjay; and don't use his glass at the opera, child. Be very particular and not commit yourself, by leading him to indulge in the idea that you are really in love with him."

"But, mama, hasn't Sam a splendid moustache?—Isn't his embroidered vest a love of a thing? And what a heavy seal ring he wears upon his little finger!—and what a diamond breast-pin in his ruffle! How generous he is with his pocket-money—I should think he had a California mine that freely disgorged to him every morning. He is always on hand for an ice or an oyster stew and a *charlotte russe*; and then he contracts no debts, mama. He always pays as he goes, on the principle of papa's motto. I don't see," said Carrie (coaxing a stray curl as she uttered it), "I don't see what objection father would have to my being engaged to Mr. Popinjay. He is an only son, and his mother idolizes him; and if he should get married, he says his mama would treat his wife like a London doll."

"My child, you should not let such silly ideas take possession of you. Girls should never marry expecting to be treated like pets; I have had experience enough, Carrie, to warn you on this head. Ring, dear; I want Michael to reach me the cologne from the mantel. Do you remember, Carrie, what Inglis said about that cashmere scarf?—was there a shawl to match or not? Did he say the two might be purchased for fifteen hundred?—if so, love, I have a mind to take them, and let him send the bill to papa at the close of the year."

"O, do, mama; and at the same time let me take those Honiton laces and embroidered handkerchiefs, and that satin and gold brocade. Father will only say the same thing that he has repeated ever since I can remember—that women are extravagant lumps of vanity, and it takes a mint of money to supply their wants. And then, mother, if he complains of me, you can tell him you hired me, by the gift of those articles, to drop all connection with Mr. Popinjay, and that will settle the matter."

The articles were purchased, and placed to Mrs. Frizzle's account.

Carrie Frizzle soon after wore a diamond ring; she was not, however, as merry as formerly. Sam had given up his clerkship—there had been embezzlement, which the firm were determined to discover, and suspicious eyes had rested on Popinjay. Nothing was said as yet publicly, and Carrie could just as certainly certify Sam Popinjay's innocence, as she could attest that he had taken a salad and cup of Mocha with her that morning. But how on earth came this scandalous report in the morning paper under the caption, "Embezzlement!—It was currently reported in State Street, yesterday morning, that a case of singular embezzlement of funds was discovered by the book-keeper in the employ of Inglis & Co. Certain people are implicated in the higher circles, which we withhold from making public until a further investigation ensues. Meanwhile, we advise parents and guardians to beware of dandies with gold-headed walking-sticks, short Paris cloaks, a superfluity of finger rings, etc., who loiter in confectioners' saloons, and receive but small salaries for services rendered."

"What does that paragraph mean?" inquires Mr. Frizzle, as he jerks his newspaper, and wipes his spectacles afresh. "That's my opinion of such fellows as Popinjay. Now, daughter, if I ever know of your being seen in public with a young man that answers to the above description, remember a nunnery will be your future home. Yes," and Mr. Frizzle stamped his foot, "I call upon you to remember what I have just said!"

Carrie turned deadly pale; her mother interposed.

"Mr. Frizzle, do not be so angry without a cause—our Carrie is the real pink of propriety. My love, when were you last seen with Mr. Popinjay?"

"Not since the night he waited upon me at the opera, when that strange man clapped his hand on Sam's shoulder, and beckoned to another to step that way. I was placed in a carriage and came home alone! Poor fellow, I knew there was foul play somewhere; there is an envious feeling among a certain clique that are determined to put him down. I hope I shall be allowed to attest his innocence."

"The less you say about your connection with that fast young man, the better," quoth the father. "Daughter, he has been arrested for embezzlement; he has pawned his diamonds at a broker's, and is a miserable scamp. Did you hear, wife, that Bland's uncle has just died, and made of him a millionaire?—Well, it is so; and I have invited him to dine with us to-morrow. He still has an eye on you, Carrie; so wipe away your tears, and perchance you will be installed mistress of a granite house at the west end by and-by."

With some effort, Carrie was bought off to transfer her affections to the bachelor. A few diamonds, laces and brocades, and the promise that she would never be harassed about pin-money again; that she could go to the opera every night, and lunch at the confectioner's every day, made her extend her tiny hand to Mr. Bland, and give him a simpering smile.

It was always a mystery to us that love should so blind a man, who has lived long enough to know the raw material from the genuine article; we have thought the anxiety to make up for the interval wherein the sex are forsworn, may account for the superfluous attachment which afterwards disguises the cheat of fair pretensions with hollow hearts. And so the bachelor, strangely infatuated, loved the very girl whose likeness he had always ridiculed in another. He bought her diamonds and laces, consulted his mirror, and kept on his dressing-table hair dyes and perfumes, washes for the complexion, and a dream-book for morning interpretations. His asthma became less troublesome; his gout was mitigated, and since his fortune was increased, his popularity became unbounded. Cards of invitations to parties were sent in scores, single ladies "admired Mr. Bland," fathers greeted him with an extra bow, and even the pink of fashion tossed back her veil as he approached. But his race was short; and ever after he entered the church with Carrie Frizzle upon his arm, and came out with *his wife*, the excitement waned, and strange rumors were revived!

LITTLE CHILDREN.

I am fond of children. I think them the poetry of the world; the fresh flowers of our hearths and homes—little conjurers, with their "natural magic," evoking by their spells what delights and enriches all ranks, and equalizes the different classes of society. Often as they bring with them anxieties and cares, and live to occasion sorrow and grief, we should get on very badly without them. Only think, if there never was anything anywhere to be seen but great grown-up men and women! How should we long for the sight of a little child! Every infant comes into the world like a delegated prophet, the harbinger and herald of good tidings, whose office it is "to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children," and to draw "the disobedient to the wisdom of the just." A child softens and purifies the heart, warming and melting it by its gentle presence; it enriches the soul by new feelings, and awakens within it what is favorable to virtue. It is a beam of light, a fountain of love, a teacher whose lessons few can resist. Infants recall us from much that engenders and encourages selfishness, that freezes the affections, roughens the manners, indurates the heart; they brighten the home, deepen love, invigorate exertion, infuse courage, and vivify and sustain the charities of life. It would be a terrible world, I do think, if it was not embellished by little children.—*Binney.*

THE MORALS OF ART.—Coleridge says, "Every human feeling is greater and larger than the exciting cause, a proof that man is designed for a higher state of existence; and this is deeply implied in music, in which there is always something more and beyond the immediate expression." But not music only, every production of art ought to excite emotions greater, and thoughts larger than itself. Thoughts and emotions which never, perhaps, were in the mind of the artist, never were anticipated, never were intended by him, may be strongly suggested by his work. This is an important part of the morals of art which we must never lose sight of. Art is not only for pleasure and profit, but for good and for evil.—*Mrs. Jameson.*



A GROUP OF ARABIAN FEMALE DANCERS.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE ARABS.

The Arabs are fond of witnessing dancing, though they never engage in it themselves, conceiving it to be beneath the dignity of manhood. Our first engraving shows the costume of the female dancers. The professional dancers, male and female, but particularly the latter, are liberally patronized. The Arab dance is a sort of medium between the voluptuous andacidity of the Spanish bolero and the mystic pantomime of the Eastern bayaderes. It can hardly be called dancing. With her hair scattered in long tresses, her eyes gleaming, her lips half unclosed, and murmuring fragments of songs set to a mournful and monotonous tune, her cheeks inflamed, the Algerian bayadere revolves slowly and continuously. The head is thrown back and she seems plunged in a dreamy reverie, while the body is apparently a prey to a continued nervous shuddering. Three or four musicians accompany her—the first holding a two-stringed violin, the second a mandoline, and the third an earthen vessel closed with parchment. Nothing can be more disagreeable to European ears than their harmonies. The Arabs, as the dance continues, open their purses, and taking out pieces of money, lay them as offerings on the forehead, chin or lips of the dancers, whose heads, as we have before remarked, are thrown far back. The beauty of their art consists in continuing their revolutions without dropping one of these pieces of money. After having revolved in this way for a few minutes, the *dansusee* raises her head and drops the coins into a piece of drapery she holds in both hands as high as her shoulders; then she resumes her exercise, and prolongs it often many hours, until she falls fainting amidst the applause of the enraptured spectators. Another assumes the place of the fallen bayadere, and the dance is sometimes kept up in this way till morning. Other dancers appeal to the military passion of the Arabs by a sword-dance, which is the one represented in the engraving, and more spirited and interesting than the monotonous and everlasting pirouette of which the Arabs seem so enamored, and which wants the excitement of the Shaker whirl, because it has not the same dizzying rapidity. Our second engraving represents a funeral procession. If it be true, as Christian philosophers have taught, that the preparation for death is the aim and principal work of life, there is no man in the world who realizes these austere conditions, and knows how to die better than the Arab. He beholds his approaching dissolution with as much calmness as if he did not bear within him the germs of his coming end. When his strength fails him, he extends himself upon the ground, commends him to the protection of the Prophet, and with his face turned to the east, breathes his last sigh and leaves the world without being stripped of his garments. No testamentary dispositions to make, no religious duties to be accomplished, trouble the calmness of his exit at this final hour. He generally dies

without thinking of death, and it is the marabout, whose quack prescriptions have commonly hastened the final instant, who presides over the obsequies in his two-fold character of spiritual and temporal *lebib* (physician). There is much of grandeur and simplicity in the funeral ceremonies of the Mahometans. The body, shrouded in its "daily habit" for a winding-sheet, and exposed to all eyes, is borne on a horse, the bridle being held by a man on foot, while a long file of silent and chosen horsemen bring up the rear. The respect of the Orientals for death is well known. Distributions of provisions are made at the place of sepulture to the paupers and mendicants who have joined the funeral procession. Fig trees, laurel roses, limes and sycamores shade many of

infidel, and the faithful to lay aside the garments of the grave and appear in the presence of Allah. No inscription, no epitaph, indicates the name or rank of the deceased, and it remains for filial or conjugal piety to distinguish the sepulchre. A few rare tombs, surmounted by turbans sculptured in stone or marble, are the only indications of the last resting-place of certain persons who have occupied during their lives positions of distinction, or have possessed a large share of the goods of this world. Finally, some men, eminent for learning or piety, have obtained the honors of a dome or santon containing their mortal remains, assiduously visited by devotees of Islamism, as the relics of martyrs were and still are, in certain European countries. Our third engraving represents a visit to a cemetery. To the tomb of these great saints the faithful Mussulmen come in cavalcades, at certain commemorative epochs of the year, to pay the honors of a volley, a funeral fantasia, in return for which they feel sure of obtaining, from the fortunate person thus honored by the eloquence of gunpowder, all the property, dignity and sovereign remedies which they disdain to procure, or despair of obtaining, by the temporal methods within reach of the vulgar. This act of interested piety is faithfully and picturesquely rendered in our third engraving. We have next to sketch the bridal ceremonies of the Arabs, as shown in our last engraving. The peculiarity of the marriage contract is that the husband bestows a dowry on the wife. The happy pair never see each other till the arrangement is irrevocably settled. On the marriage day only, the "high contracting parties" are brought together for the first time, in the midst of feasting, processions, illuminations and other ways of rejoicing, varying according to the local customs of the different provinces and districts. Although marriage, with the Mahometans, owing to the facility of repudiation, is a much less serious affair than among Christian nations, and does not occupy a life-time, still the poorest make it a point of honor to celebrate it worthily. It is by a warlike cavalcade (fantasia), in which gunpowder discourses most eloquently, that the bride is escorted to the kadi's house, and



AN ARABIAN FUNERAL PROCESSION.

the cemeteries. The field of death commonly extends in every direction around inhabited places. The dead man is laid in his last bed, with his breast elevated, inclined to one side and leaning on the left elbow, so that he may rise more readily at the sound of the last trumpet of judgment. The structure of the tomb is rude, and a few narrow stones, piled in a rectangular form, compose the whole monument. But the mouth of the grave is carefully covered with flag-stone or brick masonry, with the design of guarding the dead from the teeth of the jackals, or the still more dreaded voracity of the *ghouls* (vampires). A sort of funnel of baked earth is placed over the head of the deceased, doubtless that he may better hear the voice of the angel who, on the day of the resurrection, will summon the

afterwards to the conjugal domicile. Matrimonial fantasias differ very little from the mock skirmishes described so often by travellers, in which the Arabs execute the movements of attack and retreat—when, launching their horses at full gallop, and whirling their gins above their heads with one hand, uttering their war-cries, they discharge their fire-arms in the very face of the venerated individual in whose honor they spare neither powder nor horse flesh. Sometimes they execute a fantasia on foot. The men, clothed in their best apparel, advance with a clumsy step towards the women who are seated and arranged in a long file, the bride occupying the centre. When they come before her, they discharge their muskets, and then retiring with the same grotesque dancing step, reload their pieces at some distance.



VISIT TO A CEMETERY.

During this time all the women utter a piercing cry, a sort of shrill, high keyed trill on the syllable *you! you!* which they sustain with incredible force of breath and precision of intonation, often a minute or more, and which ends with an abrupt, unforeseen and simultaneous fall to the octave. The effect of this singular accompaniment, heard above the peals of musketry and the shouts of the masculine portion of the assembly, can only be compared to the stunning harmony of a distant concert of frogs. Although the Arabs leave the amusement of dancing to the women, some men adopt it as a profession. The ghellabs, shown in the fourth engraving, are dancers of the simplest and most rudimentary school. They turn round incessantly, with very strange and ungraceful contortions. The music, principally of the tambourine, whose beats regulate the motions of the dancers, is monotonous and disagreeable. Such are the principal amusements of a people who have undergone no change of manners for many centuries, and who at least have the merit of being satisfied with very little—a trait of rare philosophy in human nature.

PAPER AND INK.

The Egyptian papyrus was probably the first rude material, partaking of the nature of paper, ever manufactured for the purposes of record. It was made from the inner rind of a peculiar rush growing upon the banks of the Nile. The production of this material can hardly be called a manufacture, since it required no machinery or added ingredients to produce it. The rushes were gathered, split asunder, placed side by side, and, after being wet with the waters of the Nile, which were supposed to possess an agglutinating property, subjected to pressure. To obtain increased strength and thickness, another layer was thus arranged and placed transversely over the first, and then pressed together. Thus prepared, after being polished by smooth stones, it was fit for use. The Egyptian inks are all of them carbonaceous in their nature, and are remarkable for their intensity and durability. The papyrus covered with hieroglyphics deposited in tombs more than three thousand years ago, has apparently suffered but little change during the lapse of ages. Nasmyth, an English chemist, has recently shown that the early Egyptians were acquainted with, and made use of, the same kind of indelible or marking ink that we are using in our day. He has shown that some markings upon mummy cloth were made with the nitrate of silver. If his experiments are correct, we must conclude that the Egyptians were acquainted with nitric acid—a very remarkable fact for the consideration of chemists. The Chinese have made their peculiar kind of paper for many hundred years. It is probable that the Arabs derived their ideas of paper-making from the Chinese, and introduced its manufacture into Spain, early in the thirteenth century. Paper was manufactured entirely by hand up to the commencement of the present century, a very laborious and expensive process. By means of machinery, what is accomplished now in about three minutes, fifty years ago required at least three weeks to perform. The first continuous web of paper was made by machinery in 1804. The discovery of the bleaching properties of chlorine was of immense importance to the paper manufacturer, as by its magic power the colored and filthy rags are speedily rendered of snowy whiteness, and fit to be converted into delicate white paper. Paper may be made of almost any kind of vegetable substance. It is, indeed, a curious fact in the history of invention, that within a period of a few months, great exultation has been manifested over what is regarded as a new invention in paper manufacture, when these same results were produced nearly a century ago. A German chemist made paper from the shavings of beech wood in 1772. This ingenious person published a work on the paper manufacture, which work was printed upon paper made from sixty different kinds of vegetable substances. These sixty varieties



THE GHELLABS.

embraced paper made from the barks of many different kinds of trees, from straw, vines, cabbage stumps, grass, potatoes, weeds, bones, etc., etc. Decay takes place in paper from what may be called *eremacausis*, or slow combustion. Writing paper consists of woody fibres, having animal matter as a size upon its surface. This combination of animal and vegetable matter increases the number of products of eremacausis, such as carbon and nitrate of ammonia, carbonated and sulphuretted hydrogen and water, all of which favor the growth of a peculiar kind of fungi upon the paper, which insinuate themselves between the fibre, causing a free admission of air, which hastens decay. With powerful microscopes these plants called fungi may be seen in decaying manuscripts. They produce discoloration of the paper, and where they have not taken root, may be destroyed by ammonia or any alkali. Any of the salts of mercury, copper or zinc, incorporated with the pulp and manufactured into the paper, would tend greatly to prevent this spontaneous decomposition in paper, and that used for very valuable documents, intended to be preserved for many years, should be thus prepared. The renewed attempts which have been made to manufacture paper from beech wood, or any kind of wood, or barks or vines, are not regarded as practically very promising. Still, with the rapid progress of chemical science and the arts, this field of investigation should by no means be abandoned as barren of important results. Inks may be divided into two distinct classes; those which hold carbon in a minutely subdivided state in solution, and those which partake of the nature of dyes. Of this latter class is that kind so universally used, made from nutgalls and the sulphate of iron. This ink, chemically speaking, is a tanno-gallate of iron. When recently prepared, it is quite pale when used upon paper, but in a short time after exposure to the air, it changes to a darker hue. This change is effected in consequence of the iron taking on a higher degree of oxydation. The pototamati and protogallate of iron are changed into the pergalbate and pertannate of

this metal. When writing in which this ink is used becomes yellow and indistinct from age, it is from decay of the vegetable portion of the ink. By making an infusion of nutgalls and tracing over the writing, it may be made more legible. In making paper from inferior rags, an excess of chlorine is used, and on such paper the best ink will become discolored. This variety of ink is much less durable than that prepared from carbon, and besides it is easily destroyed and rendered colorless. A weak solution of oxalic acid spread over writing done with this ink completely changes and destroys its color. The sulphate of iron is converted into oxalate of iron, which salt is colorless. An excellent ink may be prepared from an infusion of logwood, by adding prussiate and bichromate of potasse. This ink is not a suspended precipitate, but a clean solution, from which no deposit is produced. It is not changed or destroyed by weak acids. Its cost per gallon is less than two cents. A very durable carbon ink may be made from an acetous solution of gluten—the gluten derived from wheat flour is to be dissolved in very diluted acetic acid, and carbon in the form of calcined lampblack added to it. This ink should be used in all valuable records and writings of importance. All printing inks are carbon inks. The ink used in printing bills is easily removed by using the hydro carbons, thus dissolving the oil in which the carbon is held, and washing off the carbon by water. No ink has as yet been prepared which will resist the manipulations of the chemist. Chemical agents may, however, be employed in the manufacture of paper, such as the iodide of potassium, feno cyanide of potassium, and starch, which, when chemical agents are applied to remove the ink, will easily decompose, and produce discolorization of the paper, and thus prevent fraud. The chemical facts given above, were offered in a lecture by Dr. Nichols, recently, at Comer's Commercial College in Boston. The lecturer made several interesting experiments, such as the extemporaneous manufacture of inks, and removing them from paper by means of chemical agents, etc. A beautiful experiment, illustrative of the instantaneous production of change of color by chemical agents was made. A colorless liquid was poured from a vessel into three separate glasses, producing in one an intense purple, in another a green, and another a red.

CAPTURE OF A RUSSIAN PRISONER.

The last day I was in the trenches, while a slight skirmish was going on in front and in a covered way, I met one of our riflemen and a Russian rifleman walking slowly together. As I came nearer, I saw that the Russian was limping along in pain, resting his hands on our fellow's shoulder, who, with two rifles under his arm and a pipe in his mouth, was walking easily and coolly along, evidently giving his wounded opponent some good advice, which I have no doubt was all the better relished for not being understood. Struck with the singularity of their appearance, I waited till they approached, and asked the rifleman how he got his prisoner. "Is it where did I get him, sir?" said he, with an accent of indignant surprise; "faith I shot him with my own two hands." "When did you shoot him?" I inquired. "When? I shot him down there, of course," said he, pointing to the "ovens" where there had been a slight skirmish. "He was down there behind a wall, sir, taking aim with his legs out, when I hit him with my last round in the knee; and I've got his pipe, sir, and I've got his bacca, sir, and all I want now is his boots, and I'm leading him to the hospital, when I can take 'em off comfortable." Having said this much with a droll earnestness, to which no words can do justice, he quietly resumed his way towards the rear, assisting and helping his poor, wounded prisoner, who, during the whole time of our dialogue, had been bowing, cap in hand, from one to the other, as if to implore our mercy and protection.—*English Paper.*



AN ARABIAN BRIDAL PARTY.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER IN HEAVEN?

BY MARY N. DEARBORN.

Say, in that land of beauty,
Of gladness evermore,
Shall we not quaff the pleasures
Of early friendships o'er?

When all that's mortal resteth
Within its narrow home,
Shall friends at heaven's portal
Reckon us to come?

Will they not waft us onward,
In raptures to the throne,
And tell to us the story
Of multitudes unknown?

We love our earthly treasures
With an unfeeling love,
And shall we not, rejoicing,
United, sing above?

O yes! methinks the pleasures
That friendship lendeth here,
Shall be alone perfected
In dearer union there.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

EMPIRE OF BURMAH.

BY DR. J. V. C. SMITH.

Its organization is an anomaly, and the government, in all respects, may be regarded as a phenomenon. A new interest has been elicited in the people of that far off nation of late, in consequence of the difficulties existing between themselves, or rather their indolent, ignorant, despotic emperor and the British power in India.

All travellers who have penetrated into the country, uniformly extol its natural beauties, productiveness and immense capabilities under the protection of a just system of laws. Perhaps the American missionaries have a better knowledge of the character and resources of Burmah than Europeans. By the indefatigable labors of the servants of the Foreign Baptist Missionary Board, considerable insight into the modern condition of the empire has been achieved. While others realize their insecurity, and therefore rarely venture far into the interior, the missionaries have been dauntless and daring. They have sustained themselves by strictly practising the precepts of their Divine Master—doing as they would be done unto. Without arms, or indeed, any protection but the panoply of righteousness, they have lived many years on excellent terms with some of the highest official dignitaries, and while preaching the gospel, have in no wise neglected to improve their opportunities for studying their institutions.

As the history of Burmah is not contemplated in the following observations, the writer does not intend to do more than advert to some of the peculiar characteristics of this great family of Asiatics, who differ essentially, both physically and morally, from other occupants of that section of the continent.

Like all those who are under the almost perpetual influence of a burning sun, the Burmese have dark skins, black eyes, somewhat angular orbits, black hair, and as a whole they are timid, treacherous, indolent and quite incapable, under their native princes, of making any progression towards either a moral or political elevation. An hereditary monarch wields the sceptre of supreme, uncontrolled authority. When the throne becomes vacant by death, a mighty, and generally, a bloody struggle ensues between contending brothers. Every measure of government is excessively arbitrary. Not the least show of reason is perceptible in the management of public affairs. Getting and keeping are the prominent acts of the ruler and his ministers. Such oppression as obtains in Burmah, is not uncommon among semi-barbarous people; but they, of all others, are the most ingenious in their means of engendering wretchedness.

Human happiness seems not to be contemplated, while the infliction of corporeal misery is a study requiring no extraordinary effort. Without written laws, the will of the sovereign, however disposed to act on the principles of equity, is sure to be misrepresented or perverted, in being circulated over the kingdom. Burmah, therefore, suffers all the grievances naturally resulting from the selfishness of the king and the cupidity of his officers of every grade.

There being no standing army, the sustaining pillar of all arbitrary governments but this, if the great chiefs rebel, prove unfaithful to their trusts, or crush the masses into the dust, there are but two ways by which they can be punished or overawed into submission.

Robbers and cut-throats are the ultimate reliance of the government. Throughout Burmah, bands and single-handed individuals of a daring, reckless spirit prowl over the realm in search of plunder. Thousands of them have a kind of license from the state to pursue their predatory calling, and in return for the privilege, a tacit understanding exists, that when soldiers are required for the king's service, they are bound to come forward to his majesty's assistance. Such a call is hailed with pleasure, because it opens a prospect of villanous gain on a larger field of operations, and the mercenaries run together in great numbers to receive the orders of the court.

Not a man of them receives a farthing of pay, neither are they provided with arms, clothing or rations, however difficult or hazardous may be the proposed scheme of service. This, on all

emergencies, is the nucleus of an army, whether of defence or aggression. The next movement is to make use of them to enlarge the government forces by impressment of the villagers, whatever their occupation or however ignorant of war; and, in short, any and every male they can secure by a sudden surprisal.

On reaching the camp, the new recruits are compelled to provide for their own necessities, even as prisoners. But their actual wants are few, compared with the demands of European soldiers. Fruits abound, and animal food being less esteemed than in colder climates, or nature requiring a simpler regimen to keep the vital apparatus in a condition for action, finding themselves in provisions is the least of their hardships.

A remarkable feature of this policy consists in seizing the wife and children of the kidnapped soldier, who are kept as hostages, to be punished for any unfaithfulness of the poor fellow who is to fight the battles the destinies have in reserve for him. Should he desert, the most awful cruelties are meted out upon the unhappy family, which only terminate with the death of every member of it. Thus a large circle of relatives not unfrequently are utterly exterminated. Life is of no possible value to tyrants. He is greatest who has the fewest to govern. Individual authority is augmented in proportion to the ability to torture and destroy. Supreme selfishness is predominant in every breast.

Notwithstanding these dark shades in the national character, and the demoniacal spirit that influences those who entertain ambitious designs, there are some exceptions to this forbidding picture. There is a numerous and influential priesthood, called phoongees, who are Buddhists. Their possessions are immense, their houses the best in the land, generally connected with extensive domains, and being conducted, in their every-day economy, much like monasteries in Asia Minor, all the literature and certainly all knowledge beyond the common walks of hamlet life, is monopolized by this monastic and highly privileged body. They seem to be above law and beyond the reach of annoyance. Some of their establishments in the large cities, are enormously elaborate, and not unfrequently have two hundred acres of land attached. With all their controlling power, which can be exercised with unlimited effect on the minds of the poor, ignorant, obsequious creatures who constitute the nation, to their credit it is admitted by the best informed travellers, that they are strictly virtuous. Temperance, frugality and piety—that is Buddhism—uniformly distinguish this numerous priesthood. It is the more striking, taking into account their supposed heathen enthusiasm, and their non-acquaintance with the divine precepts of Christianity.

Priests never marry, and yet their lives are above suspicion in respect to immoralities that are usually charged to a people without the pale of moral Christian culture. Both the dwellings as well as the persons of the phoongees are sacred. In no event, let the circumstances be what they may, can any liberties be taken with either. Their heads are invariably shorn of all hair, and their dress is always yellow. Thus there is no mistaking a priest, for his clothing, light and airy, forever has the same color. In short, they have the best of life in Burmah, with the expectation of bettering their condition hereafter. With the priests, who are the instrumentalities for actually maintaining the authority which his majesty wields, is lodged all the literary industry found in the country. They write, or rather have written in remote times, a vast number of books. No subject on which their thoughts may have dwelt, seems to have been omitted. On medicine and theology, however, they have bestowed a surprising amount of mechanical skill.

Both pagodas and monasteries are filled to inconvenience with wooden books—the sheets being thin, about two inches in width, and of various lengths, from two to ten or twenty inches. With a sharp instrument the letters are drawn expeditiously and neatly. Two holes are made through each leaf, by which they are threaded on a wooden pin running through the whole. All the volumes brought to the United States have proved beautiful specimens of native chirography. Those most in request on account of their profundity or other qualities which we cannot estimate, are profusely gilded and choicely cared for in bags or mats, and packed away where they are not likely to incur injury.

Mechanical ingenuity, in some respects, is of a low standard. They produce a great many things fabricated with extremely rude tools. Their finest specimens, compared with European or American products, are wonderfully executed, while some are miserable abortions. Still, poor as they are, and rude, as curiosities, their domestic conveniences are contemplated with amazement. In the manufacture of bells, they excel all other nations. Whether the composition of the metal, the magnitude of some which have been examined by foreigners, or the position given to them, contributes to their excellence of tone, is not ascertained. Some of the largest sized, compared with the hugest ever cast in Europe, are monsters in magnitude, not unfrequently being ten or fifteen feet in diameter. They are suspended near the ground, exposed completely to the weather, and are without tongues. Their tone is delightful to the ear—so soft, that the merest tap of a rattle on the rim puts the mighty mass in a gentle tremor that thrills upon every nerve in the body, while it rolls onward and the vibrations put in commotion the surrounding atmosphere at a prodigious distance.

A party of English officers succeeded at Rangoon, when the citizens made their escape on the approach of the E. I. Company's forces, in unhanging one of the great bells, which they intended to convey to England as a trophy. In the act of hoisting it on board a steamer, however, it broke from the ropes and fell into the river, where all hope or expectation of recovering it was abandoned. When the boat moved away the natives at once gathered about the bank, and by divers and various schemes

best known to themselves, recovered the bell, which they transported back to its old position, where it still remains, bidding defiance to the vandalism of the white-faced invaders.

Over the exterior, inscriptions, mottoes and aphorisms abound, which the priests superintend with a vigilance commendable to their taste at least, if no reference were had to the perpetuation of moral sentiments. An opinion has been advanced that the extraordinary tone of the Burmese bells is due to the presence of silver, introduced in much larger proportions than is usual with European founders.

All the first class of the old Spanish bells in the religious structures of Mexico, are magnificent in tone, and rapture the air to immense distances when their powers are brought out by a heavy fall of an iron clapper. This quality is imparted by the large quantity of silver, supposed to be nearly one-half.

Throughout the whole of Burmah, as far as it has been seen by travellers, pagodas abound. Every hill and commanding elevation is crowned by one of these singularly contrived structures. Some of them are several hundred feet high, octagonal, with projecting eaves on each story, at the angles of which small bells are suspended, by the side of which is a little copper leaf, that the slightest zephyr puts in motion. The slightest contact with the bell is sufficient to elicit a sound, and hence there is rarely a moment when the heavens are not vocal with an infinitude of sweet sounds that seem to be falling from the clouds. The colossal pagoda of Rangoon is gilded from the top to the bottom, and at a few hundred rods distance appears like a column of fire, flashing and illuminating the whole region around.

A fierce war is now raging between the Burmese and the East India Company. By frequent invasions, the officers in the service of the Company have availed themselves of the protection of their own cannon to study the resources of the country; at the same time a collection of statistical memoranda have been given through the army officers, to publications in Calcutta, explanatory of the internal circumstances of the cities and river towns, where steamers recently ploughed their way for the first time, through the turbid streams of his Burman majesty's dominions.

Formerly, Ava was the capital, and hence the government is spoken of in public documents as the Court of Ava. But Umahpooa is the capital at present, and the residence of the royal family. It contains an assumed population of 200,000. Rangoon has 80,000; Bassein 40,000, and Prome, out of which the inhabitants fled on the approach of the English, may have had between 40 and 60,000. A city called Doonooyoo is beginning to have considerable importance. Very little appears to have been known about it till since the breaking out of the war. Its population is computed at 80,000; and Yangcensiah numbers about the same. There are many more cities, no doubt, far superior to these in wealth, resources and population, but the information concerning them is not of an authentic character. Of the entire population of the country, nothing is certainly known.

With a fertile soil of unsurpassed richness, agriculture is scarcely recognized. The culture is miserable as far as it goes, and under the control of the singular race who are wandering over the inviting landscape, no progress is to be anticipated. Rearing cattle and goats is not an employment. Numerous herds roam from one favorable place for pasturage to another, according to the circumstances of the season, but not under the care of shepherds, as has been the custom in Asia Minor since the deluge; the Burmese have neither herdsmen nor shepherds. They are so wedded to nomadic freedom, it would be a difficult undertaking to make them till the ground.

Fine horses, unless introduced from the British possessions, are strange animals in the Burmese territories. A small breed of hardy, nimble-footed ponies, however, are raised in great plenty. On those, soldiers are fond of assaulting their enemies. Wild cattle range through the gorges and mountainous provinces by millions, increasing instead of diminishing.

For draught, pleasure riding, hunting the tiger, and the weightier operations of war, the domesticated elephant is the reliance of the Burmese. Some of these animals are of prodigious size and strength. They are worked to drag logs, heavy burdens of every kind, perform all the drudgery and bear their harsh masters wherever they may direct. They are taught to crook one of their fore legs in a manner to make two steps to enable the rider to mount their necks, from whence he crawls up to the pillion on their backs. Docile, obedient to a proverb, and capable of being useful, at a trifling expense to the proprietors, for a hundred years in succession, the elephant is to Burmah, what the camel is to the Bedouin Arabs, the strength, wealth and companion of the family.

Not contemplating in this sketch, a minute description of all the resources of this singular, out-of-the-way country, no attempt at minutiae will be attempted.

A few small river steamers have been in constant activity since the war commenced, in transporting troops, munitions and luggage up the Irawaddy. They were new sights to the Burmese, and their dread of them cannot be overcome by familiarity with their appearance. They have ascended as far as Pegu, and whole armies collected to intercept the landing forces, have once or twice run for dear life at the first glimpse of the steam pipe. They cannot comprehend the mystery of their construction, to drink in cold water and throw it out again boiling hot! Rangoon and Prome were easy conquests in consequence of the terror infused into the soldiery by the automatic movements of the fire monsters from Calcutta and Maulmain.

An intelligent spectator of what is going on at this time in Burmah, in a communication to the Friend of India, an admirable

paper in Calcutta, says that hundreds of families are living in boats, kept afloat in the neighborhood of their king's armies, to escape pillage and abominations that are practised by the robber soldiers of which the forces are mainly composed. The people have discovered the humanity of the Company's forces, and as far as they can, with impunity, throw off their allegiance to his exacting majesty, and place themselves under the protection of General Godwin, the commander-in-chief.

One of the most celebrated of the Burmese generals in command, a son of an exalted personage, Maha Bondoola, early in November last, fled to the British and abandoned the cause of his regal master. His name was considered a tower of strength, says the writer, to his countrymen, but the moment the guns of Prome were taken by Captain Tarlton, a daring feat in the eyes of the on-shore people, the king became excessively alarmed. It appears that he laid the blame on his general, the brave Bundoola, the offspring of the mighty Bondoola, and for the purpose, no doubt, of wreaking a royal vengeance on the unfortunate commander, sent orders to have him sent to Ava in woman's clothes. Knowing full well the destiny that awaited him when once in the possession of the enraged monarch, he fled instantaneously from his own camp, in which he would have been a degraded prisoner in half a moment more, to the enclosure of the British general, fortunately escaping a flood of bullets fired at him by the picket guards.

About eight miles below Prome, there are two small islands in the river, on one side of which is the channel. Thirty cannon had been arranged up high on an embankment, to cut off any craft that might have the temerity to attempt passing the islands. An immense mountain, facing the river, exceedingly lofty and almost overhanging the water, was covered by a vast rabble of the Burmese, armed with muskets, who were to fire down upon the English troops, should they presume to undertake the perilous feat of running up the stream in the face of the splendid battery prepared to intercept their progress. During the whole war, they have on no former occasion displayed so much ingenuity as in the plan to protect the stronghold of Prome.

This was Bundoola's command, including the city above. On the opposite side of the islands there was the dry bed of a creek, uniting with the main river trunk above and below, in which the water so rarely flows that it never for once occurred to Bundoola or his engineers to fortify it, or in any manner pay attention to it, on account of the impossibility of navigating boats in that direction. Strange as it proved in the sequel, when the light draught steamboats with the British soldiers arrived at that point, and discovered the bloody reception that would be given them in the event of running under the brow of the mountain, they hesitated, without knowing what course to adopt. A Burmese pilot on board suggested the possibility of going round the islands through the creek, in which the water was evidently rising. No sooner than said, it was done, and the entire fleet went through without the least impediment, to the utter confusion and disappointment of the liars-in-wait, who were powerless. On went the boats beyond them without hindrance, and Prome became an easy conquest.

It was this ruse that maddened the king, and led to the defection of Bundoola. He saw that with an enemy in their midst, and a victorious one, too, who could not be controlled by any system of tactics known to him, and death being certain in one direction, while life was sure in the other, the general acted upon an old principle, that discretion is the better part of valor, and thus saved himself while he could.

No subject of the king who has been unfortunate in a battle, or in any manner has failed to carry out the instructions of the court, has the least chance for length of days, if once in possession of the government. Human life has no value in Burmah, and yet the blood of a beast or bird is never willingly shed. They perfectly abhor the thought of killing an animal. Fish is an essential part of their food, but never, it is averred, is meat swallowed. Even the turtles, which are innumerable in the rivers, of a remarkable size and excellent aliment, in universal estimation among Christians, if nowhere else, are never molested. Pigs, dogs and cats swarm by millions in the streets of the cities, and in fact, the whole kingdom is one vast kennel, pig-stye and cat-range, excessively annoying, and an abounding nuisance of inconceivable magnitude.

From the remotest epoch, the Orientals have been celebrated above all others for their skill in jugglery. In balancing, walking on stilts, playing with a number of brass balls, rings, throwing knives, swallowing swords or piercing themselves with spears, suspending their bodies by tendons or hooking up a muscle and swinging to and fro at the extremity of a rope made fast to a bleeding wound, they put all other exhibitors to confusion.

After an attentive examination of the scheme of warfare pursued by the Governor-General of India, and the kind of defence on the part of the Burmese, it seems probable that the kingdom must ultimately be subjugated to the British arms. No people of Asia, however determined on resistance, can stand before the Anglo-Saxon. He is destined to carry the principles of civil liberty over the globe. Civilization, accompanied by the arts, the sciences, and all those appliances which elevate humanity, is in the care and keeping of this all-subduing, victorious family of men. When another chapter in the progress of the struggle for the extension of British power over the imperfectly known territories of Burmah is promulgated, we shall renew our researches and publish the facts as they are developed.

Believe nothing against another but upon good authority; nor report what may hurt another, unless it may be a greater hurt to others to conceal it.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

BERTRAND DE BORN.

BY CARL RUPERT.

[The tale in number 10 of the Pictorial, entitled "Coronation Day," has called out a correspondent, who has furnished the following historical details respecting Bertrand de Born, the hero of that tale.]

THE German poet Uhland, wishing to express the "Might of Song," has chosen this minstrel hero for the subject of a ballad, which is accounted one of his best, and which I offer you in a translation. Mrs. Jameson, in her *Lives of the Poets*, gives the story on which the poet has based his version. "Bertrand de Born exercised in his time a fatal influence in the counsels and politics of England. A close and ardent friendship existed between him and young Henry Plantagenet, the eldest son of our Henry the Second; and the family dissensions which distracted the English court, and the unnatural rebellion of Henry and Richard against their father, were his work. It happened sometime after the death of Prince Henry, that the king of England besieged Bertrand de Born in one of his castles. The resistance was long and obstinate, but at length the warlike troubadour was taken prisoner and brought before the king, so justly incensed against him, and from whom he had no mercy to expect. The heart of Henry was still bleeding by the wrongs inflicted by his ungrateful children, and he saw before him and in his power, the primary cause of their misdeeds, and his own bitter sufferings. Bertrand was on the point of being led out to death, when by a single word he reminded the king of his lost son, and the tender friendship which had existed between them, when Henry bursting into tears, turned aside, and commanded Bertrand and his followers to be immediately set at liberty, and even restored to Bertrand his castle and his lands, in the name of his dead son." Now for Uhland:

On the steep, in ruins smoky,
Autafort, the castle, stands;
By the king's pavilion standeth
Now its lord in fetter-bands.
"Com'st thou, who with song and weapon
Stirred rebellion through my lands,
Who hast dared estrange the children
From their father's own commands.

"Art before me, thou, who boasted
Once in proud and haughty strain,
That but half thy spirit's courage
Never wouldst thou need again!
What can now its half avail thee,
When thou askest all in vain,
That it build again thy castle,
And thy fetters break in twain?"

"As thou say'st, my lord and monarch,
Standeth here Bertrand de Born,
Who with but a song inflaming
Perigord and Ventadorn,
Was to thee, thy mighty master,
In thy eyes, a stinging thorn,
For whose love thy princely children
Bore their father's ire in scorn.

"In thy castle sat thy daughter,
Fair arrayed as prince's bride,
Then before her sang my minstrel,
Sang the word I did confide;
Sang the poet's song of longing,
What was once her only pride,
Till her tears bedewed his vesture,
Tears of love, no more denied.

"From the olive's slumbrous shadows
Came thy fondest son to hear,
As my song of battle proudly
Echoed through his passive ear.
Quick his charger then he girded,
While I waved the banner near,
Went he forth to meet death's arrow
Where proud Montfort's portals peer.

"In my arms he sank all bloody;
Not the steel, that pierced the vein,
Gave his life the fatal death wound.
No, it was thy curse's bane.
Still he stretched his hand unto thee
Over mountain, sea and plain.
But he could not reach his father's,
So he pressed my own again.

"Then like Autafort above thee,
Broken was my former might,
Gone were chords, the stock remaining
Could not whole nor half requite.
Freely thou the arm hast fettered,
When the spirit lies in blight,
And with hymns of sorrow only
Can I now thy ear invite."

"Thou hast won my son's affections,"
Said the king, with lowered brow,
"Hast my daughter's heart enchanted,
—E'en my own—I know not how!
Friend of the dead! the hand I offer
Should have sealed his pardon's vow;
Off the fetters! From thy spirit
Comes a breath, that soothes me now!"

In a more general way the celebrated Heine has employed the troubadour's name in a few verses, which have the same purport:

Nobility on every feature,
Upon his front speaks thought mature,
And every heart he makes his creature,
Bertrand de Born, the troubadour.

With sweetest of all sounds he sought her,
The lioness Plantagenet,
And all her children, sons and daughter,
He lured within his fatal net.

And how he dared befool the sire!
In tears dissolved the kingly scorn,
When once he struck his song and lyre,
That troubadour, Bertrand de Born!

READING AND WRITING.

Those accomplishments are the most excellent and most worthy of cultivation which contribute most largely to the happiness of others. I place that of reading well before every one of the arts which usually are so designated; and certainly, had I the fairy's power to bestow on those I loved the gift which should most endear them to others—not of course including good principle, good sense and good temper—I would give them the power of delighting their own family circle by reading and talking well. The former art especially is cultivated far too little for the health as well as the happiness of young women; so much is it neglected, that probably twenty can sing pleasingly for every one that can read agreeably. Yet we cannot doubt that a voice for singing is comparatively rare, and that almost any one who chooses to do so, can read so as to give pleasure. Perhaps there are two reasons for the general neglect of this charming accomplishment. In the first place, we are far too apt to cultivate most carefully that which is to please in society, and to neglect those arts which can contribute to domestic happiness; we sing for our acquaintances to excite the admiration, or, it may be, the envy of people who see us but seldom, and would not greatly care if they never saw us again. But in being able to read well a good poem or play, or even the debates in parliament, we are only likely to give pleasure to an invalid father or brother, or perhaps a group of younger brothers and sisters. But to increase the happiness of but one of our home circle ought to be a source of far more satisfaction to us, than the applause of any stranger whatever. To wile away the dreary hours of pain and sickness—to charm a group of young listeners into forgetfulness of the rain or snow that is preventing them from enjoying their usual sports—these are objects we can easily attain, and from which we shall derive such real happiness, that they are well worth a little effort.—*Mrs. Pullan.*

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HARVESTINGS. *Sketches in Prose and Verse.* By SYDIL HASTINGS. Boston: Wm. Fetridge & Co. 12mo. pp. 329.

Volumes of sketches are quite fashionable now in the literary world, and the fashion has preserved many writings quite too good to be lost. The idea of not making a book till you write continuously on one theme, is obsolete. The stories before us are quite spirited. The poems are not, as we understand, by the writer of the prose.

A LAST LOOK AT THE UNITED STATES. By Capt. OLDMIXON. Geo. Routledge & Co., London and New York.

A work by an English traveller, who appears observant and intelligent. He tells his English readers in his preface, that this country is "equal in power and influence to England." For sale by Redding & Co.

THE TOWER OF LONDON. By W. H. AINSWORTH. New York: Geo. Routledge & Co.

Ainsworth writes English historical romance as Dumas does French. The "Tower of London" is full of interest and excitement, with vividly sketched characters. For sale by Redding & Co.

THE WAYS OF LIFE. By Rev. G. S. WEAVER. Author of *Hopes and Helps*. Fowler & Wells, 142 Washington Street.

The author labors in an earnest way to present to his readers the worth and beauty of the spirit-life, in opposition to a gross and impure existence, so as to "win their love, and secure their approving actions." The style as well as subjects treated of in the book are attractive.

THE HEIRESS OF BELLEFORT. By EMERSON BENNETT. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

Mr. Bennett is a prolific author, and has produced a number of novelettes, which have all enjoyed much popularity. He deals in startling incidents, and tells his stories in energetic language. That before us is the best he has yet written. For sale by Federhan & Co.

A HISTORY OF GREECE. By WM. SMITH, LL.D. Edited by C. C. Felton, LL.D. Boston: Hicckling, Swan & Brown. 1855. 8vo. pp. 670.

This work consists of two parts—the first, by Dr. William Smith, the well-known author of the *Dictionaries of "Greek and Roman Antiquities," "Biography and Mythology,"* and "Geography," extends from the earliest time to the Roman Conquest. In the second part, Professor Felton, who has furnished admirable notes to Smith's portion, continues the narrative to the present time. He has executed his task in a manner worthy of his high reputation as a scholar. The work was intended for schools; but it is so full, and contains so many details, that it will not be an unacceptable addition to any library. It is printed in very elegant style, and amply illustrated throughout.

NEW MUSIC. Oliver Ditson, No. 115 Washington Street.

"Farewell to Avon," words by W. H. C. Hosmer, music by J. H. McNaughton; *Elegy on Words of Schiller and Tennyson*, by Adolph Kielblock; "Southern Nightingale Polka," by S. Owen Swallow, and "Farewell, the Spell is Broken," by W. W. Batchelder.

FIRST GEOGRAPHY FOR CHILDREN. By Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

From writing romance to preparing school-books is a wide step; but as Mrs. Stowe was a teacher before she took up novel-writing, she is well fitted to instruct the youthful mind. It is a clear and well arranged treatise, neatly illustrated by maps and engravings.

THE STANDARD FOURTH READER. By EPES SARGENT. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 322.

The "Standard Speaker," and "First Class Standard Reader," by the same author, enjoy an extraordinary popularity, and have created a demand for an introductory work, which the volume before us supplies. It is well filled with fresh and choice selections of poetry and prose, while the preliminary exercises in articulation, pronunciation and accent are truly admirable.

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF SCOTLAND. VOL. V. MARY STUART. By AGNES STRICKLAND. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. 12mo.

Mary, Queen of Scots! This name belongs as much to romance as to history—indeed, the story of the ill-fated sovereign needs no embellishment to render it fascinating. It inspired Scott and Schiller; Herbert has treated it with brilliant effect, and still each new delineator of her career and character opens fresh material and awakens fresh interest. The work before us is rich in detail, graphic in style, and shows great labor in preparation. It may be obtained of Burdham Brothers, Cornhill, and Redding & Co., State Street.

THE LITTLE LOUVRE: or *Boys' and Girls' Gallery of Pictures.* New York: Harper & Brothers.

When we remark that this belongs to the series of Harper's Story Books, and that it is by Jacob Abbott, we feel we have said enough to make all our young friends wild to buy copies. The stories are pleasant, and the illustrations beautiful. Boston: Burdham Brothers, and Redding & Co.

MARCO PAUL'S VOYAGE AND TRAVELS.—SPRINGFIELD ARMOY. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Another of Jacob Abbott's excellent books, and one which, though designed for young people, contains a large amount of information valuable to all ages. It is sold in Boston by Burdham Brothers and Redding & Co.

THE PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE SEA. By Lieut. M. F. MAURY, LL.D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. 8vo. pp. 274.

Lieut. Maury's valuable scientific labors bid fair to revolutionize the navigation of the ocean. This admirable treatise on the Physical Geography of the Sea originated in his "Wind and Current Charts," prepared with infinite labor. In the work before us, we have various topics treated in the most satisfactory manner—such as the Gulf Stream, the atmosphere, currents, salts of the sea, depths of the ocean, winds, storms, etc. The book is written in a plain and popular style, and requires no previous preparation. For sale by Redding & Co., State Street, and Burdham Brothers, Cornhill.



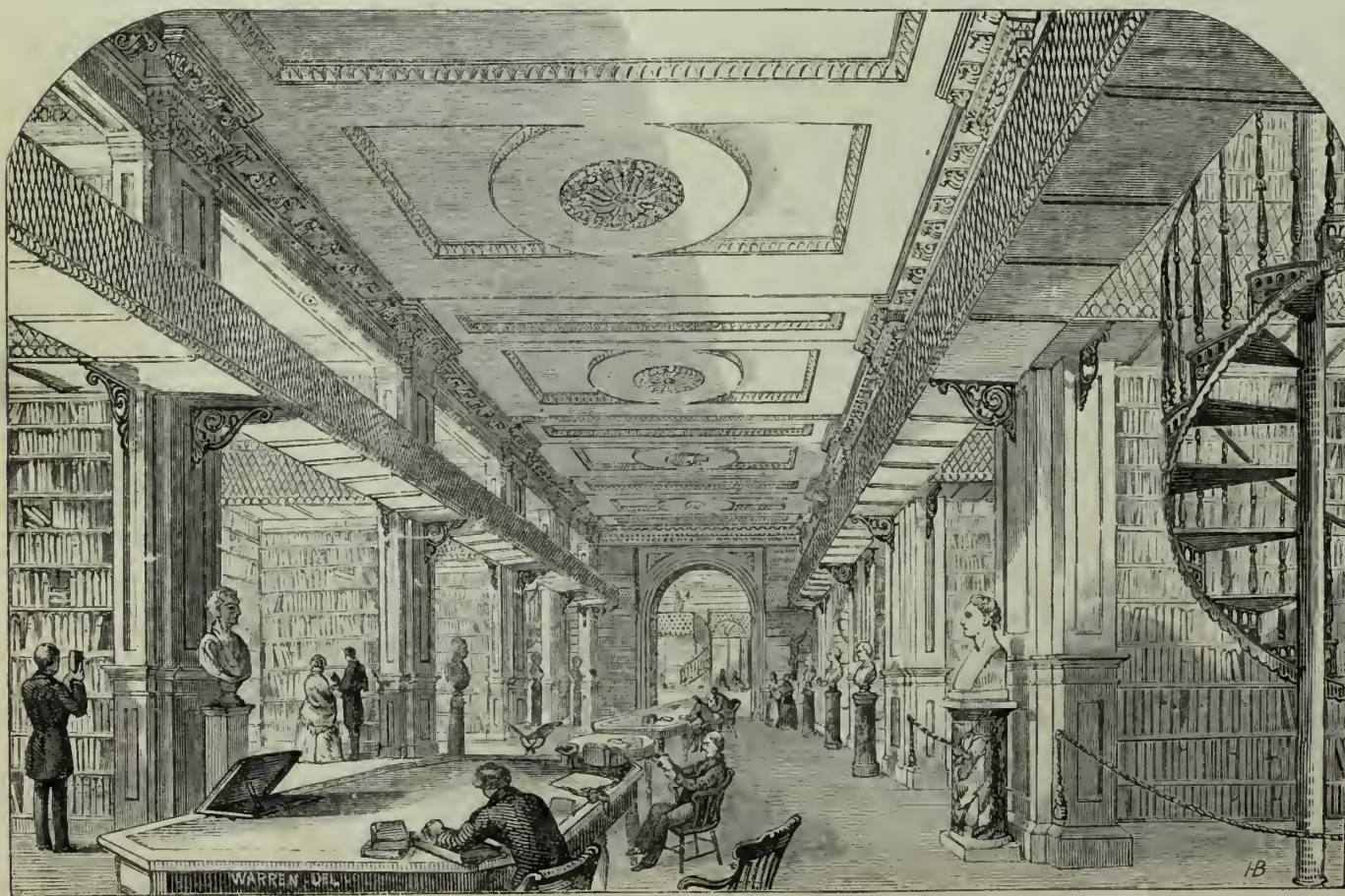
EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE BOSTON ATHENÆUM.

BOSTON ATHENÆUM.

We lay before our readers, on this and the succeeding page, a series of views representing the exterior and the interior of the building of the Boston Athenæum, an institution of which our city has every reason to be proud. The sketches were drawn expressly for our publication by Messrs. Worcester and Warren. The first shows the façade of the fine freestone building on Beacon Street. It reflects great credit on the architects, Messrs. Edward Clarke Cabot and George Minot Dexter. The building is 114 feet long, of irregular breadth, and 60 feet high. The elevation is in the later Italian style of architecture, and resembles some of Palladio's designs, though the details are of more modern date. The material is the Patterson freestone, the texture of which is harder than common freestone, and admitting of fine workmanship. The corner stone was laid on April 26, 1847, in the presence of a large number of proprietors, of literary gentlemen and others interested in the prosperity of the institution. Hon. Thomas G. Cary, the president, opened the proceedings with a few felicitous remarks, at the close of which he introduced the Hon. Josiah Quincy, a former president of the association, who delivered an appropriate address, which affords us the authority for the following statements. The institution originated in the year 1805, in a society of literary men, who in that year laid the foundation of a library for their own use. This society was the Anthology Club. It was soon found necessary to seek exter-

nal aid for the increase of their library, and it was through the influence of William Smith Shaw that an attempt was made to establish a reading-room, to be called the Anthology Reading Room. A prospectus was accordingly issued, and one hundred sixty subscribers, at ten dollars a year, were obtained. "In the course of a few months, the society transferred to five trustees their whole property in the reading-room and library, then amounting to one thousand volumes, and gave them authority, at their discretion, to convey the whole to a corporate body, and, if they deemed it expedient, to change the name and character of the institution. Under this authority, the trustees associated with themselves Theophilus Parsons, the chief justice of the State, John Davis, U. S. judge for this district, and John Lowell, one of the most efficient and active men of the period, leading and zealous in the promotion of every wise, noble and good object. With their aid, and under their auspices, the plan of this institution was traced, an act of incorporation was obtained, and on the 7th of April, 1807, the 'Proprietors of the Boston Athenæum' organized themselves into a body politic and corporate, according to the provisions of their charter; all the trustees being elected out of the members of the Anthology Club, excepting, only, that the offices of president, vice president and treasurer were filled respectively by the three distinguished gentlemen above-named. A subscription of one hundred and fifty shares, at three hundred dollars each, was speedily effected; and on this foundation, somewhat exceeding

the general purposes of the Athenæum, by voluntary subscriptions for shares, in 1807. James Perkins, in 1821, gave his own costly mansion in Pearl Street, which from that time has been the seat of the institution. In the same year \$22,000 were raised by voluntary subscriptions for shares. Thomas Handasyd Perkins (being his earlier and later valuable donations), and James Perkins the younger, seconded, in 1826, the liberality of the brother and the father, each giving \$8000; and the sum of their contributions was increased to \$45,000 by other subscriptions, obtained chiefly through the efforts and influence of Nathaniel Bowditch, Francis Calley Gray, George Ticknor and Thomas Wren Ward. Augustus Thorndike, in 1823, gave a choice collection of casts from the most celebrated ancient statues. George Watson Brimmer, in 1838, gave a magnificent collection of books on the fine arts. John Bromfield, in 1846, gave \$25,000 as a fund, to be regularly increased by one quarter of the income, of which the other three quarters are to be annually applied to the purchase of books forever. The sum of \$75,000 for the erection of the building was raised by voluntary subscriptions for shares created in 1844. Officers for the year 1847: President, Thos. Greaves Cary; Vice President, John Amory Lowell; Treasurer, Josiah Quincy, Jr.; Trustees, William Turrell Andrews, Edward Wigglesworth, William Hickling Prescott, Enoch Hale, George Stillman Hillard, Sam'l Austin, Jr., Amos Binney, Charles Amory, Oliver Wendell Holmes; Secretary, Henry Tukey Parker; Librarian, Charles Folsom; Architects, Edward Clarke Cabot and George Minot Dexter. James Knox Polk, President of the United States; George Nixon Briggs, Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts; Josiah Quincy, Mayor of the City of Boston." The affairs of the Athenæum are now in a highly prosperous condition; its debts and liabilities being all paid or provided for. The land, buildings, books, statuary and pictures, at their actual cost, without including the valuable gifts of articles that have been rapidly accumulating, amount to \$253,000; the productive property exceeds in value \$45,000; John Bromfield's fund amounts now to \$27,000, and this, added to the money derived from the exhibition of statuary and paintings, makes an aggregate of more than \$327,000. While referring our readers to Hon. Josiah Quincy's admirable "History of the Boston Athenæum," to which we are indebted for the facts embraced in this sketch, we cannot forbear from quoting the reflection which a review of its condition suggests to the venerable author: "Nor can the writer of this history refrain, on this occasion, from expressing, in behalf of his departed friends and contemporaries, the delight they would have felt, if, looking through the long vista of nearly fifty years, they could have seen a result thus exceeding their fondest and brightest literary and patriotic visions; if the little band of enthusiastic scholars, when cast together, from their scanty means, a few volumes, to form a collection of 'periodical publications,' could have beheld in the distance these small seeds expanded into a library of more than fifty thousand volumes, embracing, in the language of one of them, 'abundance of magazines, pamphlets, and new books, and of



LIBRARY OF THE ATHENÆUM.

novels difficult to be procured in America; if Shaw, the guardian of its infancy, when uttering his 'delight' at the attainment, 'surpassing the expectations of the most sanguine,' of 'one hundred and sixty subscribers at ten dollars a year,' and of a donation of 'one hundred and fifty dollars in cash,' could have realized that within fifty years an institution would arise from these feeble beginnings, the result of private liberality, possessing an accumulated property exceeding three hundred thousand dollars; if Buckminster, when warning his associates 'not to build a new edifice unless they could raise money enough to erect an elegant, classical building, entirely of stone, or with a stone façade,' could have beheld, in his mind's eye, the effect of his own and his associates' labors, in a classical edifice, one hundred and sixteen feet in length, sixty feet in height, of a breadth that affords a space capable of splendidly accommodating a library, reading-room, picture gallery and sculpture gallery, and with a stone façade in the style of Palladio, the hearts of each and all of them would have been filled with a joy and exultation, which those alone can understand and realize, who, like them, combine, as an active principle of their lives, a love of literature with a love of country."

Our second engraving shows the interior of the library, a beautiful apartment. The stand-point is at the farther end, and the spectator perceives, through the arch, the librarian's desk at the farther extremity. The room is on the second floor, and extends the whole length of the building. It is surrounded by an iron gallery, with an open iron lattice-work in front, to which access is obtained by a number of iron spiral stair cases, springing from the interior of the alcoves. All the iron and wood-work is painted. The farther compartment, beyond the arch, displays the books in cases lining the walls. In the latter compartment the books are arranged in alcoves. A row of pedestals on each side support busts of distinguished persons, living and dead. The style of architecture and decoration is Italian, and exhibits great elegance of finish. The windows on the left of picture open on the Granary Burying-ground, and are so lofty that they overlook the trees of the cemetery. This apartment contains about forty thousand volumes. The remainder are in a large hall on the same floor, communicating by doors with the alcoves on the right of the spectator. The magnificent collection of illustrated serials, comprising such works as Audubon's Birds, the Dresden Gallery, the Orleans Gallery, etc., are locked up in alcoves, under the special charge of the librarian. Dr. Charles Folsom, who fills this important place, is a gentleman every way fitted for it. A lover of books, he is here exactly in his element. A very ingenious stand to hold and display large volumes of engravings, without injury, is a mechanical contrivance of his own, which has elicited much attention. Dr. Folsom has several assistants. The quiet and seclusion of this well lighted library, with its ample interior space, admirably adapt it to the wants of the student. Our third illustration exhibits the interior of the sculpture gallery which is on the first floor. This hall is eighty feet in length. To the right of it is the reading room. In the farther alcove is a cast of Michael Angelo's Day and Night. In the interior of the alcoves on the right and left are original casts (that is, casts from the original marbles) of the Hunting Diana, Apollo, Belvidere, Venus of the Capitol, Antinous, Venus de Medici, the Quoit Caster, Fighting Gladiator, and other antique statues, the property of the Athenæum, works which artists cannot too often admire, study and draw. They were presented to the institution by Mr. Augustus Thorndike. There are also several fine marbles, some of them belonging to the gallery, and others deposited there by the proprietors. A fine work of American genius, "The Shipwrecked Mother and Child," a marble group, by Edward A. Brackett, occupies a space just in the rear of the supposed stand-point of the spectator. Greenough, Dexter and Stephenson are also represented. Crawford's Orpheus is here also, but not embraced in this view. Of course, on the scale of our illustration, it is impossible to do more than indicate the character of the different groups. The gallery of pictures, the subject of our fourth and last engraving, occupies the third story, and is lighted from the roof. It is divided into four apartments, three of which are shown in our sketch. The fourth, which is in the rear of the spectator, is chiefly occupied by both finished and incomplete works from the pencil of Washington Allston. Here is his chaotic Belshazzar's Feast, unfinished, but yet exhibiting unquestionable traces of the grandeur of his mind and the skill of his hand. Here are heads, in various stages of progress, valuable studies for artists, as they indicate the processes by which he produced those marvels of color, which remind us of Titian. The Athenæum possesses several valuable paintings, among them a Murillo, a fine copy of one of Guido's St. Sebastians, a good copy of a Ruysdael, and some excellent specimens of modern



STATUARY ROOM OF THE ATHENÆUM.

masters and American artists. The annual exhibitions bring together numerous contributions of fine pictures, and the galleries opened in May, and closed at the expiration of six months, prove very attractive to residents and strangers. The proceeds of these annual exhibitions are devoted to the purchase of meritorious works of art, to increase the collection belonging to the institution. This money, if judiciously applied, will, before many years, form a gallery of incalculable value to students and lovers of art. There is no question that this institution has contributed largely to the formation of those literary tastes in the community which have given the city so high a reputation at home and abroad, thus realizing the ardent hopes of its founders. It is indeed, as the Anthology Club hoped it would be, an "auxiliary to literature and to business; useful to the public, and honorable to its founders and patrons." A memoir, published at the date of the act of incorporation, forcibly sets forth the advantages aimed to be secured, in the following passage, with which we close our notice of this institution, which has ever been so popular in our city: "The value of learning, whatever incidental evils it may produce, is admitted by all who are qualified to judge upon the subject. Besides the dignity and satisfaction associated with the cultivation of letters and arts, and which constitute their worth to the individual, they have unlimited uses in respect to the community. Speculative and practical philosophy, history, polite literature, and the arts, bear an important relation to all the conveniences

and elegancies of life, to all the good institutions of society, and to all the great interests of man, viewed as a rational and social, a moral and religious being. Not only, however, should these deep investigations of science and exquisite refinements of taste, which are necessarily confined to a few, be held in respect, as connected with the general welfare, but that love of intellectual improvement and pleasure, and that propensity to reading and inquiry, which are capable of being diffused through considerable proportions of the community, should be regarded with interest and promoted with zeal among a civilized and flourishing people. They belong to the regular progress of society. A nation that increases in wealth, without any corresponding increase in knowledge and refinement, in letters and arts, neglects the proper and respectable uses of prosperity. A love of intellectual improvement and of various objects of literature and taste, in a society enjoying freedom and affluence, is to be coveted and maintained, because it produces the best exercise and application of the faculties; because it strengthens and multiplies the ties that bind men together; because it enhances the value and satisfaction of social intercourse, by supplying worthy and interesting topics of conversation; because it heightens the enjoyment of all the blessings of life, and enables us to derive advantage and pleasure from a multitude of new sources; because, on the whole, it tends to the removal of error and the discovery of truth, and has a friendly aspect upon the interests of virtue and religion."



GALLERY OF PAINTINGS AT THE ATHENÆUM.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LIFE'S EVERGREENS.

BY WM. RODERICK LAWRENCE.

Chilly winds go whispering by,
Driving 'fore them faded flowers,
Which were once the joy and pride
Of the golden summer hours.

Their bright tints have passed away,
All their perfume sweet hath flown;
While their petals once so fair,
O'er the faded turf lie strewn.

Earthly pride and power may bloom,
Prosperous oft their course doth seem,
But before adversity
How they vanish like a dream!

Charity with Faith and Hope,
And the deeds these three impose,
Are the evergreens of life
Which bloom till life shall close.

[Prepared expressly for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SKETCH OF THE WAR IN THE EAST.

In the present article we propose to offer a brief summary of the war in the East, from its commencement to the present time, for, though all our readers are probably familiar with its details, yet they may be glad to follow a connected review, compiled from authentic sources, of the whole series of events.

It is unnecessary to remind them that the war originated in the disputes of Christian sects, respecting the custody of the principal Holy Places at Jerusalem. The Turkish government attempted to settle these grievances satisfactorily to the immediate disputants and their respective governments—a trying and difficult affair. Hostilities were precipitated by a demand on the part of the Czar for the acknowledgement of a Russian protectorate over all the Greek subjects of the Ottoman empire, including four-fifths of the entire population. This was indignantly refused by the Sultan, who considered that such a power would be an entering wedge for the disruption of his empire, while the Western powers took the same view, and regarded it as a long stride on the part of Russia towards the empery of Europe.

On the 26th of June, 1853, the Czar announced his intention of occupying Moldavia and Wallachia as "material guarantees," and on the 2d of the following month, a Russian division crossed the Pruth and entered the former province. The representatives of the four great powers, anxious to avert hostilities, held a conference at Vienna, and endeavored to frame a treaty satisfactory to the disputants, but they accomplished nothing. On the 5th of October, the Sultan declared war with Russia, with fifteen days' notice to the Russians to quit the Principalities. Omar Pacha, a German by birth, and the most brilliant general in the Ottoman service, took post at the fortified town of Shumla, near the Danube, with 120,000 fighting men. One English fleet, in anticipation of hostilities, had collected near the Dardanelles, while another, the most powerful that Great Britain ever sent to sea, menaced the Baltic.

A common danger unites for the time the most inveterate enemies, and England and France simultaneously declared war in March, 1854. The subjects both of Queen Victoria and of Napoleon hailed the announcement with enthusiasm, and the news of the declaration elicited every demonstration of joy in Constantinople.

In the early part of the preceding November, Omar Pacha crossed the Danube, and on the 2d, 3d and 4th fought a far superior force of Russians, and beat them at all points. On the first day's battle 3000 entrenched Turks repelled the attack of 8000 Russians; on the succeeding days the Russians brought 30,000 men against 18,000 Turks. When the enemy attacked their entrenchments, the Osmanlis sprang over them and dashed upon them with the bayonet, killing vast numbers and driving them in a panic route which would have been annihilation had not the flight of the enemy been covered by his powerful cavalry. The battles of Olenitzza reflected the highest credit on the Turkish arms. Several important posts on both sides of the Danube were in the hands of the Turks, and the Russians were compelled to increase their numbers, without making any impression on the troops of Omar and Ismail Pachas.

On the 30th of November, however, the Turks met with a terrible loss in another quarter. A Russian fleet under Admiral Nachimoff, consisting of six ships of the line, with several smaller vessels, suddenly entered the harbor of Sinope and destroyed the Turkish detachment under Osman Pacha. The Turks, though surprised, fought with desperate valor, and 5000 perished in the unequal combat. Seven Turkish frigates, one steamer and three transports were sunk or blown up. Several of their vessels were in the outset "blown into one long port-hole." But the successes of the Turks in the Principalities more than compensated for this terrible disaster. The month of January, 1854, was marked out for bloody work. The Russian commanders intended to signalize it by a massacre of the "Pagans." The first Russian corps, 22,000, was to attack Kalafat, a second and third were directed against Karakal and Turna. Of the first, under General Fishlock, the reserve of 7000 men advanced slowly on the left of the line of march. He did not receive the reinforcements he anticipated, and on arriving before Citate, found himself in command of only 15,000 men. The Turks were equally strong and entrenched, and the Russian commander proceeded to fortify his position by field works. On the 6th of January the

Turks marched from Kalafat with 10,000 infantry, 4000 cavalry, 1000 Bashia Bozonks and fifteen pieces of artillery. It was nine o'clock when the assailants entered Citate, in the streets of which 3000 Russians and four guns were posted. After the first charge the Turks rushed pell-mell upon their antagonists and followed them up to their entrenchments. It was a series of deadly duels. "The Russian soldier possessed now no weapon but his bayonet and was cumbrously accoutred. The agile Turk had the bayonet also, and if, in the crush or the turns of the dense and wild struggle, a blade and its shorter thrust or its cut were more desirable, he instantly had the national weapon ready in his hand." From house to house, from street to street, the Russians were driven by their intrepid assailants right up to their entrenchments. Here the cannonade was sustained briskly on both sides, and the Turks were frequently repulsed in their attempts to carry the batteries. The Russian reinforcements from Koraul arriving, the Turks found themselves between two fires. But they fought on with desperate gallantry. Meanwhile Ismail Pacha, strengthened by the timely arrival of his reserve from Moglowitz, drove the Russians from their entrenchments in a final and glorious charge: 2400 Russians fell in the village and field works, and a proportionate number was wounded, including two general officers. The Turks lost 200 killed and 700 wounded, but they captured four guns, all the stores and munitions in the trenches, and remained masters of Citate. The Russian army was driven to Krajova, and established its head-quarters at Glatina. After a short time the Turks returned to Kalafat, where they had mounted 280 heavy pieces. Here, and at Widdin, their numbers had been increased to 25,000 men.

On the 26th of January, Lieutenant-General Schilders arrived at Krajova, invested with the supreme command, when his first unpleasant duty was to report to his imperial master that 35,000 Russians had already perished by the sword, famine and disease in the Principalities. While England and France were raising troops and navies, a Greek insurrection, fomented by Russia, occurred, but was speedily suppressed.

On the 11th of March, the first division of the British Baltic fleet sailed from Spithead. On the 13th of February the Turks were defeated by an overwhelming force at Gurgevo. At Kalafat a long and desultory combat took place. On the 23d of March the allied admirals bombarded Odessa, in retaliation of the affair of Sinope. A large number of Russian vessels were captured, and much damage inflicted on the fortifications. In the month of March the Russians crossed the Danube, and General Luders pressed forward to interpose between Varna and Silistria. The siege of Silistria by the Russians is an important episode in the history of the war.

On the 14th of April the Russians planted heavy batteries on an island opposite Silistria, and poured a heavy fire of shot and shells upon the town: 60,000 Russians were opposed to 10,000 Turks. The Turkish entrenchments were of the simplest description, yet day after day the Russians were repelled in their assaults by a mere handful of men. Every one deemed that the place must fall, but contrary to all expectations the Russians were foiled and forced to retreat, with a loss of 30,000 men. The last day of the siege, after announcing that Silistria must be taken under the penalty of the soldiers having their rations stopped, the Russian generals headed the army and advanced to the attack. Twice they were driven back by the headlong rush of the Turks, and the third time they could be scarcely brought to the charge. The leading men of the army, waving their swords, advanced before the column, Gortschakoff, Schilders, Orloff and Luders. The men gloomily followed, to be again defeated in the most disastrous manner. All the Russian generals were killed or wounded. The besieged were also terribly cut up, and their commander, Monsa Pacha, killed. The Russians retreated in awful confusion. Omar Pacha followed them up, and in September, the Czar learned that his troops had been driven beyond the Pruth. Victorious on the Danube, the Turks were, however, unfortunate in Asia.

Meanwhile the allied troops from France and England had concentrated to the number of about 50,000 in the neighborhood of Varna. They suffered much from the unhealthy climate, and the men were anxious for active operations.

We deem it needless to speak in this necessarily brief summary, of the operations of the allied fleet in the Baltic, since they were able to effect but very little. We pass on to a rapid notice of what has been done in the Crimea—a large peninsula in the northern part of the Black Sea. After it had been determined to attack Sebastopol, the key of the Crimea, the allied troops, about 50,000 strong, were landed at Eupatoria, the first disembarkation being effected on the 14th of September. On the 19th of September the troops were put in motion for the River Alma. On this day the first skirmish took place between Lord Cardigan's light cavalry, since so famous, and a large body of Russian dragoons and Cossacks with artillery, in which the latter were repulsed. On the 20th, the battle of the Alma was fought.

The River Alma presents a winding course with high banks; the fords being few and difficult. On the eminence Menschikoff was strongly posted. He had all the advantages and ought to have been victorious. But the French crossed the stream and carried the heights—on the other extremity of the line, the English sharpshooters scaled the precipices—the English columns dashed forwards, and after a desperate day and amidst frightful carnage, the Russians were completely defeated. It would require many pages simply to give an outline of this battle. Lord Raglan led the British attack in person. "Up rose the serried masses, and passing through a fearful shower of round, case and shell, they dashed into the Alma and floundered through its waters, which were literally torn into foam by the deadly hail." In every

part of the field the battle raged with intense activity; the roar of cannon, the platoon firing of musketry, and the crack of the rifle, drowning the cheering of the men and the hoarse commands of the officers.

Men who went through the Spanish peninsular campaign say they never saw more dead in so small a space except the night before Talavera. Menschikoff had boasted that if even the French were 200,000 strong, he would drive them into the sea. The allies had 1000 killed and 2000 wounded; the Russians lost 8000. Marshal St. Arnaud died of disease very shortly after the battle. His brilliant conduct wiped away some of the disgrace of his earlier life. He was a soldier in his youth, but obliged to abandon the army—then he took to the stage, failed as an actor, and re-entered the army, serving with distinction in Africa. The favor of Louis Napoleon, whose successful attempt on the liberties of France he aided, gave him the marshal's baton. His military conduct showed that he deserved it.

On the morning of the 23d, the allies resumed their march for Sebastopol, the Russians falling back before them, and on the 25th, Lord Raglan took possession of Balaklava, and the allies commenced the siege of Sebastopol, which has proved so long and disastrous. On the 1st of October they were in position, and on the 17th the firing commenced. On the 25th of October the battle of Balaklava was fought. On the morning of that day a corps of Russians, under the command of General Liprandi, attempted to raise the siege by overpowering the allied forces; they were, however, routed after the hardest fighting of the whole campaign. It was in this battle that occurred the famous charge of the British Light Brigade, of which the following is the authentic version.

The Russian cavalry reformed, supported by the batteries and infantry six battalions strong. At this moment Captain Nolan rode up to the Light Brigade and ordered them to advance. Lord Lucan said—"Where are we to advance to?" Captain Nolan pointed with his finger to the Russians. Lord Lucan, with reluctance, gave the order to Lord Cardigan to advance. The noble earl, though he did not shrink, saw the fearful odds, and the gallant fellows all prepared without a thought, to rush to almost certain death. The only support that the light cavalry had was the reserve of heavy cavalry at a great distance behind. There were no squadrons in column at all, and there was a plain to charge over, before the enemy's guns were reached, of a mile and a half in length. At ten minutes past eleven, the light cavalry brigade rushed to the front. The whole brigade scarcely made one effective regiment. As they passed to the front, the Russians opened from the guns on the right with volleys of musketry and rifles.

At the distance of twelve hundred yards the whole line of the enemy belched forth, from thirty iron mouths, a flood of smoke and flame, through which hissed the deadly balls. Their flight was marked by gaps in the ranks, by dead men and horses, by steeds flying wounded and riderless across the plain. The first line was broken, it was joined by the second; they never halted or checked their speed an instant; with diminished ranks, thinned by thirty guns which the Russians had laid with deadly accuracy, with a halo of flashing steel above their heads, and with a loud cheer, they flew into the smoke of the batteries, but ere they were lost to view, the plain was strewn with their bodies and the carcasses of horses. They were exposed to an oblique fire from the batteries of the hills on both sides, as well as to a direct fire of musketry. Through the clouds of smoke their sabres were seen flashing as they rode up to the guns and darted between them, cutting down the gunners as they stood. Then wounded men and dismounted troopers flying, told the sad tale. Six hundred and seven men went into action, and only one hundred and ninety-eight came out of it alive.

On the 5th of November occurred the desperate battle of Inkermann, when the Russians, advancing under cover of a thick fog, commenced a tremendous assault of infantry on the allied lines supported by 90 pieces of artillery. The battle was furious, and much of the fighting was hand to hand. The enemy were not compelled to retreat till the afternoon, when they left 5000 or 6000 dead and wounded on the field. "I never," said Lord Raglan, "before witnessed such a spectacle as that field presented." It is supposed that the Russians brought 60,000 men into the field against 14,000 of the allies, and that the total loss of the former was 15,000—a greater number than that engaged on the side of the French and English.

Lord Raglan and his staff occupied a knoll during the action. A shell fell in the midst of the group of officers and exploded in Captain Somerset's horse, ripping him open; a portion of the shell tearing off the leather from the rider's pantaloons. It then struck down Captain Gordon's horse, killed him at once, and blew away General Strangways's leg, so that it hung by a shred of flesh and a bit of cloth from the skin. The poor old general never moved a muscle of his face. He merely said, in a gentle voice, "Will any one be kind enough to lift me off my horse?" Such are the horrors of war.

Throughout the whole of England there is one general cry of indignation, as the proofs of official mismanagement and incompetency have been brought to light. All the glory of the war belongs to the brave British troops—all the shame attached to its conduct to men of rank and power. On the other hand, all the comforts that money can command have been provided for the French soldier, and these supplies have been properly husbanded and properly distributed. The science of war is thoroughly understood by the French, and their military system is admirable—on the other hand, the English exhibit little military science, and their system, if such it can be called, is full of errors and abuses.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.
LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT.

On page 204, we give a portrait, from a daguerreotype by Brady, an accurate likeness of the famous "Commodore" Cornelius Vanderbilt, so well known as a merchant and ship owner. He was born on Staten Island, about the beginning of the present century, and from an early age took a great interest in shipping. While under age he became owner of a finely rigged sailing vessel that plied between New York and Staten Island, and in 1820 commanded a steamer, of which he was part owner. No one man living owns so many steamers exclusively—more than twenty being registered in his name; one half of these are ocean steamers of the first class, principally in the California trade. To Mr. Vanderbilt belongs the credit of opening the route to the Pacific by the way of Lake Nicaragua. He has been the architect of his own fortunes. Beginning life as a deck-hand on board a schooner, he is now a millionaire, and employs a princely fortune with a princely liberality. His success is a sufficient proof of his ability; and for his munificence, we need only refer to his building of the North Star, fitting her up with splendor, and visiting all the renowned seaports of Europe with a cabin full of his own invited guests. Our readers are referred to the "Cruise of the North Star," by the Rev. Dr. Choules, one of the party, published in this city, by Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, for a full account of the "Commodore" and his famous expedition.

OUR POLICY.

The Boston Pilot complains of the anti-Catholic spirit of an article which lately appeared in the Pictorial, from one of our correspondents now in Italy. It is the plan of this journal to respect the political and religious sentiments of all classes of the community, and not to enter the field of controversy on sectarian questions. Our immense circulation is so generally diffused through all sects and denominations, that whatever may be our private convictions upon mooted points, we have never desired to obtrude them upon our readers. This being the case, we trust our correspondents and contributors will be governed accordingly, in their labors upon our columns. We do not offer these remarks in any spirit of apology, but simply to prevent any mistakes as to our purpose in the conduct of the Pictorial, which is a paper designed for every fireside, without regard to religious faith or politics.

NASSAU HALL BURNED.—The recent destruction of this venerable college building, at Princeton, New Jersey, is a source of deep regret, not only to the children of Alma Mater, but to antiquarians. It was a large stone building, the foundations of which were laid in 1754. It was named after King William III. It contained sixty students' rooms and a fine picture gallery, in which was an original, full length portrait of Gen. Washington, painted during the Revolution.

AN EXCELLENT ARTICLE.—We have been using Smith's patent belz-claps in our press-room, and unhesitatingly bear testimony to the great advantage they possess over the old style of securing the leather belting. For sale at 75 Kilby Street.

SPLINTERS.

.... Madame or Mademoiselle Rachel will make her first appearance in New Orleans about the 1st of September.
.... Frank Porter, of New Orleans, brother of the editor of the New York Spirit of the Times, lately died of consumption.
.... Bristol Bill lately tried to escape from the Windsor, Vt., prison. He was not as successful as Jack Sheppard.
.... A war of words is raging between the partizans of Webster and Worcester's dictionaries. Polysyllables are exchanged.
.... The Post thinks capital punishment is to be hung round a girl's neck till you are dead.
.... They say that Chevalier Wykoff is to manage the New York opera. His Gamble-ing speculation was a failure.
.... Arrison, the Cincinnati infernal machine man, is tortured by the horrors of his guilty conscience.
.... The soup-house in the Public Garden has been closed for lack of customers—a pleasing indication of better times.
.... Father Cleveland, the venerable city missionary, is now in the eighty-third year of his age.
.... The Swampscot fishermen have lately had a great run of luck. Their fish brings them in the shiners.
.... The Boston Marine Society have presented their fine collection of natural curiosities to the Mercantile Library.
.... The "crowbar law" which empowers the tax collectors of Ohio to force open safes, makes much excitement.
.... Mr. Pauncefort, the leading light comedian of the Boston Theatre, was duly remembered at his benefit.
.... The sugar maple trees have begun to discount their "liquid sweetness." Verbum sap.
.... The recent snow storm on Cape Cod is said to have been the most severe experienced there for forty years.
.... Lieutenant Colonel John C. Boyd, connected with the Massachusetts volunteer militia, has been honorably discharged.
.... The late engagement of the Florences at the National Theatre, greatly increased their popularity.
.... Lord Raglan is said to have resigned his command in the British army in the Crimea, to avoid a recall.

THE VOLUNTEER MILITIA.

We have from time to time presented our readers with pictures of the encampments, uniforms and parades of our volunteer militia, not only because they were picturesque subjects in themselves, but because we felt a pride and interest in our militia system. We have noticed with pleasure the improvement of our companies in discipline and efficiency, and their good conduct when called out in pursuance of general orders, or for their private parades. Those who remember what the militia used to be, and what it has become of late years, cannot fail to be impressed with the contrast, nor to feel confident that our military system may be brought quite up to the most rigid standard. We regret exceedingly that what we deem erroneous views have led to an attempt to repeal our present militia system, and virtually to do away with a military organization. Even in a self-governed state, we believe that military organizations, to support the civil power in emergency, must be maintained. We believe that their preventive effect, as a check upon turbulence and riot, is of the greatest value. Even in the best regulated communities, emergencies will arise when the civic power is unable to avert the results of popular excitement. The only choice is between the employment of a volunteer citizen soldiery and a standing army. We all know what evils attend upon the latter. The natural and legitimate pride of citizens revolts against the presence of men who make a profession of arms; and where mercenary troops are employed as a police force, their numbers, from this cause, must be tenfold what would be necessary if citizens were allowed to bear arms, and answer to the call of the authorities only when needed.

The very first act of a despotic usurper is to disband the citizen soldiery. When Louis Napoleon wished to make the effect of his *coup d'état* sure, he disbanded the National Guard of Paris. It was not the numerical force of the civic police that quelled the Chartist insurrection in England, but the known fact that they were backed by horse, foot and artillery, that saved London from witnessing the horrors of the first French revolution. A number of years ago, a mob in this city threatened the destruction of a hall in which an abolition meeting was to be held. A simple order from the mayor to a single military company, to parade on the spot with twenty four rounds of ball cartridges in every cartouche box, completely quelled the rioters. Mobs are composed of madmen, ruthless as tigers, but cowardly as sheep: they dare do anything when clubs and staves are opposed to them, but they fly before whetted sabres and sharp bayonets. The most frenzied concourse of excited rioters, assembled to defy the law, will melt away like snow, before the grim muzzle of a single field-piece charged with cannister or grape. And no community is safe from the occasional outbreaks of the mob spirit. Such contingencies must be provided for, unless we are willing to have our lives, liberty and property dependent upon the justice and magnanimity of a mob.

But in such crises we must oppose to excited men their political equals; the turbulent citizen must be met by the law-abiding citizen—not by human machines, going through the motions for so much per diem, and shedding blood because it is their trade. If militia have sometimes behaved badly in war, it is no argument against the militia system, but simply against imperfect training; for it would be absurd to assert that men who have some knowledge of arms will make poorer soldiers than those who have no knowledge whatever of their use. It would be ridiculous to say that one of our well-drilled military companies would make a poorer figure at the opening of a campaign, than a body of raw recruits who have never handled a musket. Introduce as many improvements as you please, but do not repeal a system that promises so well as ours.

THE MILITIA SYSTEM.—Col. Isaac H. Wright's remarks upon the militia system of our State, as opposed to the sweeping designs of a few fanatical and ultra petitioners, before the legislature, was an able effort, and should be published for general circulation. Of late, it is only when some such important matter comes up for action, where great and serious interests are involved, that this gentleman comes before the public. But few men in this city or the State have more completely at command oratorical powers, or ability to form, impromptu, the most subtle and convincing argument. Col. Wright is a person of large experience, both in military and civil life, and an industrious student of political economy.

A FRENCH DRAMATIST.—Scribe, the popular French playwright, has written three hundred and fifty plays, besides some novels. For a romance called Piquillo Alliaga, published in the Siecle newspaper, he received 20,000 crowns, with which he purchased a forest and joined it to his park at Serincourt, under the name of Piquillo Wood. His seal bears a pen with the truthful motto, *Inde fortuna et libertas* (Hence fortune and liberty).

THE IRON DUKE'S BED.—Among the curiosities at the Apsley House, a residence of the Duke of Wellington, is a trundle bed on which he slept. "Why is it so narrow?" inquired a friend; "there is not room to turn in it." "Turn in it!" cried the duke; "when once a man begins to turn in his bed, it is time to turn out."

CUBA.—This island is said to be quiet at the present time. Of course the Cubans are loyal to the core, and delighted with their condition under the mild, paternal sway of General Concha. "Order reigns in Warsaw!"

NAVY REGISTER.—We are indebted to Major Nicholson, of Washington, the publisher, for a copy of the Navy Register for 1855. It is a valuable and reliable work.

CITY SKETCHES.

We have placed on our last page a large engraving, designed expressly for us by Mr. C. A. Barry, whose artistic pencil has so frequently illustrated our pages. We have graphic types of various classes familiar to the eye of the resident of Boston. In the oval at the top of the page, is seen a section of Washington Street, the main artery of the city, sketched at a time of day when the fullest tide of life pours through its veins. The eye ranges from Winter Street to the Old South, the venerable steeple of which looks gravely down upon the throng below. Omnibuses, carts, dogs, men, women and children crowd the thoroughfare, impressing the spectator with the painful conviction that the street and sidewalks are not quite wide enough for the accommodation of our present population, and may be rather crowded on some future 4th of July. The objects on either side of the ellipse indicate the popular amusements of the day. Below we have a group of dock loafers, not inappropriately designated "wharf rats," neither of them exactly the "glass of fashion, or the 'mould of form.'" The "children of the poor" are seen collecting fuel. Little that is combustible escapes the vigilance of these ragged gleaners. On the wharves they sometimes obtain other prizes than broken boards and scattered dunnage, such as waste sugar, molasses, coffee and other groceries. The latter articles are generally, however, monopolized by "children of a larger growth." We know one old negro, engaged in the business of a "picker up of unconsidered trifles," who professes to "fare sumptuously" on his earnings in this line. He once told us that he intended to send his daughters to Paris to be educated, because the standard of mental culture was so low in this country! The charcoal vender, with his not unmusical cry, is another familiar out-door character. The thoughtless schoolboy frequently disturbs his equanimity by inquiring if he vends chalk—a sort of personal reflection on the dinginess of his appearance. The emigrant family, just landed from the packet ship, in their old country dresses, seems almost to have been daguerreotyped from the life. The "skaters" is a sketchy reminiscence of the past winter. The snow-covered shanty might be one of the huts that linger on the edge of Back Bay, soon to give place to a palatial residence. The useful dust-man has sat for his portrait to good purpose. Last of all we have the watchman, the nocturnal sentinel of our repose. The modern watchman is noted for the peculiarity of being wide awake. The watchmen of the old school were respectable somnambulists, who either crawled along the streets in a state of total unconsciousness, or reclined in doorways in the arms of "Murphy," as an example to all peaceable and respectable citizens. When a burglary had been committed, or fire set to a house, how their rattles used to give token of their *post mortem* vigilance! But our present watchmen actually deem it a part of their duty to keep awake! How they have degenerated!

SPRING BIRDS.—These delightful harbingers of the genial season are beginning to enliven the environs. The beautiful bird, whose coat seems borrowed from the azure heaven, flutters about the apple tree; the dusky wren runs fearlessly about the door-step, and the bobolink again gladdens us with his eccentric and brilliant *roulades*. What opera singers can excel or equal them? Beautifully does Irving remark: "Those who have passed the winter in the country are sensible of the delightful influences that accompany the earliest indications of spring; and of these, none are more delightful than the first notes of the birds."

DEATH OF THE CZAR.—The death of the Emperor of Russia by *apoplexy*, caused a great excitement when it was announced by Lord Clarendon in the House of Lords. Even then the news was doubted by many.

SPIRITUAL PROGRESSION.—It is estimated that in five years the number of believers in spirit rapping has increased to about three millions!

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Dexter R. Deering to Miss Theresa A. Young; by Rev. Dr. Beecher, Mr. T. De Blois Peters to Miss Margaret C. Martin, of Roxbury; by William A. Silloway, Esq., Mr. Stephen T. Andrews to Miss Olive A. Batchelder; by Rev. Dr. Caldicott, Mr. Smith B. Harrington, of Haverhill, Vt., to Miss Kate W. Brown; by Henry Upham, Esq., Mr. Edward Brown to Miss Sarah A. Lewis.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Hutchins, Mr. Sewall D. Tibbets to Miss Melissa Hammond; Mr. Charles H. Taylor to Miss Helen L. Burrell.—At Dorchester, by Rev. Mr. Hall, Mr. J. Amory Davis, of Boston, to Miss Frances E. Amory.—At West Newton, by Rev. Dr. Gilbert, Mr. John C. Garland to Miss Elizabeth S. Ames, both of Waltham.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Ellis, Mr. George Ellwood to Miss Esther Hamilton; by Rev. Mr. Richards, Mr. Edwin Brackett, of Lynn, to Miss Laura J. Litchfield, of Pittsfield, Vt.—At Danvers, by Rev. Mr. Putnam, Mr. James Barnett, of Danvers, to Miss Ann Wood, of Andover.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Brewster, Mr. George L. Taylor to Miss Augusta J. Colton.—At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. James, Dr. Julius Y. Dewey, of Montpelier, Vt., to Mrs. S. Elizabeth G. Lilley.—At Springfield, by Rev. Mr. Tiffany, Mr. Julian J. Anderson, of Cincinnati, Ohio, to Miss Charlotte Le Gro.—At Edgartown, Mr. Jeremiah Reynolds, of Ct., to Miss Puella S. Cleveland.—At Pittsfield, by Rev. Dr. Porter, Mr. Edward Powell to Miss Martha Jones.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Rebecca Horn, 23; Mr. Josiah Breed, formerly of Salem, 73; Mrs. Lucy, wife of Mr. Richard Nutter, 35; Rev. Frederick T. Gray, 51; Miss Elizabeth Smith, 82; Mrs. Rebecca McDonald, 79; Mr. Christopher Hart, 57; Mr. James G. Heath; Mr. James Brown, of the firm of Little, Brown & Co.; Mr. John Osterberg, 43.—At Roxbury, Mr. John A. Kelley, a well-known merchant of Boston, 70.—At Charlestown, Miss Mary A. Kelley, 21.—At Cambridgeport, Mr. James M. Stuart, 30.—At Jamaica Plain, Mrs. Sarah, wife of Rev. John Allen, 61.—At South Malden, Widow Esther Sargent, 70.—At Natick, Mrs. Almira, wife of Dr. J. B. Coolidge, 31.—At Salem, Rev. James Flint, D. D.; Mrs. Mary Sullivan, 30; Mrs. Cordelia Burnham, 63.—At North Danvers, Mr. Charles Osgood Dale, 32.—At Lynn, Widow Nancy B. Rhodes, 66; Miss Alice Johnson, 22; Miss Mildred Curtis, 25; Mrs. Annie L. Swain, 29.—At Ipswich, Capt. Charles Treadwell, 66.—At Wrentham, Dea. Nathaniel Kimball, 85.—At Topsfield, Mr. Solomon Averill, 86; Mrs. Rebecca Lake, 90.—At Bolton, Mr. Oliver Nourse, 89.—At Newburyport, Miss Mary Jane F. Chase, 50.—At Westfield, Widow Esther Shepard, 86.—At Tolland, Mr. Henry Bliss, 90.—At North Adams, Mr. Ezekiah Murdock, 55.—At Pittsfield, Capt. John Dickinson, 85.—At Portland, Me., Capt. Wm. Adie, 63; Elder Clement Phinney, 74.—At Sanford, Me., Mrs. J., widow of the late Rev. Samuel Jackson, of Eton, N. H., 82.—At Port Huron, Mich., Feb. 16th, Mrs. Almira P. Tyler, wife of Mr. S. B. Brown, formerly of Greenville, Maine, 28.

TRIAL OF THE STEAM FIRE ENGINE.

Great curiosity was felt to witness the performance of the new steam fire engine, Miles Greenwood, an accurate delineation and description of which we presented to our readers in No. 2 of the present volume of the Pictorial. When it was understood that the machine had been damaged on its way hitherto by encountering a bridge on the railroad, great disappointment was felt throughout the city, as it was supposed that an exhibition of its powers would be postponed for a long while. This, however, was not the case. The damage was speedily repaired, and on Saturday, the 3d inst., a trial was made of it in the presence of the city authorities and a very large concourse of citizens attracted to the spot by curiosity. Mr. A. B. Latta, of Cincinnati, the inventor of the machine, accompanied it to Boston, and witnessed its success. This gentleman is a practical mechanic, but he has profoundly studied the theory and science of mechanics, and his inventive genius, aided by study and skill, has met with its reward. This invention may be said to have developed a new principle in the generation of steam, that of exposing a small quantity of water to a large quantity of fire—the reverse of the old method. The principle is susceptible of extensive application. The "Miles Greenwood" is not so large as the first built for the city of Cincinnati, but it is said to be equally effective. Its weight is eight thousand pounds. There are two hose carriages connected with it, with a thousand feet of hose each. Four horses to the engine and one to each hose-carriage are thought sufficient. Ten men compose the entire company. The running gear consists of one wheel in front of and turning under the apparatus, and two hind wheels. Its general appearance has been aptly described as a "cross between a locomotive and a velocipede." On the front of the engine a large cylindrical vessel runs around the top, and contains water for supplying the boiler, which is situated at the rear, where the fires are located. Between the back of the boiler and the water chamber lie all the pumps and machinery by which the engine is operated. Stretching across the rear of the boiler, so that the engineer in charge has his back to the front of the machine, three upright air vessels monopolize the space, and immediately adjoining them the pumps perform their revolutions. The steam cylinder is sixteen inches in diameter and two feet stroke. The fire is at the bottom of the engine with an ample grate to secure a draft of air, above which is the boiler—simply a range of pipes like the steam pipes in buildings warmed by steam. The fire, when kindled, flames around these, bringing them in a short time to the degree of heat necessary for the generation of steam, and when at this heat, the water is let into the boiler or pipe and is at once converted into steam. Length of pipe is equivalent to surface, and by this means sufficient steam is obtained to work the forcing

pumps. Upon the sides of the engine are two large suction hose, which by a simple mechanical arrangement may be swung around in any direction, and which, when not in use, are laid in such positions that they appear a part and parcel of the engine. Four streams of water may be thrown at a time, or a less number if

required. For the trial a large space was roped off at the corner of Tremont and Park Streets, and only those furnished with cards of invitation, including engine companies 2, 7 and 12, and hydrant companies 1 and 3 were admitted to the enclosure. The engine companies were selected to compete with the steam machine. Mr. Latta acted in person as engineer. The fire was lighted at three o'clock precisely; in five minutes the blower began to work by the action of the steam; in six minutes thirty seconds the piston began to move, and in thirty seconds after that the water streamed from the nozzle of the hose. The steamer first discharged water in two single streams through seventy-five feet of hose, three-fourths inch pipes—afterwards a single stream was thrown through one hundred feet of hose. With forty feet of hose the hand engines beat the steamer in height, but the quantity and continuity of the "Miles Greenwood's" streams were superior. The third trial was through a diamond shaped pipe nozzle, against which No. 7 played through a blunderbuss pipe of one and one-eighth inch. The steam fireman in this instance proved its superiority. The fourth trial was throwing four streams against two of No. 7's. This performance told well for bone and sinew. Further experiments were not tried because the water was so much lowered in the reservoir. The exhibition, however, was entirely satisfactory, and convinced many of the spectators of the utility of the machine who had previously doubted the expediency of its purchase. The purchase of an engine made in Cincinnati, reminds us that in 1818 an engine was built here for that city. The first engine made in this country was manufactured in Lynn, by a man named Jenks, for the town of Boston. Whenever a fire alarm is given we notice an unusual alacrity on the part of the hand engines, all the boys being anxious to "get ahead of the steamer." At the same time there seems to be a cheerful acknowledgment that the machine is precisely what is needed. There is a limit to the exertion of human power, while the "steamer" can continue untiringly, day after day, if need be, so long as there is fire to warm and water to quench its thirst. Mr. Latta, the inventor, has proved himself to be a man of true genius. He lectured before our citizens previous to leaving, and expressed his opinion that steam power was yet in its infancy. There is no question, we think, that steam will yet be made to do harder work than any heretofore imposed on it, and that its usefulness will be extended by a great economy of fuel, of which Mr. Latta has shown the possibility. This steam fire engine was exhibited in New York, on the way hither, with the same results which attended the display in Boston, though the New York hand engine threw a higher stream, yet in volume, force and continuity, the "steamer" was thought to be most decidedly superior to all others, and an invaluable aid at fires.



CORNELIUS VANDERBILT.

[See page 203.]



THE NEW STEAM FIRE ENGINE, OF BOSTON.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF NATURAL HISTORY.

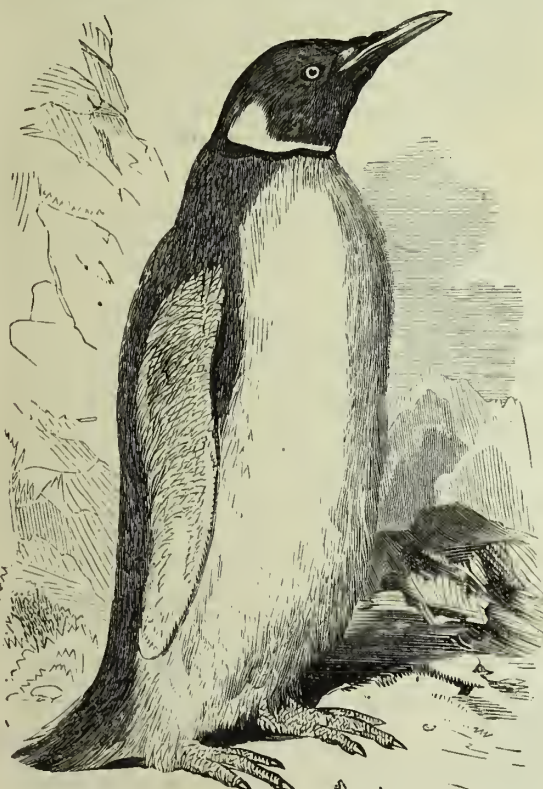
The first of our present series of illustrations of natural history represents the Hawk Owl, a bird that exhibits that peculiar air of wisdom common to its family, of which there are many species. The large round head and enormous eyes belong to all of them. The size of the eyes enables them to receive every ray of light, so that they are capable of pursuing their prey when the eyes of other animals cannot penetrate the darkness. The power of vision is also increased by the manner in which the eye is fixed in a bony socket, like a watchmaker's glass; their power of hearing is also very acute. The feathers, thick and downy, protect them against cold, and also render the movements of their wings inaudible to the wariest mouse. The specimen before us is the Hawk or Canada Owl, the head of which is not so round as that of other owls, while it is also distinguished by its hunting its prey in the daytime. It builds in trees, and lays two white eggs. Its length is from fifteen to eighteen inches. They feed on small birds, mice, bats and moths, swallowing them entire and casting up the indigestible parts in the form of small balls. Owls are found in every part of the world. There are ten or twelve species in America, some peculiar to the country, and others to the two continents. The barn owl, also called the common screech or white owl, is the most common, and found all over the world. "In Europe it chiefly frequents inhabited districts, and deposits from two to six eggs in a hole in the wall, under the eaves of buildings, in decayed trees, etc., without any formal nest. It usually haunts churches, towers, barns, maltings, farm-houses, etc. In a state of nature, it generally leaves its haunts about twilight, skimming along the ground, exploring the neighboring woods for prey, and returning before sunrise, making a sort of blowing noise, like the snoring of a man with his mouth open. When it flies or alights, it does out certain lugubrious notes, which, added to the solemnity of the scene, especially when near churchyards, often inspire awe and apprehension in the minds of the ignorant." The second



THE HAWK OWL.

eidæ. Many naturalists think the Psittacidæ ought to form an order by themselves. The construction of the bill in this family is very peculiar. As its curved tip would prevent the bird from opening it wide enough to admit its food, the upper mandible is united to the skull by means of a sort of huge joint of equal strength and flexibility. When climbing among the branches of trees, they make use of their hooked bill to enable them to ascend, as well as when descending. The Golia Aratoo is the *Microglossus Atterimus* of Vieillot, and is described by that naturalist as differing from the family to which it belongs in the structure of its tongue, which Mr. Levaillant aptly likens to the trunk of an elephant. The bird is larger than the great red Macaw. The entire plumage is black, glossed with a greenish gray. The head is ornamented by a large crest of long, pendulous feathers, which it has the power of erecting at will. The orbits and cheeks are of deep red color, and the bill is of extraordinary dimensions, and will crack the hardest fruit stones; when the kernel is detached, the bird does not crush and swallow them in large fragments, but scrapes them with the lower mandible to the finest pulp, thus differing from its congeners in the mode of taking the food; the legs are naked a little way above the tarsal joint; the tarsi themselves are short. In its manners, it is mild and familiar, and, when approached, raises a cry which may be compared to a hoarse croaking. This cry appears to emanate from the lower part of the larynx, for there is no perceptible motion of the tongue. In its gait, it resembles the rook, and walks much better than most of this climbing family. The fourth specimen of our series, the Australian Ant-Eater, is a curious animal. The singularities of structure which distinguish the *Echidna Hystrix* are found chiefly in the elongated muzzle, and the worm-like, retractile tongue, by which the nose is made to answer the purpose of a spy—a searcher for the ants on which it lives, and, at the same time, a trap for their capture; and also in the digging feet, by which the burrows made to protect the helpless animal are excavated.

Idlewild, the garden home of N. P. Willis, is situated on the western bank of the Hudson River, a few miles south of Newburgh. In its immediate vicinity are many beautiful country seats, including, among others, those of J. T. Headley, the artist Durand, and the late lamented Downing, all of which are adorned by rare embellishments of art. But Idlewild, situated amid the most lovely scenery of the valley of the Hudson River, is the most beautiful country seat in the region. The domain comprises about one hundred acres of land, which, when they came into possession of Willis, were clothed in a dense black forest of cedars, firs and pines, and other mountain trees, as wild and thick as when the Indian war-whoop echoed through their shades. The grounds possess a great variety of surface, scene and prospect, and the fine taste of Willis has seized upon every opportunity to enhance the charms which nature has grouped in such harmonious contrast. Running diagonally through the estate is a broad, deep glen, over whose rocky bottom flows a clear cold stream of water. Willis, by means of jutting rocks and artificial dams, has broken this stream into singing cascades and murmuring waterfalls. In one place he has lured a portion of the waters from their channel to fill a pond for his gold fish. In another, he has taken half the stream to form the shooting jets of a fountain; and still further down the glen he has checked its flow, and swollen it into a miniature lake for his little boat. At several points along the stream he has thrown rustic bridges from bank to bank. The view from the lower extremity of the glen upward, through the deep vista of the trees joining their branches over head, is said to be very beautiful. It resembles a vaulted cathedral; and the imaginative eye may behold in the large brown stones, with their mossy sides, which are scattered in picturesque confusion throughout the scene, gray, cowed monks, counting their beads for ves-



THE KING PENGUIN.

engraving is the King Penguin. This bird has been by most writers confounded with the Great Auk (*Alca impennis*). Mr. G. Bennett, in describing an ornithological visit to Macquarrie Island, says the number of these birds collected together in this spot is immense; but it would be almost impossible to guess at it with any approach to truth, as, during the whole day and night, thirty or forty thousand of them are continually landing, and an equal number going to sea. Captain James Ross, the intrepid navigator, found them in very great numbers in the course of his voyage; and they became, from the uncouthness of their figures, a source of much merriment to the sailors, who, however, turned them to good account in the manufacture of what, in the South Seas, was not an unsavory dish—auk-pie being esteemed a great delicacy. We suspect, however, that it needs the sauce of a nautical appetite to make it seductive to the palate. The height of the penguin is about four feet; its colors blue, yellow, gray and black, are finely contrasted. The feathers are thick and compact, and in some cases horny, forming a warm waterproof clothing admirably adapted to the exigencies of the climate the bird inhabits, as well as to its amphibious manner of life. We cannot say that our third bird is very graceful or engaging in appearance. The huge bill, the grotesque expression, together with its huge cravat of feathers is simply ludicrous. It belongs to the parrot tribe, and is found in the island of Papua and other places. It belongs to the family of Psittac-



THE GOLIAH ARATOO.



THE AUSTRALIAN ANT-EATER.

per prayers. The ground is intersected in almost every practicable direction by carriage roads, and narrow foot paths wind around the side of the steep cliffs, amid thickets of cedars and pines, clumps of fir and weeping larches, and solitary old oaks, the majestic monarchs of the forest. The house is situated on a high point, commanding a view of the noble Hudson on the east, the magnificent scenery of the Highlands on the south, and on the north and west a thick mass of trees, streams, and ruined hamlet cottages. It is built in the English villa style, with piazzas and deep bay windows facing the river, and abounds in gable roofs, with oriole and dormer windows jutting out, and clustering chimneys terminating the pinnacles. The interior is adorned with rare curiosities, collected in Europe and America—paintings of distinguished personages, landscapes, statuary and engravings in rich profusion.—*Rochester Observer*.

BOYS AND BIRDS.

"In travelling in New Hampshire from Franconia to the Connecticut River," said a gentleman, "I noted the birds' nests upon the trees that stood by the roadside, and felt delighted with the evidence which they gave of the good qualities of the mothers and children who lived there. I noticed the nest of a bird within three feet of the front door of a dwelling. How confident was that dear little bird! Well did it know that the good mother of that household had trained up her children in the way they should go."

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The barbarous practice of cock-fighting, so general in Cuba and Spain, was a custom in very ancient times. It was practised at Rome four hundred years before Christ. — The Church of England, says the Toronto Colonist, seems to be gaining ground in Ireland. During the past year, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners of that country made grants for the building of twenty-five new churches (the largest previous number was ten), and for repairs in 930 already erected. For the former there was an appropriation of £15,080, and for the latter, £31,261. — A secret association has been formed in Albany, called "The Rabbits." — Mr. Joseph G. Shands, of St. Louis, has invented a new and ingenious application of the common paddle-wheel, in which all the shock of the dip, and the weight of the lift of the common propeller, or paddle-wheel now in use, are avoided. Whilst the wheel is revolving, the paddles are always at right angles with the water, and vertical to the shaft around which they revolve. — The amount of capital invested in railroads in the State of Massachusetts, is \$59,030,498. — A new bullet, the invention of Mr. N. G. Santoun, C. E., has been tested at one of the police-stations, Liverpool. When fired, it expands from 24 inches to 30 inches, and acts as a sword, cutting horizontally throughout the whole of its course. These bullets are made of brass, and resemble, in some respects, the Minie rifle ball; they require no change of the fire-arms now in use. — It is stated that the Rev. F. T. Gray's life was insured for \$40,000. — The Exeter News Letter says, that for some six weeks past, five men have been industriously digging for gold in the neighboring town of Stratham, under the direction of a woman from Portsmouth, who pretends to have discovered, by means of a divining rod, the precise locality of the precious metal. — Sir Isaac Newton confessed "Paradise Lost" to be a fine poem, though it proved nothing. — Gas, for the purpose of lighting the public streets, was not used until as late as 1809 in London, and did not become general there until 1815. Now the smallest cities are thus lighted. — The Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad is leased to the Grand Trunk Company for 999 years. — The Cleveland Herald says, "We have serious fears that peaches have been injured by the unparalleled severity of the weather. A fruit-grower in East Cleveland reports his peaches killed upon eleven trees out of twelve examined. In the city, from a slight examination, we think enough fruit buds are alive to secure a fair yield, but an unusual amount of wood is killed, even branches of two years' growth." — The legislature of Indiana has passed a bill to provide for a geological survey of the State. — At Metz, on the 1st of January, the Rhine was completely frozen over to a considerable thickness. To commemorate the event, the coopers of the town constructed a huge cask on the ice, and afterwards paraded through the town in a car, drawn by six horses, preceded by a band of music, and followed by the whole corporation of coopers, carrying their banner. — A German opera is announced at Niblo's. — The Ohio State Journal says, that Major Cunningham, Paymaster of the United States Army, has been robbed by some of the ladrones about Santa Fe, of \$40,000 in gold and silver. He offers a reward of \$2500 for the recovery of the money and the conviction of the robbers. — Mr. Beibel, a German barber, was fined in Bridgeport, Ct., lately, for shaving some of his customers on the Sunday previous. Fine and costs amounted to \$6. — It is a well established fact, that Jeddo, capital of the Japanese empire, is as large and populous as the city of London, England; and in wealth, it surpasses any city in the known world. — H. W. Taft, Esq., an old and very much respected citizen of Sunderland, was lately re-elected town clerk of that town for the fortieth time. — According to the Liverpool Journal, "splicing the main brace" on a temperance ship means getting married. Everywhere else, it is imbibing the "O, be joyful." — Edgar A. Poe's "Raven" has been denounced as Persian. This is a shameful libel on a respectable American bird; and the most eminent literary authorities flatly disown that *foe! as-Persian*.

A CHINESE PAPER.—Abbe Huo, in his "Chinese Empire," tells us that the Pekin Gazette is printed daily, in pamphlet form, and contains 60 or 70 pages. The subscription is about 12 francs a year; and it is a most interesting collection, and very useful in making one acquainted with the Chinese empire. It gives a sketch of public affairs and remarkable events; memorials and petitions presented to the emperor, and his answers to them; his instructions to his mandarins and the people; judicial proceedings, with the principal condemnations and pardons granted by the emperor; and also a summary of the deliberations of the sovereign courts. The principal articles, and all the public documents, are represented in the official gazettes of the provinces.

A NEW PLAY.—"The Spirit of '76" is the title of a new national play, which is to be brought out in New York in April, Mrs. Hayne (Julia Dean) is expected to take the part of the heroine. The play gives some of the most stirring incidents of our revolution, and introduces the most prominent of the martyrs of liberty. The scenes are laid principally in Philadelphia and the fields of Valley Forge.

LAKE COMMERCE.—The Buffalo Republic says that there are now in commission, on Lakes Michigan, Huron, Superior, St. Clair, Erie, Ontario and Champlain, 110 side wheel steamers, 97 propellers, 33 barques, 101 brigs, 629 schooners, and 216 sloops and scows, having an aggregate tonnage of 237,830 tons, and being valued at \$10,185,000.

STATUE OF FRANKLIN.—The statue of Franklin which is now being modelled by Greenough for Boston people, is nearly completed, and will soon be sent to the foundry.

Wayside Gatherings.

The number of convicts at present within the walls of the state prison at Auburn, N. Y., is seven hundred forty-seven.

Within the past four months, nearly \$11,000 worth of liquor has been sold by the Hartford agent.

Central Bridge Corporation, in Lowell, has been sentenced to pay a fine of \$2000 for not lighting the bridge.

At the present time there are five hundred and seven prisoners in the state prison in Charlestown, Mass., the largest number ever confined within the walls of that prison at one time.

About fifty editors, reporters and publishers of newspapers in New York, have formed a Journalists' Club, with rooms on Broadway, for social intercourse.

The amount of registered, enrolled, and licensed tonnage in the United States, on the 30th of June, 1853, was 4,613,574; in Great Britain, 3,730,087 tons.

The omnibuses running between Boston and the towns in the vicinity, have been reaping a golden harvest in consequence of the rise in the price of season tickets on most of the railroads.

The ice companies of New York have harvested about three hundred thousand tons of excellent ice. This is about the same amount as was housed last season.

Wild ducks are plenty in the American Bottom, opposite St. Louis. The lakes and streams back eight or nine miles from the river are said to be swarming with ducks, that have just appeared there in numbers almost approaching to myriads.

The New Haven Palladium says the nest of young incendiaries and burglars which the police have very much disturbed, was hound together by the most solemn obligations, and that the penalty for disclosure of its operations or members, was death.

The Nantasket Gazette speaks of the great buttonwood trees planted more than a hundred years ago by the Rev. Roland Thatcher, the first pastor of the Congregational church in Wareham, and says they are yet strong as ever.

The Jacksonville, Florida, News, has been shown a lemon grown upon the banks of the St. Johns River, which measured eleven inches in circumference. Among quite a large lot there were few less than nine inches in circumference.

In New York, March 5th, a man who was suffering from rheumatism undertook to bathe his legs in camphene. While so doing the camphene took fire from a lamp, and he was so severely burned that he died shortly after.

A Mr. Thompson, of Kansas Territory, has built a prairie ship, or wagon, to be propelled by wind, in which he proposes, with thirty companions, to make a voyage to the Rocky Mountains next June.

The new uniform for the police in Philadelphia consists of a fine silk hat with the crown and about one and a half inch of the body covered with patent leather, after the style of the London police.

There are six manufactories of woven suspenders in the United States, of which five are in Connecticut and one at Easthampton, Mass. The amount of capital employed at these establishments is \$491,000.

The whole county of Apalachicola, in Florida, has but seven hundred twenty-one inhabitants; and the mail sent from Apalachicola on the 25th February numbered four hundred ninety-seven letters—pretty good evidence of the intelligence of the citizens.

At Indian River, Me., on the 29th February, a daughter of Barnabas Leighton, fifteen years of age, got asleep while sitting near the fire, when her clothes caught fire, and she was burned so badly that she lived but a short time.

It is said that since Mayor Wood came into office, the number of children committed to the New York Asylum for Juvenile Delinquents has decreased eighty eight per cent., and is still decreasing. At this rate, the institution may ultimately be closed.

There are now in the almshouse at Northampton, thirteen persons, eight of whom are upwards of seventy years old. The aggregate age of these eight is six hundred fifty-eight; and the oldest among them, Mr. Peter Princely, is one hundred ten years of age.

Messrs. Heine and Brown, artists of the Japan expedition, are getting ready for publication, by the authority of the secretary of the navy and Commodore Perry, a series of pictures (with scenery, costumes, etc., from drawings and daguerreotypes), in the best style of lithography, in colors.

The bark of the great California tree is about to be erected, for a short time, in the New York Park. It is thirty feet in diameter and ninety feet high, and its erection will require the labor of ten men for at least ten days. In May it is to be shipped for the Paris Exhibition.

One Sunday evening, lately, in New York, three harbor thieves were discovered stealing butter from a barge. Two of them made their escape by running, and the third rushed to his boat and leaped into it with so much force as to stave a hole through the bottom. The boat filled and sunk, and the thief was drowned.

Fort Millin, at the mouth of the Schuylkill, is dismantled and the troops have gone West to fight the Indians, the guns have been dismantled, and but one man is kept there to prevent depredations. The fortress, though a second-class stronghold, is said to be admirably constructed and very strong.

George Catlin, the famous Indian portrait painter, and champion of the red men, has been heard from on the head waters of the Amazon, painting the portraits and taking notes of the manners of the uncouth tribes in those regions, lately made so interesting by the reports of Lieutenants Hemdon and Gibbon.

The San Francisco, Cal., Chronicle says: "Upon striking a balance in our Homicide Calendar for 1854, we come to the conclusion that one person of six hundred in California will be killed by his neighbor in 1855. In one half of the cases, the weapons will be revolvers; in one fourth, knives; and in the other fourth, guns or other weapons. The prospect is a comfortable one.

Advices from Mexico to Feb. 19th, represent Santa Anna as daily losing ground, and Alvarez as stealthily gaining. It is said Santa Anna holds several steamers ready to receive him on the approach of the revolutionists. He has sent out of the country what he could of the \$7,000,000 received from the United States, together with all his valuables, and has sold \$3,000,000 yet to be paid to Mexico by the United States.

Colonel Benton has addressed a characteristic letter to the Messrs. Appleton, his publishers, to the effect that his recent literary losses by the fire in Washington, will double his labors and delay the second volume of his "Thirty Years in the Senate" until the spring of 1856, and that a quantity of correspondence, which was designed for a posthumous volume, cannot be replaced.

Foreign Items.

The Emperor Nicholas has issued a ukase, calling the whole male population of Russia to arms.

The British government has purchased eighteen thousand buffalo robes for the use of the army in the Crimea.

A subscription has been commenced at Hanover for the erection of a statue in commemoration of the late King Ernest.

Engineers are surveying the ground near Metz, for a camp of 100,000 men. Apartments have been prepared at Nancy for Napoleon's reception.

The railway between Alexandria and Cairo, a distance of one hundred thirty miles, is now complete, with the exception of the three bridges on the two branches of the Nile and the Delta Canal.

The Hamburg Correspondent says, the Emperor Francis Joseph intends to place himself at the head of the army in the event of war breaking out with Russia, and that he will be assisted by Field-Marshal de Bress.

The well known antiquarian and linguist, Professor Lepsius, at the instance of the Chevalier Bunsen, has completed an alphabet containing the sounds and letters of all the languages in the world.

Khalil Bey, son of Cherif Pacha, one of the most influential personages in Egypt, is preparing to leave Alexandria for Paris, on a mission from the viceroy. He carries with him various specimens of Egyptian productions for the Universal Exhibition.

The number of depositors in savings banks in Switzerland is in proportion of 1 to every 13 of the population; whilst in Saxony it is 1 in 15; in England, 1 in 22; in Hanover, 1 in 27; in Austria, 1 in 40; in Prussia, 1 in 45; in France, 1 in 63, and in Belgium, 1 in 73.

The North British Mail mentions that an ash tree, proved to be three hundred years old, has just been cut down in the formation of the Selkirk railway. It was an especial favorite with Sir Walter Scott, who sometimes, along with his friends, used to dine beneath its shade on a kettle of fish taken from the Tweed below.

Sands of Gold.

... There is a devil in every berry of the grape.—*Turkish*.
 ... Modesty is policy, no less than virtue.—*W. G. Simms*.
 ... The wrinkles of the heart are more indelible than those of the brow.—*Delany*.
 ... Grief is lessened by common endurance; joy and hope are sweeter by common enjoyment.—*Kozlay*.
 ... Silence is the safest course for any man to adopt who distrusts himself.—*La Rochefoucauld*.
 ... She who is not afraid of her conscience, laughs at the opinion of men.—*Delany*.
 ... Offensive operations, oftentimes, are the surest, if not in some cases the only, means of defence.—*Washington*.
 ... Logic is the essence of truth, and truth is the most powerful tyrant; but tyrants hate the truth.—*Kozlay*.
 ... In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it should be enlightened.—*Washington*.
 ... Shakspeare is the worst book in the world for young authors of talent to read; he exercises such an influence over them, that they copy him, thinking all the while that they are original.—*Goethe*.
 ... I observe that in our relations with the people around us, we forgive them more readily for what they *do*, which they can help, than for what they *are*, which they cannot help.—*Mrs. Jameson*.
 ... The destinies of a nation depend less on the greatness of the few, than the virtues or vices of the many. Eminent individuals cast further the features of her glory or shame; but the realities of her weal or woe lie deep in the great mass. The curling tops of lofty waves are the crests of the ocean, but from its depths flows the overpowering strength of its tides.—*Colton*.
 ... The chime of church bells is, of all sounds, that which conveys the most melancholy or the most joyous impressions to the heart, according to the circumstances under which it is heard, and the associations with which it is connected. If the feelings are not in accordance with their peal, there is no sound so unutterably, so unaccountably sad as that of a merry chime.—*Lady Ducres*.

Joker's Budget.

Snow is such a rarity in Georgia, that a fall of flakes is called sleighing.

Never be idle. If you have nothing else to do, turn to and wallop that fellow that "makes faces" at your sister.

An ancient and exceedingly simple method of book-keeping, is to keep all the books you lay your hands on.

"My dear," said a traveller to a little red-headed girl, "can I procure a glass of milk here?" "No, thir," was the reply; "thith ith a temperanth houth."

President of a western bank rushes up to his friend: "Charley, can't you give me change for a dollar? I see the bank superintendent is in town, and I want some specie in the vault to make a show."

An eminent rider has undertaken, for a heavy wager, to ride the well known horse Chestnut against the celebrated horse Radish. He will use the saddle of mutton and the spurs of necessity for the occasion.

"Ven do you tink de world will come to an end?" asked a German. "O, probably in about three months," answered the joker. "Ho, vell; I no cares for dat," exclaimed Hans, with a smile of satisfaction; "I pe going to Puffalo dis spring."

A gentleman in a steamboat asked the man who came to collect the passage money, if there was any danger of being blown up, as the steam made such a horrid noise. "Not the least," said the sharp collector, "unless you refuse to pay your fare!"

Miss L. E. Landon, says the Athenæum, appeared one evening at the opera, wearing a dark velvet Scotch cap and feather. "Look!" cried Count Orsay, in a gay, eager voice, raising his *lorgnette*, "Look, that is Miss Landon, with her inkstand on her head, and her pen in it!"

A Dutchman related a misfortune in the following manner: "Hans, he bit himself with a rattlesnake, and was sick into his bed for six weeks in the month of August, and his cry was 'vater, vater!' and he could eat nothing till he could stand upon his elbow and eat a little tea."

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.—One page only of this paper is devoted to advertisements. The immense circulation of the PICTORIAL (being over one hundred thousand copies weekly), forms a vehicle of advertisement that is rarely offered to the public. Another fact which greatly enhances the value of the PICTORIAL as an advertising medium is, that it is preserved, and not destroyed after being read, being regularly bound up every six months, so that each advertisement (all being placed on the inside of the paper) becomes a permanent card of the advertiser's business for years to come.

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Advertisements must be sent in two weeks in advance of the period of their publication, as our edition is so large that it occupies fourteen days in printing. Address, post-paid, M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor, Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

ARNOLD'S, 84 STRAND, LONDON.

I hereby constitute Mr. SIMON WILLARD, No. 9 Congress Street, Boston, sole agent for the sale of my Watches in the United States of America.

CHARLES FRODSHAM.

April 15, 1853.

The undersigned, having been appointed sole agent in the United States for the sale of CHARLES FRODSHAM'S IMPROVED TIMEKEEPERS, would respectfully call public attention to his extensive and valuable stock of compensated Chronometer Watches made by Charles Frodsam, and styled his "New Series." The great importance of the Improved Watches is a perfect regularity of time under every variety of climate, motion and position. So perfect are the adjustments, that the most violent exercise, such as horseback riding, jumping, etc., produces on them no sensible effect. They are, therefore, peculiarly adapted to railroad purposes. The undersigned is permitted to refer to the following gentlemen, who, among others, have proved the excellence of Frodsam's Watches as timekeepers:

Enoch Train, Esq., Wm. Whiting, Esq.,
E. C. Bates, Esq., G. M. Thacher, Esq.,
F. W. Thayer, Esq., David Dyer, Esq.

SIMON WILLARD,
9 Congress Street, Boston.

HERRING'S PATENT CHAMPION SAFES.

THE undeniable evidence of the superiority of the SAFES manufactured by the subscriber is known and acknowledged by a discriminating public, who are assured that all Safes made and sold by him or his authorized agents, will be equal to the best, and superior to some of the many which have passed through the fiery ordeal for the last fifteen years—as published and commented upon by the press throughout the United States. They are secured with the celebrated HALL'S PATENT POWDER PROOF LOCK—the subscriber being the patentee by purchase.

It is generally known all over the world that the proprietor placed his Safe, in competition with about thirty others, at the WORLD'S FAIR, LONDON, in 1851, placing within it ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS IN GOLD, as a reward to any one who could open the Safe; but not one of the operators was found sufficiently skilled in the art of lock-picking to pick the Lock or open the Safe—the money remained secure for forty-five days. At the close of the Exhibition, the jury on Safes and Locks very justly awarded separate medals for the Safe and Lock, which can be seen and compared with the one awarded for the same patents at the World's Exhibition, in New York, in 1853 and 1854. They can be had of the proprietor and his agents, in most of the cities in the United States and Canada.

SILAS C. HERRING, Patentee and Manufacturer,
Corner of Pine and Water Sts., New York.

N. B. Persons wanting HERRING'S PATENT CHAMPION SAFE, should see that it bears his name upon a metal plate—none others being genuine. S. C. H.
mar 31 2t

ELEGANT HATS FOR GENTLEMEN.

ABORN,
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Would respectfully solicit the attention of his customers and the public to the

NEW SPRING STYLE OF HATS,
NOW READY. mar 31

JACOBS & DEANE, MERCHANT TAILORS,

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THOSE in want of CLOTHING, will find the largest and best variety for

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Execute the above work in a beautiful style, at the shortest notice, and on most reasonable terms. mar 31

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mar 31

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HAVE received, by recent arrivals from Europe, a full assortment of

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WATERMAN'S PATENT TOWEL STAND. An article of use and beauty, indispensable in the sleeping apartment, bath-room and nursery. For sale by the inventor and manufacturer, at his Kitchen Furnishing Rooms, 83 and 85 Cornhill (near Court St.), where all on the eve of housekeeping will find everything appertaining to a well-appointed kitchen, of the best quality and at lowest prices. It mr 31

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THIRD EDITION.

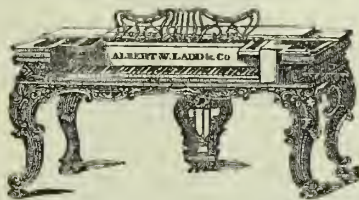
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NEW YORK CRYSTAL PALACE.

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305 WASHINGTON STREET,
(Corner Temple Avenue.)

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LACES,

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The above comprise all the different grades, most of which have been purchased for cash, and will be sold at the lowest market price. 2t mar 24

N. D. COTTON,

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FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS, ARTISTS, AND AMATEURS IN

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ARTISTS' SUPPLY STORE.—M. J. WHIPPLE, 35 Cornhill, Boston, Importer and Dealer in Tube Oil Colors and all other supplies required by Artists and Draughtsmen. tf Jan 13

RHODES'S FEVER AND AGUE CURE!

NATURE'S INFALLIBLE SPECIFIC.

FOR the prevention and cure of INTERMITTENT and REMITTENT FEVERS, FEVER AND AGUE, CHILLS and FEVER, DUMB AGUE, GENERAL DEBILITY, NIGHT SWEATS, and all other forms of disease which have a common origin in Malaria or Miasma. This subtle atmospheric poison, which at certain seasons is inhaled at every breath, is the same in character wherever it exists—North, South, East or West—and will everywhere yield to this newly discovered antidote, which is claimed to be the greatest discovery in medicine ever made. Please observe that the principle upon which this medicine acts is entirely different from general remedies. It treats Malaria, or Miasma, just as common sense teaches us to treat all other poisons when they are taken into the human system; it neutralizes the poison, and by removing all cause for disease, acts either as a preventive or a cure, and will suit everybody's case. This specific is so harmless that it may be taken by persons of every age, sex, or condition, and it will not substitute for one disease others still worse, as is too often the result in the treatment by Quinine, Mercury, Arsenic, and other poisonous or deleterious drugs, not a particle of any of which is admitted into this preparation. The proprietor distinctly claims these extraordinary results from the use of this

NATURAL ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.

It will entirely protect any resident or traveller, even in the most sickly or swampy localities, from any ague or bilious disease whatever, or any injury from constantly inhaling Malaria or Miasma. It will instantly check the ague in persons who have suffered for any length of time, from one day to twenty years, so that they need never have another chill, by continuing it according to directions. It will immediately relieve all the distressing results of bilious or ague diseases—such as General Debility, Night Sweats, etc. The patient at once begins to recover appetite and strength, and continues until a permanent and radical cure is effected. Finally, its use will banish Fever and Ague from families and all classes. Farmers and all laboring men, by adopting it as a preventive, will be free from ague or bilious attacks in that season of the year which, while it is the most sickly, is the most valuable one to them. One or two bottles will answer for ordinary cases; some may require more. Directions printed in German, French and Spanish, accompany each bottle. Price, ONE DOLLAR. Liberal discounts made to the trade. Trade circulars forwarded on application, and the article will be consigned on liberal terms to responsible parties in every section of the country.

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mar 17 eoptf Book and Printseller.

THE HEADACHE KILLER.

THE GREAT SPECIFIC

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DISCOVERED AND PREPARED BY

DR. J. W. POLAND,

OF GOLFSTOWN CENTRE, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

THE sales of this well-known Medicine are on a steady increase, and its wonderful cures are calling forth unbounded praise from all quarters, as well as giving it a standard reputation. Those who are troubled with Headache, Neuralgia, Tic Dolorous, or pain arising from Humors, will do well to try it.

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75,000 THE FIRST YEAR!

THE CHARMING STORY OF

UNCLE TRUE AND LITTLE GERTY,

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL BOOK

EVER PUBLISHED, EXCEPTING "UNCLE TOM."

What number will in time be sold, no one can predict, the demand is still so great.

The last number of "The New Englander" contains the following graphic notice:

"The story of Gerty and Uncle True, contained in the first fifteen chapters, will always make the book a favorite. Many a mother will read to her little ones the story of the old-fashioned lamplighter, whom they never see, but whose mysterious appearance children used to watch, as with torch and ladder he appeared in the gathering darkness, and slowly climbed one post after another, lighting up the dim oil lamps through the street, until he disappeared at the farthest corner."

JOHN P. JEWETT & CO., PUBLISHERS,

No. 117 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

mar 24 2t

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THESE MELODEONS are recommended as superior to all others by the best musicians and organists in the country. Prices—\$60, \$75, \$100, \$120, \$135, \$150 and \$175. Circulars containing a full description of the "Model Melodeons," will be sent to any post-office, on addressing the undersigned, manufacturers,

MASON & HAMLIN,
mar 24 tf Cambridge St., corner Charles, Boston.

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ILLUSTRATIONS ON WOOD.

BY JOHN ANDREW,

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tf REFERENCE, "BALLOU'S PICTORIAL." j 20

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NATIVITIES, either oral or written, and all just questions answered upon any subject whatever.

For full particulars, call in person, or address a letter, post-paid, to

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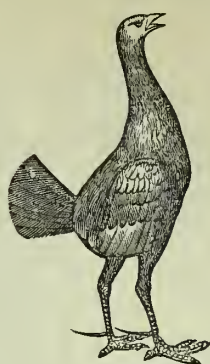
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mar 31

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THE "CHARLES HEIDSIECK" CHAMPAGNE, which is gaining a rapid popularity throughout the United States, the public having already discovered in it an old standard and highly approved wine, may be obtained of the agents, T. L. ROBINSON & Co.,
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QUAINT,
HUMOROUS AND
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DESIGNED FOR EVERY AMERICAN HOME.

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A MIRACLE OF CHEAPNESS,

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ONE DOLLAR!

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY is printed with new type, upon fine white paper, and its matter is carefully compiled and arranged by the hands of the editor and proprietor, who has been known to the public as connected with the Boston press for nearly fifteen years. Its pages contain

NEWS,
TALES,
POEMS,
SKETCHES,
MISCELLANY,
ADVENTURES,
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from the best and most popular writers of the country. It is also spiced with a record of the notable events of the times, of peace and war, of discoveries, and improvements occurring in either hemisphere, forming an agreeable companion for a leisure moment or hour, anywhere, at home or abroad, each number being complete in itself.

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M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor,
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Streets, Boston.

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An elegant, moral and refined Miscellaneous Family Journal, devoted to polite literature, wit and humor, prose and poetic gems, and original tales, written expressly for the paper. In politics, and on all sectarian questions, it is strictly neutral; therefore making it emphatically a PAPER FOR THE MILLION, and a welcome visitor to the home circle.

It contains the foreign and domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of intelligence. No advertisements are admitted to the paper, thus offering the entire sheet, which is of THE MAMMOTH SIZE, for the instruction and amusement of the general reader. An unrivalled corps of contributors are regularly engaged, and every department is under the most finished and perfect system that experience can suggest, forming an original paper, the present circulation of which far exceeds that of any other weekly paper in the Union, with the exception of "Ballou's Pictorial."

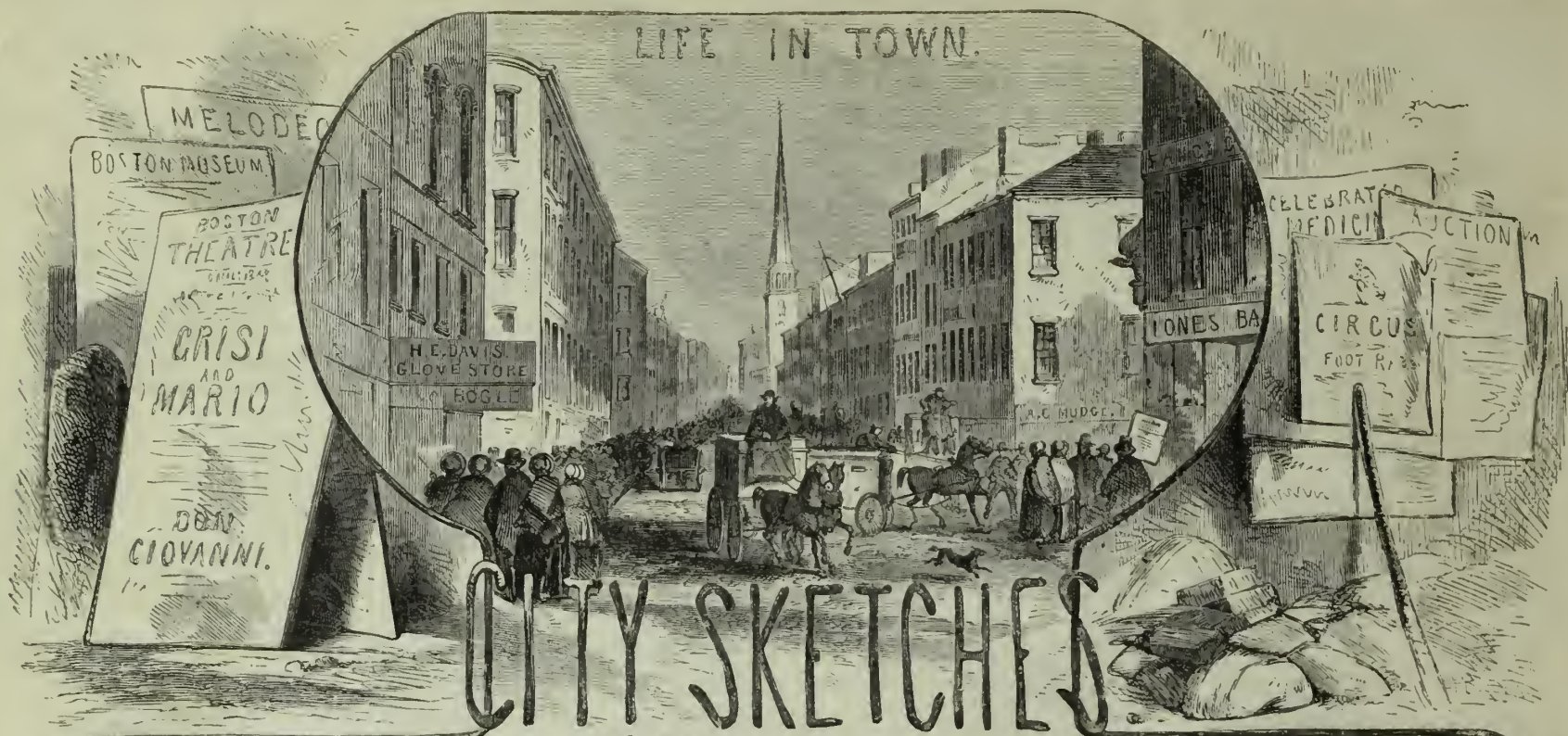
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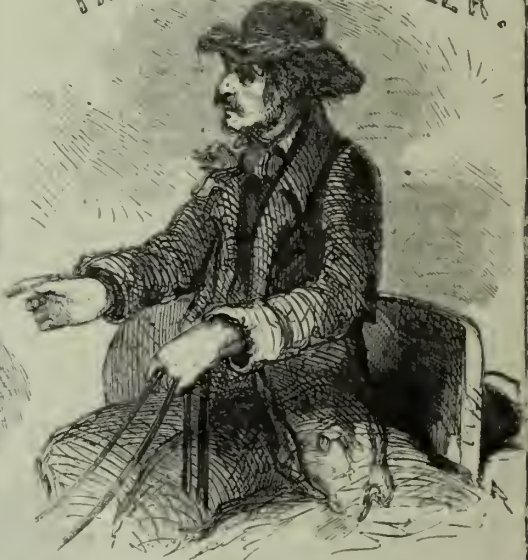
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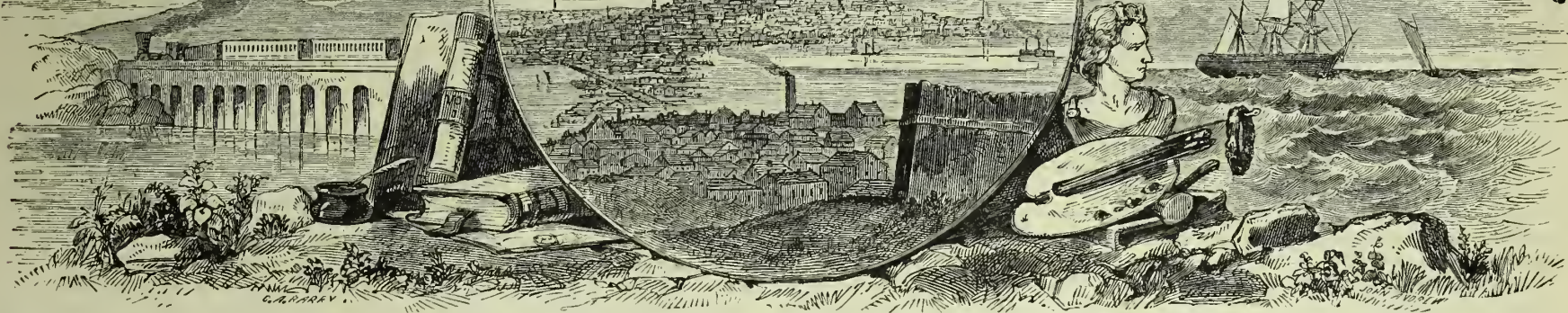
THE WATCHMAN.



THE DUSTMAN.



BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT
AND BROMFIELD STS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1855.

\$3.00 PER ANNUM. { VOL. VIII., No. 14.—WHOLE No. 196
6 CENTS SINGLE.

ARKANSAS.

Arkansas is, as our engraving beneath represents, a frontier State. The wild Indian yet occupies her borders, and emigrant trains are seen traversing her prairies, with their attendant hunters and guards. A story, based upon the adventures of the train seen in the engraving, will be found on page 211. But although Arkansas is one of the "new States," not having been admitted into the Union until 1836, her territory was visited at an early period of our national history by European explorers. The gallant De Soto, with his Spanish gold hunters, and the energetic La Salle, with his French traders, visited Arkansas. French colonies sprang up along the river Mississippi, but the interior was not colonized until the older States sent forth their stalwart pion-

ners. When the last census was taken, the population of Arkansas was 209,897. Arkansas has 362 churches, mostly of the Baptist and Methodist persuasions. In 1840 she had no college, 8 academies and 113 primary schools, but in 1850 she could boast 3 colleges, 90 academies, and 353 primary schools, showing that her citizens are aware of the necessity of education. She has six weekly newspapers and three published semi-weekly. Agriculture is the prominent occupation in Arkansas. Her live stock, in 1850, was valued at \$6,647,969; and she produced 8,893,939 bushels of Indian corn; 218,936 pounds of tobacco; 65,344 bales of cotton, weighing 400 pounds each; nearly one million bushels of potatoes, and grains in like proportion. Over two thirds of her male population are farmers, and the census shows but one

banker, one bookbinder and one musician. There were 449 physicians, 224 lawyers, 105 saddlers, 94 printers and 4 editors. Literature has not as yet made much progress in Arkansas; but she can boast of Albert Pike, who, though not born within her borders, yet has identified himself with her progress. His Hymns to the gods of Greece have met with high favor in Europe, and he has won equal fame as a poet, a soldier, a lawyer and a true friend of all good fellows. The future destiny of Arkansas, it is safe to predict, will be a brilliant one. Her forests are fast falling before the sturdy settlers, and soon the unbroken wilderness will be reclaimed. "Westward the star of empire takes its way;" and Arkansas, ere the close of the present century, will be the very heart of our republic.



STATE OF

REGNANT POPULI

ARKANSAS

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SECRETS OF THE CELLS:

—on,—

LEAVES FROM MY DIARY.

BY REV. J. H. INGRAHAM.

[CONTINUED.]

NUMBER FIVE.**FIRST CONGREGATION—RESULT.**

My object in writing out and publishing my diary, is not so much to gratify mere curiosity in the strange and horrible, but to show how life goes on from day to day, in the interior of a prison—to make the reader, who may often have seen the outside of one of these sad places of punishment behold its interior scenes. The writer also has a higher motive, viz., to draw the attention of benevolent and intelligent legislators to reforming whatever is amiss in their State institutions, to direct their attention to more humane constructions of prisons, and to see that the features of the Inquisition are not incautiously interwoven in the system of judicial punishment. But to my narrative.

Having succeeded, as my readers in my last number have seen, in gaining the consent of the warden to pay a visit to the convicts for the purpose of addressing them, when the next Sunday came, I started on foot from the city towards the prison. It was a clear, sun-bright day, with that peculiar stillness (caused by the hush of all week day sounds of wheels and tools of working men) which marks the Sabbath. The pleasant green fields that bordered the road, smiled in the brightness of the morning; and the very birds seemed to sing more heartily, as if they also praised God on the earth's great day of praise.

The sound of the church bells from the towers in the city behind me floated mellowly along the sky and gave delight to the ear. Before me rose the dark gray walls of the penitentiary, half concealed by trees that grew along a lane leading past the east wall. Above the highest branches towered the bell turret, not to send forth from its cupola an invitation to men to worship God—O, no! its bell only rung out when men, long shut up within the strong walls, impatient for liberty, risked life to gain the outer world again. Then rang this tower bell of the prison loud and long, a wild and clear *alarm*.

Now it was silent. It had no voice for God. It answered not the echoing notes of the chiming bells that swelled on the breeze from the town. I passed the head of the little lane. The tall, frowning walls awed my spirit. I was sensitive, and almost shrank from the task I had imposed upon myself. The idea, now that the hour was upon me, of addressing two hundred convicts, I, who had never spoken in public at all, to come for the first time before such an audience, made me half turn back. But I did not obey the feeling; but controlling it, advanced and applied to the door of the guard-room for admittance.

It was opened, and it was thronged with the guards. The warden received me, I thought, coldly, but civilly; and from the displeased looks of some of the men, I saw that my request to address the convicts had not been favorably received by them; and that they by no means relished being detained on duty upon a day which they usually had to themselves.

Bowing to them courteously, and not seeming to notice their looks of decided disapprobation of my presence, I took a seat offered me by the polite warden, who at the same time gave orders to have the prisoners assembled in the large ward-room of the wing, directing benches to be formed of boards placed upon blocks and chairs. It was full half an hour before a messenger came to say that "all was ready for preaching."

"Come, sir," said the warden, rising and leading the way through a massive door, heavy and thick with plates of iron. It closed behind us, and was barred and locked. We passed across a court-yard, and turning to the left, entered the ground floor of the west wing. Here I found myself immediately in the presence of the convicts, who were seated in ranks upon benches, and facing a grated window, underneath which stood a small pine table, decently covered with a white napkin and holding a glass of water and a hymn book.

It was with a trembling pulse I took my place, standing behind the little table, facing the two hundred convicts. The sight which met my eyes made an indelible impression upon my heart and mind. It was with deep emotion that I cast my gaze over that strange audience. The apartment, with its closely grated windows, was gloomy, and a cavern like twilight seemed to pervade it. The whole body of prisoners sat perfectly motionless, with their looks fastened upon me with curiosity and interest. To a person familiar with audiences, such an array of faces and costumes would have threatened his self-possession and awed him; how much more one who now, as was my case, for the first time, stood face to face with a congregation. Some of the men were haggard and pale; some cast down the eye as soon as it was met; others planted their gaze at you with hardened defiance. The countenances of all might have been divided into two classes, viz., the bold and defiant, and the down-looking and cowed—many meeting the look for look with an expression of hate, many dropping their heads as if shrinking from observation.

Standing around, or walking up and down near them, were the guards, armed with pistols, and keeping vigilant eyes upon this dangerous assembly. Just behind me, a little to the right, stood the warden, calm, cold and observant; and evidently confident that this would be the last time he would have to assemble

the convicts to hear the gospel; for he had no faith, as I have before said, in their appreciation of it, and had great faith in the temptation to be disorderly, which their assembling together would offer.

It will be recollected that the condition on which I was permitted to speak to the prisoners was, that if any one of them showed insubordination in the hall, I was to ask the privilege no more, and "preaching to the prisoners in prison," was to an end, until absolutely commanded by the legislature.

I took up the little hymn book and then asked the deputy keeper for a Bible. He sent for one, but the messenger returned saying none could be found but a "torn one." With this in my hand, I regarded my congregation for a moment with feelings of deep sadness and pity, and then said to them, "that I had been on a visit to the prison a few days before, during which I learned that they were closely confined on Sundays in their hot, narrow cells, with scarcely space to move or air to breathe; that therefore Sunday was regarded by them all as their 'black day,' that I had heard some of the prisoners say they had rather be put to the hardest work on Sunday than be locked in as they were; that all the hard toil in the week was not to be weighed with their forced rest on Sundays."

These words and mode of addressing them, seemed to make an intense impression. Their faces showed that they agreed with all I said. They gave me fixed attention, and one prisoner on a back bench, to listen better, made a movement which caused the rattling of chains; and I afterwards learned that I had in my congregation five men in irons. Having got their attention by alluding to their own personal grievances, I continued to say:

"That when I learned the burden Sunday was to them, feelings of regret that a day appointed by God to be the happiest of the seven, should be to them the most miserable; that I also felt sorrow that the day in which we should obtain instruction to fit us for another life, should be to them a day of more than ordinary privation. I felt for you," I added, "and although not a minister, I resolved, if your agent would give me permission to come out and open the doors of your cells on Sunday that you might stretch your limbs, breathe purer air, and above all, hear the word of God read. In reply to my request, he answered me, 'that it would not do; that he knew it was hard for you to be locked in, but that when a minister occasionally came to preach to you, you became unruly, some of you had to be taken off and ironed, and that it did more harm than good; and, moreover, that the guards had Sunday to themselves and could not be detained to watch you during the time you were in the hall.' To your warden's objections, I urged his permission to give you one trial more; and through his goodness here it is! It is by his favor you are to-day let out of your cells, and are seated in this large room, free from restraint, and with pure air to breathe. You are all once more on trial for your good behaviour, my men! As you behave this morning, so will your future Sundays be. If to-day you are quiet, peaceable, and behave as you ought to do, behave as well as you do now, the warden has promised me permission to come and open your cells every Sunday morning, and bring you down here. But if any of you is disorderly, if any of you takes advantage of being in the back seats, beyond the eye of the guard, is noisy by laughing or talking, then my work is done; and henceforth the Sunday will be to you your 'accursed day,' as some of you have termed it. And when you consider that I am not a minister (and am not therefore bound to teach you by my profession), but only voluntarily, out of love and compassion toward you, undertake this task; that I receive no other pay than that you listen and behave quietly, I trust that you will appreciate my motives, and try and so conduct to-day and every Sunday, that I may be permitted every Sunday to come and meet you here."

While I was talking to them in this manner with kind earnestness, the whole room was silent, save the occasional clank of a chain on the feet of some prisoner in the rear, who would hear better, and the suppressed "hush" of his comrades.

Having thus secured their sympathy and gratitude, as well as having shown them how that their own happiness depended on their conduct when before me, I then proceeded to read to them from the Bible, beginning at the first chapter of Genesis.

Of the number present, I knew that seventy could neither read nor write, and that forty others could not write, and but imperfectly read. I, therefore, took it for granted that one-half of them knew nothing of the Bible from their inability to read it, and that the other half knew but little of its precepts, or they would not that day have been in prison. Thereupon I began with the beginning with them, proving to them first the existence of God by familiar illustrations, drawn from nature, and the independent existence of their own souls, by appeals to their consciences. They listened with profound attention. At the close of my remarks, which were only now and then interrupted by that unfortunate chain, I gave out a hymn. To my surprise it was joined in by at least forty manly voices, as I gave out two lines at a time, till the vaulted prison rang again with the sonorous song of praise. Humbly they all knelt upon the stone floor in the prayer and benediction.

When the services ended, the warden turned to me and said: "Sir, you may come again next Sunday. You have conquered."

When this was announced by me to the convicts, they showed, by a slight but general movement of their persons, that this intelligence was gratifying to them.

The guards now gave the word of command for them to march to their cells. They filed off from the benches and walked quietly away to their apartments, five poor fellows in chains, which they held up to keep from clanking, bringing up the rear of the sad procession.

The result of this good conduct on the part of the convicts was, that I not only went the following Sunday, but many Sundays after, until in about ten weeks the warden was so satisfied of their good conduct, and that they would do nothing to compromise their Sunday's privilege, that he gradually lessened the guard; and I had not been there three months, visiting the convicts in this way, when but two guards remained in the apartment to keep two hundred men in discipline. Before the year was out, but one guard was kept in the room, and often he would have to go into the hospital; often I have gone through the whole services, with no one but myself and the prisoners locked in the hall together.

Two years I continued without intermission to visit the prison on every Sunday morning; and during that period not a man was ever punished for disorderly conduct during the religious services; not one man misbehaved; if possible they conducted better when no guard was present, as if they would inspire me with full confidence in them. At the end of two years, I had taught sixty-seven men to read, and presented to Bishop Otey, for confirmation, thirty men, who had previously been presented by me to a clergyman for baptism, both the clergyman and the bishop coming, of course, to the prison to perform these rites. During these two years I went through the Bible with them, instructing and explaining and illustrating as I went on, and conveying to their minds the whole scheme of Christianity, from the promise to Eve to the ascension of Christ.

After I had been two years giving my Sunday time to the convicts, one Sunday morning, while I was at my house in town, I received a note from the warden, in which he "desired me to come out twice on Sundays to instruct the men, as he was satisfied that they were not only desirous of it, but that there was no doubt that they were greatly benefited by it."

I gladly complied with the request contained in this note, not a little gratified to find one who in the outset had opposed the instruction of convicts on Sunday, for the reasons already given the reader, thus subscribing his testimony "to the power of the gospel," even over the "chiefest of enemies."

The legislature was now in session, and as I contemplated entering the ministry and leaving the State before it would be again in session, I drew up a petition that a chaplaincy might be created for the prisoners, and a chaplain appointed and a chapel built. I succeeded in getting the bill through both houses without opposition; but his excellency the governor rather demurred when it was presented for his signature, questioning whether preaching to prisoners did really any good. After hearing what I had to say upon the subject, he signed the bill. The appointment of chaplain was then unanimously given to me. Not being in orders, and having no authority, therefore, formally to preach (for I had simply been a reader and a teacher of the gospel to the convicts), I declined; but receiving from the bishop a special license to act in the capacity, with the title of "lay reader," I continued as heretofore my labors.

Before the close of the session of the legislature, the warden sent in his report of the condition of the prison, from which I make, in honor of the gospel, the following extract from memory:

"Since Mr. ——— has been giving instruction on Sundays to the prisoners, I have had less trouble with their discipline than I have had in twenty years' experience in charge of penitentiaries. Punishment is almost done away with."

For one year longer I continued my services twice a Sunday, walking in and out of town, nearly a mile in distance, four times a day, when being ordained to the work of the ministry, I resigned the chaplaincy and removed to the South in 1851, to take charge of a parish. If I have seemed to speak of myself, it was necessary in order to show the reader the interior of a prison and prisoners as they are.

The reader need not be told that during my three years' experience in visiting the prison, numerous interesting cases of crime and woe must have come to my knowledge from the lips of the unhappy participants, especially from men who lay upon their dying beds. The succeeding numbers will each contain a narrative, which will be given, not to gratify morbid curiosity in details of guilt, but to awaken pity if not sympathy for those poor outcasts of earth, who have fallen into temptation and sin, and also to draw attention to the real condition of criminals. It is not always the most guilty who are condemned, and because a man is in the penitentiary, it is no reason why he should be despised or deemed beyond reformation. Convicts are still men. Many of them have fallen victims to erroneous training while young, and to want of mental discipline as adults: some of them have been the tools of the more designing, and the shrewdest escapes while the dullest suffers. The simple fact, that out of two hundred men within the penitentiary, one hundred and twenty could not both read and write, shows conclusively that the majority of crimes is caused by ignorance—that ignorance which results from want of school education. Three years observation among the convicts convinces me that the school is the antagonist of the prison; and that if the money expended on penitentiaries and their officers was expended on school houses and teachers, the statistics of crime in the United States would show a very different sum than it now exhibits.

I shall close this number, which, though of necessity less interesting than others, yet holds an important place in the series, by the narration of an incident which occurred on the day of my last visit to the prison, to take my leave of the men.

As I was passing through the guard-room, shaking hands with the friendly guard and the courteous and intelligent agent, I heard loud and piercing shrieks from a part of the prison known as the women's rooms. To the honor of the sex, there were never more than three or four in at the time, of which the major-

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

BIRDS FOR BREAKFAST.

A TALE OF THE SETTLEMENT OF ARKANSAS.

BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.

ity were colored women; but those white women who were sentenced, were usually sent there for the commission of the worst character of crimes, such as strangling their own offspring and poisoning their husbands or parents; crimes of such a nature that one could not but be convinced that women seldom or never commit crimes, except under the influence of insanity.

The shrieks which I heard were so thrilling as to make my blood run cold. I inquired of one of the officers the cause, and was told by him the following sad tale.

"She is a young married woman. Her husband's father and brother are both now here for horse-stealing. The family is one well-known for its thefts and lawlessness. The old man is supposed to have been connected with the land-pirate Murrel; and the sons are little better. This young woman belonged to a better family, and was fascinated by the young desperado when but sixteen, and married him. It was a love-match, as they say. She was wholly ignorant of his course of life, and indeed, when she married him, he was not the rogue he has since become."

"You talk as if you knew the parties well," I remarked.

"Yes, I was raised in the same county. I knew the young woman when she was called the prettiest girl in twenty miles about. They had not been married long before the old man, whom they call 'Bill Crush-hand,' stole three horses and a negro boy, and was taken and sent here for seven years."

"How did he get the name of 'Crush-hand'?" I asked.

"It was from a way he had. He is a powerful, strong man, and has a hand gripe like a horse's mouth. When he shakes hands he has a way of crushing up the person's hand till it isn't fit for use for a week after; he does it to show his strength like, in which he is proud enough. Once he broke three fingers of a man's hand who shook hands with him, and was prosecuted and had to pay roundly. It is the old man with the bald head and gray keen eye, with a piece bitten out of his right ear, who sits next to you when you preach."

"Yes, I know him well, and one of the most respectable looking men in the congregation, and has a voice like a clerk for singing psalms," I remarked.

"The same. Next the son, not the married one, was sentenced three years for stealing a pair of mules. Last month, the other son, the youngest, the husband of Katy Dillon, was sentenced for two years, for robbing a traveller of his saddle-bags and money. While he was in jail, his wife brought him his meals, and hung about the window weeping and showing such love that the scamp ought to have been tarred and feathered, to have done anything to have got so fine a young wife into shame and trouble. In the court-house she hung over him and tried all she could with the lawyers, judge and jury, to get him acquitted. When he was actually sentenced, she went to Nashville, and threw herself at the knees of the governor, imploring a pardon for him. But all was in vain. He was brought out here, and, clothed in his convict's dress, set to work pecking stone.

"The young wife, whose love for the worthless fellow seemed to be almost a madness on her brain, finding that she was separated from him (for she followed the officers who brought him, to the very gate of the guard-house), seems to have given way to despair. She was, after the iron door was shut between them, seen to return to town with the fleetness of a deer. That night she thrust her arm through a jeweller's brilliant window, and seized a handful of watches. The hue and cry was raised. She did not fly far, but rather suffered herself to be arrested. A few days afterwards, the court being in session, she was arraigned for the crime of theft, and making no defence, was sentenced to one year in the penitentiary. Upon bearing the sentence, it is said she clapped her hands with joy, and exclaimed, 'Now I shall join Paul!'

"The cause of the theft and absence of defence was now clear. She committed the crime, as she told the officer who brought her here yesterday evening, that she might be re-united with her husband! 'Prison and chains with him,' she said, 'rather than separation!'

"And is she permitted to occupy the same cell with her husband?" I asked, but well knowing that such an arrangement was against all the rules of the prison.

"No, she has not seen him! He is not aware that she is here; nor will he be told, for we keep secrets here from our men. Her first demand was to be led to her husband. But the warden kindly put her off until morning. It was her first request this morning, urged with tears and all the eloquence of wifely love, not to be longer detained from seeing him. It was about an hour ago that the warden sent his wife to her to inform her that she could not see her husband.

"Never?" she asked wildly and with a sinking heart.

"Not while you are both in prison."

"Then all is lost! I have sinned for naught! I have wrecked all in vain! O, my husband! my husband! Paul, Paul. So near you—beneath the same roof, and not permitted to see you! O, my heart will break. Mercy! mercy!" she cried, and east herself frantically upon the floor. She has since then been shrieking continually; but by-and-by she will exhaust herself, and sink away to sleep."

I made no remark. My heart was full of sorrow. I bade the guard good evening, and leaving the prison, sought the abode of the governor.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

It is only in early youth, in the first freshness of the spring of life, that love can be tasted in its intensest rapture. Youth looks upon everything with fond and credulous eyes, and the air seems one universal rainbow. The emotion will not bear analysis, and what is more, will not bear the test of time; it is but too frequently its own suicide.

WESTWARD HO! A party of hunters had brought back marvellous reports of the fertile prairies on the banks of the Red River, and in less than a month—I think it was in August, 1820, a long train of Conostoga wagons had crossed the Mississippi, en route for the land of promise. They were under the direction of 'Squire Frierson, a wealthy old planter, who had grown rich by land speculations, and now hoped not only to "locate" some rich tracts for himself, but to get mortgages on the farms of his associate pioneers. Stalwort sons of toil, they had little idea that they were in reality but serfs, and indulged in high hopes of future prosperity, as they goaded along the sluggish oxen, or kept together the herds that grazed as they journeyed. The wagons, generally speaking, would rumble over about ten miles in a day, and when the sun began to decline, they were so halted as to form a square, within which the camp-fires were lighted. The cattle were "coralled," supper was prepared, and then groups would gather round the fires to listen to marvellous tales of frontier-life. As the fires burned low, the groups would diminish, and soon the watchful guards would have the lights in the tents extinguished, one by one, until the silence of night reigned.

One morning, three young men who had been patrolling through the night, lingered behind the train, to cook some fine birds that Hal. Harson, the youngest of the trio, had shot at early dawn. His companions, gaunt and weather-bronzed, were veteran hunters, but Hal. was a fine-looking fellow, ruddy with health, and having every pioneer attribute. Every one wondered he should have left a good paternal farm in Tennessee, to be a hireling guard on Frierson's train; yet he was the favorite of the party.

"Now for a breakfast," said Hal, as he approached the fire.

"Well, bird-meat's better nor deer-meat," replied Jim Long, who had just succeeded in resuscitating the fire. "But here comes old Frierson on his pacer, biting the stem of his pipe. He be dogged. What does he want?"

The leader of the train, who now rode up, had that cramped, heartless, cold expression of countenance, peculiar to those who make Mammon their god. In his opinion, men were good or bad according to their means, and he especially disliked poor young men, regarding them as adventurers, who sought to deprive capitalists of wealth. Perhaps, too, he feared that some one might woo and wed his niece, whose property had been of such essential service in several speculations.

Left an orphan at an early age, Mary Frierson had been brought up on her uncle's farm, in wild independence. She could shoot, fish and hunt like Diana, yet as she ripened into womanhood, her feelings became chastened. An undefined yearning took possession of her. She became acquainted with Hal. Harson, and soon discovered that he loved her, and as the wagon-train moved slowly along, it was her delight to have him join the merry group of girls, for she felt that she, of all others, was first in his thoughts. And he, although sensible that there was a great gulf between them, which nothing but a bridge of dollars could span, lived in the intoxication of her presence. To enjoy that, he felt that he could endure any privation, face any difficulty—nay, even bear the insulting manners of her uncle.

"What's this!" exclaimed Frierson in an insolent tone. "Who shot those birds?"

"I did," coolly replied Harson.

"You did, ha! Well, I was fool enough to think the Injuns would trouble us, and so hired you lazy fellows as a guard. But I didn't buy powder for you to shoot birds with."

"The birds were shot with my own ammunition, purchased at Memphis, look!" And as Harson spoke, he exhibited a small canister of "Dupont," with a leather bag of shot. "I have done my duty, sir," he continued; "and if you think there are no Indians around, I—"

"Humbug!" interrupted Frierson. "You had better look stricter after the cattle."

"Look a here," grumbled Bill Long, "if you think you can put on yer airs here, old hoss, you're a cave-in. We was hired to guard the camp at night; we've stood our guard—Hal, here, more than we two—but we aint your slaves, no sir-ree! So keep civil, or dry up!"

"What!" exclaimed Frierson, turning purple with rage. "But never mind. In a week you can all travel. But don't be loitering here, or the wagons will get out of sight." Ere Harson could reply, he had turned his horse, plunged in the spurs, and was hastening after the train. Hal. gazed after him with flashing eyes, and a dark cloud of anger on his forehead, but he did not speak.

"I would like to send a bullet after him," said Long, kicking apart the blazing wood.

"Never mind, never mind," said Hal. Harson. "He's a crusty old fellow; but after all, it wasn't perhaps right to linger behind. So I'll carry along the birds and we'll have them for supper."

"I'm amiable," laconically replied the third member of the party, and they trudged along in silence. Overtaking the train, the hunters joined a party of young fellows, who were ever ready to listen to their yarns, while Hal. Harson bashfully approached a wagon in which the girls of the party were riding, having rolled up the canvass covering at either side. Prominent in this galaxy of rosy beauty was Mary Frierson, who welcomed Hal. with a meaning smile. Untutored in those arts which refinement has adopted to conceal the wildest passions of the soul, there was, in the glance that beamed from her flashing eye, an assurance of regard which made her lover's breast beat high with hope. But

another saw that glance, and Hal. was roused from his dream of bliss by the voice of Frierson: "Well, young man, having finished your game breakfast, you are now making morning calls! Go back and mind the cattle, sir. This is no place for you."

Hal. trembled and nervously grasped his rifle, but looking towards his insolent employer, he caught the eyes of Mary. Her look was more eloquent than words, mingling entreaty and regret and love. Passing his hand across his forehead, as if to banish the scene, he slowly moved away.

"A pretty guard," growled Frierson, eyeing his niece. "I don't see what business a penniless fellow like that has hanging about you girls. You ought to know that he is after your money."

Mary Frierson's lip quivered, as she spoke angrily to her uncle. "We girls know where our money is, and who tries to keep it."

The old man started in his saddle, and then gave Mary an earnest look, as if to read her thoughts. "You are sharp," he at length said, with a faint smile, but it could not mask his vexation, and then making some remark about the road, he passed on to the next wagon.

Night threw her sable mantle over the prairies, and Hal. Harson again found himself on guard. At first, the young sentinel felt sad. Affection for Mary Frierson and resentment against her uncle struggled for mastery. But as he paced his round, his spirits rallied. Hal.'s imagination soon began to revel in lighter scenes. Hark! he heard a rustling. Cocking his rifle, he brought it to his shoulder, but then the familiar tones of her whom he loved echoed through his heart. In a moment, she stood at his side.

"Mary! Miss Frierson!" exclaimed Hal, offering his hand.

"Speak low!" replied the excited girl, cordially returning his grasp. Then, with a slight tremor in her tone, she said, "I could not sleep, Hal. Harson, without thanking you for the manner in which you received my uncle's insulting remark this morning. It stung you to the heart, I saw, but—but—"

"But love for you chained my temper," interrupted Harson. "Hear me, Mary Frierson. You are far my superior, but I can but adore you. Can I hope for a return of my love?—can you share my humble lot?—can you become my wife?"

Mary looked earnestly into the anxious face of her lover, but her heart was too full for utterance. Yet she suffered Hal. Harson's stalwort arm to steal around her waist, and when he imprinted a long, deep kiss upon her lips, it was returned—she was his own. Just then the moon shone approvingly forth, and sentinel stars brightly witnessed this union of fond hearts.

"You will be mine, then, Mary?"

"With all my heart and soul," replied the true-souled girl; but at that moment the well-known figure of her uncle approached them, and he shouted, "Mary Frierson, leave that beggar, or—"

A hundred hideous yells interrupted him, and a cloud of arrows whistled through the air, as a large party of Indians dashed into the camp. They passed the lovers, but two sprang from their saddles as they approached Mr. Frierson, who was soon levelled to the ground by the heavy blow of a war-club. In an instant an Indian grasped him by the hair, and, drawing his scalping-knife, was about to seize his fatal trophy, when a shot from Hal. Harson's rifle laid him low. Confusion now reigned; the sharp cracks of the rifles and curses of the whites mingling with the yells of the Indians, and the shrieks of the women and children.

Leaving Mary to attend to her senseless uncle, Hal. Harson dashed into the thickest of the fight, and by his bravery soon turned the scale. The warfare was waged with demoniacal fury, but soon the Indians, uttering a whoop of despair, abandoned the strife, while a loud cheer of victory went up from the whites.

Hal. Harson now hastened to the spot where he had left Mary Frierson and her uncle, where he arrived just in time. One of the Indians, mounted on a fine horse, had fled from the scene of contest in that direction, and was in the act of throwing a lasso over the poor girl, who was kneeling by her uncle's side. Just as the rope had tightened, and she was expecting to find herself dragged over the ground, a bullet from Hal. Harson's never-failing rifle passed through his heart, and he fell dead. She was safe.

Need we say that, for once, 'Squire Frierson was sensible of the kindness he had received, and hailing Hal. Harson as the preserver of his life, he told him he might claim Mary as his bride?

They were married on the broad prairies of Arkansas, just as the sun appeared above the eastern horizon. There, surrounded by the stalwort pioneers and their delighted wives and daughters, they took each other for husband and for wife—pledging a mutual vow which angels might have witnessed and Heaven sanctioned, although there was neither priest nor license. The doubt and fear of love was over, and the two, heart-united, looked forward to the future as they did on their pathway—a pleasant journey, to be taken in company. The only ones who appeared at all to regret the happy event were Hal's comrades on guard-duty, and as 'Squire Frierson was gazing with some pride upon the newly-wedded couple, Bill Long came up, bearing the game shot by Hal. the previous morning, and asked, in a malicious tone:

"Well, 'Squire, hadn't you better let him eat birds for breakfast, arter all?"

In a few days the party reached their destined abiding-place, where a village soon sprang up. The prairies were converted into smiling fields, and when Arkansas was admitted into the Union as a State, the Hon. Mr. Frierson had a seat in the Senate, while Col. Hal. Harson was a prominent member of the House of Representatives. A turnpike road now traverses their original route, leading through towns which are the abodes of intelligence, industry and art. Whenever Col. and Mrs. Harson journey over it, they stop to revisit the scene of the night-attack, and when they pass a night at the hotel near by, kept by Old William Long, Esq., he always inquires, with a meaning smile, if they will have "birds for breakfast."

M. MINIE,

INVENTOR OF THE MINIE RIFLE.

If there were people, previous to the present war in the East, who had never heard of the Minie rifle, or who, having heard of it, discredited the stories of its deadly accuracy and great range, no one can now plead ignorance of the invention, or express doubt of its performance. Every bulletin and despatch from the East has contained some allusion to this formidable arm. It played a conspicuous part in the battle of the Alma, where its winged ball pierced helm and brain, and in more than one instance, the Minie cone, after taking one life, destroyed another. It can be used at artillery range, and more than one Russian battery at Sebastopol has been silenced by the use of this weapon in the hands of the trained Chasseurs de Vincennes. In the field, a body of men armed with this rifle can annihilate a body of infantry opposed to them armed with the smooth-bored musket. The effectiveness of Minie's weapon lies partly in the form of the ball, which is shaped very much like a filbert-nut, and in the introduction of a piece of iron at the base, the expansion of which, at the moment of discharge, causes the conical ball to fit the grooves closely in its passage out. The twist of the grooves imparts a whirling motion to the ball, which is driven through the air with its point always to the object, and traverses an unerring line with a speed and directness never before attained. We presume that a portrait and biographical sketch of the inventor of this formidable weapon will not be unacceptable to the readers of the Pictorial. The likeness was recently taken at his workshop in Vincennes, where he is constantly engaged in forging the thunderbolts of war. It may be relied upon as accurate. It shows us a person in the vigor of manhood, with an intellectual and thoughtful countenance. He is in the army, and holds the rank of *chef d'escadron*—commander of a squadron—a title which has, we believe, no exact equivalent in our service. The cross of the legion of honor on his breast shows that the French emperor has not been unmindful of his services. Minie has been established fourteen years at the fortress of Vincennes, constantly engaged in his favorite pursuit, the improvement of fire-arms. He began his career by studying the works and experiments of all previous inventors, and then devoted his experience, genius and science to the practical development of his own ideas. At first, he encountered obstacles and oppositions, for he commenced his work under the reign of the pacific Louis Philippe. An artillery committee, composed of general officers, opposed to innovations, and naturally jealous of the ambitious talent of a young subaltern, threw cold water on the project. His high spirit rebelled against the obduracy of prejudice and rank, and at one time, in consequence of the warmth with which he fought for his ideas, he was on the point of being dismissed from the service. Perhaps disgrace and discouragement would have ended his schemes, but for the appreciation and patronage of the Duke of Montpensier, a son of Louis Philippe, by whose influence he was enabled to retain his position in the army, and to continue his study and experiments. His improved rifles, conical balls, Minie cartridges, etc., at last gave him consideration and repute. Had he been willing to abandon the service and enter the employ of speculators, he might have amassed a colossal fortune; but he preferred to continue in the French army. The emperor of Russia, for two years in succession made him the most tempting offers: but all these inducements were rejected. Minie, as a soldier and a Frenchman, preferred clinging to his profession and his country, and devoting his talents to the service of his own State. He has recently perfected several improvements in small arms, all of which have not been made public. He has just completed one rifle which is capable of discharging twenty rounds of ball cartridges per minute. He has also constructed a ball calculated to offer the least possible resistance to the air. A breath of the lungs through a tube will lodge it in a target at ten paces. The French government place the greatest reliance, as they have reason to do, in Minie's arms. One of our late French papers



COL. MINIE, THE INVENTOR OF THE MINIE RIFLE.

gives us advice of a single shipment of 4,000,000 Minie cartridges to the Crimea. If the increase of the destructiveness of engines of war improves the chances of peace to the world, we can chronicle the labors of such men as Minie without a pang of conscience.

WAR SCENES IN THE CRIMEA.

Our present series of engravings illustrate the toil and sufferings, rather than the pomp and circumstance of the war in the East. If the popular mind had been made properly to realize the horrors of war, the record of the past would not seem as it does with histories of blood and conquest. It is true that the sufferings of soldiers have often been depicted in eloquent language, Segur's History of the Russian Campaign of 1812 is an example; but it is only pictorial art that can give these their full impressiveness. We can remember a picture much better than we can a narrative. A few touches of the artist's pencil convey a moral impression that pages of print cannot accomplish. Combined, they make a durable imprint on the mind. Impressed with the correctness of these views, we continue our sketches of the war, in the Pictorial. One of these exhibits the English naval brigade drawing siege guns to Chapman's Battery before Sebastopol. This battery is established on an eminence on a line with the first French parallel. Every morning as we gather from late accounts, the sailors drag down three or four 24 and 32 pounders, and leave them behind a hill, about half way down, and at dusk draw them the remaining half under cover of the night. It requires generally about sixty men to haul a gun. The weight of these ponderous engines, and the wretched state of the roads, render such

a force absolutely necessary, and even then the labor is excessive. Another of our engravings shows a melancholy procession of a band of frost-bitten sufferers on their way to Balaklava. Although the severity of the weather in the Crimea would have crippled many men, under the very best management, still, much of the suffering of the English troops might have been avoided by proper management. This the English journals do not attempt to deny. Another melancholy scene completes our series. It exhibits the removal of the wounded to Balaklava, where they are to be cared for in the hospitals. The English hospitals have been scenes of horror, though we believe that their condition has been materially improved, and is fast improving. The English people have become thoroughly aroused to the mismanagement which has consigned so many of their brethren to the grave, and their indignation has terrified the government and compelled them to adopt more efficient measures for the cure of the sick and wounded. Still gross neglect continues, as the following recent letter which we extract from a reliable London journal shows: "I regret to state that sickness does not diminish in the camp. Scurvy and low fever extend their action every day. Now, scurvy is mainly caused among debilitated men by the use of salt meat and the want of vegetables. Even fresh meat alone will develop it among men worn out by excessive labor, should they have no leguminous diet. I believe there has been only one cargo exclusively of vegetables ever sent up here, and that came in the Harbinger, which lay in Balaklava for weeks, till her load of potatoes and onions began to rot and become putrid, so that much of it was unfit for use and had to be thrown away. Whoever had an order got a sack of potatoes; but who could carry a sack of potatoes to the front? Meantime ships chartered by government for the use of the service came in day after day to Balaklava with quantities of vegetables for sale, and with stores of provisions to be sold for the private profit of the stewards and adventurers, at great prices, though the charter-party of these vessels expressly forbids any such use to be made of any ship, or any private property to be conveyed in her, while she is in the employment of the government. The commissariats ought to avail themselves of the supplies brought in by these means, and should purchase them at a reasonable rate—a proposition the owners cannot object to, seeing that the articles they have imported in this way are all liable, if I am rightly informed, to instant seizure." In February, the grand total of the British army was stated by Lord Raglan at 44,348, but the effective force was only 24,194. At the last advice more than 18,000 men were sick at Scutari, and in the camp hospital. The English landed in the Crimea with about 25,000 men, so that the reinforcements which have been sent, from time to time have no more than made good the losses by the sword and sickness. On the other hand, the French, who commenced with about an equal number, have carried their effective force up to 110,000 or 120,000 men. The English accounts say that the French have suffered as much by sickness and exposure as the British; but if so, it must be remembered that the French have done not only their own work, and done it well, but much of the labor that ought to have been performed by the British. They have occupied lines of attack that the British were too weak to hold; they have built roads for the British; they have carried their wounded off the battle-field; they have brought up many of their heavy guns from the seashore to the batteries. In a word, they have evinced in every way their supremacy as soldiers. The Frenchman is the Yankee of Europe; he can turn his hand to anything; he is always fertile in resources; and the fire and activity of the French soldier in action more than compensate for his lack of weight and strength, as compared with the British soldier. But above all, the Frenchman is invaluable for his cheerfulness under exposure and privation. Even sickness and mutilation cannot extinguish his gaiety. He laughs and jokes under circumstances which would give the bluffest Englishman a touch of the blues. We are told that amidst the storms and frosts of



NAVAL BRIGADE DRAWING SIEGE GUNS TO CHAPMAN'S BATTERY.



CARRYING THE FROST-BITTEN TO BALACLAVA.

the Crimea, the English regimental bands ceased to play, while the French music never intermitted its thrilling and inspiring strains. English officers, passing through the French lines, when the snow was knee deep and the frost biting, have been astonished to witness the regularity of their evening parade, while their bands, standing in the snow, performed as well as ever they did beneath the summer sky in the broad expanse of the Champ de Mars at Paris. While the British troops have exhibited themselves in sordid rags—poor fellows! the French troops have appeared on parade in perfect trim—even their boots blacked. A letter to the London Times, written in November, says: "It is now pouring rain, the skies are black as ink, the wind is howling over the ragged tents, in which the water is sometimes a foot deep; the trenches are turned into dykes; the men have not either warm or water-proof clothing, and are out for twelve hours at a time in the trenches; they are plunged into the inevitable miseries of a winter campaign, and not a soul seems to care for their comfort, or even their lives. These are hard truths, but the people of England must hear them; they must know that the wretched beggar who walks the streets of London in the rain, leads the life of a prince compared with the British soldiers who are fighting out here for their country, and who, we are complacently assured by the home authorities, are the best appointed army in Europe." Our readers may like to hear something of the inducements of-

fered by the British government to those who enlist in its service, and as we wish to present no statement without full authority, we will quote from the London News, one of the most respectable and influential of the British journals: "The majority of the public will learn with some astonishment, we believe, that the nutriment ordered by the regulations for the men who fight the national battles abroad—who are keeping guard in wet trenches by night, and who are expected to march or fight with heavy packs twelve or sixteen hours—is nothing but bread and meat—one pound of bread, or three-quarters of a pound of biscuit, and one pound of meat. The commander of the army has it in his power to increase the allowance of bread, but it is never to exceed one and one-half pound. He may, too, when the army is actually in the field, order, besides, rations of wine or spirits, and of coffee and sugar; but as a rule, the allowance is restricted to bread and meat. Either or both articles may be of the worst description, mouldy biscuit or rancid salt pork; but, as a rule, these two substances are all that the government supplies, and everything else the soldier may need or desire, as food or drink, he must buy. What is his pay? The bulk of the soldiers—all the rank and file of the infantry, excluding officers of all descriptions—have one shilling (twenty-five cents) a day; out of which they have to buy a great number of necessaries, which martinet officers are far more careful to see in their knapsacks than they are to see that

their rations are duly supplied. The cavalry have something more than the infantry; and all the officers, from lance-corporals upwards, have large pay; but the total emoluments of the soldier may be considered, on the field—for in barracks he has no rations, as much less than one shilling a day, one pound of meat and one pound of bread. It was out of his one shilling, reduced, we believe, to about four pence on the average, after all his necessities are paid for, that the commissariat expected him to purchase the articles of comfort and luxury it provided." We have thus sketched some of the darker features of the Crimean campaign. Though the French troops are better-conditioned and better provided for than their allies, still it is now apparent that both the French and English governments committed a deplorable mistake in their under-estimate of the strength of Sebastopol. Never completely invested, and consequently relieved from the danger of reduction by famine, its works have defied even the redoubtable Lancaster guns of the enemy, and at this moment of writing it appears to be as strong, as impregnable in fact, as when the siege commenced. We shall not venture to speculate on its fate, which may be decided while this sheet is going through the press. It has been declared, that Sebastopol must be taken, as Cato of old repeated on every occasion that "Carthage must be destroyed." We shall see whether the maxim, "everything is possible to him who wills," will hold good in this case.



CARRYING THE WOUNDED TO BALACLAVA.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE BALLAD OF LADY GERALDINE.

BY ELLEN ALICE MORIARTY.

"O wanderer from my stately halls, how fares my gentle bride?
How speed the hours, the weary hours, her lord is from her side?"

Thus did a baron, bold and brave, in distant Palestine,
Seek tidings of his lady-love, the gentle Geraldine.

With faltering voice the pilgrim spoke, and turned away his head:
"A twelvemonth, and thy ladye was disconsolate," he said.

"Dear Geraldine, sweet Geraldine," the baron softly sighed,
"I knew thou mournedst thy absent lord, O fair and faithful bride."

"But when it passed," the sage went on, "her smiles were bright to see;
Within thy halls the ladye moved the toast of revelry."

A cloud stole o'er the baron's brow—"Yet 'twere unkind in me
To wish my absence kept in tears and dull sobriety."

"Upon thy halls, O lord, there fell the shadow of despair,
Its gentle star had passed away, and darkness brooded there."

"Alack! alack!" the baron cried, "and is my ladye dead?"
"O would that her dear life was spared, mine worthless 't' en instead."

"Death called her not, an' yet, brave lord, thy halls are desolate;
The ladye reigns not in her bower, no pages on her wait."

Down on his broad and mailed breast then drooped the baron's head;
"O name dishonored! breaking heart, God comfort ye!" he said.

But triumphing his manhood rose above his mighty woe,
He brushed a starting tear away, as though it were a foe.

And then he vowed a fearful oath, he ne'er would rest again,
Until the faithless ladye's blood had washed away the stain.

"She loved you, lord," the pilgrim said—"you left her for the field,
The tempter came in lonely hours, and woman oft will yield."

"And from thy halls, with willing steps, she fled with it away,
Her gentle mate through night, her sweet sustainer through the day."

"It guided her through foreign lands, across a foreign sea—
That tempter, that consoler was, dear lord, her love for thee."

Up rose the kneeling pilgrim then, and dropped his grave disguise,
And beaming on the baron were his Geraldine's blue eyes.

"Now by my faith," the baron cried, and drew her to his heart,
"That only is the perfect love that cannot dwell apart!"

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE DOCTOR AND THE HUSBAND.

BY MRS. N. T. MCNROE.

DR. MAXWELL was married—married, too, all of a sudden; thus taking the whole town by surprise. Not that his being married was such an unusual proceeding in itself; yet, common as these occurrences are, there are always individual cases which excite a great deal of remark and attention; and people had doubted Dr. Maxwell's marrying at all; for, though a very polite and agreeable man, he had never seemed particularly fond of female society, and was not at all a lady's man. Not that being a lady's man need be at all synonymous to being a marrying man.

A perfect specimen of gentlemanly politeness was Dr. Maxwell, yet just as deferential and smiling to his poorest and oldest patient as to the blooming girl of sixteen, whose anxious mother thought she stood in need of a physician.

He was interested in humanity in a different way from what most people are—from their infirmities, not their perfections. A human being was to him so much bone and sinew and nerves—a something to study, because it had a stomach that was often getting out of order, and often needing the care of a physician: it had a head which was often troublesome; it had limbs which were often racked with pain and subject to rheumatism, or more fashionably speaking, neuralgia; this human being was sometimes subject to fevers and various other ills, in all which he was deeply interested. Yes, humanity was to him an interesting subject, and one which he loved to study, but he studied it in his own peculiar way.

The most beautiful lady, suffering under a slight attack of influenza, was not so interesting to him as some superannuated patient, the victim of some complicated and distressing disease. He would press his fingers upon her delicate wrist, and his blood flow just as calmly as ever through his veins; but a slight diminution of the rapid beating of the pulse of the other patient would cause his heart to thrill with deep pleasure; for to carry him safely through so serious a crisis would be a great triumph of medical skill, and win him a name in his profession.

So in this purely scientific or medicinal light, all his patient were interesting to him, the fairest and most beautiful no more than the old and plain.

Other people might say, he attends upon the lovely Miss C., the rich Mr. D., old Mr. E., and the fussy Miss F., but with him it was only one patient suffering from pneumonia, brought on by wearing thin shoes, another from gastric derangement, caused by high living, another from psoriasis, another from hysteria, for which the poor patient had his hearty sympathy.

There was in Dr. Maxwell just the right material for a good physician; for his whole heart was in his profession. When he read, it was something connected with it; and if he ever went to lectures, they were medical lectures. In a heart so bound up in his profession, could there be any place for love? He had seemed wedded to his profession—how had he found time to win another bride?

But he *had* won a bride, and a wealthy one, too. She was not, to be sure, so very young nor so very beautiful; but what cared Dr. Maxwell for such things? He had brought her safely through a dangerous illness, and thereby become interested in her, which

might never have happened had she not been his patient. His course of medical treatment had worked beautifully; the disease yielded gracefully to his prescriptions: his course of wooing was equally successful, and the lady yielded as gracefully to his proposals, as the disease had done to his prescriptions.

Dr. Maxwell was married. Some were ill-natured enough to hint that he had married for money, not for love, and with an eye to success in his profession; but it would be well to remind such people of the fable of the fox and the grapes. Dr. Maxwell was married, and Dr. Maxwell and Mrs. Dr. Maxwell were both very happy.

Let us may have misled some one by saying that Mrs. Maxwell was not very young nor very beautiful, we hasten to say that she was very far from being old or homely. She was a lady of engaging appearance, a little precise, it may be, but pleasant and agreeable, and seeming to think a world of the doctor; a lady of genteel figure, dressing with admirable taste, very particular in her household affairs, as in her personal appearance, and seeming to be just the wife he needed. Dr. Maxwell had been very wise in choosing her. Had she been a young and giddy girl, she would have been a sad trouble to him: she would have wanted him to go to this place and that, or by her sweet winning ways she would have coaxed him to stay at home when he should have been with his patients. She would have him go to the theatre, to the opera, and to parties, which would never do for him; or if he was obliged to disappoint her, she would pout and declare he did not love her.

Mrs. Maxwell was more considerate. She could not expect the doctor to be ready at her beck and call; she had made up her mind to that before they were married. If he did not return to dinner, his patients kept him; if tea waited, still his patients were the cause; and if his stay was prolonged far into the night, she never allowed her patience to be exhausted, for she knew that it was but an increase of his that kept him from her, and rightly considered that hers must increase in the same ratio with his.

She had many of the peculiarities of women: she had a woman's love of dress, a woman's weakness for handsome furniture and rich adornments for her drawing-rooms, in which she seemed to take great delight. Her love for the beautiful manifested itself in this way.

Now all these things were totally lost upon the doctor; they were of no use to him in his profession, so of course they interested him not. A human skeleton was to him a much more interesting object than the most exquisite workmanship of the cabinet maker, and a medical work a greater study than the finest poem. So we see that the doctor and his wife, like other married people, had different tastes and inclinations, yet we need not conclude that this dissimilarity was the cause of any unhappiness. It was not so. The first, and for aught we know the only, instance of coldness or unhappiness springing up between them happened thus:

One day when the doctor was out, a lady, young and very handsome, called to see him. She was evidently an invalid: her form was slight and delicate, her complexion clear and transparent; but the glow of health was not in her countenance. The tones of her voice were low and musical, but sad. Upon being told that the doctor was out, she said she would await his return. The servant waited upon her into the drawing-room, where Mrs. Maxwell was sitting, instead of the doctor's office, where the patients usually waited.

Mrs. Maxwell rose on her entrance, and offering her a seat, said:

"Did you wish to see the doctor?"

"I did," was the reply: "will it be long before he returns?"

"It is uncertain," said his wife; "still I think when he went out he intended to return directly."

"I will wait," said the young lady, "if my presence will be no intrusion."

"None at all," said Mrs. Maxwell, kindly. "You wish to consult him professionally, I presume?"

The lady bowed, but evidently was not inclined to be communicative. Even at this moment the hall door opened.

"There is the doctor," said Mrs. Maxwell, rising; "I will speak to him." "Doctor," said she, stepping to the door, "a lady wishes to consult you."

The doctor passed into the room and his wife went up stairs. A full hour passed before the lady left the house, and then Mrs. Maxwell sought her husband. She went to the drawing-room, but he was not there; she passed on to the office, entering it so silently that he did not hear her. He was already deep in study, and not willing to interrupt him, she sat down by the window, restraining her woman's curiosity as best she might. After sitting for some time, absorbed in his book, he pulled out his watch, and starting up, prepared to go out, still not noticing that his wife was present.

"Are you going out again, doctor?" said she.

"Why, Sarah," said he, "I did not know you were here, or I should have spoken to you."

"I saw that you were very much engaged, and thought I would not interrupt you. You have a new patient?"

"Yes, the lady who went out but now."

"Is she much unwell? She looks very delicate and very interesting."

The doctor shook his head.

"A serious case, I fear; troubled with pneumorrhagia; of a consumptive family, and very nervous temperament."

"She looks very delicate, yet not so very ill."

"A casual observer is wholly unable to judge. I may be more alarmed than is necessary, and hope it may prove so; but these diseases get such deep root before the patient or anybody else is alarmed."

"What is her name, and where does she live?"

"She wished both kept a profound secret for the present. But I must really go. I wish you a good morning," said he, bowing to her very politely, almost ceremoniously, as if she were a patient of his, instead of his wedded wife."

"Cool, certainly," thought Mrs. Maxwell to herself as the door closed after him. She wished for once that he was not so excessively polite and ceremonious. "She wished it kept a profound secret for the present." Her husband had spoken as if there could be no appeal from the decision. What wife would have received such an answer with unquestioning submission? Had he merely qualified the assertion a little, it would have been something; but no, he had both spoken as if it was common and proper for a man to have a secret which his wife might not know.

Now Mrs. Maxwell was not an exacting woman; she seldom questioned her husband's conduct; but she liked perfect confidence between husband and wife. She could not see the necessity of keeping so trifling a thing a secret from her. Had he no confidence in her? Did he suppose her so weak and foolish as not to be able to keep a secret when it was necessary for her to do so? It was not so much that he refused to answer her questions, as that he distrusted her.

The next day the lady called again. The doctor had evidently expected her, and was waiting for her. She was shown by their servant into his office, and all Mrs. Maxwell heard of her was when she entered and when she passed out. Over an hour she remained with her husband, and when she went out he accompanied her to the door. How polite he was, giving her many directions and much advice in a low, confidential-like tone.

"How is your patient to-day, doctor?" said his wife, as he entered the drawing room.

"I feel somewhat encouraged, and think I may do her some good, though she is very frail and delicate."

"If she is so delicate, I should suppose she would prefer to have you visit her at her home."

"She has her own reasons, and doubtless good ones, for not doing so; but she wished them kept secret."

It was enough; Mrs. Maxwell was completely silenced. For weeks and weeks the young lady visited the doctor's office, once in every three or four days; but Mrs. Maxwell asked no more questions about her, and no conversation passed between them on the subject. But Mrs. Maxwell could not help observing how polite he was to her, how careful he was of her; and she knew he was much interested in her. In fact, Mrs. Maxwell began to grow jealous; she looked upon everything with a diseased eye. She forgot that he was polite to everybody, and she had noticed a hundred times the tenderness and care with which he invariably treated his patients, and never before had felt in the least degree uncomfortable. But now there was such a mystery about this lady, a mystery which she was forbidden to peer into, it gave undue importance to every action, and made her very wretched. But her husband did not notice her unhappiness; absorbed in his profession, he thought of nothing but cases of disease brought to his notice in his medical practice. He had small time and inclination to play the tender and anxious husband; though studiously polite to his wife, he was not over-solicitous concerning her happiness. Her bodily health seemed perfect, and he had not the most distant suspicion that anything could be troubling her. Mrs. Maxwell afterwards blamed herself for letting these unhappy thoughts take possession of her mind, and would strive with all her strength to drive them away.

One day when she was out making some purchases, she bought a very valuable book, a medical work, which she knew the doctor was very desirous to own, and intending to surprise him with it, on her return went into his office to lay it on his table where he could not help seeing it when he came in. She knew he was not in, so she entered unceremoniously, the book in her hand. Who should she see but the mysterious lady, seated perfectly at her ease before the fire, reading a book! She started and turned round on Mrs. Maxwell's entrance. Evidently she was expecting the doctor, and was embarrassed when she saw it was the doctor's wife; and as evidently, too, the doctor's wife was taken by surprise at finding a lady so much at home in her husband's office; so the two stood for a few minutes looking at each other. The young lady was the first to break the silence.

"Mrs. Maxwell, I believe?"

Mrs. Maxwell bowed coldly.

"The doctor was called out just as I entered, and as he said he should be gone but a short time, he desired me to wait his return, which accounts for my presence here, and alone, at this time."

"I do not know as any apology is needed," said Mrs. Maxwell, with stately politeness. "The doctor's patients are of course at liberty to occupy his office. I shall not interrupt you."

She placed the book upon the table, and turned to leave the room.

"But, madam," said the young lady, who judged by Mrs. Maxwell's manner that she was somewhat offended, "I beg of you not to judge me too harshly. I fear that you are but half satisfied with my explanation."

"I see no reason why you should trouble yourself so much about an explanation; the mere act of waiting in the doctor's office for his return is not of itself an act to require so many apologies."

"It is not that alone," was the reply. And then she paused. "I fear that you will think I am making myself too much at home in your house."

"You say that you waited at the doctor's request; of course I have nothing to say. I have not the privilege of knowing all his patients, nor his reasons for his different modes of treatment; but I never interfere with his arrangements. If he desired you to

remain, it is enough. I never solicit confidence where I see it would not be freely granted; therefore there are some things of which I am contented to remain ignorant."

And Mrs. Maxwell left the room with a sort of injured innocence air. In the hall she met the doctor, who merely spoke to her, and passed on to the office. Mrs. Maxwell was wretched. Who was the young lady, and why this mystery? It was evident her husband was much interested in her. She was young and beautiful. He was very kind to her, very attentive to her—even now she heard their low voices in conversation. Her thoughts were dreadful. Her husband did not trust her—did not love her. Perhaps he had never loved her. Her evil genius suggested that he might have married her for money; she wished for once that she had none of it, if it had bought her a husband without a husband's love. But yet again, how foolish she was. Was he not kind to her? Had she really any cause for complaint? Why let this foolish mystery make her wretched? Why could she not throw these dreadful feelings off? She would try. The doctor came in at this moment, the book in his hand, his face beaming with delight.

"Are you the good genius I am to thank for this valuable present?"

Mrs. Maxwell smiled, and looking at the doctor felt quite happy to witness his evident pleasure.

"I found it lying upon my office table, and let me assure you, I am very much gratified and pleased by the gift. Nothing could have been more acceptable. Just at this time, too, I prize it more highly, as it will give me considerable light upon the treatment of my patient, the young lady, you know, who was here just now."

Mrs. Maxwell's heart was full. He did not say he should prize the gift for the giver's sake, but because it would be of benefit to himself and the young lady. It was a drop too much. She rose, and walking to the table where stood a vase of flowers, bent over them to hide the bitter tears of disappointment and chagrin. But the good doctor saw nothing; holding the precious volume in his hand, he was totally ignorant of the deep pain he was inflicting upon a human heart.

It may be that Mrs. Maxwell had taken cold in her morning walk, as the day had been cold and raw; but be that as it may, by night she was really unwell. Her face was flushed, and she was very nervous. The good doctor noticed her feverish symptoms on his return home, saw how restless she was, and inquiring very tenderly concerning her illness, ordered suitable medicines for her, busied himself about her comfort, and seemed so kind and thoughtful about her, that poor Mrs. Maxwell's heart began to reproach her, and she began to think he really did love her after all. At any rate it was a comfort to her to have him express so much anxiety about her; and when, after a night of great restlessness, he left her, with a strict injunction that she must not leave her bed, she was well contented to stay and he considered on the sick list, if by so doing she could claim so much of his care.

She continued quite unwell for some time, so that her husband considered her as one of his patients, and she began to think if anything a preferable relation to that of wife. Even the book which she had given him was consulted on her account, and notwithstanding she was quite unwell and suffered a good deal of pain, had it not been for occasional thoughts of the mysterious lady, she would have been quite happy. She was not now simply Mrs. Maxwell, she was also an interesting case of suffering from the effects of a sudden chill, with a great deal of nervous action, and a determination of blood to the head. Ah, wise doctor, did it never occur to you that there might be a little trouble about the heart?

It was very pleasant to Mrs. Maxwell to have her husband say when he went out, "Now Sarah be careful and obey all my directions; keep yourself quiet as possible till I return."

By-and-by, when she seemed much better, the doctor said a ride would do her good; so one very fine morning, wrapping her up himself very carefully, leading her down stairs, almost lifting her into the carriage, then seating himself beside her, they drove away. The air never seemed so sweet and balmy—nature never looked so lovely to Mrs. Maxwell as on that morning. Then, too, the doctor was so kind, asking her if she felt fatigued, if she was comfortable in every way.

"O, perfectly," said she; "I feel quite well."

"Do you feel any of that disagreeable feeling in your head of which you have complained?"

"None at all," she replied.

"I am glad to hear it; we will soon have you quite well."

"Do you know," said she, timidly, "I have no desire to be quite well?"

"What can you mean, Sarah? Not desire to be well?"

"To be quite well, I said. I think I have been happier since I have been sick, than I had been for some time before."

"I cannot understand you," said the doctor, with a puzzled air.

"I hardly dare explain myself," said his wife. "I fear you will think me foolish, but I have been quite unhappy of late."

"What, before you were taken sick?"

"Yes."

"Ah," said the doctor; "an affection of the mind; that may explain some of the symptoms in your case that puzzled me."

Mrs. Maxwell grew uneasy again. Why would he be so practical? He did not ask the cause of her unhappiness, but seemed rather glad to hear that she had been so, as it explained some things for which he had been unable to account, and might be of service to him at some future time. However, she was determined not to be deterred from her purpose now.

"You do not ask me the cause of my unhappiness, but I am going to make you my father confessor. You remember the young lady, your patient, who visits you at your office?"

"Yes, she who I was rather fearful at first was a bad case of pneumorrhagia, but I have at length succeeded in bringing the disease completely under the control of my medicine, and she is much better, though frail; a delicate nervous system—a very susceptible person—a body altogether too frail for the spirit."

Here Mrs. Maxwell felt it necessary to check him, that she might go on with her disagreeable task.

"Well, you know there is a secret about her: you would not tell me her name or place of residence."

"Ah, no; she wished it kept a secret, because—"

"Stop, if you please, doctor, till I finish. Well, I felt a little vexed; I thought you might have trusted me; not that I cared so much about knowing who she was—but to think that you would not have confidence in me; and as I was vexed, it was very easy to imagine many things. In the first place, you were so polite and attentive to her; and then she used to make you such long visits, I began to be really unhappy about it. And one day on going into your office, I found her waiting your return, and seemingly making herself much at home. She apologized for her presence, but this to me only made the matter worse, as she appeared to be conscious that there was some impropriety. Well, I worked myself into a perfect fever upon the subject, and was taken sick, as you know. While I have been sick, you have been so kind and attentive to me that my heart has reproached me for entertaining such thoughts towards you as I have done, and I felt as if I ought to ask your forgiveness. And what I mean," she continued, not allowing him time to interrupt her, but hurrying on so as to finish what she had to say as soon as possible, "what I mean by saying I do not wish to be quite well, is (you will forgive me for what I am going to say), that you are so much more kind and attentive, so much more lover like when I am your patient than when I am merely your wife, that I would fain retain both characters." And here she paused, and looking up in his face, said, "I hope you are not offended, doctor?"

"My dear Sarah," said the doctor, "of course I am not offended, and I perfectly understand you. And first about the young lady. I had not the most distant idea of hurting your feelings, when I said she wished her name and place of residence a secret. It was indeed as much a secret to myself as to you. I do not even now know her name nor where she lives; I had no curiosity to know. She was interesting to me no farther than as a patient. I studied her case thoroughly, and I think I have been of some benefit to her; but I have never asked her name since she told me she wished it kept a secret. So you see, my dear, I know no more than yourself. I don't know how it was I did not tell you as much, without it was because I looked upon it as a matter of so little moment. And now," he continued, smiling, "about this matter of patient and wife. I begin to have an idea across my brain, that perhaps I ought to plead guilty here, and ask your forgiveness. It may be that I have been very neglectful."

"No, no, doctor; I did not say neglectful. I know you have a great many calls, and I would not be a hindrance, but—"

"I understand the case, Sarah, perfectly. I am too much the physician, and not enough the husband. I must put myself under a new course of treatment, and you must administer some antidote to this growing devotion to my profession, that I do not get to be a man of one idea. When you think I am getting too wrapped up in my pursuits, complain of indisposition, tell me you need my advice as a physician, and I shall understand you and take the hint."

"But suppose I am really sick?"

"In either case you are sure of my greatest care and attention. But here we are at our own door, and I think by your heightened color that you have rode far enough. You must now go and lie down till dinner time; but tell me first that you are not uneasy concerning the mysterious lady."

"O, no, doctor," said she, laughing, "not at all, since I know that you are no wiser than myself. You will forgive my foolishness, will you not?"

"Certainly, certainly," said he, good-naturedly, as he lifted her from the carriage. "I always make all due allowance for the imaginations of my patients. But we will let the forgiveness be mutual for this time, I think."

So Mrs. Maxwell was herself again; and the good doctor, improving upon the hint thus given him, found he had some things to learn apart from his professional studies and treatises upon medicine, and he was a better husband and better man for that knowledge.

THE FIRST FEMALE ACTORS.

The received tradition is, that Mrs. Saunderson, who belonged to D'Avenant's company, was the first English actress. She performed *Ianthe*, in the "Siege of Rhodes," when it was first acted as a regular drama, on the opening of the Duke's Theatre, in Lincoln's Inn-fields, in April, 1662, on which occasion painted scenery was also, for the first time, introduced upon the English stage. The part of *Ianthe*, had, indeed, been performed as early as 1656, when that entertainment was first produced at the Rutland House, by a Mrs. Colman; but at that time, through dread of the ruling powers, the dialogue was cut short, and entirely spoken in recitative, so that it was rather (as it was called) a "musical entertainment" than a play. Mr. Malone, however, asserts that the first woman who appeared in any regular drama on a public stage, performed the part of *Desdemona*; but he claims not been able to ascertain who the lady was. In order to claim precedence of Mrs. Saunderson, she must necessarily have played that character before April, 1662.—*Court Journal*.

THE WAY TO CONVINCE.—When we would show any one that he is mistaken, our best course is to observe on what side he considers the subject—for his view of it is generally right on *this* side—and admit to him that he is right so far. He will be satisfied with this acknowledgment, that he is not wrong in his judgment, but only inadvertent in not looking at the whole of the case.—*Pascal*.

[Translated from the Hindustanee for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE FRIEND AND THE ENEMY.

BY JOHN NEWTON, JR.

An intelligent foe is better than a stupid friend.—*Arabian proverb*.

THERE was once in Cashmere a certain prince, who had a favorite ape, which he petted with princely caresses. The affection of this animal was so great that it never left its master's side, and at night it would stand by his pillow with a sharp dagger in its hand, and there watch with patience until morning.

It happened one night that a cunning robber, from some far-off country, entered the city, and began to wander from house to house and street to street, in search of plunder. About the same time a foolish thief, who lived in Cashmere, came forth from his den with the same intention, and soon after fell in with the stranger. As they were both engaged in the same pursuit, they agreed to work together that night. Said the travelled robber to his companion:

"Friend, in which district shall we begin, and whose house shall we rob first?"

The foolish one answered, "In the stable of our city governor there is a fat and swift-footed ass, which is highly valued by its master, and which is well secured by a chain, and guarded by two slaves. My advice is, that we go, first of all, and steal this ass. After that, let us repair to the shop of a certain glass-maker, who lives at the corner of the street. There, with his glass, we will load the ass, and, taking it home, make money."

The wise thief was astounded at his friend's discourse, and was considering whether he had not spoken in jest. But just at that moment the *coteval* (a kind of constable) came in sight. The discreet rascal, prompted by his cunning, hid behind a wall; while the senseless rascal stood still, and was taken prisoner.

"Whither do you go?" asked the officer, "and who are you?"

"I am a thief," he replied, "and I am going to steal the governor's ass; and after breaking open the house of the glass-maker, I shall make the beast carry home the glass."

The *coteval* burst into a laugh, and said:

"For the sake of an ass, which is securely chained and carefully guarded, and for the sake of a few worthless glass vessels, of which ten may be bought for a *tucca* (a coin worth about a cent and a half), you have thus east yourself into the whirlpool of perdition! But this foolish design is as wicked and dangerous as if you had intended to plunder the prince's treasury."

With these words he tied the man's hands together, and took him off to prison. When they were gone, the wise robber took warning from the words of his silly companion, but profited by the remarks of the *coteval*.

"That thief," thought he, "was a dangerous friend; but the *coteval* shall prove a useful enemy; for now that he has mentioned it, I will go rather to the treasury of this very prince."

With this intention, he made his way to the prince's palace, and began a breach in the wall. After long and toilsome labor, he at length finished a hole large enough to admit his body. When he entered, he found himself standing in a bed-chamber; before him was the prince, stretched in sleep on a golden couch, while jewels lay scattered around him, mingled with the riches of many lands. The apartment was hung with curtains of Cashay, and camphor lamps shed their soft light on every object. But after looking about the room a moment, the robber was not a little amazed to see a monkey standing at the head of the royal sleeper, flourishing a naked blade in his hand, and he gazed from right to left with a careful and knowing air. Unable to comprehend the truth of the matter, the house-breaker became alarmed.

"How can this wretched man," thought he, "save himself from the murderous weapon of the beast?"

As he thus pondered, multitudes of ants suddenly began to fall from the ceiling of the canopy upon the sleeper's breast. The prince being annoyed, involuntarily, in his sleep, struck his hand across his bosom. The ape instantly perceived what was the matter, and, burning with rage, he raised the scimitar, and was about to plunge it into the coverlet in order to destroy the puny intruders.

"Hold, you cowardly villain!" shouted the robber; "would you slay the Beauty-of-the-world?"

And he rushed forward, and seizing the uplifted hand of the monkey, held it in his own tight grasp. This noise awoke the prince, who started up, and seeing the robber, cried out:

"Who are you?"

"I am your *wise foe*," was the reply. "I came here to plunder your house; had I been a single instant later, this senseless brute, your *foolish friend*, would have filled your dreaming-room with blood."

When the prince heard this, he was overcome with gratitude, and with many thanks, exclaimed:

"So true is it, that when the pity of Allah would save a man from destruction, he causes even a robber to become a protector of life—even a foe to become merciful!"

The prince then took the robber into favor and made him his confidential friend; but the ape was ever after kept chained in the stable. The thief, who set about with diligence to rob the prince's treasury, received from the royal hand a robe of state while he whom his master once fondly regarded as his guardian and his friend, was hurled from that high position, and stripped of his honor!

MORAL.—Let a man employ wisdom in forming his friendships; and above all, let there be many a league between himself and a *foolish friend*.

DISCOVERY OF NORTH AMERICA.

Second in daring only to the first adventurous expedition of Columbus, and followed by results of almost inappreciable magnitude, was the voyage of John and Sebastian Cabot, father and son. Their discovery of our continent has afforded Mr. Warren, the artist, the subject of a fine picture. He shows us the landing of the adventurers on the "pitiless coast of Labrador," June 24, 1497, "nearly fourteen months," says Bancroft, "before Columbus, on his third voyage, came in sight of the mainland; and almost two years before Amerigo Vespucci sailed west of the Canaries." The scene presented to the gaze of the Cabots and their followers was not, as our engraving shows, inviting. Horrent cliffs overhanging the rough surges, dark ravines tenanted

were inspired with the thirst for territory and treasure which maritime adventure promised. John Cabot was a merchant of Venice, residing at Bristol, England, a bold, enterprising and far-sighted man, and he found little trouble in interesting Henry VIII. in his plans for discovery. The king, by letters-patent, authorized him and "his three sons, or either of them, their heirs or their deputies, to sail into the eastern, western or northern sea, and with a fleet of five ships, at their own proper expense and charge; to search for islands, countries, provinces or regions, hitherto unseen by Christian people; to affix the banners of England on any city, island or continent that they might find; and, as the vassals of the English crown, to possess and occupy the territories that might be discovered." "It was further stipu-

tion as far as Maryland, but insufficiency of provisions led to his return home. After serving some time in the employ of Ferdinand of Spain, he made a voyage from England in search of the northwest passage, and certainly discovered the bay to which Hudson, long afterwards, gave his name. On his return, he again offered his services to the Spanish government, and was commissioned by Charles V. as pilot-major. While holding this commission he made a voyage to South America. He afterwards returned to England. His death occurred about 1553, at a very advanced age. Notwithstanding his long and eminent services, few or no details of his voyages have reached us. He was a man of great energy, perseverance and intelligence; and, at the same time, modest, unassuming and gentle. He appears to have con-



DISCOVERY OF NORTH AMERICA, BY JOHN AND SEBASTIAN CABOT.

by polar bears, and rude savages, scowling headlands, gloomy even in midsummer, and wearing the eternal frown of a chill nature, were not calculated to inspire the visitors with much enthusiasm. But they stood upon *terra firma*—on the stern shore of a new continent, and all the ruggedness of the scene must have vanished when compared with the greatness of the discovery. The adventurers must have felt that they were opening a "new page in the history of the world," and that fame, the guerdon of high achievement, was almost within their grasp—almost, we say, for behind them lay the stormy Atlantic to be repassed, through many a peril, before their laurels became tangible. This voyage was undertaken with the authority of the crown of England, at a time when the discovery of Columbus had awakened enthusiasm in the Old World, and its rulers and mercantile men

lated," says Bancroft, "in this 'most ancient American state paper of England,' that the patentees should be strictly bound in their voyages to land at the port of Bristol, and to pay to the king one fifth part of the emoluments of the navigation; while the exclusive right of frequenting all the countries that might be found, was reserved unconditionally and without limit of time, to the family of the Cabots and their assigns." Under a subsequent patent, less liberal in its terms, granted to John Cabot, his son Sebastian, who was born in England, embarked with three hundred men, on a voyage of trade and discovery for the new continent. They sailed in May, 1498, bound for Labrador, by way of Iceland, and reached the continent in north latitude, fifty-eight degrees. The severity of the climate induced him to relinquish his plans of exploration, and he coasted in a southerly direc-

ciliated all with whom he came in contact by the mildness of his manners, though he did not escape the usual fate of greatness and goodness—calumny and the enmity of baser minds. He is represented as loving his profession warmly, and indeed, without such a sentiment, he would hardly have persevered through so long a career of peril and adventure, for the worldly advantages he derived from his voyages appear to have been inconsiderable. The patents he enjoyed bore no golden fruit for him. His successors reaped the results of his genius and toil, and though honored by empty titles, he did not enjoy that universal contemporary consideration to which he was most fairly entitled. "He gave England a continent," says the historian above quoted, "and no one knows his burial place." His grave would be one of the pilgrim-resorts of the world, were its locality known.

LANDING OF DE SOTO IN FLORIDA.

From the cold and sterile skies of the north, we now pass to the delicious atmosphere of the south—from Labrador to Florida. Mr. Warren has chosen, as a companion-piece to the landing of Cabot, that of De Soto on the shore of Florida, in the spring of 1539. The characters of the adventurers are as strongly contrasted as the scenery. Cabot was a mild and peaceful man, engaged in a legitimate commercial enterprise; De Soto was proud and rapacious, and came on an errand of conquest and plunder. He was already wealthy, but he grasped at millions. He had stores of gold, but he wished to add countless treasures to his possessions. He was one of those brilliant cavaliers who had followed the banner of Francisco Pizarro to the conquest of Peru,

posed to be abounding in mineral wealth. Obtaining without difficulty the favor he solicited, the task of securing followers proved equally easy. Indeed, he had but the embarrassment of choice. Dazzled by visions of glory and gold, the best lances of Spain hastened to enrol themselves under his banner. Men sold houses and lands to purchase horses and armor, and more volunteers presented themselves than the leader was willing to receive. Six hundred picked men, the flower of Spain and Portugal, were chosen from their ranks, and embarked with their leader and his bride for Cuba. After a certain delay in that island, during which De Soto received flattering but false reports of the wealth of the region against which he was about to march, and after placing his wife at the head of the administration of the island,

met with peaceful tribes, who sought by simple presents to propitiate the strange invaders of their country. The richness of the vegetable kingdom surprised them at every stage of their march; but the gold and gems they sought for never met their eyes. Still they were deluded by tales of regions of countless wealth, for the Indians soon found what the Spaniards coveted, and shaped their stories accordingly. They wandered to the north, to the west and to the southwest. More than three years this military pilgrimage endured, amid battle, hunger, heat and cold, their numbers rapidly decreasing till only a handful of naked and half starved men was left of that gallant army which left Cuba as for a holiday excursion. Among the events of this period was the discovery of the Mississippi, destined to be the



LANDING OF DE SOTO IN FLORIDA.

where he had won the reputation of a brave but unscrupulous soldier. His wealth had been accumulated in that campaign, and he returned to Spain to receive the applause of his countrymen, and to dazzle them by the display of his wealth. His reception inflated his pride and spurred his ambition. He had been fortunate in arms; he was equally fortunate in love. He demanded and received the hand of a noble Spanish lady. It appeared to him as if there were no obstacle in his path to the highest fortune. Successful under the banner of another, he aspired in turn to be a leader and conqueror himself. With these views he repaired to Valladolid, and obtained an interview with the emperor Charles V. He solicited of him the government of Cuba, and permission to undertake, at his own proper cost, the conquest of Florida, a country the extent of which was unknown, but sup-

he sailed for Florida, and landed on the shore of the Bay of Spiritu Santo. Our engraving exhibits the picturesque scene presented by the expedition. There were cavaliers and footmen, churchmen with cross and banner, armorers and smiths with hammers and forges, every appointment, in a word, that military foresight deemed requisite, and wealth was able to procure. The history of the wanderings of the band of freebooters is a romance from beginning to end. Courage, cruelty, avarice, fanaticism, deep religious enthusiasm, were all represented in its ranks. There were crosses for the lips of converts, steel for the hearts of combatants, and chains for the limbs of captives. The march of the band was destined to be long, devious and disastrous, both to the natives and to themselves. Sometimes the Indians gave them battle, at other times they fled before them. Now and then they

grave of De Soto. Here, wasted with disappointment and consumed by melancholy, he fell a prey to a malignant fever, and, wrapped in a military cloak, his body was secretly consigned to the keeping of the "Father of Waters," lest the knowledge of his death should dishearten his worn out followers. But three hundred and eleven men survived this disastrous expedition. Exhausted by fatigue and hunger, naked and disheartened, they had to labor in the midst of hostile tribes in the construction of rude rafts and boats, with which they floated down the river and at length emerged from the wilderness. The sufferings of this expedition may be regarded as a most righteous retribution for the numberless cruelties exercised by them in their thirst for gold toward the aborigines, and the base and ignoble motives which prompted them to this undertaking.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

HEBREW SONNET.

BY F. GEYVITS.

Ye gentle shepherds of the mount of roses,
Have ye not seen my love among the hills?
Have ye not heard a song amidst the rills?
She sings a song, free as the breeze that blows
From Lebanon, and soft as Kedron's lays;
The rose of Sharon tints her cheek; her eye
Is mild as the pure star of Judah's sky,
And comely as the hind's her virgin ways.
Ye daughters of the vineyards, if ye meet
My fair among the lilies of the vale,
(For she hath wandered with the morning gale,
To weave her garlands of your flowers so neat),
Deal gently with the young, the wandering dove,
And send the truant back to her espoused love.

[Prepared expressly for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ANECDOTES OF ACTORS.

JAMES QUIN, a great English actor and wit, was born in London in 1693 and died in 1766. When he was playing Cato at Drury Lane one evening, a Welshman by the name of Williams, who performed the part of a messenger, had to deliver the phrase, "Cæsar sends health to Cato." Quin was so amused at the manner in which he pronounced the last word—"Keeto," that he replied with his usual coolness, "Would he had sent a better messenger!" a retort which so stung Williams that he vowed revenge, and followed him when he came off into the green-room, where, after representing the professional injury in making him ridiculous before the audience, he challenged Quin to give him the redress of a gentleman. Quin, with his wonted philosophy and humor, endeavored to rally him, but it only added fuel to the rage of Williams, who, without farther remonstrance, waited for him under the piazza, where he drew. In the scuffle, Williams was killed. Quin was tried for the murder at the Old Bailey, and a verdict brought in against him of manslaughter.

A wretched poet having placed a tragedy in his hands one night, when he was dressed for the stage, Quin put the piece in his pocket and thought no more about it, till, a long time afterwards, the author called for the MS. "There," said Quin, "it lies in the window." But the writer, looking at the play, found it to be a comedy, instead of his own doleful tragedy. "Well," said Quin, "if that's not it, faith, sir, I have certainly lost your play." "Lost my play!" cried the astonished bard. "Ay, sir, lost it. But to make you amends, here's a drawer full of tragedies and comedies, take any two you like in the place of it."

The Earl of Conyngham delivered the following criticism on Quin and Garrick, as Brutus and Cassius in the quarrel scene in Julius Cæsar. "Quin," said he, "resembled a solid three-decker, lying quiet, and scorning to fire, but with evident power, if put forth, of sending its antagonist to the bottom; Garrick, a frigate running around it, attempting to grapple, and every moment threatening an explosion that would destroy both."

Being asked by a lady why there were more women in the world than men, "It is," replied he, "in conformity with the arrangements of Nature, madam; we always see more of heaven than of earth."

Once, on a journey to Somersetshire, having put up for a few days at a farm-house, he turned his horse out to grass and lost him. Upon inquiring after him of a country fellow, and asking if there were any thieves or horse-stealers in the neighborhood, the fellow answered: "No—we be all honest folk here; but there's one Quin, I think they calls him, a strolling player from Lunnon—mayhap he may have stole him."

He was one day lamenting that he grew old, when a shallow, impertinent young fellow asked him what he would give to be as young as he was. "I would even submit," said Quin, "to be almost as foolish."

He was one night going upon the stage in the character of Cato, when Mrs. Cibber pulled him back to tell him that he had a hole in his stocking. "Darned stockings I detest," said Quin, "that seems premeditated poverty."

Samuel Foote, the actor, author and wag, was educated at Worcester College, Oxford, under the care of Dr. Gower, the then provost. The church belonging to the college, fronted the side of a lane, into which the cattle were sometimes turned during the night, and from the steeple hung the bell rope very low in the middle of the outside porch. Foote, one night, slyly tied a wisp of hay to the rope as a bait for the cows, and one of them, after smelling the hay, instantly seized on it, and tugging, made the bell ring, to the astonishment of the whole parish. The trick was several times repeated. The philosophical genius of Oxford was invoked to explain the phenomenon. The provost with the sexton, agreed to sit up one night, and on the first alarm to rush out and drag the culprit to condign punishment. They waited in the church, shuddering, for the signal. At last the bell began to toll—forth they sallied in the dark. The sexton was the first in the attack: "It is a gentleman commoner, for I have him by the gown." The doctor, who at the same moment caught the cow by the horn, replied: "No, no, you blockhead, 'tis the postman, and here I have hold of him by the horn." Lights, however, were brought, the true character of the offender was discovered, and the laugh of the town was turned on Doctor Gower.

Foote's mother, who was a very extravagant woman, and resembled her son very closely in character, once wrote to him as follows: "Dear Sam, I am in prison for debt; come and assist

your loving mother, E. Foote." To which he replied; "Dear mother, so am I; which prevents his duty being paid to his loving mother by her affectionate son, Sam Foote."

When on his way to France in 1777, he halted at an inn at Dover, and, going into the kitchen to superintend the dressing of a favorite dish, the cook, understanding that he was about to cross the channel, began to say, that, for her part, she was never out of her own country. "Why, cooky," said Foote, "that's very extraordinary, as they tell me above stairs, that you have been several times all over Grease." "They may say what they please," said the cook, "but I never was ten miles from Dover in all my life." "Nay," answered Foote, "that must be a fish, for I have seen you myself at Spithead,"—a sally which set the whole kitchen in a roar.

David Garrick, the pupil and friend of Dr. Johnson, was a finished actor, and neglected no opportunity of improving himself by a study of the passions. He was induced to attempt the character of Lear by the following incident. He had become acquainted with a man he greatly esteemed, in Leman Street, Goodman's Fields. This old gentleman had an only daughter, about two years old, of whom he was dotingly fond. One day, as he stood at an open window, dandling and caressing the child, it suddenly sprang from his arms, and falling into a flagged area, was killed on the spot. His mind instantly deserted him; he stood at the window delirious, wild, and full of woe: the neighbors came flocking into the house, they took up the body and delivered it to him, thinking it might break the spell of his grief; but it had no effect—his senses were fled, and he continued bereft, filling the streets with the most piercing lamentations. As he was in good circumstances, his friends allowed him to remain in his house, under two keepers appointed by Dr. Manroe, and Garrick went frequently to see the distracted old man, whose whole time was passed in going to the window, and there fondling in fancy with his child; after seemingly caressing it for some time, he appeared as if he had dropped it, and immediately burst into the most heart-piercing cries of anguish and sorrow; then he would sit down with his eyes fixed on one object, at times looking around, as if to implore compassion. It is said that from this hint Garrick formed his unparalleled scene of the madness of Lear over the body of Cordelia.

Richard Savage, a poor player, but a poet of merit, owes much of his notoriety to Dr. Johnson's splendid biography. Of the manner in which he composed his tragedy of Sir Thomas Overbury, his biographer says: "During a considerable part of the time he was employed upon this performance, he was without lodgings, and often without meat, nor had he any other conveniences for study than the fields or the streets allowed him. There he used to walk and form his speeches, and afterwards step into a shop, beg for a few moments the use of pen and ink, and write down what he had composed upon paper he had picked up by accident."

William Mountfort, a clever English actor (born 1660, died 1692), is chiefly remembered now by the circumstances attending his death. A Captain Hall had made proposals of marriage to Mrs. Bracegirdle, the actress, which were declined, in consequence, as he supposed, of her attachment to Mountfort. Rendered desperate by the rejection, he planned, with the aid of a titled scoundrel, Lord Mohun, the forcible abduction of the lady whom he proposed to marry.

A carriage and six horses was engaged, the driver being told to await them at the Horse Shoe Tavern in Drury Lane. A party of soldiers were hired to assist him in the exploit; and as Mrs. Bracegirdle, who had been supping at Mrs. Page's in Prince's Street, was going down Drury Lane towards her lodgings in Howard Street, Strand (London), about ten o'clock at night, on Friday, the 9th of December, 1692, two of these soldiers pulled her away from Mr. Page, knocked her mother down, and tried to lift her into the carriage. Her mother upon whom the blow had providentially made but a slight impression, hung about her neck and detained her on the spot. While Page called for help, Hill ran at him with his sword drawn, and again endeavored to get Mrs. Bracegirdle into the coach, but the alarm given by Page prevented him.

Company came up, Hill insisted on seeing the lady home, and actually led her to the house in which she resided. Lord Mohun who during the scuffle, was seated in the coach, joined Hill in Howard Street; the soldiers were dismissed, but the two friends with swords drawn, paraded for about an hour and a half before Mrs. Bracegirdle's door. Mrs. Brown, the landlady of the house where Mrs. Bracegirdle lodged, went out and expostulated with Lord Mohun and Hill, and then went, or sent, to Mountfort's house. The watch, on going the rounds, between eleven and twelve o'clock, found the two accomplices drinking wine in the street, a waiter having brought it to them from an adjacent tavern.

Mrs. Brown, at this juncture, observed Mountfort turn into Howard Street, apparently coming towards her house, and hurried to meet him and to mention his danger, but he would not stop, nor allow her time for the slightest communication. On gaining the spot where Lord Mohun stood, Hill being a little farther off, respectfully saluted him, and was received with politeness. Lord Mohun then hinted that Mountfort had been sent for by Mrs. Bracegirdle, in consequence of her projected abduction, a charge immediately denied. Mountfort then expressed a hope, with some warmth, that his lordship would not attempt to vindicate Hill, who approached in time to catch the substance of the remark, said hastily that he could vindicate himself and gave him

a blow, and challenged him to fight. They both went into the middle of the street, and after two or three passes, Mountfort was mortally wounded, and languished till the next day, when he expired. Hill fled, and Mohun, on the 31st of January, 1693, was tried by the House of Peers, as an accomplice, and acquitted. Seven years after, he was again tried on a charge of murder and acquitted by his peers. He finally died of his wounds, after killing a third antagonist, the Duke of Hamilton, in a duel.

The fame of Thomas Betterton, an actor of Charles II.'s time, has come down to us as that of a performer of wonderful power. Anthony Ashton tells us, however, that "he labored under an ill figure, being clumsily made, having a great head, a short, thick neck, stooped in the shoulders, and had fat, short arms, which he rarely lifted higher than his stomach." "His voice was low and grumbling, yet he could time it by an artful climax, which enforced universal attention, even from the fops and orange girls." Colley Cibber says: "He was an actor, as Shakspeare was an author, both without competitors, formed for the mutual assistance and illustration of each other's genius." If the fame reaped by actors is more tangible than that of other disciples of art, still it is more transitory. Their greatness is traditional—their efforts leave no proofs to posterity.

George Frederick Cooke, an English actor of great renown in the early part of the present century, who was deemed by his contemporaries unequalled in certain parts, and who was the successful rival of John Philip Kemble himself, visited this country, where he died. His career on this side of the Atlantic was a series of professional triumphs, though interrupted by the infirmity which wrecked his intellect—a fatal addiction to intemperance. The management of him by the persons who undertook to "star" him, was a troublesome task. He was frequently locked up to keep him in a condition to fulfil his engagements with the public, and he resorted to various expedients in order to gratify his love of liquor. On one occasion when Cooke was locked up perfectly sober, when liberated, he was found to be as perfectly intoxicated as a man could well be. He had bribed a theatrical underling to bring a bowl of punch to his prison door, and the insertion of a straw through the key-hole enabled him to drain the vessel to the bottom and thus defeat the vigilance of his friends. When under the influence of intoxicating beverage, he was very insolent and abusive, and would then indulge in sarcastic comments on the people and institutions of this country; for he was a rabid loyalist. On one occasion he was informed that the president was coming to see him play Richard. "Then he will be disappointed," shouted Cooke. "What, I! who have played that part at the special request of his majesty, George the Third—I, George Frederick Cooke—play to the king of the Yankee Doodles! No, sir! I will advance to the foot-lights and tell him to his face that I will not play to the king of the Yankee Doodles!" Such was Cooke in moments of undue excitement.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MARTIN MERRIVALE. HIS X MARK. By PAUL CREYTON. Illustrated. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 553.

Paul Creyton has made his mark in this book. It is a pleasant story, pleasantly written, and full of well-drawn characters. Some of the chapters, for instance, that entitled "Boarding-House Experience," is a gem. The book is far too good to pass away with the ephemera; it contains art enough to give it a claim to longevity.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION. By J. D. BRANT, M.D. Boston: Patrick Donahoe. 12mo. pp. 322.

This is a Roman Catholic work, giving the history of the doctrine of the immaculate conception, the arguments in favor of it, the declarations of various councils, with other matters appertaining to the dogma. It is published in a very handsome style.

YOUATT AND MARTIN ON THE HOG. Edited by A. Stevens. New York: C. M. Saxton, Agricultural Book Publisher. 1855. 12mo. pp. 231.

Wm. Youatt and W. C. L. Martin are standard authorities on domestic animals. The "Horse," by the former, is one of the best treatises on that noble animal extant. The American edition has combined in one neat volume all that both the preceding authorities have written on swine. The book teaches the great agricultural community, not only how to raise pigs, but how to "save their bacon." For sale by Redding & Co.

EVERY LADY HER OWN FLOWER-GARDENER. By LOUISE JOHNSON. New York: C. M. Saxton.

This is a reprint, with improvements, from the 14th London edition, of a very excellent work, containing simple directions for cultivating plants and flowers in the garden and in rooms. For sale by Redding & Co.

INGENUE; OR, THE FIRST DAYS OF BLOOD. By ALEXANDRE DUMAS. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 417.

This is a translation by Madame de Maquerelles from the MS. of the author, the publication being arrested in Paris by the censorship, for political reasons. The work, it is needless to say, is full of characters and incidents, and the story dramatically told. Some of the leading characters of the first French revolution figure in the book. For sale by Redding & Co.

THE HISTORY OF THE HEN FEVER. By GEO. P. BURNHAM. Illustrated. Boston: James French & Co. 1855.

This fowl affair, by the "Young 'Un," who has boldly come up to the scratch, without exhibiting the white feather, and told the whole story of the poultry mania (for which, by the way, he is largely responsible), is unique, original and humorous. Whether those will laugh who gave fifty and a hundred dollars for a "Cokin Shiny" when the brutes were in vogue, is an open question; but certain it is, that those who smile not during a perusal of this record, must have faces like marble monuments. The book is selling as Cochins China eggs used to sell.

THE CASTLE BUILDERS. By the author of "Heartsease." "The Heir of Redcliffe," etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 330.

The authoress of this volume, by her previous productions, has earned a permanent literary reputation, which the "Castle Builders" will enhance. The religious sentiment is not the least attractive feature of the book, which closes in a manner at once solemn and impressive. For sale by Ticknor & Co.

TRAVELS IN EUROPE AND THE EAST. By SAMUEL JACQUES PAINE. Illustrated. 2 vols. 12mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The storied realms, and the various people of the old world cannot too often be described. Each new traveller invests them with new interest, and the reader is curious to compare what he says with what has been said before of the same persons and places. The volumes before us are the fruits of a year's travel in Europe and the East. Yet the author does not seem to have glanced hurriedly at places of interest, and his observations appear just and intelligent, because he went abroad with proper preparation. For sale by Redding & Co., and Burnham Brothers.

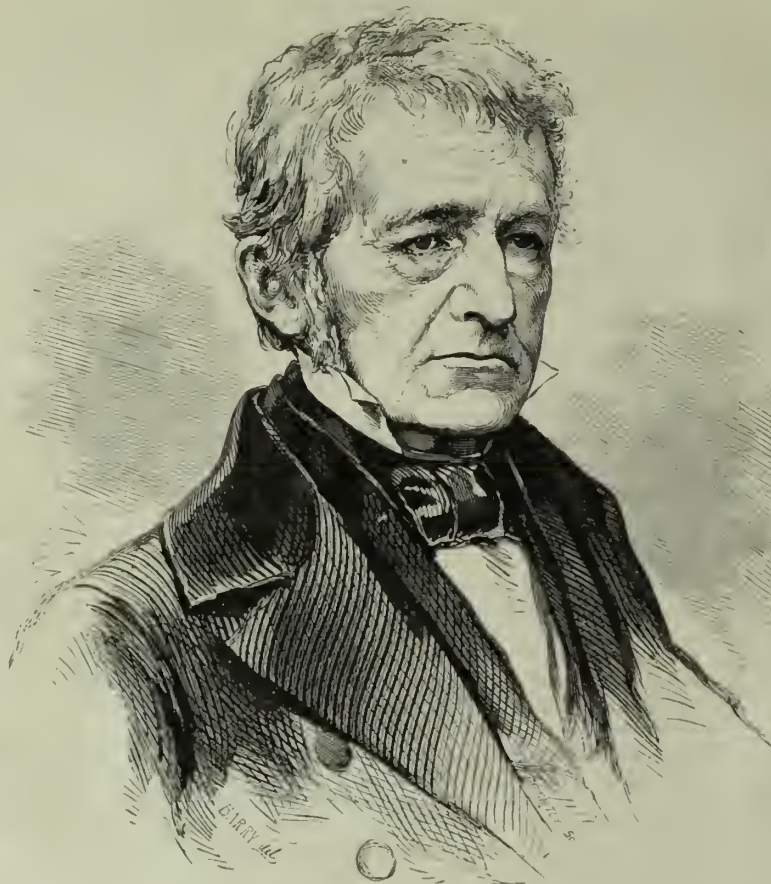
KATE ATLEFORD. A Story of the Refugees. By CHARLES J. PETERSON. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. 1855. 12mo. pp. 356.

Mr. Peterson is a writer of much practice and ability. He has done well in selecting the days of the revolution as the era of his story. It is full of characters sketched with spirit, and of thrilling incidents, such as were constantly occurring in the "times that tried men's souls." The publisher confidently asserts that in his opinion, it is the "best historical novel ever written in America." For sale by Phillips & Sampson.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.—S. French, 121 Nassau Street, New York; A. Winch, 116 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; Henry Taylor, 111 Baltimore Street, Baltimore; A. C. Bagley, corner of 4th and Sycamore Streets, Cincinnati; J. A. Roys, 43 Woodward Avenue, Detroit; E. K. Woodward, corner of 4th and Chestnut Streets, St. Louis; Mellen & Co., 75 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois.

HON. NATHAN HALE.

Nathan Hale, the subject of the accompanying illustration, was born in the little town of Westhampton, Hampshire County, Massachusetts, on the 16th of August, 1784. His father was Rev. Enoch Hale, the clergyman of the town, who brought up a family of three sons and five daughters, sending Nathan to college—upon a salary of three hundred dollars a year. Rev. Enoch Hale was a brother to Capt. Nathan Hale, well known in our revolutionary history, who was sent by General Washington among the British stationed on Long Island, upon a confidential errand, and being taken prisoner was hanged as a spy: his last words being, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country." Capt. Nathan Hale was scarcely of age when he was executed; dying unmarried, of course he left no lineal descendants, and his nephew, the subject of this memoir, who was named after him by his dearest brother and the one nearest his own age, may thus be regarded as his representative, so far as his virtues were transmissible by descent. Nathan Hale became a student of Williams College, in the western part of the State of Massachusetts, in 1800, and graduated in due course in 1804. The journey between his home and Williamstown was usually made upon horseback. His class at Williams College furnished a number of members who early acquired some distinction in professional pursuits. Nathan Hale soon afterwards became a student of law in the office of John D. Dickinson, at Troy, N. Y. The next year he accepted an appointment as instructor in the English and mathematical department of Exeter Academy, an old established institution in New Hampshire, which still retains a favorable reputation. After serving two years in this capacity, he came to Boston, where he completed his elementary law studies and was admitted to the bar in 1810. He continued in the practice of the law for four years, during a part of which period he was employed, in conjunction with Henry D. Sedgwick, afterwards of New York, in editing the "Boston Weekly Messenger," an exclusively political and historical journal, established by an association of gentlemen, and published without advertisements, it being the first example of a weekly journal of that description. In 1814, he became the purchaser of the "Boston Daily Advertiser," which had been established the preceding year, the first and only daily paper in the city of Boston, and of which, after an interval of more than forty years, he still continues the senior editor. He was the sole editor for more than thirty years, with the exception of a few brief intervals in which he employed assistance in consequence of the pressing nature, at times, of his engagements on railroads and other works of a public nature. He was assisted by his son, Nathan Hale, Jr., for several years until 1853, and since then by another son, Charles Hale, who is now the associate editor and publisher of the Daily Advertiser. Mr. Hale introduced in the Daily Advertiser, and maintained from the beginning, the practice of being himself the sole writer of all editorial articles, and all that were printed in the editorial type, with the exception of the mere announcement of facts, occasionally prepared by gentlemen in charge of other departments of the paper, and in later years, of articles written by his sons. Before this time the newspapers had usually been conducted by printers, who prepared the news, and inserted such articles as were furnished them by their friends, or were sent in as communications, but did not themselves profess to discuss public questions. The Daily Advertiser still maintains the chief characteristics which have given it its reputation. It is a leading commercial, literary and political journal, and it is not surpassed in influence or in solid character by any newspaper in the United States. The Daily Advertiser has engrossed the largest part of the time devoted by Mr. Hale to literary work, but not the whole. He was one of the originators of the "North American Review," that old established quarterly, and contributed several articles to its earlier numbers. He established, in 1840, the "Monthly Chronicle," a record of events, discoveries, improvements and opinions, in which he wrote many elaborate articles, discussing questions of public interest. The "Boston Weekly Messenger" is still continued, as the weekly paper issued from the Daily Advertiser office. Mr. Hale has likewise written a vast number of reports and other documents, which have been published in pamphlets. On the 5th of September, 1816, Nathan Hale married Sarah Preston Everett, of Dorchester, daughter of Oliver Everett, many years a clergyman in Boston, and afterwards a justice of the Court of Common Pleas, among whose sons (Mr. Hale's brothers-in-law), were Alexander H. Everett and Edward Everett. Mr. and Mrs. Hale have had eleven children, of whom five are now living, three sons and two daughters. On the first introduction of railroads in England, Mr. Hale recommended them as an improvement precisely adapted to the wants of the State of Massachusetts, particularly in preference to canals, on which large sums of money had been expended, and especially as affording a means for the transportation of passengers and freight between Boston and the Hudson River, between which points a canal with more than a hundred locks and a tunnel four miles long had been strongly urged as the only means of reviving the drooping revenues of the State, but which Mr. Hale pronounced an enterprise impracticable for any useful purpose. Mr. Hale ardently urged the construction of railroads, and used his paper and



HON. NATHAN HALE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MASURY & SILSBEE.

his influence to cause their introduction into New England. He was regarded as a wild enthusiast. Some of his best friends, as he talked to them, shook their heads incredulously, and said to each other that "Mr. Hale's opinion was sound on some matters, but unfortunately he was a little cracked upon these railroads." When, as a member of the legislature, he asked leave to bring in a bill for the construction of a railroad from Boston west, a member proposed that the gentleman have leave to bring in a bill for the construction of one of his railroads to the moon at the same time. Nevertheless, he persevered, and has lived to see the abandonment of every one of the navigable canals in Massachusetts, the Middlesex, the Hampshire and Hampden, and the Blackstone, after causing heavy losses to their proprietors—while his most sanguine expectations and predictions with regard to railroads have been more than realized. We have anticipated our narrative, however. The Daily Advertiser was the constant advocate of the railroad system of internal improvements, and urged upon the legislature to provide for testing the practicability of railroads upon some of the principal routes of communication in the State. After some feeble attempts at obtaining surveys, the legislature, in 1828, appointed a board of directors of internal improvements. To avoid the jealousy of preliminary and unnecessary expenses, which had interfered with previous plans, Mr. Hale had proposed this board as an honorary office, offering to serve himself without compensation. The governor was placed at the head of the board, but the netting chairman and working member was Nathan Hale. The whole board served without compensation, but were authorized to appoint engineers and the necessary assistants, and to make such surveys and adopt such measures, at the expense of the Commonwealth, as they might think necessary for selecting the most eligible routes for railroads from Boston through the central and western parts of the State to the Hudson River, and from Boston to Providence. Under the direction and superintendence of the board, the most able engineers were employed, and during the season three entire routes or parts of routes were surveyed. The result of these labors was communicated to the legislature at its next session, in a report containing a mass of information which effectually demonstrated the practicability of these improvements, a point which to that date had been questioned by a great portion of the people of the State. The legislature did not con-

clude to undertake these improvements at the expense of the State, but the information which had thus been laid before the public in an authentic shape, with the aid of the arguments which were continually reiterated in the Daily Advertiser, produced such a conviction in the public mind as to secure the accomplishment by private enterprise within a few years, of all that had been recommended. Nathan Hale was the first president of the Boston & Worcester Railroad Corporation, incorporated in 1831, and continued in that office by successive annual re-elections for nineteen years, when he declined longer service. This road was the first opened to public travel in Massachusetts, and the first on which steam power was used in America. The portion which was first opened was a distance of nine miles, between Boston and Newton. During this time, Mr. Hale was repeatedly elected a member of both houses of the State legislature from the city of Boston and the county of Suffolk. He was generally upon the railroad committee, often its chairman, and always wrote the elaborate reports made by the committee. Mr. Hale is a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and of the Massachusetts Historical Society. He received the degree of LL.D. at Harvard College, in 1853. As the city of Boston increased in population, the necessity for introducing, at the public expense, from some external source, a copious supply of pure water for domestic purposes began to be more and more obvious to far-sighted and public-spirited citizens. Mr. Hale was one of those who advocated the measure. In 1825, Daniel Treadwell, on the recommendation of Josiah Quincy, the first mayor, was appointed by the city government to make a survey and report plans and estimates. In 1834, Loammi Baldwin, and in 1836, R. H. Eddy, received similar appointments. All the gentlemen made favorable reports, but the public mind was not yet ready for the enterprise, nor was the necessity so great as it afterwards appeared. In 1837, under the mayoralty of Samuel A. Eliot, a commission consisting of Daniel Treadwell, James F. Baldwin and Nathan Hale was appointed to consider the subject of a water supply. They made an elaborate report, but the project encountered so much opposition that it was abandoned for the time, and slumbered until Aug., 1844, when under the mayoralty of Mar-

tin Brimmer, a new commission, consisting of Patrick T. Jackson, Nathan Hale and James F. Baldwin, was appointed. Meanwhile the attention of the public had been frequently called to the subject in Mr. Hale's paper. This commission reported the plan of supply by a brick conduit from Lake Cochituate, twenty miles distant. The citizens at first rejected the plan; but it was referred again to two eminent engineers from New York and Philadelphia, who reported essentially the same plan; and the legislature having passed the necessary act, and the people having sanctioned it, a board of commissioners was appointed in 1846, to proceed to the construction of the works. This commission consisted of Nathan Hale, James F. Baldwin and Thomas B. Curtis. Under their superintendence the work was executed with great efficiency and success, and in little more than two years from the beginning of the work, the waters of Lake Cochituate were introduced into the city and supplied to a large portion of the inhabitants. The introduction was celebrated on the 25th of October, 1848, in the presence of an immense multitude of delighted citizens. In the third year of their term, the commissioners completed the original plan of the works, and in another year the pipes were carried through Charlestown and Chelsea to East Boston. Mr. Hale thus had the satisfaction of witnessing the consummation of the project for which he had so zealously labored. During the years 1848 to 1850, Mr. Hale was much interested in endeavoring to secure the completion of the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal to Cumberland in Maryland, an important public work. He so far succeeded in the accomplishment of his endeavors that the canal was completed, but he never was paid for his services, which detained him at a distance of four hundred miles from home, to the neglect of his personal affairs; and he became involved in some embarrassments connected with the finances of the canal company. In 1820, Mr. Hale was chosen one of the delegates from Boston in the convention which assembled that year for the revision of the constitution of Massachusetts; a body which for the eminent talent contained among its members has not been surpassed in this State, certainly since the heroic days of the revolution. During the session of the convention, lasting two months, Mr. Hale took notes of all the debates, together with Octavius Pickering, Esq. They wrote out their notes every day for publication in the Daily Advertiser of the next morning. The debates thus reported, were published in 1821, and again republished in 1853 in a handsome octavo volume of 700 pages. Mr. Hale was also a delegate from Boston to the convention in 1853 for the same purpose. It is as a faithful and impartial journalist—for his services in introducing railroads into New England—and supplying water to the city of Boston, that Mr. Hale is likely long to be held in grateful remembrance by the people of this community. He has proved himself a public-spirited citizen, sacrificing himself and his personal interests, devoting his whole time to the furtherance of the public welfare. Mr. Hale is now more than seventy years of age, but remains in the full possession of his faculties, indefatigable in writing for the Daily Advertiser, and in other duties of a public nature.



CREAM HILL AGRICULTURAL SCHOOL, WEST CORNWALL, CONN.

[See page 219.]



FERNANDO,
H. F. DALY.

ST. PIERRE,
JAMES BENNETT.

ANTONIO,
MR. GILBERT.

MARIANNA,
MRS. HAYNE.

LEONARDO,
MR. J. B. HOWE.

SCENE FROM KNOWLES'S PLAY OF THE WIFE.

SCENE FROM KNOWLES'S PLAY, "THE WIFE."

The engraving above illustrates the closing scene of Knowles's popular play, "The Wife, a tale of Mantua," as performed recently at the Boston Theatre. The point selected by Mr. Champney for illustration, is the close of the fifth act, the denouement of the piece. Leonardo Gonzaga, who has married Marianna, a

peasant girl from the mountains, having been absent at the head of his troops, leaving his cousin, Fernando, at the head of the state administration, is informed by the latter, who plots the ruin of both, that his wife has been unfaithful to him. To substantiate this charge, use has been made of Julian St. Pierre, who rushes in and exposes the villany of Fernando, recognizes Marianna as

his sister by a cross she wears, and expires in her arms. The plot is highly wrought up, and the denouement, highly satisfactory to the audience, elicits the warmest and most enthusiastic applause. It is admirably performed at the Boston Theatre; indeed it could not be done otherwise, with the full strength of Mr Barry's large and efficient company.



ADVANCE OF CIVILIZATION.—FROM A PAINTING BY DURAND.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS. One page only of this paper is devoted to advertisements. The immense circulation of the PICTORIAL (being over one hundred thousand copies weekly), forms a vehicle of advertisement that is rarely offered to the public. Another fact which greatly enhances the value of the PICTORIAL as an advertising medium is, that it is preserved, and not destroyed after being read, being regularly bound up every six months, so that each advertisement (all being placed on the inside of the paper), becomes a permanent card of the advertiser's business for years to come.

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, FOR APRIL.

CONTENTS.

VISITS TO THE CATACOMBS OF ROME. By GEO. W. GREENE. Illustrated by Twenty-Eight Engravings.
DARIEN EXPLORING EXPEDITION. By J. T. HEADLEY. Illustrated by Three Engravings.
THE DOG, DESCRIBED AND ILLUSTRATED. Illustrated by Nineteen Engravings.
SOME ACCOUNT OF A CONSULATE.
THE LOST SON OF ICHABOD ARMSTRONG.
LADY BLESSINGTON AND COUNT D'ORSAY.
THE SECOND BABY.
THE NEWCOMES. By W. M. THACHERAY. With Five Illustrations by DOYLE.
CHAPTER LII. Family Secrets.
CHAPTER LIII. In which Kinsmen fall out.
CHAPTER LIV. Has a Tragical Ending.
THE PARADISE OF BACHELORS AND THE TARTARUS OF MAIDS.
THE HIGHWAYMAN'S BRIDAL.
VAMPIRES.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
EDITOR'S TABLE.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.
LITERARY NOTICES.

Books of the Month.

COMICALITIES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED. Illustrations.—A Hard Case.—Great Boon to the Public.—Spring Fashions for Ladies.—Spring Fashions for Gentlemen.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL. Illustrations (Furnished by BADDIE in advance of their appearance).—Morning Robe.—Mantillas.

Harper's Magazine pays more money every month for original contributions to its pages, to American authors, editors and artists—and thus does more for the encouragement of American talent than any other two Magazines in the United States. It pays a higher price for matter which its editors consider desirable, and buys at that price more of it than any similar periodical in America. It does not profess to be made up wholly of Original Contributions. It aims to give the best reading, no matter where it may come from; and whenever its conductors can procure from American authors better literary matter than they can find elsewhere, they get it; and they pay prices for it which would astonish even some of the English Magazines.—*New York Daily Times.*

* * The plan keeps curiosity alive, and with the contents of the Magazine, it will be abundantly gratified, each number containing as much matter as a volume of Macaulay's History of England, and sold at the ridiculously low price of 25 cents.—*London Times.*

The circulation of Blackwood's Magazine has never been lower than 7500 a month; it has been as high as 10 000; and some numbers have been reprinted more than once. At present, the sale is not less than 9000 a month. The retail price of each number is sixty cents. Take the whole 9000 at the trade price of forty cents each, and the returns will be £750 per month, or £9000 per annum, out of which must be taken authorship, composition, advertising and paper. The Magazine, these things considered, probably yields a net profit of about £3500 per annum. It must be borne in mind, that Blackwood has been nearly forty years in existence. As a contrast, and to show how much the American Magazine readers proportionately outnumber the statistics of the most popular periodical in the world, Harper's Magazine, four years established: One of its distinguishing features is the beauty of its illustrations. These, together with the letter-press, are electrotyped, thus securing a fac-simile of the whole, no matter how extensive the number printed. The actual circulation is 130,000 a month, of which, within a week after "Magazine Day," about 120,000 are cleared away to all parts of the world. The monthly expenditure to authors and artists is \$2500—a large amount, but three-fourths of its contents are original. Taking an average of eight readers to each number, it would appear that Harper's Magazine supplies literary instruction and entertainment to 1,040,000 readers.—*From "Noctes Ambrosianae," edited by Dr. SHELTON MACKENZIE.*

One thing we are gratified in still being able to say, namely, that this popular Magazine, while it does all that is lawful to court popularity, never descends to cater for it by ministering to opinions or propensities injurious to good morals or social order. It is surely a subject of gratulation to every Christian man, that, at a time when a considerable portion of the press is diligently engaged in spreading broadcast over our country works of infidel tendency, and most insidious attacks on religion and morals, supplanting the very principles on which the social compact and social obligation are based, that a work of such extensive circulation as Harper's Magazine should take the side of virtue, and, though not exclusively a religious work, always auxiliary to Bible truth and sound morality.—*New York Christian Advocate and Journal.*

TERMS.—The Magazine may be obtained of Booksellers, Periodical Agents, or from the Publishers, at THREE DOLLARS a year, or TWENTY-FIVE CENTS a Number. The Semi-Annual Volumes, as completed, neatly bound in Cloth, are sold at Two DOLLARS each, and Muslin Covers are furnished to those who wish to have their back Numbers uniformly bound, at TWENTY-FIVE CENTS each. Nine Volumes are now ready, bound.

The Publishers will supply Specimen Numbers gratuitously to Agents and Postmasters, and will make liberal arrangements with them for circulating the Magazine. They will also supply Clubs of two persons at Five Dollars a year, or five persons at Ten Dollars. Clergymen supplied at Two Dollars a year.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.
apr 7 1t

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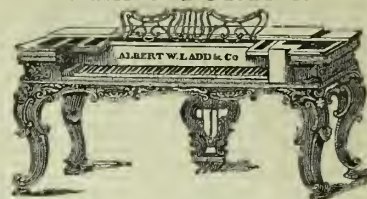
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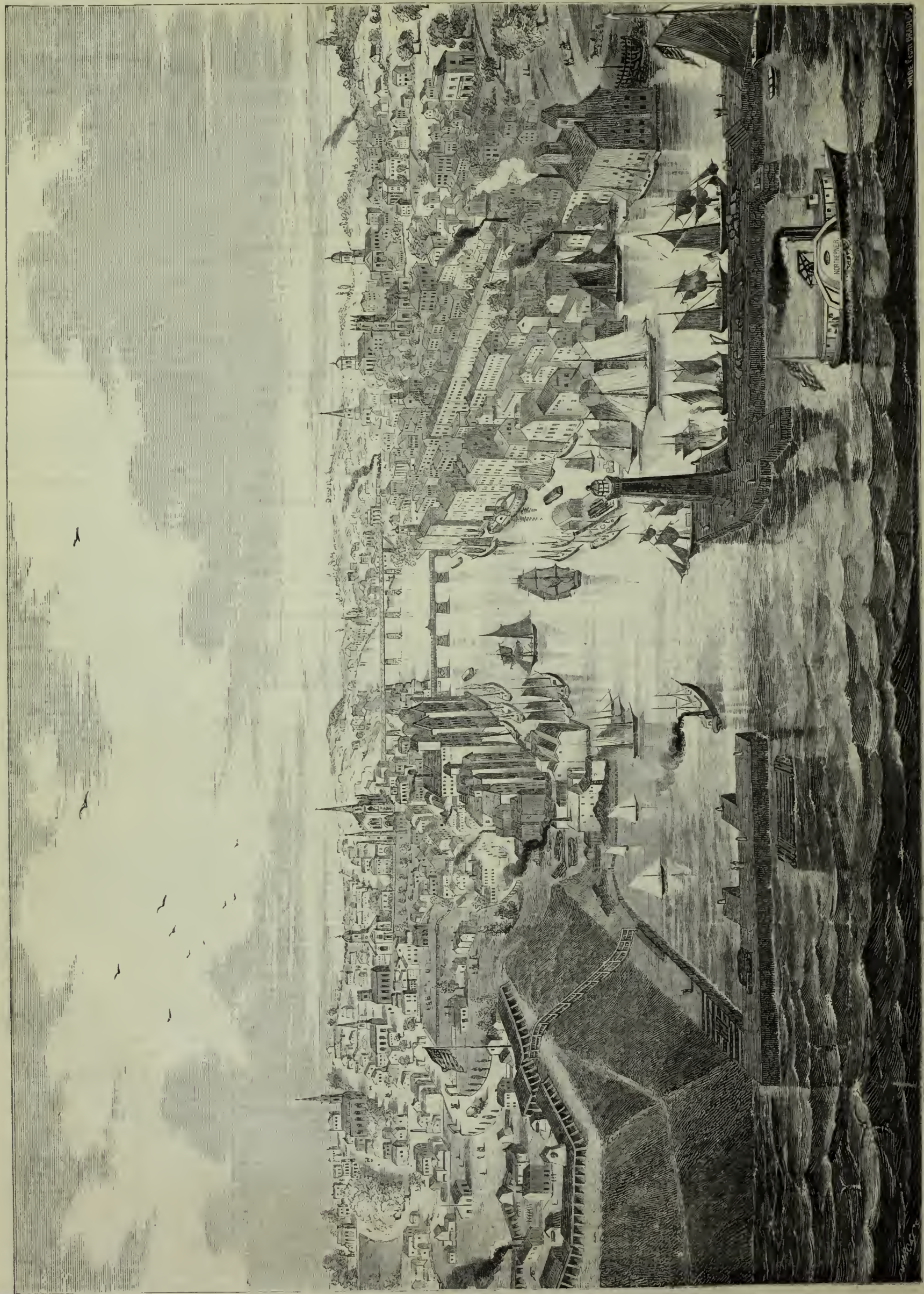
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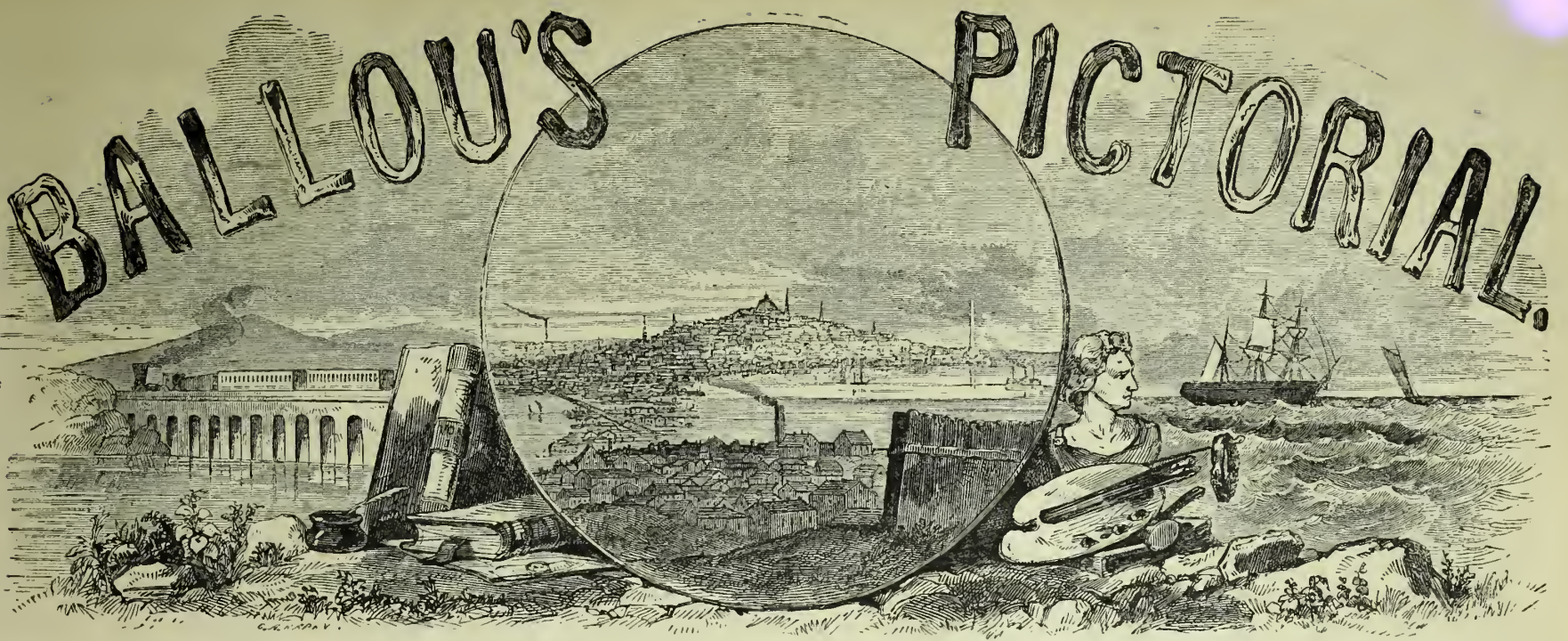
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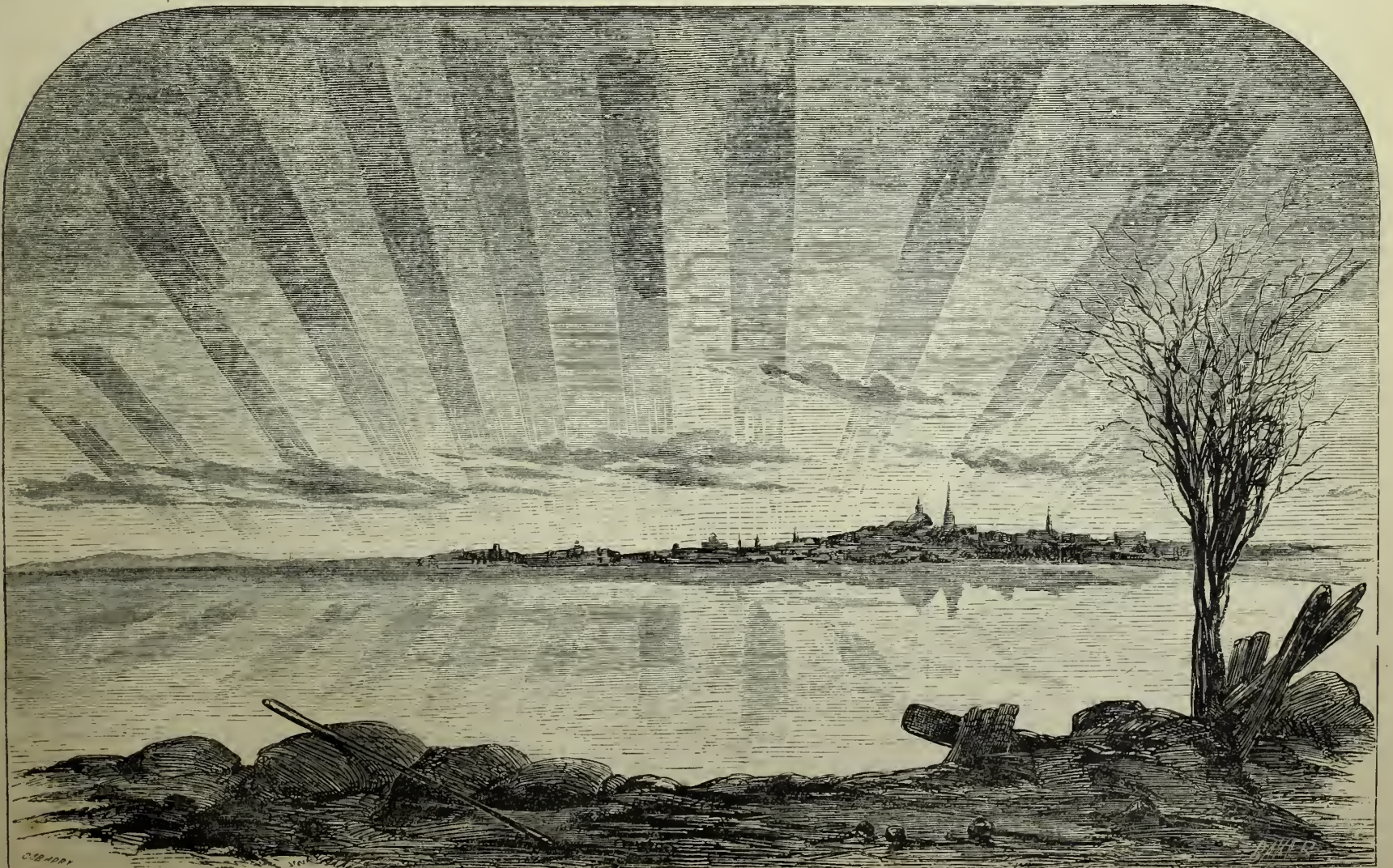
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THE AURORA BOREALIS.

Mr. Barry's design, drawn expressly for our Pictorial, delineates, as accurately as practicable, the appearance of the unusually splendid display of the Aurora Borealis, or Northern Lights, which lately excited the admiration of thousands in this city and vicinity. The point of view is on the mill-dam road towards Brighton, looking over Charles River Bay to the dark profile of the city, which is defined against the bright background of the boreal sky. The phenomenon is represented at the height of its brilliancy, with the broad radii of lustre flashing upward to the zenith, and almost paling the radiance of the stars, while the interstices of deeper blue contrast with the path of the flashes. The whole startling spectacle is reproduced in the mirror of the bay. No natural appearance that occurs during the winter and spring months, in our high latitudes, can compare with the beauty and sublimity of the Northern Lights. These displays are various in their character. Sometimes a luminous arch rises to the altitude of a few degrees above the northern horizon, in the midst of which the stars "pale their ineffectual fires." Anon there shoot to the zenith, with the swiftness of rockets, spires of light—wavering, phosphorescent shafts of cloudy fire—silver arrows shot from the bent bow of the

Aurora. The light is not unfrequently a warm, roseate hue; and we have seen its reflected splendor color the snow fields far and wide. Sometimes a variety of tints is displayed. Similar appearances were noted during Captain Cook's voyage, in 1773, between the fifty-eighth and sixtieth degrees of south latitude; other and more modern travellers have noticed them. Hence, the true name of these phenomena should be Polar Lights, as they are always seen about either the south or the north pole. "From the arches of the Aurora," says a scientific writer, "columns of light, of the most variegated and beautiful colors, shoot up towards the zenith, and sometimes masses, like sheaves of light, are scattered in all directions. The appearance is then splendid, and its increasing beauty is announced by a general undulation of the masses of light. A kind of fiery coronet is afterwards formed about the zenith, by the meeting of all the columns of light, resembling the knob of a tent. At this moment the spectacle is magnificent, both for the multiplicity and beauty of the columns which the Aurora presents. The light after this grows more faint and more tranquil. This faintness and tranquillity, however, are only temporary, for the phenomena are soon repeated in all their beauty—the oscillation of the columns of light, the formation of the corona,

and the like, though with a thousand variations. At length the motion wholly ceases, the light is collected about the northern horizon, the dark segment vanishes, and nothing is left but a strong brightness in the north, which is lost in the dawning day. These brilliant appearances are also attended, in high latitudes, with loud noises, described as resembling the hissing and crackling of fireworks." The cause of the singular phenomena of the Aurora Borealis has never been ascertained. Various hypotheses have been suggested by men of science. Franklin attributed it to electricity; Biot, a French *savant*, thought its origin was volcanic; Kæstner, a German philosopher, considered the auroral light to be a manifestation of the earth's electricity rising periodically to the poles—a hint which later philosophers have seized upon and developed. Whatever their origin, they are certainly among the most brilliant and striking phenomena; and we can conceive of their appearance being hailed by the inhabitants of those dreary regions where the winter appears endless, with the same delight which is awakened by sunrise in more favored latitudes. Scott, in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," in the scene at Melrose Abbey, has given a vivid description of them. A faithful record of our Auroras would be a volume of poetry.



THE AURORA BOREALIS.

[Written for Bailou's Pictorial.]

SECRETS OF THE CELLS:

—OR—

LEAVES FROM MY DIARY.

BY REV. J. H. INGRAHAM.

[CONTINUED.]

NUMBER SIX.

SCENES DURING THE PLAGUE.

My last number closed with the sad and touching narrative of the prisoner's wife, who, in the vain hope that she would be suffered to be with him, committed a crime in order to join him and share his imprisonment. Interested in her fate, I left the prison to call on the governor; but he was absent from the city, and would not return for some weeks.

Not being able to accomplish my object in obtaining her pardon—for at my solicitation his excellency had pardoned less worthy prisoners than this poor woman—I returned the same evening to the penitentiary, and laid her case before the agent. As I entered the guard-room, the moans of the poor wife reached my ears: she had shrieked herself almost to insensibility. Her unhappy condition interested all the guards, and I was glad to hear the rough men speak of her with gentleness and pity. The agent felt no less.

"But what can be done?" he said, as if perplexed with the subject: "she is sent here by the lawful authority, and I am only its agent. I cannot let her go free; and while she is here I must keep her locked up; for I am accountable for the safety of every convict I have here!"

"But she will go mad!" I answered, startled as he was speaking by a thrilling cry from her lips.

"So I am afraid—indeed she is almost bereft now!"

"An order should be obtained for removing her to the insane hospital," I suggested.

"Yes, if the governor were here to give one. We must wait his return. If, however, she goes on this way, she will not live; and besides, she is plainly ere long to become a mother."

Finding nothing could be done in this heart-rending case, and well-assured that the kind-heartedness of the agent, with all his stern visage, would alleviate her sufferings so far as could be, I went up to see her before I took my leave. I found her in a spacious room above the office, the gratings to the windows alone conveying the idea of a prison. A cot-bed occupied one corner of the apartment, and a table and two or three chairs comprised the rest of the furniture. The unhappy prisoner was seated upon the floor, the victim of mental woe. Her long hair was dishevelled and covered her person like a veil. From within its shadow her eyes glared out upon me with the blazing brilliancy yet vacuity of intelligence that marks the maniac. I saw with horror that she had gone mad!

Approaching her, I addressed her gently. My voice seemed first to make her aware of my presence. She tossed back her hair from her face, and looking up with an eagerness and earnestness only to be conceived, cried:

"Have you come, sir, to take me to Paul? He is my husband. You cruel officers shall not separate us. His heart is broken because he is away from me; and mine—O, mine is breaking!"

Here she pressed both hands hard against her bosom, and seemed to gasp for air. The guard who was with me threw open the door wide and also a window sash by thrusting his arm through the grating.

"I don't want air—I want my husband! O, sir, take me to him. So near him—committing crime to be near him, and yet shut out from him! O, sir, let me see Paul, if only for one minute!"

It would be impossible to convey the pathos with which she continued to appeal to me, till my heart swelled and tears over-ran my eyes. Even the guard, accustomed to scenes of misery, was moved. I promised her I would do all that was in my power, and went down to have an interview with the warden. I proposed to him that her husband should be permitted to visit her; and perhaps the sight of him might have a favorable effect upon her; for, as it was, she would become a confirmed lunatic.

The judicious manager of the prison, after some reflection, gave orders for the husband to be conducted to her apartment; but when he was told that it was to see his wife, with a brutal oath he said he did not wish to see her. The warden, indignant at such indifference, and sympathizing with the poor young woman who had sacrificed so much for a wretch so unworthy, could hardly restrain the impulse to order the man to punishment.

"You see, sir, it's no use," he said, drily. "Wives are soon forgotten here!"

"Perhaps if she is informed of his indifference it may do her good," suggested the under-keeper.

I returned to the miserable wife, and found her pacing the room with the utmost excitement. She was fairly foaming at the lips. On my entrance, she turned wildly towards me, and shrieked as she caught me by the hand:

"Will they lead me to my husband? O, tell me, or I shall die!"

"Your husband will not see you," said one of the guards, who stood in the door.

"It is false!" she cried; "Paul would go through fire and water to see me."

"He has been told you were here, but he does not wish to come to speak to you."

"Is this truth! are you deceiving me?" she exclaimed, with almost frenzied looks.

"It is true, madam. Compose yourself, and think of him no more: he is unworthy of you."

She pressed her fingers upon her eyes: she stood like a statue of despair. After a moment's agonizing suspense, she uttered a heart-breaking cry of anguish, and fell at her length on her face upon the floor.

She was raised up with bleeding temples, and laid upon the cot. I left a female attendant with her, and, with a prayer in my heart for the unhappy sufferer, I took my departure, meditating sadly upon the varied forms of woe which sin ever draws in its train.

A few days afterwards, the miserable wife was removed to the hospital for the insane, a confirmed lunatic!

Such are the miserable effects of crime. It is not the guilty who alone suffer. For every single crime there are many bleeding and suffering ones—mothers, wives, sisters, brothers, children! The knife of the murderer pierces the hearts of all he loves!

It was during the summer of the second year of my chaplaincy that the cholera broke out in the city, sweeping with incredible suddenness and fatality whole families into the grave. By great care, the prison for three weeks escaped its visitation, but on one Sunday morning when I entered the guard-room, I was told that there had been three cases since midnight, and that one of them was fatal.

We had no service that day. The prison seemed to lie under the shadow of the plague. Every hour some one was struck down and brought suffering into the guard-room. The place where I had held service was converted into a hospital, and instead of benches on which to sit and hear the gospel, were the prisoners' cots. By night there were a score of men down, some on the verge of death. So rapid was the advance of the terrible disease, that by morning there were thirty-six cases and five deaths.

During the following Monday the plague increased. Six of the guards, panic stricken, left their posts and sought personal security, at the risk of losing their positions. By Wednesday there were sixty men down, out of which nine died.

I was constantly in the prison and by the bedside of the sufferers. The difference in manner between those men who had been baptized and confirmed and those who knew not repentance was strikingly manifest. The former put their trust in Him in whom they had believed, and such as died died truly penitent and full of hope that he who opened Paradise to the penitent thief on the cross, would also open it to them. The latter were trembling with a fearful looking for of judgment, or sullen and indifferent, or "dying as the brute dieth," without any signs of the fear of death.

The following Sunday, after having obtained some needful rest, I returned to the prison. If it was a gloomy place before, when all were in health, it was doubly so now. All faces in the guard-room were sad and anxious. The warden was pale and care-worn with constant watching. I passed through into the courtyard. The shops surrounding it, which hitherto were lively with the sound of the hammer and saw, of the anvil and all the busy notes of toil, were now deserted and silent. The workman's iron peck lay neglected upon the stone he was fashioning; and the anvil of the blacksmith rang no more, and his fire was gone out. I entered the ward-room of the west wing. It contained sixty patients ranged in cots along the wall, about three feet apart. It was a melancholy sight. No mother, no wife, no sister nigh to soothe the sufferings and smooth the pillows and gently administer medicine to these outcast men. They were waited upon by the well convicts, who (and cheerfully do I bear this testimony) evinced the utmost attention and tenderness for their comrades, and did with alacrity everything that could contribute to their comfort. The fearful disease seemed to draw out from their hearts the hidden streams of humanity, long encrusted by sin and cruelty. In the east wing there were fifty-eight cots, on each of which I found an occupant, save on three which death had made vacant that morning.

In all, I found one hundred and seventeen men down with the cholera, and about fifty well convicts attending them as nurses. All work and all regular discipline were suspended. The warden, guards and doctor intermingled with these rough convict-nurses on the equal terms that common peril makes necessary. The prisoners seemed to think only of the sick, and to forget that they were in a condition to take advantage of the time, and by a well-concerted movement make their escape. The idea evidently never entered their heads, nor that of the warden.

The rapidity with which the dead were removed for burial shocked me; yet the haste was absolutely imperative. In the west ward was an old man whom I was talking with, and who evidently could not live; and aware of his situation, he expressed in the calmest and firmest manner his faith in the Saviour of sinners.

"The consciousness of my great sinfulness makes me cling to his cross the more firmly," said he, "as the consciousness of his great danger of drowning binds the firmer the arms of the drowning man about the plank that is thrown to him. I sink in deep mire, sir, but I cling to the cross that Jesus extends towards me."

After leaving him, wondering at the grace of God, which can find its way even into the cell of the murderer (for such was this man), I took the rounds of the other ward, administering medicine and such consolation and hope as was needful. When, after an hour's absence, I returned again to the west ward, I saw that the cot on which the old man lay was empty. To the inquiring

look of my eyes, his next neighbor, a young fellow, in for larceny, said:

"He's gone, sir, since you were in."

"Buried?" I asked, with surprise.

"Yes, sir. He died quarter of an hour after you left him. He died, saying, 'Lord Jesus, forgive!'"

I was deeply moved. I hastened out to the grave which was behind the wall, a rude, unenclosed lot, disgraceful to any penitentiary as a sepulchre for its dead, where hogs root, cows and sheep graze and carrion is thrown—a mere common. The grave was already filled up, and I remained alone, after the two men left with the cart which brought the body, to read the service for those "blessed dead who die in the Lord."

But such was the haste necessary—such the confusion attending the visitation of the plague at such a place, it was not always possible to give even the penitent and Christian convict church burial. The most of them were pitched from the prison-cart into the grave without ceremony, often in less than twenty minutes after breath left the body.

On my return to the prison, on re-entering the ward, I was met by a fine-looking young man, but whose now pale face and fatigued, weary manner showed that he had great need of rest. He held in one hand the physician's prescription and in the other some medicines.

"Dillingham," I said to him, as I met his haggard eyes, "give me the prescription and medicines; I will administer them to the men. You must lay down and get repose, or you will be seized next."

"By-and-by, sir. I came to say that Stinton wishes to see you."

"Is he dying?"

"He has passed the collapse state, and cannot live an hour."

"I will go; but first let me see you lie down," I said, with firmness.

"I will do so as soon as I have given these medicines to four patients."

"Promise me," I said, smiling, but looking with fear upon his haggard face.

"Yes, I promise you, sir."

He then left me, and I went at once to the bedside of Stinton. I found him adjacent to the emptied cot, the recent inmate of which had just been buried warm!

"I am glad to see you, sir. I asked good Dillingham to ask you to come and see the poor convict before he died."

"Are you so badly off as that, Stinton?" I said, feeling his pulse.

"Yes, sir: there is no hope. I must go. But, sir, I wish to ask if a man may be forgiven, if he calls on God at the last hour?"

"Yes, Stinton, if he be truly penitent, and have faith in Christ."

"Is penitence sorrow for sin, sir?" he asked, earnestly, fixing his red, wearied eyes upon me with deep attention.

"Yes, if it be accompanied with resolution to sin no more."

"Yes, sir, no more. I cannot, I shall not be living when the hour hand of that clock reaches the eleven o'clock mark. I can sin no more. But I am sorrowful for all the past. I grieve that I have sinned against my Maker as I have done. If I should recover, I feel that I should do so no more."

"This is true penitence, Stinton. God will pardon you if you pray to him."

"I cannot pray, sir. I used to say a little prayer my mother (God bless her!) taught me when I was a very small boy; but I have forgotten it all but one line, 'I pray the Lord my soul to take.' Will you pray for me, sir, that I may be forgiven?"

I knelt by his couch and prayed earnestly for him. When I rose from my couch, he grasped my hand, and with a smile, said:

"Sir, I thank you. In Jesus is my hope. He was a good friend to poor men, and he will not cast away one who comes to him. Farewell, sir; God reward you! May we meet in heaven!"

He spoke no more. In a few minutes, before the hour hand rested on the eleven o'clock mark, his soul had gone to render up its account for the deeds done by it while in the body. The crime of this man was manslaughter; and up to the hour of his death I had no evidence that he ever had a religious thought. But all men are not so hardened as they seem. Repentance may live daily in the heart of the murderer. The approach of death unveils and exposes all that is good and all that is evil in men. The good, long secreted, appears, and one finds trusting in Jesus the outwardly corroded man, who seemed never to evince his knowledge that there was a Jesus for man to trust in.

Having finished my tour through the wards, and administered the medicines which had been prepared for some who had just been taken ill, I returned to the wing in which I had left Dillingham half an hour before, resolved to make him take rest. To my knowledge he had been up two nights and two days, waiting on the sick with a self-sacrificing devotion and benevolence seldom equalled. Men died blessing him with their last breath, and those who were ill felt themselves happy to have him remain a few moments by the side of their cots. His very countenance carried hope and joy. The physicians gave him their confidence, and entrusted their most critical cases to his supervision. With a small note book in his hand, for he was the librarian of the prison, and this was his catalogue of books, he had each sick prisoner's name written down, the hour he was seized, the medicines he was to take and the times in which they were to be administered. His intelligence, skill, judgment, patience and gentleness were invaluable in that hour of woe and death.

I had known him ever since he had been a convict, nearly two

years, and known him only to esteem him—nay, almost to love him. By his integrity, industry and good nature, and manliness of character, he had won the confidence of the warden and officers; and there was not a convict who would not have made some personal sacrifice to do him a kindness. Originally set to work, when he entered the prison, in the stone-shops, he was ere long advanced to a lighter occupation, and ultimately to be librarian and head of the hospital. But this is no place to give the extraordinary history, full of romance, and truthful as romantic, of this noble-looking young man; it will be given in the subsequent number.

On my return to the wing, I went to the hospital to find Dillingham, alarmed lest, from the evident fatigue he showed, he would be taken ill unless he got repose.

Upon entering the close room I beheld a cot mattress placed out in the middle of the room, and stretched upon it was the young Samaritan. By his side stood two men, both criminals of the worst character, who were engaged rubbing him with all their strength and addressing at the same time cheering words to him. Upon seeing me, he said, with a faint smile lighting up his placid countenance:

"I am down at last, sir."

"Yes, and I grieve to see it. Do you suffer?"

"Inexpressibly," he answered, but without moving a muscle. His large mind seemed to delight in subduing every outward emotion of suffering. "I am going to die, sir," he added. "The fatal symptom, the cramp, is already upon me. Will you do me a kindness?"

"Whatever I can do that will gratify you," I answered, holding his hand, which was cold as if it had been lying in ice-water.

"My father and mother will grieve to hear of their son's death. Tell them they ought to rejoice that Christ maketh me free from these bonds. Tell them I died true to my principles, for which I am in imprisonment! Tell them I died trusting in the Redeemer of men. Tell them I rejoice that I die, for death is better than life! Will you see them, or write to them, and tell them all I say?"

"Without doubt. Your wishes shall be complied with," I answered, deeply moved, for I saw that he was rapidly sinking; the cheeks and eye sockets were falling in; the lips contracting and exposing his teeth, and the chin and cheek bones sharpening. Indeed, ten minutes of that dread disease was doing the work of fifty years—making a sunken old man's face of that youthful countenance. Yet his eyes continued clear and intelligent. Four men were now affectionately rubbing him, while a fifth was tearfully administering medicine.

"It is all in vain, my friends," he said, with a look of gratitude. "Warmth of life will never return. Go to those poor fellows whom you can benefit."

"We will work for you while there is life," answered a man who had murdered his own brother to get his little patrimony; "we will stand by you while you have any pulse!"

Did the murderer hope secretly by recovering a life to atone for that he had taken away? He was far the most anxious of all to restore the dying man—though none wanted in exertion. While I was rubbing his hands to lend to them warmth from my own, he said to me:

"I have another message; it is to a young woman. We are betrothed one to the other. I believe, nay, I know I am still dear to her; for she does not look upon me as guilty. Paul, sir, was in prison, yet was innocent before God! A man may suffer bondage, and yet have done no crime. Say to her—you will find her name and address upon a letter in my trunk—that my last thoughts were between God and her. Tell her I have faith to believe that we shall meet and know one another in heaven. Give her, sir," and here his voice trembled with emotion, "give her this locket; it is her miniature. Tell her I parted with it only in death, when I could hold it no longer."

Here he took from within his breast a small locket, and also from his finger a ring, adding:

"And this betrothal ring return to her, and tell her that I bind her not; that she is free; but that I hope she will never cease to remember one, who, dying, thought of her with tenderness. Ah, this is surely death!" he suddenly whispered, in a changed voice, and pressing his hand to his heart. Then followed a brief struggle, a gasp of the mouth, and all was still.

The spirit of the prisoner was free: the soul of the man was before God. What a short step—from that couch to the steps of God's throne—from that prison into heaven!

The death of young Dillingham, as soon as known in the wards, produced a profound impression. Some strong men could not keep back the tears that came to their eyes. The convicts said, "He was the best man among us!" The guards attested to his integrity and uprightness, while the warden openly said, "He was as true and correct a man as he ever saw, and nobody knew him but to be attached to him." But the sorrow which filled all hearts at his death could not prevent that hasty interment of the body which the safety of those who remained in the hospital required. The coffin was quickly prepared, and with the body was placed in a two-wheeled cart drawn by one horse. The cart passed round the west angle of the wall, and stopped behind the prison, on the verge of a lot overhung by the lofty walls. The place looked like a field rooted by hogs, and was occupied by the new-made graves of convicts who had died of the plague. The grave was dug, the coffin lowered into it, and the little usual mound, long, almond shaped, soon rose over it. The cart drove off, and the dead remained alone, till "the earth shall give up its dead," and that "which is sown in dishonor shall be raised in glory."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE REPUBLIC OF THE DEAD.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

There is a silent land so near,
It echoes with the solemn tread
Of millions who are marching here,
To that Republic of the dead.

Earth may be ploughed with cannon shot,
And drenched with the red rain of strife;
The boom of battle wakes them not
From dreamless slumber into life.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE MILLER'S BOARDER.

BY GEORGE F. BURNHAM.

In the village of Clatville, in one of the northern counties of England, there lived, some years since, a man named Rushton, a miller by occupation, a quiet, good-natured man, and thrifty in his business. Bob was very intimately known by the whole neighborhood, for his mill was the only good one about, in the region of Clatville.

Rushton had no children, and for several years after his marriage the miller and his wife got along nicely without any domestic, living frugally and happily. At last, there came along an old bachelor, by the name of Henry Blessner, who desired to take lodgings with them. He was well to do in the world, and desired only a quiet home; his money was safely invested, and he had had enough of the confusion of town life. The terms were agreed upon, and Blessner took up his abode at the "Pond House," as Rushton called his residence.

Soon after, the miller's wife found the care of her family too great for her, and a servant was taken into the house to assist her, to whom but trifling wages were paid. It was soon found that Betsey Ransom was not what she was taken for. She would lie, when she committed faults, and she was not over-industrious in her inclinations. But Clatville was an out-of-the-way place, and the wife of Rushton could do no better; so she managed as best she could, and continued to retain the girl, who soon became acquainted with a dissolute man employed at the neighboring inn, who visited her often at the Pond House.

"Where did you get acquainted with this man Easton?" asked the miller's wife, one day, of Betsey, alluding to the visits of this fellow.

"Here in town, ma'am," said the girl.

"And did you never see him, until you came to Clatville, to live with me?" continued Mrs. Rushton.

"No, ma'am—never in my life."

"Mr. Rushton says he is not a very respectable person. And he thinks you would be better off, if you did not permit him to visit you here."

"If some people I could name would mind their own affairs—I don't mean *you*, ma'am—they'd get along better, I'm thinkin'," replied Betsey, rudely, and Mrs. Rushton turned away.

A week afterward the miller and his wife went over to the shire town, on a temporary visit, and returning home at a late hour in the day, lost the way, mistaking the road. After riding some miles, after dark, the miller discovered his mistake, and turned homeward, once more, where he did not arrive until near midnight.

He found his house locked fast, and supposing, from the lateness of the hour, that the occupants were asleep, he knocked lustily, and called to Betsey to admit him, but he received no answer! "She sleeps soundly, on my word," suggested the miller's wife.

"Sleep?" exclaimed Rushton, "if she wasn't so confounded lazy, by daylight, I'd swear she was dead. But where can Blessner be? If he's here, to be sure he must hear this noise. Hallo! open the door!" screamed the miller, and giving it a kick, the latch gave way, and he tumbled headlong into the entry.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, picking up his portly person again, "the door wasn't fastened at all. They left it open for us."

"Why didn't you try the handle, first, then?" queried his wife.

"I s'posed it was locked, of course, at this time o'night," said Rushton. "But where's Betsey?"

"Abed," suggested Mrs. R.

"See, then, if she be; I've made noise enough to wake a dead man. Go and see if she's in. More'n likely she's taken her chance to be off with that spark of her's, Easton."

Mrs. Rushton went to the girl's room, but it was vacant. She came down, and the miller then went to his boarder's apartment, to ascertain if he were there—when, a moment afterwards, his wife was astounded to hear him shriek out for her, as he came to the door of Blessner's bed-room:

"Quick, Esther! Blessner's dead—murdered! Quick!"

And surely enough, when the light came, there lay Henry Blessner's dead body on the floor, his room in disorder, his clothes lying about, and ample evidence existing that there had been a struggle there; but the man was stiff and cold!

While they stood transfixed with terror and amazement at this sight (the miller having taken hold of the body to turn it to the light), footsteps were heard below, and three or four of the neighbors, headed by Betsey, came dashing up the stairs, and into the room where the murdered man lay in his gore.

"There he is," yelled Betsey. "That's the murderer—and his wife's close by. Here she is," continued the servant girl, drawing forth the miller's wife, who had, in her fright, almost unconsciously stepped into a side room, a moment before. "They killed him for his money and watch. Hold on to 'em," she con-

tinued, wildly, and jumping down stairs, she instantly returned with the over-coat which the miller had thrown off below, as he came into the house.

"Examine for yourselves," she added, viciously. And upon turning out the breast-pocket, the dead man's watch, and a bundle of papers belonging to Blessner, were discovered there. The miller didn't speak! He couldn't utter a syllable! His wife turned pale, moaned, and fainting, fell upon the chamber floor.

"See, see!" screamed Betsey, with raving triumph, "see! the blood here, on his hands and sleeve!" and there it was, too, fresh and clear as broad daylight. Rushton had moved the body, and had thus stained his hands, unwittingly.

The miller's horse had not yet been taken out of the wagon, and the remainder of that fearful night was passed by Rushton and his wife in close confinement. The neighbors seized them, put them into their own vehicle, and drove them four miles away, to the nearest jail! They were examined next day, the evidence of the girl was heard, and the circumstances were recounted that had been witnessed by the neighbors, and they were imprisoned at once, and without much pity, to be tried at a future day for the murder.

At the expiration of seven weary weeks, true bills were found by the grand jury against them; they were duly indicted, and a few days after they were separately put upon trial for their lives, the case of the husband coming up first.

Rushton was placed at the bar, and he pleaded "not guilty," in a clear, manly voice. He had had leisure for reflection since the night of the murder, and his counsel had been truthfully informed of all the circumstances of the case, so far as he knew anything about them. He now appeared calm and self-possessed, but the chances were decidedly against him.

The prosecution proved, by Betsey Ransom, that the prisoner and the deceased Blessner had held frequent private conferences about money matters, which she had overheard, unknown to them. It was also affirmed, through her, that the miller and his wife had come home on that night two hours prior to her giving the alarm, and that the horse had been left before the house door, where he was found, only as a *ruse*. It was proved that Rushton had started from town at a certain hour, and he *ought* to have been at home quite as soon as the period of his arrival there, thus sworn to by the servant girl. The watch and papers found in the prisoner's pocket, were identified as Blessner's property; and his bloody hands was the final turning point against him!

To certain questions put to Betsey by the defendant's counsel, she stated that she was but little acquainted with a young man named Easton. She had seen him—knew who was meant—but had *not* seen him for three or four days prior to the murder. She hadn't seen him *since*, either! Then the defence of Rushton was entered on, with an earnestness creditable to his able counsel.

Five witnesses were produced to prove the girl a liar, to commence with. It was shown that she was in Easton's company at nine o'clock on the night of the miller's absence from home. A trunk of her's had been left by Easton, at the stage-house whence he proposed to take passage for Conway, early the next morning after the death of Blessner, but which he *forgot* to call for! and which, being broken open, was found to contain all the money Blessner was supposed to have had with him at the time of the murder—the notes on the county bank having been identified by the cashier who paid them to him on that very day! In this trunk were also some trinkets and light articles of wearing apparel known to have belonged both to Betsey and to Easton. A farmer came forward and swore that he saw the prisoner twelve miles distant from Clatville at half-past ten o'clock, on the night designated, where he had evidently lost his way, and that he directed him back towards the mill. It was shown to the satisfaction of court and jury that Rushton's horse was incapable of travelling over seven miles an hour, at best, and when the dead man was discovered by the neighbors, the body was cold. This was about half past twelve at night.

The counsel made their pleas, the prisoner was permitted to make his own statement to the jury, and a verdict was given within half an hour afterwards.

"*Not guilty!*" replied the foreman clearly, in response to the clerk's call. And fifteen minutes afterwards, Rushton and his wife were in each other's arms—the government attorney having *not* *pros'd* the indictment against her.

Betsey Ransom was instantly seized, and taken before a magistrate, now charged with being an accessory to the murder. In her desperate fright, she confessed to having perjured herself before the court, and that she placed the watch and papers in the miller's coat, after he came into the house. That, though she did not see Blessner killed, she knew that Easton went up to his room, she saw him come down again, heard the scuffle, and was aware that he had got the man's money.

Within a fortnight, Easton was arrested, tried, and convicted, and eventually both himself and his guilty associate, the wretched Betsey, were transported for life to the British penal colony.

The miller returned to his dwelling again, and the sympathy of the public deservedly turned in his favor, at once. But he was disheartened, and he could not bear to remain at the old place, after the dreadful scene that had occurred there. It was a good farm, his business was excellent, and he had made money. Soon after he came back, in triumph, at his honorable acquittal, he had an offer for the estate, which he accepted; and, with his wife he departed for one of the southern counties of England, where he lived afterwards happily and contentedly, though he never consented to receive another boarder into his family, and Mrs. Rushton contrived, thenceforth, to get along agreeably in her household matters without ever again hiring a female domestic.

NICE AND THE CHARTREUSE OF VAL PESIO.

The American traveller in Europe who has plenty of time upon his hands, particularly if he wishes an interval of rest, should not fail to visit the county of Nice in the duchy of Piedmont, that little nook of privileged land sheltered by the maritime Alps, and bathed by the murmuring waves of the ever-bright, ever-blue sea. There the mild and blessed sky is swept only by soft and warm breezes; there all kinds of vegetation flourish, from the sombre pine tree, of northern latitudes, to the agave and cactus of black and burning Africa. Between these two extreme flora, shines, under the varnish of its emerald foliage, the golden apple of Mignon; flowers and fruit, clinging to the same branch, adorn the orange and the citron in the open air. We have illustrated several scenes in this region, which we presume will prove interesting to those who have visited them, to those who propose to make the tour of Europe, and also to that numerous class of "tarry-at-home travellers," who journey to distant lands only in imagination, by the help of descriptions and pictures—a cheap and satisfactory way of seeing the world. The subjects selected for engraving—Coni—Summit of the Pass of Tende—Source of the Pesio—and the Garden and Cloister of the Chartreuse, are fully described in the present article. In this region there is no winter; the poetic fiction of the eternal spring of Calypso's isle is a reality. The city of Nice, or Nizza, has been for a long time the hospital of languishing, splenetic or consumptive Europe. The English, particularly, that foggy tribe subjected to the vague and nameless ills for which a clear sky and mild atmosphere are the best curatives, particularly affect the pretty Piedmontese city; they have even taken possession of an entire quarter, the faubourg of the marble cross. For more than a hundred years that has been their chosen domicile. From the countenances of the pedestrians to the signboards of the shops, all is ultra-insular. They have their chapel and their special physicians and apothecaries, three viaticas, without which the wandering citizens of the United Kingdom never transplant themselves. To them, this quarter, originally composed of a single street, owes the beauty, neatness and development it has assumed. The greater part of the dwellings they occupy are prolonged by gardens to the sea, and the pretty road that skirts the shore, one of the most delicious promenades of the city in the fine summer evenings, is, we must hasten to add, their work. The English colony, during the winters of 1822 to 1824 had it made at their expense, for the sake of giving bread to the working-people. This was a noble repayment of hospitality—one of those traits which honor and distinguish generous England. Not far from this spot, on a line of monumental quays, lined with magnificent hotels, of which the largest, the Hotel Chauvain, is an immense and comfortable phalanstery, extends the beautiful quarter of the New Bridge. The three arches of this elegant structure are thrown over the often-dry bed of the Poglione, a torrent-like river, the mouth of which Nice occupies, and which, in the autumn and spring seasons, brings the tribute of its melted and foamy snows to the limp waves of the vast blue sea. A little farther is the Old Bridge, in the neighborhood of which rises, in the midst of a tumultuous quarter, a sombre edifice, formerly the college of the Jesuits; beyond, a fine range of plane trees leads by a road measured by villas, to the newest and most beautiful church of Nice, which reckons a large number of them. The convents of the divers invocations and societies are no less numerous. The two principal are those of Laghetto and Saint Pons, both occupying admirable sites and the daily objects of visits and the promenades of strangers. But the most curious and picturesque part of the city, without contradiction, although it may be also the least regular and correct, is what is called the Old Town, confined between the rocky promontory which overlooks the whole amphitheatre of Nice, and the banks of the Poglione. It is a knot of streets and lanes, very difficult to disentangle, and whose thoroughly Italian constructions date back to the purest Gothic period. There, in every season and in broad noon, reigns a twilight less than obscure, and the houses so crowded together that two persons can hardly pass each other without jostling. If by chance a muleteer thinks to shorten his road, and pushes his beast into the middle of this inextricable labyrinth, happy are the passengers who find a door open for their escape, or a temporary asylum between a grocer's packages of brooms and candles. It is in this black quarter that the great movement of the city goes on from evening till morning. There is the fruit and vegetable market; there the butchers supply their customers, and shops of the third order, ranged in two long files, appeal with all the seductions of display to the peasants, sailors and soldiers who compose their supporters. Beggars and penitents hastening to the cathedrals, magistrates and urban



SOURCE OF THE PESIO.

counsellors repairing to the City Hall, mingle in this motley throng, often enlivened by one of those venerable three-cornered hats, so common in Nice, a French city in many respects, but thoroughly Italian in the clerical point of view. Strategic necessities formerly compelled the city to squeeze itself into such a narrow space—it was necessary to sacrifice beauty and convenience to this first need—safety—and to group beneath the shield of the old castle, one of the strongest bulwarks of the Mediterranean coast. But now these powerful fortifications are razed, and replaced by gardens planted with pines and cypresses. The most elevated platform now has only a few traces of the former disposition of these places, represented by some ensembles, a dozen soldiers and a few cannons of monstrous calibre, four of which are pointed on the city. From this point you enjoy a truly delicious view; the entire city stretches beneath the feet of the spectator; with a glance you embrace all the rich plain that sur-

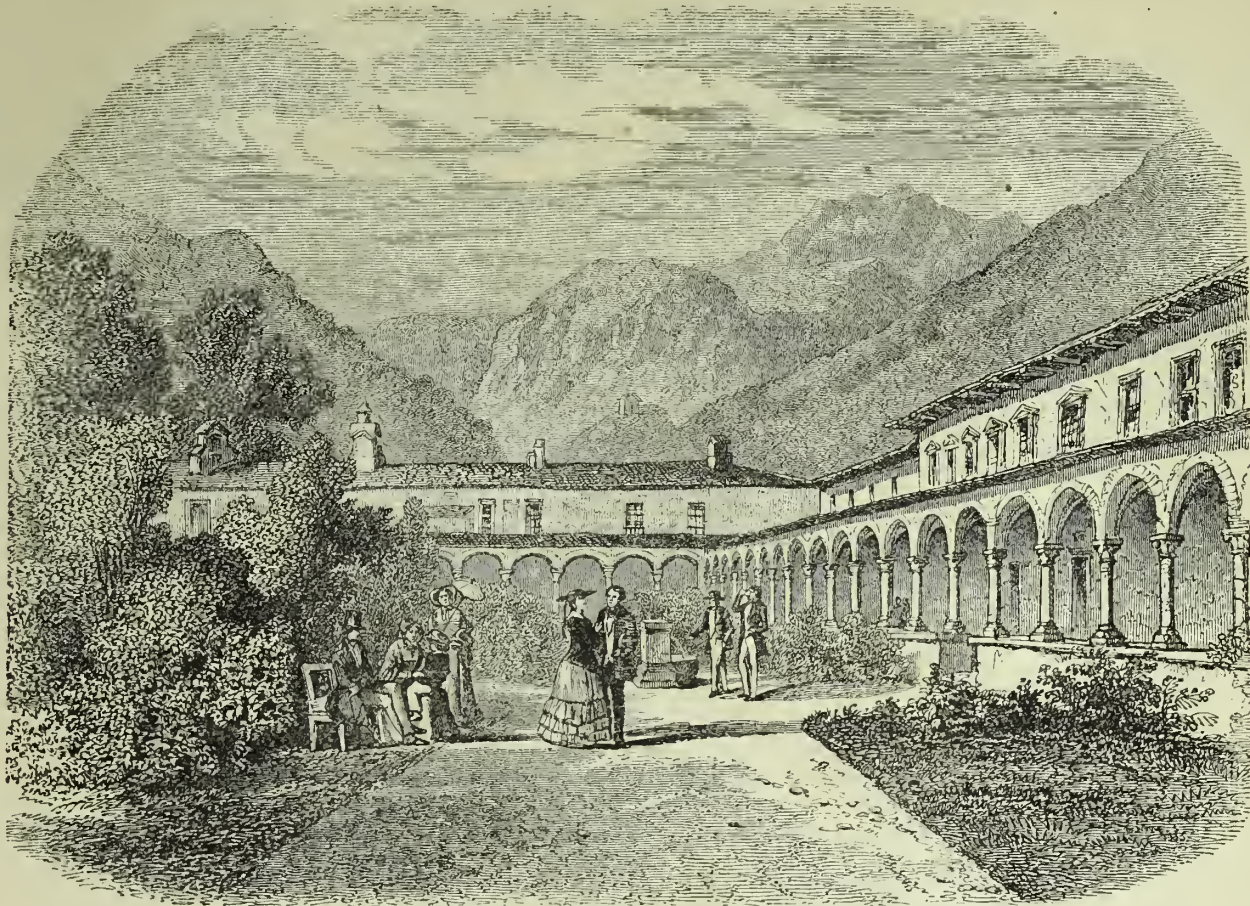
rounds the city; the chain of hills is notched and assumes the strangest profiles; the Alps swell upwards and stretch their giant peaks towards heaven; you follow with the eye each of the sinuosities traced by the gray Poglione as far as the gorges of the mountains whence it springs to meet the sea. Lower and nearer, in the port, you discern the joyous groups and brilliantly variegated dresses of the sailors heaving at the capstan, loading or unloading the coasters that bear sculptured images of the Madonna. If, on the other hand, you are fond of luxury, splendid dwellings, elegant stores and coquettish shops in the Parisian taste, these elegances are found at a distance, near the point of intersection of the two great roads of Turin and Genoa, and in the neighborhood of the Exchange, newly constructed in noble style. The peristyle of this aristocratic quarter in the Vittore Square is the largest and most monumental in the city. On this side boulevards enclose Nice, and at the place where they cross the street of St. Francis de Paul, a continuation of the Corso, of which we shall shortly speak, is situated the small square of Carlo Alberto, a stand for coaches ranged about an imperceptible obelisk dedicated to the memory of King Charles Felix, by the Israelites of Nice, in gratitude (for what, we cannot remember), as attested by a triple inscription in Latin, Italian and Hebrew. The merchants of Nice have erected a statue of Carrara marble to the same Charles Felix at the entrance of the port. The city is not rich in artistic works; we can mention only the cathedral of Santa Reparata, which is a truly remarkable edifice. In the number, quality and character of its visitors, Nice naturally ranks among the first watering places or pleasure resorts; but what distinguishes it peculiarly from all its rivals, is precisely that it is not at all a thermal establishment. Not the smallest sulphur or ferruginous jet—not the slightest gaseous or alkaline spring recommend it to the counsels of the learned faculty. It has only air and sun to offer to its numerous patrons, but these are sufficient for its glory and prosperity. Elsewhere, the people go to drink; at Nice, they breathe, warm themselves or take air-baths. The amusements are not very exciting; they are such as suit fatigued, exhausted, ailing people, whose first want and highest pleasure is to cease to suffer. Walking, the "first of insipid pleasures," as Voltaire says, is at once the most active remedy and liveliest recreation of the unfortunate happy people, mined by bronchitis or pulmonary disorders. Its principal stage is the Corso, which must not be confounded with that of Milan or Rome, and which is simply composed of fine elm trees in three rows, where you find whatever Nice can offer at the hour of high noon, of freshness, shade and salubrious sea breezes. The eye is not charmed by a long perspective of proud and magnificent palaces; plain coffee-houses take their places. You are

not crowded by coronetted carriages—but the neat dresses, and what is better, the happy faces of convalescent sick people and reanimated dying men, rejoice and gladden the eye. From the midst of the Corso, a double flight of marble steps conducts pedestrians to the mole, or, to speak vulgarly, the terrace (*terrazza*). This new promenade, which measures eight hundred paces long and ten or twelve broad, is considered by good right, one of the wonders of Nice. As its name indicates, it is nothing but the roof, or a succession of the roofs of an underlying street, and the tops of the chimneys, which rise in the midst of this aerial alley, allow no uncertainty or illusion in this respect. To sum up in a word, what characterizes Nice, and lends this French-Italian city an indefinable and real charm, is exactly the absence of noisy pleasures which elsewhere accompany and too often disturb the difficult enterprise of the recovery of strength and a return to health. There is no need of these gaieties to a man who is only half alive; they only embarrass one who is attempting to rejuvenate himself. Sieyes was asked what he did during the Reign of Terror. "I lived," was his reply. One can say as much, or nearly as much, of Nice. You do not suffer there, that we know of; you do not taste exciting joys, but are content with feeling well; you live—and that is something. A good deal too much—some misanthropes will say—but we do not agree with them. We do not mean that there are no pleasures or festivals at Nice—Heaven forbid our calumniating this delicious and hospitable city so grossly! What we meant to say is, that everything of gaiety and manners, like the climate and happy character of the inhabitants, assumes a moderate and temperate tone, such as the most intelligent and wise would wish; a *mezza tinta*, in a word, agreeable without excess, and monotonous without insipidity. When winter, which is so mild at Nice, gives place to a season perhaps even more delightful, in which the ardor of the southern sun is tempered by the regular and refreshing sea breeze, the majority of strangers regretfully leave this charming city, casting a last look on the blue and calm waves



SUMMIT OF THE PASS OF TENDE.

of the beautiful Gulf of Nice, they carry far away the hope of returning again to its shore to enjoy the blessings of a privileged climate, one truly blessed by Heaven. Often these travellers go to a great distance in search of shade, freshness and Alpine sites. It is an expense and trouble which they can readily avoid. At a few miles from Nice, at the termination of an admirably picturesque road, they will find, if they will, the most admirable summer retreat imaginable. The old Chartreuse (Carthusian monastery) of Val Pesio, changed within a few years to a hydropathic establishment, will offer them all the contrasts, all the surprises, all the charms the most exacting could desire. To go from Nice to this sojourn, where Hygeia and Apollo have usurped the asceticism of the great Bruno, you follow, from enchantment to enchantment, a road which, first clearing the passes of Braus and Brouis, the first ramparts of the maritime Alps, plunges into the defiles of Saorgio, illustrated by the battles of Marshal Massena and the glorious army he commanded in the defence of Genoa. This road soon leaves the verdant fields to follow the Roya; enormous rocks seem to intercept a passage which could not be made formerly without exposure to fatigue, cold and hunger in the deep forests, and on the snowy peaks strown with sombre precipices. It was in the heart of these ravines, that Charles Emanuel I., in the 16th century, traced out one of the boldest paths. At his voice the rock yielded to the will of man; dikes forced a bed upon the torrent; bridges were thrown over its foaming waters, and about 1592, thanks to this prodigy, the commerce of Piedmont was prodigiously developed. After having issued from these Thermopylae, you enter a broader valley shaded by secular chestnut trees. You soon discover the town of Tende, the former capital of the county of that name, where you see the remains of a castle, above which, a fortress, situated on a steep rock commanded the town and the high road to Tende. Our engraving shows the summit of the pass of Tende. This passage, impracticable to carriages in the winter season, is furrowed by a stairway leading to the summit of the mountain, at an elevation of six thousand feet above the level of the sea, and always encumbered with snow. Thanks to the important labors ordered by Victor Amadeus III., for opening this road, you arrive without difficulty at Limona, the frontier of the county of Nice, then at Coni (depicted in our last engraving), a town situated between the maritime and Cottian Alps. The Sture and the Ges, which mingle their waters at one extremity of the town, give it the form of a quoin (wedge) whence the name of Coni. Founded in the 12th century, it voluntarily surrendered itself to Piedmont in 1372. Victor Amadeus ceded it by treaty to France in 1796. Its position at the entrance of Piedmont gives it a highly commercial character. The great road from Nice to Turin traverses the principal street, which is adorned with vast porticoes. Near Coni, in the direction of La Chiusa, you enter a valley watered by the Pesio. The source of this river is depicted in our first engraving. Skirting its limpid waters, the valley narrows between wooded rocks; it is closed by gigantic mountains covered with eternal snows. This is Mount Ardua, at the foot of which Arnold de Morozzo founded a convent of Carthusians in 1163. In this oasis, he raised vast buildings, destined not only for the monks, but for laymen who should assemble there, the poor who received abundant alms, and strangers from all parts, who were welcomed to a fraternal hospitality. In a church consecrated to the Virgin, you behold some remarkable pictures dedicated to the liberality of the Counts of Vintimiglia and de Tende, Raimondo di Briga and Antonio Morozzo, who came to this cloister to embrace the monastic life. All these riches disappeared when the institution was suppressed and Piedmont was reunited to France. This peaceful sojourn, sanctified for seven centuries by the prayers of the disciples of Saint Bruno, is now metamorphosed into a splendid hydropathic establishment and pleasure resort, under the direction of Doctor Brandeis, a French physician, as good a practitioner as he is an enlightened disciple of the celebrated Dr. Priessnitz. One engraving represents the garden and cloister of the ancient Chartreuse. During the fine season, this admirable place is the rendezvous of the elite of the society of foreign and Italian bathers. It is their Grafenberg and Wiesbaden, plus the beauty of location and minus games of chance. We have nothing to say of the special treatment which brings the sick there; this system is known and appreciated by all Europe. But we must say, that, applied by the aid of the vivifying springs that issue from the rocks and neighboring glaciers, and combined with the action of the healthiest and purest air in the world, it must, and does in fact, produce wonderful results. No one, invalid or robust, can regret passing a few days at this delightful and unique place.



GARDEN AND CLOISTER OF THE CHARTREUSE OF VAL PESIO.

JOHN RANDOLPH'S GRAVE.

On a bright and beautiful morning in May, we mounted our horses to visit Roanoke, the seat of the late John Randolph. The weather was charming, our horses in fine life, and ourselves in good humor with everything and everybody. Under such circumstances, the ride of fourteen miles, the distance from Charlotte Court House to Roanoke, was vastly agreeable. The country through which you pass, from Charlotte Court House to Roanoke is not very interesting—inferior in all respects, as I was informed, to other parts of the country. After a ride of two or three hours, we entered a forest of tall oaks, and were told that we were on Mr. Randolph's estate. Shortly the grave occupied by the great and eccentric genius, appeared through the intervening trees, built up in the midst of the woods. Not a stump to be seen, not a bush grubbed up; all standing as if the foot of man had never trodden there. Mr. Randolph would not suffer

The interior has a confined, roughly finished appearance. The summer house is built of better materials, well finished and painted. The plan of the summer house, though singular, is in good taste, and decidedly convenient and agreeable. Instead of windows, on three sides of each room there are doors opening very wide, affording a plentiful circulation of air and an unobstructed view of all around. Unfortunately, at the time of our visit, the houses were denuded of their furniture, a circumstance of much regret to us. At my request, John directed us to his master's grave, at the foot of a lofty pine, just a few steps in the rear of the summer house. The place was selected by Mr. Randolph twenty years before his death; and by his direction his head was laid to the east instead of to the west; the unusual position was preferred by Mr. Randolph because it was the Indian sepulchral posture, his descent from Pocahontas, the Indian princess, being one of the things he much boasted of. A rude, unchiselled mass of white rock, found by Mr. Randolph on a distant part of his estate, many years before his death, and used by him at the door of one of his houses as a wash-stand, marks the head of the grave. A rude mass of brown stone, selected by Mr. Randolph, and used as a step-stone to mount his horse, marks the foot of the grave. These rocks were procured and kept for the purpose to which they are now appropriated, and particular directions were given to John on the subject. I can never forget my emotions while standing over the unornamented grave of the gifted and eccentric Randolph. The tall, unbroken forest by which I was surrounded, the silence and gloom that remained undisturbed amidst the deserted place, the thought of the brilliant mind that once animated the remains then mouldering beneath the sod upon which I was standing—the vanity of earth's promises, and hopes, and distinctions, impressed my heart and mind with a degree of solemnity and interest I was unwilling to dissipate. —*Dollar Newspaper.*

THE TUILERIES.

The vast palace of the Tuileries and the Louvre, with its thousand histories, is nearly completed. It now stands alone. On one side are the gardens, on another the quays, on another the new street, the Rue de Rivoli, passing through a square formed between the Tuileries and the Palais Royal; and on the fourth side, a square planted with shrubs and trees, and connecting the quays with the Rue de Rivoli. This immense palace, now the largest in the world, is thus entirely separated from the neighboring buildings, and is surrounded on every side by open spaces and magnificent perspectives. Visconti has done his work well, though he has not lived to see it completed. He has designed the new wings so as to harmonize perfectly with the older buildings, and so as to connect the Louvre with the Tuileries, without making the difference of their styles at all apparent. The workmen are now cutting down, levelling and paving the interior square of this large building, and, when they have completed it, the palace will itself enclose the greatest and most magnificent square in the world—a square capable of encamping a considerable army, which might, if need required, be shut in and bivouacked there, as in a great citadel, in the very midst of the city. Standing in the centre of this square, a spectator would imagine that the palace was large enough to provide for the accommodation, not only of the court and its attendant troops, but also of the galleries and schools of art, and all the bureaux and departments of government. This ancient residence of the French monarchs has almost the charm of sacredness with the French people.—*London Illustrated News.*



CONI.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

OUR SWEET LITTLE FLOWERET.

BY MRS. W. E. HORTON.

The lines which follow were sung by a chorus of children at the funeral of a little playmate, Susie F. Ramsdell, at Newtonville, Mass. But a short time before, Susie had sung the self-same air to which these words were adapted, in concert with another child of the same age, in a private floral opera given at Newtonville, in which she and her companion attracted universal admiration by their intelligence and grace. The tribute which follows, coupled with the circumstances of its production, is extremely touching:]

Our sweet little floweret, so dear and so fair,
Has faded from earth, from its talent and its care,
In heavenly gardens, with newness of grace,
It blooms in the light of the dear Father's face.

He blessed such as these, and he calls them to heaven,
To add a fresh gift to the charms he has given:
We yield thee, thou dear one,—our farewell we say,
We feel a kind Father has called thee away.

All painless and tearless is this gentle rest,
And perfume of flowers steals from this calm breast;
So in her bright home will her rest ever be,
And sweet thoughts, like fragrance, will steal, Lord, to thee.

In thy heavenly gardens of glory above,
May all thy dear flowerets form one crown of love,
And with the dear household, whose loving hearts mourn,
Rejoice in the day, of which this is the dawn.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MY LANDLADY.

BY ALICE CAREY.

My landlady, Mrs. Milligan, is one of the most excellent and exemplary women in the world, giving us, besides the worth of our money in fresh sheets, bright fires and a well-spread table, many pleasant words and much motherly care gratuitously.

"What a charming woman!" is the exclamation of every new boarder. But poor human nature is rarely rounded to full perfection, and good Mrs. Milligan has one theme of discourse, always pre-eminent, always fresh and new, with which, as may be supposed, she bores every one. This theme is a fire by which a considerable amount of her personal property was destroyed, and all dates are calculated by the fire. One boarder came a week before the great fire, and another a fortnight after—she bought so much coal a few days before the great fire, and a load of pine wood just the day following—she is sure of it, because she remembers of relating the particulars to the man who sawed the pine wood. Every new comer is told all about the great fire—how it was supposed to have originated at the time, and what the facts of the case were afterwards supposed to be, and last, not least, what her private opinion in the matter is. And upon all occasions when the great fire is brought up, which is from one to five times per day, Catharine, the upper house maid, is called upon to testify—greatly to the augmentation of that young lady's self-esteem. Nothing pleases her so much as being called to the witness box, and she will fly from pudding or pastry at the oft-repeated summons, with all the alacrity of a bird that seeks its mate.

It was not always, however, that Catharine answered the call of her mistress so readily, or that the smile which that excellent woman now wears was so bright and hearty as it now is. True, she used to smile very often *before the fire*, but then it was a sort of shallow, artificial affair, that seemed to be carefully adjusted to brow and lip, on special and proper occasions—not the genial illumination that comes out from within. Neither was my landlady always tidily, even prettily dressed, as now—previous to the fire, she was generally very plainly, sometimes more than carelessly dressed. The run-down slippers that were in requisition before the fire have given place to boots, well-fitting and neatly laced; the home-made cap, to a pretty one from the milliner's; the old frock to a new one, and the pin that fastens the collar, has, since the fire, been concealed by a tasteful knot of ribbon.

Mighty revolutions take place now and then, in individuals, as well as in continents, and the fire which is now Mrs. Milligan's donjon-keep, did most assuredly purify the metal of which that person was originally composed.

When I first came to her house, she was an honest, hard working, hard scolding, and thoroughly economical woman—to say the truth, she stinted the household occasionally, and herself continually—she was working and saving for some blessed day of enjoyment that was coming, when or how, she did not stop to inquire. Catharine, her domestic, most faithful and obedient now, was then, continually fretted and goaded by her mistress, sullen, careless, sometimes positively disobedient. All blame and no praise, all work and no play, were not suited to the nature of Catharine.

Half a dozen dresses, very beautiful and costly, my landlady had previous to the fire, but turned wrong side out, they hung on pegs in the wardrobe, to be worn when the great day of relaxation and enjoyment should dawn. A good shawl and beautiful bonnet she owned likewise—they were once exhibited to me, but never worn—they, too, were reserved for that mythical season which is never embraced in the calculations of any almanac. Mrs. Milligan wore a very plain and very old bonnet—it was good enough to wear to market, or any other place that she went—by-and-by she would wear her nice one. Often she said she would like to have some new linen, spoons or silver for the table—perhaps she would get them sometime, but then she must put the money that might have procured them in the savings bank, for so she denominated the little paper box which she kept

in her bedroom, and wherein she deposited all the bank notes that by rigid economy and by endless toil she could rake and scrape together. And in no place, perhaps, was economy pressed down to its hardest possibility farther than in the aforementioned bedroom. The carpet was a century old—patched, darned, pieced—of course, not very clean; the bed and bedding were equally antique—the chairs were mostly broken, and the cradle had lost one of its rockers, and this last was a matter of especial regret to my landlady, and if she could have spared money for anything, she would have had the cradle repaired; as it was, her pretty little child was left in her slanting bed to moan alone hour after hour. Mrs. Milligan meant to be a good mother, and she surely loved her baby, but she must work and she must save, and she must now and then go into the kitchen to scold. "One of these times," she would have the cradle mended and also a whole glass set in the old frame, for the glass she used was cracked and broken—a part of it gone indeed. These two things I am inclined to think Mrs. Milligan would have attended to prior to that mythical period in which she was to take comfort.

The blue arms of the baby testified that the place was not so warm as it should have been, and its cries seemed to say that it was hungry, often. Mrs. Milligan really wished she was able to have things nicer and better in her room, and to devote more time to her baby—but then it was impossible; sometime she assuredly would. And all this time there was, one pair of stairs below my landlady's room, as pleasant and beautifully furnished an one as could be desired—this, however, was her spare bedroom, to be used a few times in the year for visitors. She was sometimes almost disposed to appropriate it to herself and her baby, and take some comfort as she went along, but it is probable she never would have done so, but for the great fire.

It was a cold winter night, and my landlady had been working and scolding more than usual, and was sitting up later. There was a bright fire in the kitchen, for Catharine was of such a nature that she required artificial heat in mid-winter; Mrs. Milligan said she could not have all she required, and consequently the grate in her room was black and cheerless enough.

What made her so late I don't know—everything had gone wrong all day, she said, and if she did not work her nails off, nothing ever would be done—some folks had servants that were some little help, she believed; she never could have—she had a great mind to dismiss every wretch of them and do everything herself, and then maybe she should get through sometime—as it was, she had so many servants to wait on it took half of her time—but she supposed she could not have a cup of tea; if Catharine were like any other girl, she could—there was the fire and the tea-kettle steaming hot, but she never could have a servant willing to do any such little favor for her out of season.

"Just look at me," she continued, holding out the wet skirt of her dress before the stove, and roughly pushing Catharine, who sat there, aside; "just see my frock! I look like a washer-woman, and I might as well be one for all the comfort I have—get along to bed with you, you good-for-nothing—I don't want you in my sight, and if you are not up earlier to-morrow morning than you were this, you can bundle up your old things and find somebody that is willing to wait on you more than I am—for in future I am determined to be a different woman from what I have been."

So she was, but the reformation was not such as she then proposed to herself.

It is certainly an unpleasant thing to be awakened in the middle of the night by the violent ringing of the door bell and the crying, under one's windows, of fire! fire! and more unpleasant is it especially if it happens to be mid-winter as well as mid-night, and a quantity of gunpowder or other explosive material in your immediate vicinity. I had retired late and fallen asleep to the slow subsiding of the din of the city, and, with a comfortable degree of warmth wrapped with me in my blanket, was just approaching the most charming portion of a charming dream, when I was startled to consciousness by the bursting open of my door and the hideous outcry of, "For the sake of your immortal soul, rise up! the house is in a living blaze from roof to cellar—rise quick, or you will perish alive!" Catharine, for it was she, made all the while such ludicrous postures as I never saw nor dreamed of, and in spite of the exigency of the case, I make a memorandum of her swaying and diving and jumping, so that in the possibility of escape, I might draw material for laughter from the memory, for the exhibition was altogether too good to be lost, and just then there seemed little opportunity of doing the subject justice. I verily believe she would have jumped from the third story window, but for my forcible detention of her. As soon as possible I issued from my chamber and looked around, expecting to see the stairs enveloped in flames, but the only indication of fire I saw, was a little smoke!

"Let us go below," I said, "and learn the extent of the danger." But no, nothing could prevail on Catharine to budge an inch; the same frantic gestures, the same wild exclamations of lunacy continued, and were increased by the coming up of my landlady, just as I was about to descend.

"For mercy's sake, break through the skylight and get on to the roof," she cried. "It's the only chance for your lives—why don't you get a ladder? why don't you break the skylight? the smoke is choking me—mercy! mercy! Wont some policeman help me out?" So the two women rushed into the arms of one another, making all sorts of lamentations and cries for help—the girl holding in her arms a washbowl and poker which she was trying to save from destruction, and the landlady having about as judiciously selected two silver spoons, one of her old boots and an iron tea-kettle. And so, with naked feet and in petticoats and nightcaps, the two women ascended, the ladder and

disappeared on the roof. "Why don't you come? why don't you come?" fell faintly on my ear, as I descended the stairs, still in a good state of preservation, as far as I could see.

There was a great noise of firemen outside the house, and the ringing of bells and the distressed cries of the women on the roof made me a little afraid, I confess; but the way being clear to walk safely out of the house, I was proceeding to do so, when a policeman, who was stationed in the hall, begged politely that I would not distress myself, as there was no cause whatever for alarm—there had been some fire in the building adjoining, but it was then nearly gotten down.

I proceeded at once to strike lights, see that the front door was locked and close the windows—one half of which had been thrown open by my landlady. My next endeavor was to coax her down from the roof, but my eloquence proving unavailing, the policeman already mentioned was kind enough to second my efforts with might and main, and the women were at length dragged back, but the washbowl was broken in the affray and the tea-kettle lost its spout.

When at last the conviction was forced upon them that there was really no danger, both fell into fainting fits, so glad were they to think they had not been burnt up alive. It was sometime before my landlady was sufficiently recovered to make with me an exploring expedition through the house. Her own bedroom was the first we entered—and here, quietly asleep in the cradle, was her baby—forgotten till this moment. Her paroxysm of joy on beholding it was almost equal to that of her late fear—just to think it had not been burnt up alive, and it might have been as well as not if the house had burned down. In this apartment the feather bed and the looking-glass and a small box in which she was in the habit of keeping money, all were missing—robbers had been in the house—my landlady was just as sure they would be as she was that she was alive, and consequently the first thing she did, so she said, was to run below and see that the hall door was secure—but my landlady was no authority to herself that night, and, as afterwards appeared, she had set the door open as the first step of safety—and furthermore, as the best means of preserving her feather bed and looking-glass, she had thrown them into the street. Part of the paper money box was discovered on the hearth, which made the supposition probable that she had thrown it into the fire. In some instances trunks had been unlocked and their contents scattered about the floor—a few of her dresses were gone from the wardrobe—when and how she had disposed of them it was hard to tell, but on the whole, such things as she herself had not dashed out of the windows or into the fire were found to be safe in their places.

Such talk, and wondering, and speculations as Catharine and her mistress made, I never heard, and I would gladly have retired to my own room, but they held me fast to tell first what they had thought about the house taking fire that evening—what they had dreamed, and how they had been startled from sleep—the one by the cry of fire, that seemed as if it was right under her window, and she believed it was; and the other with the first clang of the fire bell—she did not know what made her wake with the ringing of the fire bell—but she said it appeared as if something told her the fire was in the house, and she screamed as loud as she could for help, and likely enough that was the means of frightening away some thief that was already in the house—there was no reason for supposing a thief had been in the house at all.

My landlady told how all her dreadful fright might have been prevented if she had not retired so soon, and she had a great mind to remain up longer. Catharine said not a word, but it was evident her conscience reproached her for not having remained up herself to make the tea—the fire was almost out in the stove, but what of that—it was the easiest thing in the world to build it up, she said, and proving the old adage true, that "where there's a will, there's a way," the fire was blazing presently, and the spoutless tea-kettle set on—it would yet hold water enough for our tea, Catharine said.

She no sooner went about spreading the table than Mrs. Milligan besought her not to give herself so much trouble, but the girl persisted in her benevolent designs—it was a pleasure and not a trouble now—she was sure it would be more refreshing to her dear mistress.

"How good of you," said my landlady, as she sat down, her baby in her lap, and poured out the steaming beverage; not one drop did she taste, but she expressed herself very much refreshed as she dipped it up and down with her silver spoon. At length she smiled, and preparing a cup for Catharine, entreated her to drink it, with such earnest cordiality, that she was led to exclaim, "and is my mistress losing her senses?"

"No, Catharine," she replied, "I have just come to my senses; have I not been working and saving all my life, and what have I gained by it? I believe the fire, which was no fire after all, was a judgment sent upon me, and I shall not save money again to be burnt up by my own hands—I am almost glad the old bed and looking-glass are gone, too—hereafter I will try to enjoy a little every day, and not pinch along and wait for some great time that will never come."

So a fire was made up at once in the spare bedroom, which Mrs. Milligan appropriated to herself and baby. In the morning she appeared in her new cap and gown—the time she had usually devoted to scolding she had bestowed on her toilet, and being satisfied with herself, a smile came out in her face so sweet and pleasant, that everybody was pleased with her—and to this day we have one of the most uniformly comfortable households anywhere to be found. The secret is, my landlady does by herself as well each day as she can afford to do, and to others as she would be done by.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ENCOUNTER WITH MALAY PIRATES.

BY FREDERICK WARD.

AMONG the many dangers which beset the mariner in navigating the China Sea, an encounter with the Malay pirates is by no means the least. Their favorite plan of attack is to surround the ship with proas, each of which carries an immense number of men armed with swords, knives and spears, drawing closer and closer together, keeping the ship in the centre, and finally carry her by boarding; this is usually accomplished while the vessel is becalmed, or moving slowly with light winds. The only chance of escape is in keeping them from coming on board until there is sufficient wind to run away. A footing once gained upon deck, their superior numbers render resistance useless; the crew is generally murdered, the ship run on shore at some convenient spot, stripped of everything valuable, and set on fire.

Ships of war of different nations have, from time to time, made attacks upon these sea-robbers, when their hordes increased to such an extent as to cause universal complaint, killing great numbers, sinking their proas, and destroying their towns. This, by reducing their forces, and depriving them of the means of committing depredations, renders for a time the navigation of the infested locality quite safe—the pirates being obliged to content themselves with plundering the boats of their own nation, or those of the Chinese, and making the most of any wreck which chance may throw upon their coast.

Their boldness, however, returns as their ranks are recruited, and a few months finds them as powerful and dangerous as ever, when a new expedition has to be sent out—the ships of war upon the East India station finding abundant food for powder.

A few years ago, on a passage from the States to Canton, we were attacked by these "uncircumcised Philistines" while lying becalmed at the northern extremity of the Straits of Sunda, between the islands of Sumatra and Java. A smart breeze springing up, however, as they were becoming more troublesome than was pleasant, enabled us to show them a clean pair of heels. This circumstance gave us to understand what we might expect upon our return passage, if we should be so unfortunate as to get becalmed in that vicinity; and made such an impression upon the minds of the captain and supercargo, that they resolved to spare no pains in putting the ship in a condition to be vigorously defended.

Accordingly, a few days before we were to leave Canton for home, our armament was increased by the arrival on board of one cannon (a six pounder), eighteen old-fashioned flint lock muskets, as many venerable looking cutlasses, and half a dozen sneaking-looking horsemen's pistols, that evidently were ashamed of themselves, as they were trying their best to hide beneath a thick red coat of rust. All hands were at once set to work scraping and cleaning them up, oiling the locks and making cartridges, in which we succeeded so well, that the men forward were rather in hopes that we should have a brush than otherwise. It was not so with the captain; he could not conceal his anxiety. Our freight of teas and silks was a very valuable one, and having considerable interest in the ship himself, he did not relish the idea of fighting pirates.

Our loading being completed, we dropped down the river, and once more felt the heave and swell of the blue ocean—so exhilarating to the true sailor after lying for months in a still, muddy stream, particularly when homeward bound.

As we left Canton directly after the change of the monsoon, we expected a steady and favorable wind down the China Sea, and anticipated a short passage. But in this we were disappointed; instead of the prevalence of the monsoon, which usually can be depended upon with almost as much certainty as the trade winds, we were becalmed almost every day, invariably getting a squall in the evening, and a smart breeze through the night. But owing to the numerous strong currents, by which we were drifted out of our course, and the quantity of islands and shoals with which the sea abounds, we could not make much headway in the night, for fear of running the ship's nose into something of greater density than salt water; and were obliged to dodge along under short sail, so that when the Java Sea was reached, we had been something more than a month in coming seventeen hundred miles, although it had been confidently predicted that we should make the run down in a week, or ten days at most.

Nothing of interest had occurred thus far on the passage—that is, of interest to those who have sailed much in those waters. But to one who has only sailed upon the Atlantic, it might seem strange to discover in the open sea, two or three days' sail from land, a boat not larger, if as large as a ship's long boat, and manned by perhaps only two persons, a man and his wife, bearing down upon you with as much assurance as if it was a seventy-four; and when within hailing distance, instead of asking assistance, as a stranger would suppose, inquiring "what direction they must steer in order to reach a certain port to which they are bound?"—it may be hundreds of miles distant. This is a very common thing with the Chinese, who will go incredible distances in a boat in which many persons would be afraid to trust themselves as far down Boston harbor as the lighthouse.

Another peculiarity of this sea is the immense number of snakes which are almost always to be seen in and upon the surface of the water; long, yellow, disgusting-looking reptiles, wriggling and twisting, or lying hasking in the sun. Whether these creatures are to be found in such numbers in any other part of the world or not, I do not know; at least I never saw them, from which fact I am led to infer that this portion of the watery waste must have

been selected as a sort of nursery or primary school for the junior members of the sea serpent family.

But all this has nothing to do with my story of the Malay pirates. One Sunday, when we were lying becalmed as usual, I had gone aloft to reeve the main royal studding sail gear, and being in no hurry to get down again, as the watch were busy washing deck—a species of employment to which I had a decided aversion—I seated myself upon the yard to watch the sun rise.

I had been upon the yard about half an hour, when my eye, which had been roving about the horizon, detected something in the distance, that looked wonderfully like the masts of a proa, and in a moment I saw two or three others at no great distance from it; the hulls of the proas could not be seen, only three or four feet of the tops of the masts being visible above the horizon; but as they seldom exceed thirty or forty feet in height, they could not have been at a greater distance than twelve or fifteen miles. Drawing a long breath, I sung out, "Sail ho-o-o!" spinning out the last word, and giving it as many shakes and flourishes as a key bugle.

"Where away is the sail?" inquired the mate.

"One dead ahead, and one about two points on each bow; there's three of 'em, sir."

"What do they look like?"

"Malay proas, sir, as much as anything."

The mate dove into the cabin, and quickly re-appeared, accompanied by the captain, whose wardrobe consisted of a pair of Chinese slippers, a cotton shirt, and a spy-glass; jumping into the main rigging, he ran up to the topsail yard. After taking a good look at them through the glass, he hailed me:

"Stay where you are, Jack, and keep your eye on those proas; let me know at once if they seem to be coming toward us."

A short time served to satisfy us that they were not only approaching us, but were doing so very rapidly; by eight o'clock they could be seen from deck. Three proas of large size, crowded with men, were being propelled towards us by long, heavy oars, of which each proa carried at least two dozen upon a side; and beyond these, with their mast heads just visible above the horizon, were two more.

The boats approached until within the distance of a mile, when they laid upon their oars, apparently waiting for the two astern to join them. In the meantime we had not been idle; the muskets and cutlasses were distributed to the men, with an abundant supply of ammunition; the cannon had been hoisted up to the top-gallant forecastle, so as to place it above the rails. Thus we could fire in any direction except astern; and the cook had his coppers full of boiling water, to throw in the faces of any who might attempt to board.

The ship's company consisted of the captain, supercargo, first and second mates, and twelve men before the mast, with the cook and steward, eighteen in all. Of this number, eight were stationed on the quarter deck, under the direction of the captain; as many more on the forecastle to work the gun, the chief mate acting as gunner; the second mate was stationed in the main, and myself in the foretop, each of us armed with a cutlass and musket, to act as sharpshooters, to pick off those who appeared to be the leaders, and direct the attention of those on deck to any attack which the enemy were preparing to make while they were engaged in another part of the ship.

While these arrangements were being made on board the ship, the more distant boats had joined those we had first seen, and they were now huddled together apparently consulting on the best mode of attack. After remaining in this position nearly an hour, they separated and pulled for the ship; one of the boats heading for our bow, and the other four approaching so as to bring two on each side of us, wisely judging that if an attack was made at three different points simultaneously, our crew would be so much divided, that but a feeble resistance could be made.

The boat which was approaching the bows of the ship was the largest of the five, and completely crowded with men—most ferocious looking monsters they were, too, all of them naked, or nearly so, armed to the teeth with all sorts of outlandish weapons, and, to our dismay, we perceived that some few of them had fire-arms.

As they came within range of the gun, the mate was anxious to try to disable the boat, by pitching a round shot into her. This the captain objected to, as he had little faith in the mate's skill as a gunner; he was, however, persuaded to let him try. The gun was accordingly loaded, and the mate applied the match; but the ball passed a considerable distance over the proa, and struck the water a quarter of a mile astern. The only effect of this was to increase the speed of the approaching boats, the Malays yelling and howling like evil spirits.

The greatest danger was to be apprehended from the boat coming toward our bows, as the rigging of the bowsprit and jib-boom gave greater opportunity for coming on board, than any other part of the ship. The mate, somewhat humbled by the ill effect of his first attempt, had the gun loaded half way to the muzzle with grape and canister, deciding not to fire until the proa should be directly under the bowsprit, and the Malays in the act of boarding.

They were now within musket shot, and the men were with difficulty restrained from pouring a volley at them; but they were positively forbidden to fire a single shot until the cannon had done its work, as, although the boat might be completely destroyed, there would still remain at least five times our number uninjured, and having no chance to retreat, they would fight with the energy of desperation—in which case, a loaded musket would be found much more convenient than one which had been discharged.

Being stationed in the foretop myself, out of harm's way, I could, of course, fire as much as I pleased. In the bow of the advancing boat was a wicked-looking heathen, of colossal proportions, who appeared to be the leader. Taking deliberate aim at

his saffron-colored face, I fired—and missed him; the shot must have passed very close, however, as it struck the head of one of the bow oarsmen very nearly in a range with his. I had three shots at the gigantic rascal before the boat reached the end of the jibboom, without hitting him; but the shots were not thrown away, each one taking effect upon some one of the enemy, as I could see by the wounded man's being immediately cast overboard by his kind-hearted comrades.

As the boat reached the martingale, a dozen men sprang into the rigging, closely followed by half a hundred more; among the first was the big savage at whom I had so unsuccessfully fired. He was directly between the muzzle of the gun and the centre of the boat, at which the cannon was pointed as the mate applied the match. The immense charge which had been put into the gun did horrible execution at such a short distance; for the boat was blown to atoms, and at least half the men in her must have been killed; the rest were floundering about in the water, or climbing up the rigging.

Those already on the bowsprit rushed in upon the forecastle, but were met by a volley of musket balls, which disabled at least half of them; before the men had time to reload, those who had been thrown into the water by the loss of their boat succeeded in reaching the deck, and a regular hand-to-hand fight commenced, the enemy outnumbering our men at least four to one.

Two or three times we succeeded in driving them out upon the bowsprit, but each time they returned with redoubled energy; our men were getting exhausted, and it was evident they could not long hold out against such odds; the mate and carpenter, who had succeeded in loading the cannon while this had been going on, called out to us to drive them out once more, so that we could clear ourselves, and they would do the rest for them.

One discharge of the cannon while they were huddled together on the bowsprit would have annihilated them; the enemy saw this as well as ourselves, and fought with terrible energy. Scarcely one of us but had been wounded in some manner, yet, after a severe struggle, we succeeded in once more clearing the forecastle. Rushing out upon the bowsprit, they began throwing themselves into the water; the gun was pointed to the swarm hanging to and in the rigging, and, with a cheer, the mate applied the match, but in the hurry and confusion he had forgotten to prick the cartridge—there was a flash, but no discharge followed.

Upon seeing this failure, the savages once more made a rush for the deck. Our only hope now was that those upon the quarter-deck would be able to come to our assistance; we had heard the sounds of a desperate conflict going on there, but had been too busily engaged to know how matters stood with them. All hope for aid from that quarter was dispelled upon looking aft; the captain, and the men with him, were flying up the main rigging, and a dense cloud of Malays pouring over the rail. The captain calling out to us to "look out for ourselves forward," we made a rush for the fore rigging, and in an instant were in the top.

We knew that position would be safe for the present, as but few could ascend the rigging at once; they made the attempt to dislodge us several times, but a Malay no sooner showed his head above the rim of the top, than his skull was broken by the butt end of a musket, or he was hurled to the deck. They soon gave up this attempt, and commenced breaking open the cabin doors; but this also was a rather dangerous undertaking, as a bullet from one of the tops laid out every man that approached them. The deck was crowded with the Malays, and eighteen muskets, which we loaded and fired in rapid succession, made deadly havoc among their ranks.

Our greatest fear was that, finding it impossible to plunder the ship, they would set her on fire. An idea of the carpenter's, however, turned the tables in our favor. It will be remembered that the gun had been left loaded on the forecastle, having missed fire; the carpenter—a brave, stout, six foot Swede—proposed "that, all our muskets being loaded, he would slide down the forestay, and turn the gun against them—none of us to waste a shot upon the enemy, except those who would attack him, while engaged in this perilous undertaking."

Most of the pirates were collected aft around the cabin door as he slid down the stay; but the moment he struck the deck, they started forward with a yell. We held our fire until they were within a few feet of him, when, the captain giving the word, we poured such a volley into the foremost ranks as completely brought them to the stand; eighteen of those nearest the gun fell pierced with bullets, those next falling over the bodies in their haste to reach the gun before it was fired. This momentary check was enough for the carpenter; before they recovered from their consternation, the roar of the cannon was the death knell of at least one third of the remainder—the cannon, which had been loaded with a double charge of canister, raked the deck from the forecastle to the taffarel rail, mowing them down like grass.

When the smoke cleared away, those who escaped this terrific discharge were desperately clambering over the sides, and tumbling into their boats. We hurried on deck to give them another shot, but fear lending strength, they pulled away from us so rapidly, that one volley, as a parting salute, was all that we could do for them.

Fortunately we had not lost a man, although every one was more or less cut and bruised; and the next day getting a smart breeze, it soon took us out of the China Sea, that being the last we saw of the Malay pirates during the voyage.

To the perfection of true friendship, it is necessary that there should be one particular individual selected from the rest of mankind, who may be considered as another self, to whom we can unbosom our most serious thoughts, before whom we are not ashamed to lay open our weaknesses and foibles, or, in the expressive phrase, to think aloud.—*Sheridan*.

NEWARK, N. J.

Newark, the chief city of New Jersey, a port of entry, and capital of Essex County, is situated on the Passaic River, about nine miles from New York, by land, and forty-nine from Trenton, the capital of the State. It is handsomely situated on an extensive plain extending back from the river to a hill which runs parallel therewith, and on which are built some of the handsomest private residences of its more wealthy citizens. The city is regularly laid out, and well built, the streets running at right angles to each other, wide, mostly level, and many of them paved. There are probably few cities in the United States whose growth of late years has been so rapid, or whose prospects are more flattering than those of Newark. Settled in 1666 by emigrants from Connecticut, notwithstanding its pleasant location and many advantages, it attracted but few settlers to its precincts, and the growth of the town was slow up to the time of the revolution, when it had but one thousand inhabitants. The pride of a New Englander is flattered by reflecting on the New England origin of this fine city. Had it been comprised within the limits of New York, the learned Knickerbocker would doubtless have expatiated in terms of eloquent indignation on the intrusiveness of the Yankees who caused so much anxiety and trouble to the renowned Peter Stuyvesant and the worthy



BROAD STREET, FROM NEAR THE CORNER OF MARKET STREET, NEWARK, N. J.



HIGH STREET PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, NEWARK, N. J.

burghers of Manhattan. The company of colonists came from the towns of Guilford, Branford, Milford and New Haven, and comprised thirty families, a sufficient number to commence an enterprise of the kind with good chances of success. A committee, consisting of Captain Robert Treat, John Treat, Jasper Crane and John Curtis, authorized to select and lay out the township, had preceded them and faithfully executed their trust. Their good taste and good judgment were evinced, not only in their selection of a locality, but in their plan of the future city. The Puritan settlers stamped their character on the town, and to this day the people display many of the best characteristics of the race from which they sprung. Their ingenuity and industry are worthy of Connecticut. Though enjoying few natural facilities for extensive manufactures, capital and skill have supplied their want, and within the present century the employ of steam power

has largely developed their industrial resources. As early as 1676 the townspeople took measures to hasten the advancement of the place by inviting skilful mechanics to settle among them. A shoemaker from Elizabethtown was allowed to join them "on condition of his supplying the town with shoes." In 1698 the first tannery was established here, and it gave rise to several extensive establishments. Other manufactures were introduced, and it now has almost the monopoly of some kinds of manufactures. In 1810 its population was 5984, and in 1853, 50,000. The original settlers, looking far into the future, laid out their town on an extensive scale, the advantages of which are seen at the present day in its broad and straight streets and in its large and commodious parks and parades. Broad Street, which runs nearly north and south, is a very wide and beautiful avenue. Market Street, another main thoroughfare, which crosses Broad Street at right angles, is also a broad and handsome street. High Street, which runs along the length of the hill, will in time be one of the handsomest streets in this country; overlooking the entire city at its feet, it affords incomparable building sites, many of which are already occupied by private mansions and pub-



LIBRARY BUILDING, MARKET STREET, NEWARK, N. J.

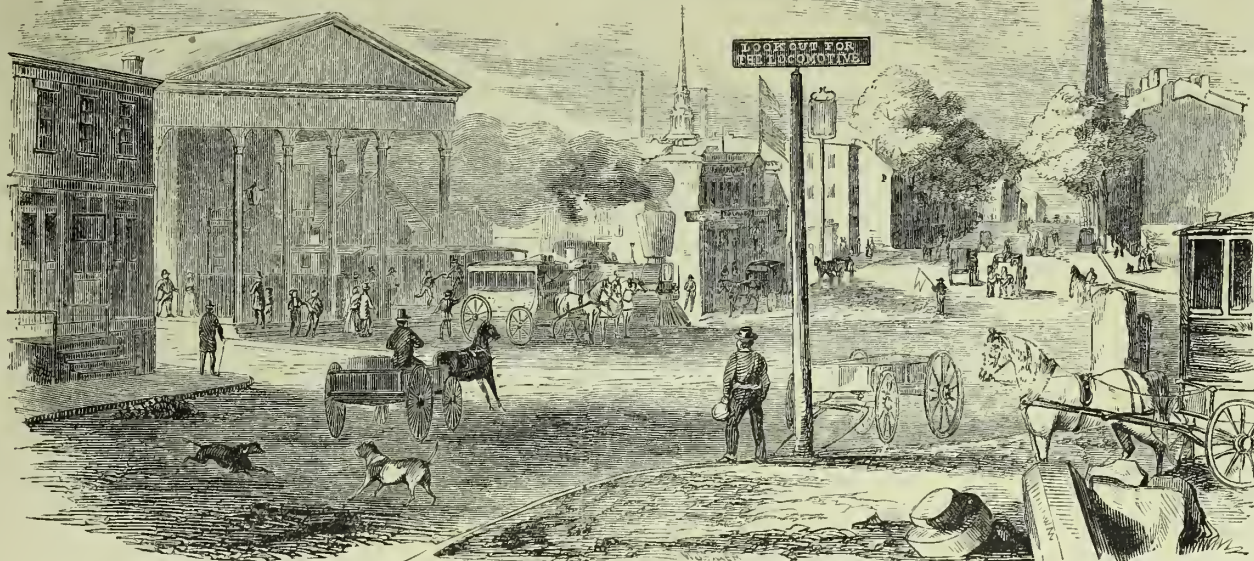
company have three depots in the city, one at the foot of Centre Street, another at Market Street, and another at the foot of Chestnut Street, for the accommodation of passengers in the lower section of the city. Market Street depot is the subject of one of our illustrations. This is the principal one, and with its accompanying buildings occupies a considerable space of ground. The

view of the depot is taken from the plank road to New York, looking up Market Street. The buildings seen in the extreme distance are on the corner of Broad Street. The spire in the centre of the picture is the First Presbyterian Church, completed in 1789. The first church built in Newark was erected on Broad Street, opposite this one, and was a frame building, twenty-six feet wide and thirty-four feet long. Rev. Abm. Pierson was the first pastor. He was said to have been "especially ordained" in Newark, South Britain, and to have named this place after that of his ordination. The spire on the right is the Central Methodist Episcopal church, and one of the handsomest in the city. Newark may with justice claim the title of "City of Churches," having within its precincts fifty-three places of public worship, or one for every nine hundred and sixty inhabitants. Passing up Market Street the distance of about half a mile, we reach Broad Street, the



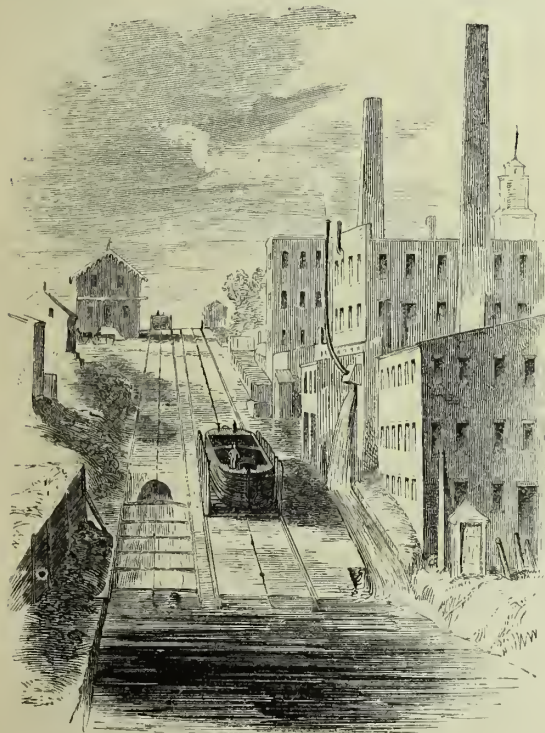
COURT HOUSE AND SQUARE, NEWARK, N. J.

main thoroughfare of the city, and here, within a circle of half a mile in diameter, the principal retail trade of the place is done. Turning up Broad Street a short distance and looking south, we have the view represented in the second large engraving. Looking along the right-hand side of the street, the open space near the flag-staff is the site of the first church in Newark and the old burying-ground, which is still an open lot, with many of the ancient head stones yet standing. The flag-staff indicates the location of Stewart's Hotel, kept by Captain E. Stewart, a man as widely known in the State of New Jersey as any other man within its boundaries. Not to know "the cap'n" is to be ignorant indeed. Beyond the captain's, and beneath the flag, the building with the heavy cornice is the City Hotel, and above that is the spire of the Third Presbyterian Church. Still farther to the left, and in the extreme distance, is the spire of Grace Church. The spire over the corner of Market Street, on the left, is the First



MARKET STREET DEPOT, LOOKING UP MARKET STREET, NEWARK, N. J.

building seen near the top of the picture on the left. The building on the right are portions of Horace Day's India rubber factory. As specimens of the church architecture of Newark, we have selected two of the more prominent ones as examples of the taste and liberality of the congregations of Newark and the skill of her architects. The first is the High Street Presbyterian Church, on the corner of High and Hill Streets, of which Rev. D. W. Poor is pastor. It was designed by Mr. Welch, of Newark, and reflects great credit upon all connected with its erection—architect and builders, as well as the congregation, whose munificent expenditure has adorned the city with one of its richest ornaments. The other is Grace Church, Puseyite, situated on the corner of Broad and Walnut Streets, which is also a handsome structure, in the English cruciform style. Both of these structures, and, if we mistake not, the market and court-house, are constructed of a red sandstone, from quarries in the immediate vicinity



INCLINED PLANE ON THE MORRIS CANAL.

Presbyterian Church, now undergoing extensive alterations. About one fourth of a mile in an opposite direction, on Broad Street, is situated the new market house, erected within a year or two past, and depicted in our fourth large engraving. This building, the tower of which is only seen in the picture, is about six or seven hundred feet long by about twenty feet wide, and stands above the Morris Canal, which here crosses under the street, from a point near where the hay cart is seen, to the market house. The tower is used as a lookout, and contains the heaviest bell in the city, which is rung in case of an alarm of fire. The building next beyond the market-house is the Park House, one of the first class hotels of the place. Park Place is next seen, receding into the picture, and in the distance the careful observer will note the cars of the Morris & Essex Railroad, passing down Centre Street to unite with the New Jersey Railroad at Centre St. depot. This part of the

city reminds one very forcibly of New Haven. The immense elm trees, uniting their foliage above the street, the park and the church therein, are, to a certain extent, a counterpart of a portion of the "City of Elms." Along Park Place, and beyond and around the park, are situated some of the aristocratic mansions of the wealthier citizens of the city. The park is used as a military parade ground on public occasions. Returning to the corner of Broad and Market Streets, and turning into the latter on the right, we come to the library building, seen in our second small picture. The Newark Library Association was organized during the latter part of the year 1846. Its object is the establishment of a circulating library for the benefit of the citizens of Newark generally. The foundation of the association is a joint stock, the shares of which are twenty-five dollars each. The original number of shares was six hundred, which were subsequently increased to seven hundred thirty-two. The library edifice is composed of two distinct buildings, connected in the different stories by passage ways. The front building is fifty-one feet square, and is of chiselled stone taken from the quarries in the vicinity. The first story is occupied by the post-office and stores, the second by the library rooms, and the third floor by the New Jersey Historical Society. The rear building is fifty-one feet by sixty-five. The first floor is occupied as a lecture-room, which is sufficiently large to seat comfortably seven hundred persons. The second floor is divided into five rooms, one of which, covering some thirty-one by fifty-one feet, is occupied by the New Jersey Natural History Society, and the others as studios for artists. The library numbers about five thousand volumes, and is enjoyed by about one thousand individuals. The number of volumes drawn per month is about two thousand. Its annual receipts and expenditures are about three thousand dollars. Passing on up Market Street, the next object of interest is the court house. It is occupied by the various county courts and the county officers. About one fourth of a mile northward of the court-house, the Morris Canal crosses the hill by means of an inclined plane, represented in one of the small illustrations. The level of the water at the top is about seventy feet above that at the foot of the hill, and this distance is overcome by means of cars which descend into the basin a sufficient depth to allow of the boats being floated into them, where they are secured, and are drawn up by a wire cable passing over the drum of a stationary engine in the



GRACE CHURCH, WALNUT AND BROAD STS., NEWARK.

of Newark. Taken altogether, Newark is a delightful place, and one which no tourist who is passing a few days in New York should fail to visit. Our engravings show that it possesses many fine specimens of architecture, which amply repay examination, and the streets give a forcible idea of the activity and thrift of the city. It is a very agreeable residence for those who do business in New York, and are anxious to retire at night from the ceaseless whirl and tumult of that brilliant Babel, without plunging into an utter wilderness. The contrast is not too abrupt, and yet sufficient to afford relief. No city is better provided than New York with the means of indulging such tastes, and they are liberally employed. The shores of East and North Rivers, and Long and Staten Islands, are covered for miles with villas, settlements, villages, and towns, which spring from a desire of the Gothamites to enjoy a little elbow room, which is becoming scarce in the London of America.



THE PARK AND NEW MARKET, LOOKING THROUGH PARK PLACE, NEWARK, N. J.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY MATTHEW M. BALLOU.

Fair city of the dreamy East,
Proud daughter of the sea,
With thy thousand mosques and minarets,
We dip our pen to thee.

Though four-and-twenty times besieged,
The foes have pressed thy walls,
The crescent still in crimson field
Floats o'er thy princely halls.

As pearls about a diamond set,
Its beauties to adorn,
So, stretching by thy emerald hills,
Sparkles the Golden Horn.

The Bosphorus and Marmora's sea
Both lave thy classic shore;
And muezzin from minaret
Shouts as in days of yore.

Spices and perfumes, rich and rare,
By camels from afar,
With finest fruits, profusely crowd
Each Mussulman's bazaar.

And henna dye, and incense wood,
With gum from Palestine,
And—lenient may the Prophet be—
Rich jars of Persian wine!

How oriental is each scene
That sweeps thy shores along,
The gilt caïque, the opium ship,
The Turkish boatman's song!

Fair city of the dreamy East,
Proud daughter of the sea!
From very childhood we have dreamed
Of romance and of thee.

[Translated from the French expressly for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SKETCHES OF FINLAND.

FINLAND is no longer subjected to three crowns, which are, or rather were, the arms of Sweden. It now belongs to Russia. The definitive annexation of this little country to the vast Russian empire is one of the consequences of the treaty of Tilsit. When we make use of the term "little country," we mean small in relation to the number of its inhabitants, for Finland, stretching from the gulf which has taken the name of the province, as far as and beyond that of Bothnia, that is to say, from the 60th to the 66th degree of north latitude, with a breadth not least proportional, as a territory equals three-fifths or two-thirds of France. It is a country covered with lakes and stunted forests, which are to those of Russia what the Finnish race, pale, small and fair, are to the vigorous types of that Slavie race which founded the Russian empire. This Finnish population, compressed between two powerful neighbors, was, like all mild, unwarlike and scanty nations, predestined to be subjected to foreign rule. The ascendancy which the Swedes first obtained over them declined with the star of this warlike power, and the scale of the balance, inclining, since Pultawa, towards St. Petersburg, has finally bestowed this stray of Sweden in full proprietorship on the heirs of Peter the Great.

Contrary to what happens to mature nations, capable of self-government, whom an accident or the caprice of politics has transferred to a foreign sovereign, the annexation of Finland to Russia seems to have been a benefit to this province. The powerful czars have enjoyed their recent acquisition with moderation. Finland is governed in virtue of her own laws. The government is administered by a secretary of state at St. Petersburg, and a governor-general who resides at Helsingfors, the capital. He rules the grand duchy with the aid of the senate of Finland. The local laws and customs, and the rights and privileges of the inhabitants, have all their due weight in the management of the province.

The governor-general is specially charged to encourage the progressive development of agriculture, the first duty of a good government, and this essential part of the plan traced out by the court of Russia for the administration of the grand duchy, seems to have been most successfully executed, if we may judge by the vast progress noted within a very short time in the movement of navigation and exchanges. It is particularly during the reign of the Emperor Nicholas, that this increase has been manifested. Only to cite a few facts, in 1830, the number of pine planks exported from Viborg to other countries was only 32,352 dozens; in 1838 it had risen to 114,736. In 1828, in all the ports of Finland, there were only 250 merchant vessels, manned by 2306 sailors. These figures doubled nearly in the space of thirteen years; in 1841, there were 458 vessels, 5200 sailors; in 1846, 579 vessels and 6890 sailors. And on the first of January, 1850, the total number of vessels had increased to 998, and that of seamen to 12,100. This truly astonishing increase of the Finland marine will not stop here; a recent decree has just created a school of navigation for the mercantile marine at Helsingfors, an institution which, if the future can be predicted from the past, cannot fail to be productive. The present war, however, threatens to check the advance of this territory.

No less paternal measures secure the support of the poor. Each parish is obliged by law, to maintain its paupers, and their superintendence is committed to the pastor. Beside this great communal aid, the principal towns of the grand duchy possess special benevolent establishments, such as hospitals, free schools, work-houses for voluntary or compulsory labor, according to the

condition and character of the persons admitted. At Helsingfors there is a special school for the professional education of poor boys, and one for girls, where they are taught the usual female employments. Fifteen large granaries to preserve corn for time of need, are established in the country. They contain twenty thousand tons of rye. These supplies are sold at fixed and moderate prices, and serve to support the necessitous or supply them with seed. Each parish, moreover, has its granary, and delivers grain at a reduced price; but in years of famine, they do not stop here, but more than once gratuitous distributions of above two hundred thousand tons of barley, rye or wheat, have been made to the poor, besides considerable sums in paper or silver roubles.

Notwithstanding the severity of the climate, Finland produces, in an average year, more than three million tons of grain of all kinds, rye, wheat, barley and oats. Vegetables are also cultivated on a large scale, particularly potatoes, turnips, peas and cabbages. Flax is produced at the south, hemp in the northern districts, and hops in Nyland. Tobacco is also cultivated, but in small parcels and only for the personal use of the peasants.

To these natural productions, Finland, in the list of its wealth, adds the spontaneous products of its forests, those of its mines, which yield such excellent and abundant iron ore, its quarries of marble and granite, which furnish the gigantic blocks for the monuments and palaces of the imperial city. In 1838, they had twenty-two cloth factories, four wool and cotton mills, four soap factories, four manufactories of sail and packing cloth, three of tobacco, three tanneries and two color factories.

Prince Emanuel Galitzin, a Russian nobleman and an agreeable writer, has published the best account of this country extant, in a work of two volumes. In traversing the country, he found a degree of comfort and prosperity not often to be met with in more favored latitudes of Europe. The plan of travel he marked out for himself was to reach Torneo, the extreme point of Finland, at the bottom of the Gulf of Bothnia, following the western shore of Lake Ladoga as far as Serdobol, the northern extremity of this immense lake; then, cutting Finland transversely, in a north-eastern direction, to reach Weaborg, and lastly, the Herculean columns of his expedition, Torneo, where Lapland begins and the last vestiges of civilization are obliterated.

The noble traveller, sometimes in a *tarantass* (a four-wheeled carriage), sometimes in a boat, over lakes, rivers and rapids, followed this itinerant course from point to point, and through many incidents and even dangers, and returned to the southeast, skirting the coasts of the Gulf of Finland as far as Viborg. On his way he saw the greater part of the principal towns, and all the most remarkable curiosities of the country. He saw Torneo, the winter quarters, the *Nice* of the Laplanders, who come to seek here, in what they call a milder climate, food for themselves and their reindeers. A mild climate, indeed! The snow never falls deeper than the eaves of the houses, so that the mayor of this pleasant city, after having made a visit in the neighborhood one day, had to clamber over the roof of his house and get in at the garret window. The prince went further yet—he went to Alecula, twelve or fifteen leagues further north, to see some very remarkable and very inaccessible grottoes.

Among very interesting places, he speaks of the quarries of Ruskia, not far from Serdobol, and but a short distance from Lake Ladoga. They present a vast quadrangular enclosure, whose marble walls are forty-two feet in height. This space is the result of the active working of the quarry for more than a century. Although these white walls are generally perpendicular, they offer a thousand inequalities to the eye; here, enormous masses of marble jut boldly out; there, you behold yawning cavities so deep that the eye cannot penetrate to their interior. Seen from a distance, the blocks appear white; but on a close examination you perceive they are of a grayish tint. Subjected to the polishing process, they assume even a deep gray tint. This quarry furnishes most of the materials for the great palaces and public buildings at St. Petersburg. The state ensures a contractor for a certain number of years, who agrees to deliver to it, at a certain price per cubic foot, the quantity required. Workmen and engineers are all in the employ of the contractor; the state contents itself with maintaining an inspector on the spot. Near Rudiaka there is another quarry of green marble, of which a fine specimen has been wrought out at St. Petersburg.

Among the natural curiosities is the following. The river Kaiana forms two great cataracts, one above and the other below the town of the same name. The first is called Koikowowski—it is extremely important. Many large granite boulders divide the current in a way to form as many principal cascades, which, although distinct, unite their waters. An infinity of smaller falls cross each other in the midst of the larger, and in their collision make the water of the Kaiana boil amid torrents of foam to a great distance from the cascade.

Another noted cataract is that called the Emma, which, in the language of the Finns, means grandmother. It is not so high as that of Koikowowski, but bears away the palm from the latter by the frightful whirlpools which the torrent produces in its furious course. In many places the water, hurried by interrupted cascades, is engulfed in deep cavities, whence it spouts forth in jets which resemble artificial fountains. It is overlooked by an island connected with the two banks of the river by a bridge. On this island are to be seen the ruins of a strong castle, formerly called Kaianaborg, and constructed in 1560, by Count Broghé, who farmed the province of Kaiana. This castle was at a later period the state prison. The most celebrated of the captives confined there was the learned John Messenius, who passed twenty years in it for having taken part against Gustavus Adolphus in favor of King Sigismund. Messenius bore adversity like a philosopher, and while in prison composed his great work *Scandia*

Illustrata, which was published in Stockholm, in fourteen folio volumes. After the death of King Gustavus Adolphus, his successor carried his clemency to the learned prisoner so far as to transfer his residence to the castle of Weaborg, where he died, still a captive. The castle of Kaianaborg has lately been almost demolished, to build a bridge. From the top of these ruins you enjoy a simultaneous view of the two cataracts, the town of Kaiana and a splendid landscape.

Such are some of the striking features of a country little visited by tourists, but which is rich in peculiar characteristics, well deserving the attention and study of intelligent observers.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Sunday Mercury, writing of John Howard Payne, relates the following interesting anecdote: "The melody," remarked Mr. Payne, "is not original with me, notwithstanding I have introduced it, almost as such, into my opera of 'Clari, or the Maid of Milan.' To be candid with you," he continued, "I first heard the melody in Italy. One beautiful morning, as I was strolling along amidst some rural scenery, thinking over a befitting lyric for the heroine of my piece, my attention was arrested by the sweet natural voice of a young maiden, or what you might properly term, in every sense of the word, a rustic or village beauty. She was carrying a flower basket upon her head, and trilled out the notes of her song deliciously, with all the naïve simplicity ever attendant upon beauty and innocence. The melody caught my fancy, and I kindly accosted her, desiring its repetition, until I had entirely dotted down in my note book the song, to which I afterwards added the words of 'Home, Sweet Home.' Such, my dear sir," he continued, "is the history of that production, and I can assure you that few, ay, but few persons indeed, have known less the comforts and endearments of home than your humble servant, whose lot it has been to wander almost like Noah's dove, without finding scarcely a resting-place for the sole of his foot."

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE STORY OF THE PEASANT BOY PHILOSOPHER. By HENRY MAYHEW. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. 18mo. pp. 600.

This interesting story is founded on the life of Ferguson, the shepherd astronomer, whose career was in itself a romance. The author says that "while seeking to impress boys, after leaving school, with a love of natural philosophy, he has striven to impress them also with a sense of some of the higher truths, that lie beyond the science of mere 'physics.'" The work will undoubtedly accomplish all that the author aims at. It stands far in advance of any work written for the instruction and entertainment of youth that we have seen for a long time. For sale by Redding & Co., and Burnham Brothers.

A LONG LOOK AHEAD: OF THE FIRST STROKE AND THE LAST. By A. S. ROE. New York: J. C. Derby. 1855. 12mo. pp. 411.

A very clever story of American life and manners, with a sufficiently interesting plot, and portraits evidently drawn from the life. We like it for its simplicity; it affords so striking a contrast to the "spasms" of a certain school, if that can be called a school wherein nothing is learned and nothing taught. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

CHILD HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 235.

This edition of Lord Byron's work is a reprint of Moore's, and contains all the historical notes, which are ample and interesting of themselves. There are many persons who read nothing of Byron but the "Childe;" and to such, this portable volume will be quite acceptable.

NEW MUSIC.—Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington Street, has just published "Merry is the Greenwood," a cavatina—words by C. Jeffreys, music by Stephen Oliver; "Mezzo-notte," with English and Italian words—music by Harrison Millard; and the "Golden Legend Polka," composed by C. B. Kinne.

THE MORAL PROBE. By L. CARROLL JUDSON. Philadelphia: Moss & Brother. 1855. 12mo. pp. 336.

A series of metaphysical essays written with great vigor, and reminding us occasionally, of Hazlitt. The author tells us his object is to "probe the festering wounds of human nature, and point the afflicted patient to a healing remedy." At the time of its publication, it met with great success, and a new edition was imperatively called for. For sale by Redding & Co.

THE GARDENER'S TEXT-BOOK. By PETER ADAM SCHENCK. Illustrated. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1855. 18mo. pp. 306.

A practical work, containing intelligible directions for managing a kitchen-garden, showing how to cultivate vegetables and medicinal herbs, and explaining their use. The author is a practical gardener, and he writes with the clearness and force of Cobbett. An invaluable manual for beginners.

MODERN AGITATORS. By DAVID W. BARTLETT. New York: Miller, Orton & Mulligan. 1855. 12mo. pp. 306.

A volume of vividly sketched pen portraits of such noted personages as N. P. Rogers, Theodore Parker, Frederick Douglass, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Elihu Burritt, Horace Greeley and company. All of the characters have warm friends and deadly enemies; but few of the latter will be unwilling to learn what they can of persons who live so much in the public eye.

HISTOIRE DES ÉTATS-UNIS. PAR O. BARBAROUX et T. SÉRON. Philadelphia: Moss & Brother. 18mo. pp. 360.

This is a history of our country, written in French for the use of schools. So far as we have examined it, it appears to be impartially written, and entirely free from parizau prejudice. The questions are in English. For sale by Redding & Co.

ROSINA MEADOWS.—This piece, dramatized by C. H. Saunders from English's novel of the same name, is among the late dramas issued by W. V. Spencer, 128 Washington Street.

THE WHIST PLAYER'S HAND-BOOK. Philadelphia: Isaac N. Moss. 1844.

A very neat and comprehensive volume, containing all the old and new maxims relating to the game of Whist, and citations of the best authorities. For sale by Redding & Co.

THE MANUFACTURE OF STEEL. By FREDERIC OVERMAN. Illustrated. Philadelphia: Moss & Brother. 1854. 18mo. pp. 226.

This work is, what it professes to be, a hand-book for blacksmiths and workmen in steel and iron—wagon makers, die sinkers, cutlers, etc. The author is a practical mining engineer, and has already written works on manufactures which have established his reputation. For sale by Redding & Co.

THE OLD FELLOW'S POCKET MANUAL. By JAMES L. RIDGELY, Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of the United States, and PASCAL DONALDSON, Past D. D., Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Northern New York. Illustrated. Philadelphia: Moss & Brother. 1853. 18mo. pp. 804.

This work will be sought after by persons in and out of the order of Odd Fellows. The authors are men of authority in the association, and have revealed "all that it is proper to tell." It is dedicated to the Brethren of the Order—a numerous fraternity. For sale by Redding & Co.

THINKS I TO MYSELF. Philadelphia: Moss & Brother. 1854. 18mo. pp. 234.

It is many years since we first read this "serio-ludico, tragico-comico tale." In a very quaint form, it tells a very pleasant story—quite too good to be suffered to be out of print. For sale by Redding & Co.

A LEXICON OF FREE MASONS. By ALBERT O. MACKAY, M. D. With Portrait of the Author. Philadelphia: Moss & Brother. 1855. 12mo. pp. 524.

The author of this work fills several distinguished offices in the fraternity to which he belongs, and the book has already received an extensive patronage. "It is intended to furnish," says Dr. Mackay, "a definition of all the terms peculiar to our order, an explanation of the symbols with which it abounds, a record of its numerous histories and traditions, and an illustration of the various points of difficulty which are continually embarrassing the Masonic student." The book is got up in a very elegant style, and evidently fulfils the promise of the title-page. For sale by Redding & Co.

MOULDER AND FOUNDER'S POCKET GUIDE. By FREDERIC OVERMAN. Forty-two Wood Engravings. Philadelphia: Moss & Brother. 1854. 18mo. pp. 251.

This volume is a complete guide to moulding iron, bronze, brass and other metals, and being the work of a practical engineer, is perfectly reliable. We know of no other work reprinted here which treats of the same subjects. For sale by Redding & Co.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.—S. French, 121 Nassau Street, New York; A. Winch, 116 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; Henry Taylor, 111 Baltimore Street, Baltimore; A. C. Bagley, corner of 4th and Sycamore Streets, Cincinnati; J. A. Roys, 43 Woodward Avenue, Detroit; E. K. Woodward, corner of 4th and Chestnut Streets, St. Louis; Mellen & Co., 75 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois.

MRS. JOHN W. WOOD.

We take pleasure in presenting our readers herewith a fine likeness of this popular *commedienne*, who forms so prominent a member of the excellent stock company at the Boston Theatre. Mr. Barry has given us the likeness of Mrs. Wood as she appears in a moment of repose, and the resemblance to the original is strikingly accurate. But to see the real beauty of her features, one must see them under the harmonious play of pleasurable excitement, just as this lady appears upon the stage, in the performance of her role. When thus regarding her, we are no longer at a loss to understand the secret of her remarkable popularity. Mrs. Wood is the daughter of Harry Vining, a well known and popular English comedian, and was born in Liverpool in 1832, and made her debut at the Theatre Royal, Southampton, in 1848, complete success crowning her earliest efforts. She married Mr. John William Wood, the popular comedian, in 1849. Mr. and Mrs. Wood were engaged by Mr. Barry to perform at the new theatre, and arrived in this country in the month of August, 1854. Mrs. Wood appeared, together with her husband, on the opening night, and made a favorable impression, which her subsequent performances rapidly ripened into established popularity. Her style is lively and spirited, and she sings with great sweetness and expression. Whatever she undertakes, she does well, and in whatever character she is cast, she never lays aside the lady-like grace and gentle refinement which belong to her individuality. If this slightly detract from the artistic character of her delineations, if, in the *Asmodeus* or the *Invisible Prince* of the hour, we cannot forget that the representative of the male hero is a woman, and that woman Mrs. Wood, the deficiency is more than compensated by the pleasure imparted by the winning manners natural to the lady. We have seen some of the parts in which she is so popular better performed, and yet we have never been better pleased than by her representation of them. And this is not an individual sentiment, but evidently the feeling of the public. Extreme propriety marks her whole deportment on the stage. She is therefore a great favorite with the ladies. Even as Lucy Lockit, the Newgate jailer's daughter, in the *Beggar's Opera*, she



MRS. JOHN W. WOOD.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN A. WHIPPLE.

is rather arch than impudent—rather spirited than bold. If anything were wanted to prove her popularity, her first benefit in this city would supply the evidence—the receipts of a benefit night being a sure test. When Mrs. Wood's name appeared as a beneficiary on the bills, the Boston Theatre was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the enthusiasm of the vast audience showed how thoroughly her efforts to please were appreciated. Mrs. Wood is as much respected in private life as she is popular in her professional capacity. She pays the usual price of popularity in the severity of the labor it causes her—for the patrons of the Boston would be dissatisfied with a night's performance in which this lady did not make her appearance. With her professional characteristics, Mrs. Wood unites the domestic relations of wife and mother in the most chaste and tender manner, challenging high respect by the lady-like grace that she throws about her fireside, and by the unassuming dignity and ease of her conversation. The audience who witnessed her spirited and captivating personations on her late benefit night, little realized that the previous hours for a whole week, not absolutely occupied professionally, had been employed by the bedside of her sick children, or that she retired from that scene of triumphal effort to smooth the pillow of the invalid loved ones, not to seek the repose and bodily rest which she so much needed. But such is the actor's and actress's life. Often, when their mimic laugh rings loudest, their hearts throb with saddest pulses. Often, when called upon to enact a character of the broadest levity, their heart-strings are drawn by silent suffering to their fullest tension. This, however, is the dark side of the picture. May its sunniest aspect ever greet the fortunes of her of whom we are now writing! She has certainly a bright professional career before her. Still young, we may presume that it will be many years before her star begins to decline, and in the interval there is no reason to suppose that she will not improve and perfect her style. She could not possibly desire a more generous or appreciative public than the Boston audience. They have the very best models before them, are by no means impulsive, and when they give their deliberate verdict, it is a most emphatic one.



TRINITY COLLEGE, HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.



FEMALE COLLEGE, DUBUQUE, IOWA.

FEMALE COLLEGE, DUBUQUE, IOWA.

Until 1832 Iowa was the undisputed territory of the aborigines. Here rose the smoke of the council fires—here they pitched their rude wigwams, and here they pursued the wild deer of the forest. It is now a free State of the Union, can reckon its thousands of white inhabitants, has its schools, academies and other learned institutions, in a word, all the adjuncts of a highly refined civilization. The elegant building delineated in our engraving, which is devoted to a collegiate institute for ladies, is a better commentary of the social condition of Iowa than would be pages of written eulogy. Dubuque, where this college is established, is the shire town of Dubuque county, and occupies a pleasant site on the west bank of the Mississippi, 454 miles above St. Louis. It may be probably designated as the commercial centre of the great mineral region. It is named after its original, a French half-breed. It is built upon an elevated plateau, backed up by high bluffs, on which stand many private residences of great architectural elegance, and surrounded by gardens and fruit trees. The streets are regularly laid out, and the houses, stores and warehouses are numerous and well built. It is the terminus of the Illinois Central Railroad. It contains churches of several denominations, conspicuous among which is a large Roman Catholic cathedral of stone. Dubuque has been justly styled "the great commercial emporium of the country of the Upper Mississippi."

A ST. PETERSBURG JOURNAL.

We have before us a file of the newspaper published at St. Petersburg in the French language, and it is not exactly like a New York journal. It is about 12 by 16 inches, printed on superior white paper, with three columns on a page, and the division of the *feuilleton*, or the amount of one-third of each page, marked off for romances, or innocent criticisms. The first article of the single number we shall analyze is a document signed "Nicholas," in which his imperial majesty "deigns" to thank "his beloved and loyal nobility of the government of Vorenege" for 25,000 roubles—a second contribution to the war-chest. Then come three military paragraphs, on promotions and approvals of good conduct; then a civic paragraph of the same kind; next a statement of a vote of 250,000 roubles by the municipal government to the sailors in the fleet; then a notice of the death of an officer and a cholera bulletin each three lines in length. Then comes the foreign news, such as it is—Turkey first; followed by that from Great Britain, France and Spain. "Facts" and "Varied Extracts" occupy seven lines; "Commerce and Navigation," five lines; "News of the day," twenty-four lines; "Theatre Notices" five lines; with one column of advertisements, in which big letters are not wanting. These are for a pair of stallions, some household furniture, and a piano; then follows the announcement of an exhibition of pictures and antiquities, next a dentist's card, followed by an English teacher's card, and another piano for sale. And so ends the chapter. The type is large, and the whole paper could be easily accommodated upon one of our pages. Opinions, discussions, there are none.—*Jour. of Commerce.*

COURT HOUSE, CHICAGO.

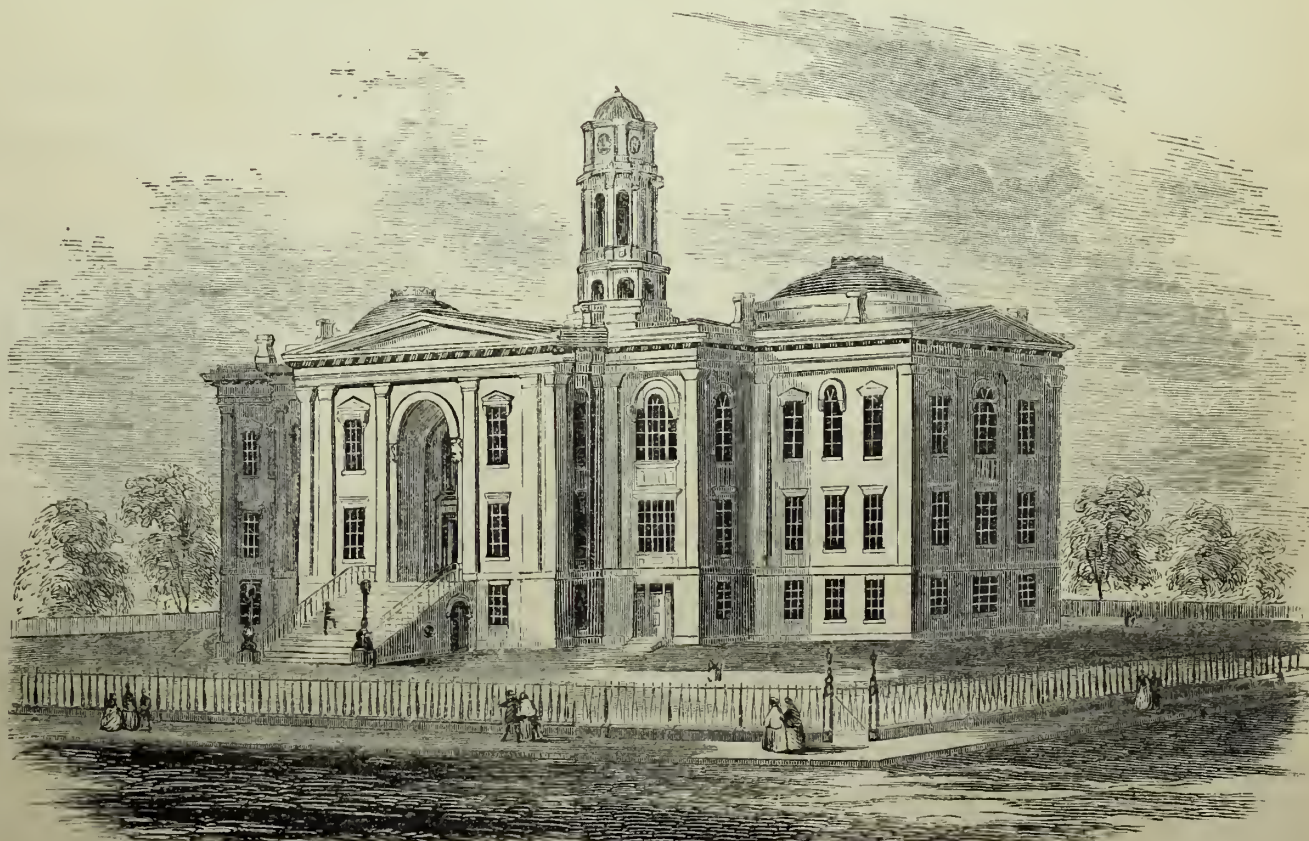
We recently presented a sketch of this flourishing city, in connection with a notice of the place. We now present a view of the Court House, drawn and engraved expressly for the Pictorial. It stands on the public square, nearly in the centre of the city, and is bounded by Washington, Lafayette, Randolph and Clark Streets. The material is granite, brought from Lockport, N. Y. It is a substantial building, and its interior arrangements are excellent. The bell is the largest in the place, weighs 4500 pounds, and was cast by Riucker & Co., of Chicago. The citizens have every reason to be proud of this fine edifice.

CAPTURING A CONDOR.

The vaquero with his horse soon dragged the vicunas to the hut. Guapo gave him a help with the mules, and in a few minutes they were all brought up. One of them was immediately skinned, and parts of it prepared for breakfast, and our travellers ate heartily of it, as the cold Puna air had given an edge to their appetites. The new-killed animals, along with the red skin of the bull, which had been spread out on the ground at some distance from the hut, had already attracted the condors; and four or five of these great birds were now seen hovering in the air, evidently with the intention of alighting at the first opportunity. An idea seemed to enter the head of the vaquero, while his guests were still at breakfast, and he asked Leon if he would like to see a condor caught. Of course, Leon replied in the affirmative. What boy wouldn't like to see a condor caught? The vaquero said he would gratify him with the sight, and without staying to finish his breakfast—indeed he had his "coceada," and didn't care for any—he started to his feet, and began to make preparations for the capture. How he was to catch one of these great birds, Leon had not the slightest idea. Perhaps with the "bolas," thought he. That would have done well enough if he could only get near them; but the condors were sufficiently shy not to let any man come within reach, either with bolas or guns. It is only when they have been feasting on carrion, and have gorged themselves to repletion, that they can be thus approached; and then they may be even knocked over with sticks. At other times the condor is a shy and wary bird. No wonder, either, that he is so; for unlike most other vultures, he is hunted and killed at all times. The vultures of most countries are respected by the people, because they perform a valuable service in clearing away carrion; and in many parts these birds are protected by statute.

There are laws in the Southern United States and in several of the Spanish American republics, which impose fines and penalties for killing the black vultures. In some Oriental countries, too, similar laws exist. But no statute protects the condor. On the contrary, he is a proscribed bird, and there is a bounty on his head, because he does great damage to the proprietors of sheep, and lamas, and alpacas, killing and devouring the young of these animals. His large quills, moreover, are much prized in the South American cities, and the killing of a condor is worth something. All this will account for the shyness of this great bird, while other vultures are usually so tame that you may approach within a few paces of them. As yet, the half dozen condors hovering about kept well off from the hut; Leon could not understand how any of them was to be caught. The vaquero, however, had a good many "dodges," and after the ruse he had just practised upon the vicunas, Leon suspected he would employ some similar artifice with the condor. Leon was right. It was by a stratagem the bird was to be taken. The vaquero laid hold of a long rope, and lifting the bull's head upon his shoulders, asked Guapo to follow him with but two horses. When he had got out some four or five hundred yards from the hut, he simply spread himself flat upon the ground, and drew the skin over him, the fleshy side turned upward. There was a hollow in the ground about as big as his body—in fact, a trench he had himself made for a former occasion—and when lying in this on his back, his breast was about on a level with the surrounding turf. His object in asking Guapo to accompany him with the horses was simply a ruse to deceive the condors, who from their high elevation were all the while looking down upon the plain. But the vaquero covered himself so adroitly with his red blanket, that even their keen eyes could scarcely have noticed him; and as Guapo afterwards left the ground with the led horses, the vultures supposed that nothing remained but the skin, which, from its sanguinary color, to them appeared to be flesh. The birds had now nothing to fear from the propinquity of the hut. There the party were all seated quietly eating their break-

fast, and apparently taking no notice of them. In a few minutes' time, therefore, they descended lower, and lower—and then one of the largest dropped on the ground within a few feet of the hide. After surveying it a moment, he appeared to see nothing suspicious about it, and he hopped a little closer. Another at this moment came to the ground—which gave courage to the first—and this at length stalked boldly on the hide, and began to tear at it with his great beak. A movement was now perceived on the part of the vaquero—the hide "jumped" up, and at the same time the wings of the condor were seen to play and flap about as if he wanted to rise into the air, but could not. He was evidently held by the legs! The other bird had flown off at the first alarm. Leon expected to see the vaquero uncover himself. Not so, however, as yet. He knew better than to show his naked face to the giant vulture, that at a single "peck" of his powerful beak would have deprived him of an eye, or otherwise injured him severely. The vaquero was aware of all this, and therefore did not leave his hiding-place until he had firmly knotted one end of the long cord around the shank of the bird—then slipping out at one side, he ran off to some distance before stopping. The condor, apparently relieved of its disagreeable company, made a sudden effort, and rose into the air, carrying the hide after him. Leon shouted out, for he thought the vulture had escaped; but the vaquero knew better, as he held the other end of the cord in his hand; and the bird, partly from the weight of the skin, and partly from a slight tug given by the hunter, soon came heavily to the ground. The vaquero was now joined by the Guapo; and, after some manoeuvring, they succeeded in passing the string through the nostrils of the condor, by which means it was quietly conducted to the hut, and staked on the ground in the rear—to be disposed of whenever its captor should think fit.—*Captain Reid's Forest Exiles.*



COURT HOUSE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Hard times and the increased pay of soldiers have had the effect of greatly increasing the number of United States recruits on Governor's Island, the past few months. — The grave and altar of Pope Alexander (a martyr) have been lately discovered at the Via Mumentana, at Rome. Pillars, richly ornamented, support the vault, which is descended to by a flight of steps. Marble slabs, with inscriptions of the fourth century, have also been found; and the works are pushing on, in spite of the rains, with great zeal. — One of the crew of the whale ship James Allen, which arrived at New Bedford lately, had been absent from this country—a stranger in strange lands—for thirty-four years! — A man named Stedman, a cabinet maker, at Aurora, Portage county, Ohio, one day last week, remarked to a homoeopathic physician there: "I could take any quantity of your pills without injury." The doctor replied—"If you were to take such a quantity of this," pointing to a special medicine, "it would kill you." The foolish man swallowed the medicine before he could be prevented, and died. — There was a frightful tornado in Medina, Ohio, on the 13th ult., which unroofed buildings, and tore up, or rather threw down, acres of forest trees. — A sporting gentleman in New York offers to bet a large amount that during the coming summer, he will drive from the Astor House to Union Square, in a light wagon drawn by rats. He calculates that he can accomplish the task with one hundred rats in harness. — A distinguished physician writes to a friend who is in delicate health: "Take to yourself a young, healthy, virtuous and amiable wife. It will do you more good in one winter than all the medicine and mineral water in America will do for twenty years." — Governor Gardner has appointed William Jones Valentine, Esq., formerly of Hopkinton, Mass., but for several years past a resident in Paris, commissioner for this State at the great Industrial Fair to be held in May next. — There are now seven thousand school teachers in Massachusetts, and of these about five thousand are females. Massachusetts and some of the other New England States have more female teachers, in proportion to the whole number of teachers, than any other country in the world. — There are about seven million pores in the body of a man of ordinary size. If they were joined lengthwise, a tube would be formed twenty-eight miles long! — There are thirteen newspapers in foreign languages published in New York—seven German, three Spanish, two French and one Italian. In London, with two and a half millions of inhabitants, there is but one foreign newspaper. — Lord Lyttleton tells us in his "Dialogues of the Dead," that "in the annihilation of our globe, were Shakespeare's works preserved, the whole science of man's nature might still be read therein." — Lieut. Henry J. Hartstene, of the Navy, lately commanding the California mail steamer Illinois, has been appointed to the command of the new Arctic expedition in search of Dr. Kane. — Mr. Bristow, the celebrated teacher of writing, died recently in South Carolina. — An old gentleman named Raddleburn, in New York, becoming apprehensive that he had not a single relation in the world, published an advertisement, desiring all who could claim kindred with the Raddleburn family to come forward, as there was a fortune of over \$150,000 to be divided among them; in less than twenty-four hours he was visited by no less than six aunts, nineteen uncles, twenty-nine nephews, ninety-four nieces and one hundred and seventy-five cousins. — Madame Augusta is soon to make her appearance upon the stage again. — Rev. Stephen Van Huse, a Baptist clergyman, died lately at the Insane Asylum, Brattleboro', Vt., aged 45 years. Mr. H. was formerly a missionary in Telooquo, in which field of labor his powers of mind and body were so severely taxed that his physical and mental system became broken down. — Top boots are much worn by the ladies in muddy walking. — The heir-apparent to the throne of Russia is Alexander Cesarowitch, born April 29th, 1818. The second son, the Grand Duke Constantine, was born in 1827, and it is said, with his other brothers and officers has taken the oath of allegiance to Alexander II.

FISH BREEDING.—In a recent visit to the fish-hatching establishment of M. Coste, in Paris, it is said that the French minister of agriculture, commerce and public works found there two hundred and fifty thousand newly hatched fish, one hundred and fifty thousand of which had only just been brought up from the establishment at Huninguin. All this large number were conveyed to Paris at the same time, and without a perceptible loss. The fish comprised common trout, trout from the lakes, salmon from the Rhine, and trout from the Swiss lakes.

FEVER AND AGUE.—Among the most trying ills that flesh is heir to, we may safely reckon the fever and ague, with which Caesar was so grievously afflicted in Spain. We are pleased, therefore, that Mr. James A. Rhodes, whose advertisement is in another column, has discovered a remedy for this and kindred troubles, as his numerous testimonials show.

THE LONDON PARKS.—The actual cost of repairing, cleaning, draining, lighting and superintending the parks of London, is, in round numbers, £24,000 a year. This sum is truly insignificant, when we consider the vast advantages which it secures to the metropolis.

CUBA.—We do not know how much longer our government will exercise its forbearance, under Spanish insult offered through the authorities of Cuba, but we think it is about time to advertise the American eagle "to let."

LEGACY.—The late James Brown left five thousand dollars to Harvard University to be expended in the purchase of books.

Wayside Gatherings.

Wykoff's Courtship, published by Derby, is said to have already reached a sale of 15,000 copies.

On the corner of Eighth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, New York, one roof covers an omnibus stable, a church and a dancing-school!

Eighteen bags of newspapers and documents, partly from California, were burnt at White Pigeon, Illinois, lately, in the mail car on the railroad.

The Springfield, Illinois, State Register, of March 15th, says: "The entire New York mails, for three alternate days in February, have been missing for some time."

Park Place, New York, is about being cut through to the river, and Columbia College removed to its new grounds in Fifth Avenue near Fifth Street.

There is said to be in Illinois at least twenty per cent. more acres in wheat at the present time than in any previous time. The winter has been exceedingly favorable.

A fine swan was found recently in the plain of St. Denis, near Paris, alive, but much exhausted. It had round its neck a silver collar, with an inscription engraved on it, stating that the bird belonged to the domain of Prince Hohenlohe, in Germany.

An Old School Presbyterian Church was lately organized in Chicago, consisting of thirteen members, and one of them alone pledged two thousand dollars per annum for five years, as the salary of the pastor.

In Ponnidridge, N. Y., March 8th, died Samuel Dan, aged 101 years, 8 months and eighteen days. He helped build Fort Washington on the Hudson, and was sixty-three years a member of the Methodist Church.

A bill has been reported in the Maine Legislature, giving the bodies of paupers who have no friends, to the dissecting knife of the surgeon. If that bill passes, the future will have a bloody look to the poor paupers.

A terrible tornado passed over Nashville, Tenn., on the 12th ult. The state house was unroofed, and damaged to the amount of \$10,000. The first Presbyterian church and a number of other buildings were much injured.

The Rev. Eben S. Stearns, of Framingham, has in his possession a small bureau, with a slide for writing, once the property of General Washington, on which the death warrant of Major Andre was signed, and many state papers written.

The Mexican papers have recently been publishing a census of that country. From it we gather that there are in that country 85 cities, 193 towns or large villages, 4709 villages, 119 missions, etc., 170 haciendas, and 6092 farms, etc. Population, 7,853,395.

The Mormons, it is stated, have built a steamer to ply upon the Great Salt Lake. She only waits for her machinery, which is to be taken out by the first train from St. Louis in the spring. Utah Territory now has a population of 40,000, and that of Salt Lake City is 12,000.

One morning, recently, a lady named Hasbruck, residing near Alleghany City, Pa., while getting a pail of water close by her residence, was set upon by four large fierce dogs, belonging to a butcher, and dreadfully torn. The same dogs, it is said, nearly killed a gentleman a few months ago.

The idea that peaches will not survive a greater fall of mercury than ten degrees below zero is all gammon. The state of the atmosphere, as to dryness, has the most important bearing; and experienced, intelligent, accomplished horticulturists maintain that dry frosts cannot kill peaches.

A singular accident recently occurred in Richmond, Va. A slave boy had privately placed a quarter of a pound of gunpowder in a bottle, and some slave girls took the bottle for a candlestick. The powder exploded, and the girls were badly cut, and two of them, bright mulattoes, were burnt so black as to be hardly distinguished.

Moses Sweetser, an active merchant and ship-builder, of Newburyport, bought at auction recently, near Norfolk, Va., two thousand acres of land for \$25,000, or \$12 50 per acre—said to be a great bargain. Mr. Sweetser intends settling in Virginia, with several others, for the purpose of conducting the ship-building business, etc.

Dr. R. Arthur, of Philadelphia, has patented a contrivance for hermetically sealing glass, China, tin or other vessels. A channel is made outside of the vessel at the top, and when the cover is put on it dips into this channel, into which a suitable adhesive cement has been placed. The vessel is thus rendered air-tight and water tight, and many substances may for a long time be preserved in freshness by its use.

Joker's Budget.

Misers are like patent leather boots—the longer they last the tighter they become.

Ladies should bear in mind that of all habits, that of walking is the cheapest; it is also among the best.

Why are the strongest parts of a wall as weak as a woman's hair? Because they are buttresses (but tresses).

What is the difference between a carriage wheel and a carriage horse? One goes better when it is tired—the other don't.

A daily (in consequence of a printer's error) announced that the inhabitants of New York suffer not present from a high state of morality.

There are persons, with "malice prepense," who have dared to assert that the letters M.D., which are placed after physicians' names, signify "Money Down."

"Did you know," said a cunning Yankee to a Jew, "that they hang Jews and jackasses together in Portland?" "Indeed! then it is well that you and I are not there," retorted the Jew.

How comes it that people who write "prize odes" are never heard of afterwards? Who will answer? We insert the above for two reasons—1st, because it is pertinent; and 2d, because it is impertinent.

"Biddy, an' what is it you'll give me for breakfast this mornin'?"—"Fish, Paddy, to be sure."—"To the devil wid yer fish! What's this you've done wid the three mackerels I bought yees last avenin'?"

A little fellow, who had just commenced reading the papers, asked his father if the word "Hon." prefixed to the name of Mr. —, the member of Parliament, meant "honest?" That little fellow had a mind for investigation.

"In Cork," said O'Connell, "I remember a supernumerary erier, who had been put up in the place of an invalid, trying to disperse the crowd by exclaiming, with a stentorian voice, 'All ye blackguards that isn't lawyers, lave the the prisence o' the court intirely, or I'll make ye, by the powers!'"

Foreign Items.

Russian travellers, who have arrived at Lubec, from Moscow, state that the nobles are very discontented at the continual levies of men which take so many hands away from agricultural pursuits.

At Birmingham, England, the state of the poor is very distressing. Nine thousand workmen are out of employment in that town alone, and a proportionate number in the neighboring parishes.

A paper mill is in operation in Hampshire, England, used exclusively for the manufacture of bank note paper. The first bank note paper ever issued was made in these mills, in about the year 1719, and it has ever since been produced on the same premises.

Catherine Hayes is in Calcutta, having sailed thither after great success in California and Australia. She will give a few concerts in the Indian metropolis, where great expectation is raised to hear her, and then return home—having encircled the globe on a singing mission.

The ancient custom of presenting a needle and thread to every resident member of Queen's College, Oxford, on New Year's Day is still observed. The following address accompanies the presentation: "Take this and be thrifty; begin the new year with industry."

A letter from a French officer of rank says, since the first landing of the troops in Turkey, 80,000 men and 40,000 horses have perished. Vast numbers of both now lie in masses, or scattered over the earth as they fell, it being impossible to inter them in the present state of the weather there, and they present a spectacle that is disgustingly horrid.

The editor of the Melbourne Argus, as an apology for raising the subscription from \$10 to \$20 per annum, gives an account of the expenditures of that paper: The total cost is £100,000 (nearly half a million of dollars) a year. Editorial and other expenses amount to \$1500 daily for the paper, which half a dozen years ago was published at one-thirtieth of that price.

Sands of Gold.

.... Brevity is a great praise of eloquence.—Cicero.

.... An angry man opens his mouth and shuts up his eyes.—Cato.

.... "O, that I were a man!" Silence! you are no longer a woman.—Deluz.

.... Every one desires to be happy; and to be so mostly depends on one's self.—Kozlay.

.... In deception, Faith dies: Happiness is more credulous than misfortune.—Deluz.

.... A little reflection teaches us that the treasures of thought are the paradoxes of action.—Whipple.

.... As we must render an account of every idle word, so must we likewise of our idle silence.—Ambrose.

.... We must live through our life-course so as to be blessed at our grave, and re-desired by the good.—Kozlay.

.... Every one at the bottom of his heart cherishes vanity; even the toad thinks himself good looking—"rather tawny, perhaps, but look at his eye!"—Wilson.

.... Old age is never honored among us, but only indulged, as childhood is; and old men lose one of the most precious rights of man—that of being judged by their peers.—Goethe.

.... What a rare gift, by-the-by, is that of manners! how difficult to define—how much more difficult to impart! Better for a man to possess them, than wealth, beauty or talent; they will more than supply all.—Balwer.

.... One must live long in the world to acquire the happy medium between indifference and marked attention in his treatment of women. The inexperienced man, in the fulness of his heart, will behave to every woman as though he was on the point of making her a declaration, and the consequence is, that he is often suspected of being either an universal lover, or a male coquette.—Jean Paul.

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THE NEW YORK DISPATCH,

Of April 14th, 1855,

IN WHICH WILL BE REVEALED SOME OF THE DARK MYSTERIES OF LAW AND LUNATIC ASYLUMS.



[EMILY WARNER BEING DRAGGED TO A MAD-HOUSE.]

Persons who desire to secure this work complete, should lose no time in sending in their orders, as we anticipate that it will be read by at least one million of people in the United States. We have made extensive arrangements to supply the demand; but still there may, and doubtless will, be some who must be disappointed.

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"Mr. Editor,—Herewith I send you the manuscript of THE MAD HEIRESS, with the alterations made as suggested, to avoid wounding the feelings of innocent persons. As I before stated, the narrative was not written for publication, or the real names of the parties who figure in its pages would not have been in place on the record." But they are now all erased, and fictitious names substituted, as you desired. You can, however, tell your readers that the story is a true narrative from life, so far as all the incidents are concerned. Some of them will not need that announcement—others may. I need not tell you that this is only one of the many mysteries of our Lunatic Asylums that are locked up within the walls of these professed benevolent institutions. It is not in England alone that these establishments are prostituted to the basest of purposes. Gold is as powerful in closing prison bars on innocence, as it is in opening prison gates for the escape of criminals. I think I would run no risk in saying, that for every miscreant who is locked up in the States' prisons against the laws enacted for the welfare of society. There are jailors, too, who should exchange places with their prisoners, if justice were done. Lunatic Asylums, though they are looked upon by the people as retreats for the unfortunates of our race, have also been used as prisons, in the worst and most loathsome sense of the word—where innocent persons of sound minds are either made mad by the injustice they are subjected to, or hurried to an early grave. Either alternative answers the purpose of the fiends who are instrumental in incarcerating them within the walls of this class of prisons. It is useless for us to prate about our liberties, and hold up our hands in holy horror at the recital of the scenes enacted in the Spanish Inquisition, or the French Bastille, when we have in our midst an evil quite as pernicious to those who become its victims. But these enormities are only permitted because their existence is not known to the people. In the case of the "Mad Heiress," while it may not be in the power of human law to avenge the wrong done in the name of philanthropy, its revelation will at least serve to open the eyes of the American people to the danger of lunatic asylums in bad hands, and thus be the means of preventing the recurrence of any similar outrage on helpless woman. In that spirit I offer it for publication."

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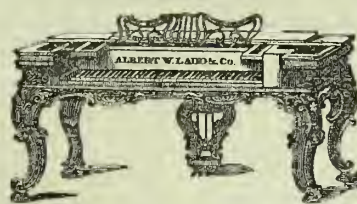
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PITTSBURG, PA.

The engraving below, drawn expressly for the Pictorial, presents an accurate general view of this flourishing city, interesting from its present commercial importance and from historical associations. In 1850 it contained 46,500 inhabitants, but the annexation of the adjoining cities and boroughs of Allegheny, Manchester, Birmingham and Lawrenceville, which ought to belong to it, would more than double that amount. It stands at the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela Rivers, which unite to form the Ohio, and occupies the site of Fort du Quesne. In 1775 there were but twenty-five or thirty houses in Pittsburg. In 1796 the population amounted to 1395. The city is built on a triangular plain, bounded by the Allegheny and Monongahela Rivers on two sides, and by the highlands on the other. The streets cross each other at right angles. The houses are principally of brick, and many of them are handsome structures, but owing to the extensive use of bituminous coal in the numerous manufactories, the city resembles an English town in its dinginess. The Allegheny River is crossed by three bridges. The bridge over the Monongahela is 1500 feet long and cost over \$100,000. The Allegheny River, besides the bridges above named, is crossed by the viaduct of the Pennsylvania Canal, which enters the city, passes through a tunnel under Grant's Hill, and then joins the Monongahela. Another branch of the canal passes through Allegheny City and enters the Allegheny River. Among the noted works constructed by the city are the water-works. Steam power is used to raise water from the Allegheny River into a reservoir, to the height of 116 feet, from which, by means of service pipes, 3,000,000 gallons are daily distributed. Pittsburg is lighted by gas made from bituminous coal, abundant in the neighborhood, and presents a brilliant appearance by night. The situation of the city has led to its rapid progress and importance. The railroad and canal line from Pennsylvania strikes the Ohio at this point. Here was launched in 1811 the first steamboat that ever ploughed the western waters. Among the striking buildings of the city proper is the court house, which stands upon an eminence commanding an extensive view. Its architecture is the Doric style, and it is a fine specimen of that order. It is 165 feet long and 100 feet deep, and surmounted by a dome, the summit of which is 148

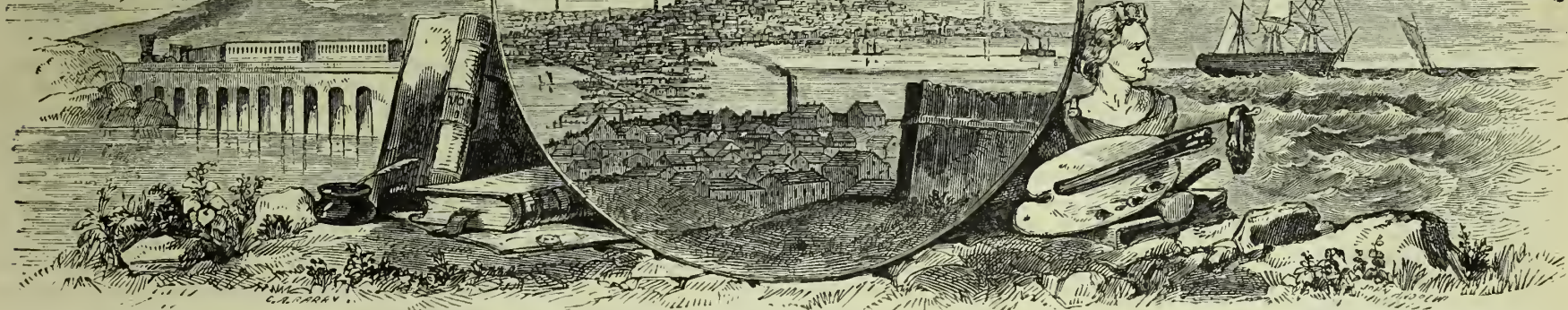


HOME REVISITED.

[See page 235.]

feet from the ground. The Roman Catholics have a fine cathedral on Grant's Hill. There are other public buildings, churches, hotels and banks, noted for their costliness and elegance. The Museum is well worth visiting for its ample collection of Indian curiosities. There are three market houses in the city, all well supplied with meat, poultry and fruit, and other agricultural products. The Western University of Pennsylvania is situated near Grant's Hill. Allegheny City, on the opposite side of the Allegheny River, is a very flourishing place, and though under a separate corporation, virtually belongs to Pittsburg. It is the residence of many of the business men of the latter place. It has many manufacturing and commercial establishments, which are extensive and thriving, and numerous churches and schools. Here is the Western Theological Seminary, under the direction of the Presbyterians. It is a flourishing institution, and has two professors and a well selected library. The Theological Seminary of the Associate Reformed Church is also here. Pittsburg was a part of Penn's property, and was, in 1784, in possession of the family of that illustrious man. Up to that time the settlement had languished, but at that date it was laid out into town lots, and land began to sell rapidly. In 1786 a newspaper, called the Pennsylvania Gazette, was started here. We are not aware that this paper is still in existence. If Pittsburg has not grown quite so rapidly as some more modern settlements farther west, still its progress has been rapid, and outstripped by very few. Men are still living who remember it as an inconsiderable village, and it is now a great city, having within it all the elements of yet greater expansion. In the mineral resources of the environs it has an unfailling treasure; nature and art have rendered it accessible in many ways, and its position at the head of that mighty river which wends its way to the west, freighted with incalculable wealth, gives it an importance which can hardly be overrated. It is a curious fact that the physical formation of this country is peculiarly adapted to its social development. Its great rivers flow inward, and afford the opportunities of bringing far distant points into communication. Pittsburg stands at the head of the natural communication with the centre of States, while art has given to it numerous channels of communication with the Atlantic shore.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT
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ALEXANDER II.

The annexed engraving is taken from an authentic portrait of the young Czar, the autocrat of the mightiest empire on the face of the earth; an empire embracing more than half of Europe, one third of Asia, extending into North America, and almost belting the globe in its iron grasp. The life and death of many millions of subjects hang on the breath of this young man; the welfare of Europe lies within his control, and the eyes of the whole world are now bent upon him with the deepest interest. It will be noted that while his head wants that high intellectual stamp which marked his father's, and which rendered the late autocrat a noticeable man among a thousand, it yet has the air of one born to command, and is not without the external signs of mental power and will. Alexander was the eldest of Nicholas's children. He was born in 1818, and in 1839 married Maria Alexandrovna, Princess of Hesse Darmstadt, by whom he has had several children. His brothers are Constantine, grand admiral of Russia, born April 29th (17th), 1827. Nicholas, born in 1831, and Michael, born in 1832. The late Czar had three daughters. The eldest, Marie Nicolœvna, was born in 1819, and married in 1839 to Maximilian Beauharnois, the Duke of Leuchtenburg, and grand-on of the Empress Josephine, of France. At the time of his marriage, which was purely a love match, young Beauharnois was a colonel in the Bavarian service. He died in 1852. Olga, the second daughter, was born in 1822, and married in 1846 to Charles, Prince Royal of Wurtemberg. The youngest daughter, Alexandra, born in 1825, was married in 1844, and died before the expiration of the same year. But to return to the subject of our sketch. Alexander, like all the males of the imperial family, received a finished military education. Prior to his accession he was commander-in-chief of the Corps de la Garde, and the grena-



ALEXANDER II.—EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

dier, presided over the military school, and the hospital of Tchessmé, and also commanded the lancers, Erivan carbiniers, and other corps. He is theoretically and practically acquainted with military life, and popular with the army, the students and the nobles. He is no less versed in civil affairs, for it was the pride and care of the late emperor to give his eldest son and heir that elaborate training which should enable him worthily to fill the throne. After Alexander attained his majority, the emperor, whenever he was compelled to leave his capital, entrusted the administration of his government to the hands of his son. The latter is said to resemble Alexander much more than his own father. He is like him in courtesy and grace, in a certain chivalry of sentiment and bearing, and in general mildness of his character. It is not, however, safe to predict the career of a despotic sovereign on the throne from the conduct of an heir apparent. Alexander II., Emperor of Russia, may be as different from Alexander the hereditary grand-duke, as Shakespeare's Henry V. is from Falstaff's Prince Hal. The English papers are trying to persuade themselves that the policy of the new Czar towards Turkey and the Western powers will be the reverse of that of his predecessor; but we think this is very questionable. The fact, real or supposed, that his father died in consequence of the anxieties occasioned by the present war, will not tend to dispose Alexander to sheathe the sword so readily. Moreover, as the military head of a military government, the opportunity of commanding the respect of his people by such a conduct of the war as will lead to decisive victory, is not one to be lost. If the accounts that have reached us of the last moments of Nicholas be true, a resolute prosecution of the war is a sacred legacy bequeathed by the last Czar to his successor. We have no evidence he will shrink from the responsibility.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SECRETS OF THE CELLS:

—OR,—

LEAVES FROM MY DIARY.

BY REV. J. H. INGRAHAM.

[CONCLUDED.]

NUMBER SEVEN.

THE STORY OF THE YOUNG QUAKER-CONVICT.

THE reader of the last number of these sketches may have been interested in the young convict who so nobly sacrificed his life to the claims of the suffering and dying. I shall in the present number give his singular and romantic history, as received not only from his own lips, but from others after his death.

My first interview with this interesting prisoner was after the usual Sunday morning service in the prison was over. He sat directly in front of me. It was a new face, as he had been received during the week. Instead of the defiant look, or the downcast look, one or the other of which aspects usually characterize the convict, his face wore a calm and self-respectful expression, his air was marked by dignity and his bearing manly. His face and head were finely shaped, and his figure tall and erect, the outlines of which not even the coarse prison dress could degrade. The expression of his eyes was singularly pleasing, and the whole face struck me as one of the most interesting I had ever seen: it seemed no face for that convict's bench: he seemed indeed a being of another sphere, surrounded by the guilt-stamped visages of his fellows. During the service he gave the most earnest heed to all that was said.

When he returned with the rest to his cell, he walked with a free and manly tread, as if he and guilt had never met. I felt interested in him and inquired of the guard who he was.

"A Quaker, sir," was his reply.

"A Quaker in a penitentiary!" I repeated. "It is a very unusual thing for them to commit crimes!"

"Ask him, sir, and he will tell you he has committed no crime!"

"What is he sentenced for?"

"Negro-stealing!"

"Such a face," I replied, "could never belong to a negro-stealer! He is either an innocent man sentenced wrongfully, or that fine countenance is a mask to the worst sort of character."

"He confessed it, sir," answered the guard, who was at that moment called away on duty.

This was my first knowledge of the young Quaker-convict, whom afterwards I knew so well, and knew only to esteem and be deeply interested in, though as a southern man, I could not sympathize with him in the unlawful act which had placed him under imprisonment: but I could not but respect him for the consistency with which he carried out the great principles of common liberty which had been early infused into his mind.

Let my reader carry his mind in imagination to a little, retired village nestled between two romantic hills in the interior of Ohio. At the foot of one of these wooded eminences, stands a neat farm-house, surrounded by the smoothest lawn, and extensive fields, waving, at the time of our history, with golden wheat and shining corn. A level interval of mowing grass lay between the snow-white farm-house dotted with the graceful American elm, amid a group of which rose the broad roof of the thrifty farmer's large barn. The whole aspect of the scene was one of comfort, neatness, order and substantial independence.

On the evening of the day in question, the farmer and his household, after an early tea, were seated upon the porch enjoying the sunset and the view of the pleasant river winding away in the distance, looking like a flowing sheet of liquid gold in the reflection of the skyey splendors.

The group consisted of four persons, the old people, their only son, and a young maiden with sunny blue eyes, and looking like a prim Hebe in the neatly fitting garb of the Quakers, which she wore; and her face had the calm, sweet, almost holy expression which one cannot help but observing to be characteristic of the young females of this unimpassioned sect.

By her side, holding her hand in his with respectful tenderness, and talking with her in a low tone, as if meant only for her bending ear alone, sat a handsome young man in a Quaker's drab costume, but which he wore like a prince, his manly beauty and dignity giving grace to it, as they would have done to a beggar's dress; for it is not the dress that dignifies or lowers the man, but the man the dress.

On the other side of the stoop sat a large-framed man, with a strongly-marked countenance, the expression and general character of which denoted sound practical sense, control of self, and shrewd intelligence, combined with amiability and gentleness. He was the owner of the farm, and in his Quaker dress was as neat and orderly as his handsome farm itself. He had been reading through iron rimmed spectacles, in a newspaper, and was now evidently meditating upon some article which he had read. His good wife, a pretty-looking, rosy, smooth-checked old lady in a plain Quaker cap and drab gown, was knitting close by his side—her chair in that loving proximity to his which showed that she truly loved him. She had clearly been a beauty (a Quaker belle, which is the loveliest of all belles when they are lovely), and now seemed to be the personification of love, peace, gentle-

ness and quiet. No ripple of passion, no vibration of anger had ever moved across the serenity of that placid brow.

"Anne, it is my sacred duty, as it is that of every man, to succor the distressed. Thy affection should not try to hedge up my path to duty. These millions of bondmen cry unto us for help! Shall we fold our hands and let them perish in their chains! No! I have resolved on my course of action. I have solemnly devoted myself to the deliverance of the captive! Many shall yet hear my voice, God willing, bidding them go free! To-morrow I depart on my mission!"

These words were spoken by the young man to the maiden with high enthusiasm, but in a low tone, and calmly and firmly.

"But, Richard, I fear that you will endanger your life! You will certainly fall a sacrifice to your devotion to this cause if you go, as you determine, into these Southern States. They do not feel, there, as you do, my friend; and—"

"No more, Anne. Suppose your brother were a prisoner of war in the castle of Perote, in Mexico; and suppose I were resolved to go to Mexico to endeavor to effect his escape! Would you object to my departure?"

"But there is a great difference he—"

"None at all, dear Anne, I assure thee," answered the young lover of the maiden. "There is the same merit in rescuing slaves from bondage as men who are made prisoners in war."

The maiden looked perplexed. She was not able to solve the puzzling question, or perceive the exact distinction; but she instantly felt that there was a difference.

"My son is right, Anne," said the old Quaker, quietly. "I have instructed him in these principles from a boy. I hope to see him one day raised up to be the friend of the oppressed African. Go, my son, to-morrow! Go with thy father's blessing. Do what good thou canst. If thou deliverest one of God's creatures from bondage, thou hast not lived in vain, though thou shouldst sacrifice thy life in the attempt. We are born into this world for others, not for ourselves. We must seek to do good to those who are unfortunate. This is the end of being—doing good! Oppose him not, maiden; he will return with God's blessing."

The next morning early, the youthful enthusiast took a tender leave of Anne, his betrothed bride, embraced his mother and father, receiving their blessing, and departed on his mission. The old people parted from him with the pride with which a patriot father and mother would have taken leave of their son going forth armed to battle against the enemies of his country. From his boyhood they had dedicated him to be a defender and advocate of the oppressed! With his mother's milk he had drawn in his horror of slavery; and from his father's precepts imbibed a burning desire to be conspicuous in delivering them from bondage. As he grew up, his ideas were strengthened by newspapers and books bearing antagonistically upon the subject; and the sight (rarely seen in his secluded village) of an escaped slave filled his young heart with wild dreams of romantic action! Hours he would sit by his father's hearth, listening to the African's tales of his adventures and sufferings in bondage and in escape; until he felt that he would be willing to die, to pour out his life's blood to rescue one poor negro from his servitude and place his feet upon the free soil of Ohio. His waking thoughts were of adventures possible to occur in the South by-and-by, of which he was to be the hero; and his dreams were of thrilling incidents connected with aiding slaves to escape.

The father had evidently, with a spirit that can only be appreciated and understood by those who know well the Quaker character, dedicated his child to the work which we see him now about to enter upon, as a youth leaves his paternal roof for the battle field. Maternal love had its misgivings in the mother's heart, as she saw her noble son mount his horse at the gate and ride away, as a young knight of old would go forth to free the Holy Land from the Saracens. Her heart was heavy; but she was governed in all things by the sterner will of her husband. Anne was an orphan, an adopted child, and though not allied by blood to the young man, held to him that holier relation which love creates; and when she could no longer see his retiring form, hidden by a turn in the road, she fled to her room to pour out her sorrow in tears. They had exchanged miniatures, and bending over his, she bathed it with tears and warmed it with her kisses, saying with more passion than became a Quaker maiden:

"Richard! O, Richard! I feel that I shall never, never see thee again!"

Sadly were her fears realized.

The young enthusiast, educated to a fatal error, who was now going forth to find a martyr's death upon the field of human freedom, arrived on the third day at Cincinnati. Well-mounted, provided with a plenty of money by his father, he had at his command every facility for carrying forward the initiatory measures of his enterprise. He had met by chance on the levee of the city with an escaped slave, who attracted by his Quaker costume, approached him, for the slave knows well the drab coat, by description or sight, and this coat they have been told is worn by men who are ever their friends and the foe of the southern master. Therefore, with confidence the escaped slave approached Richard, and said:

"Master, I hope you well."

"Yes, my friend," answered Richard, kindly, and taking the negro's hand with a deference and respect he would doubtless have denied to one of his own race, "I am well. I hope thou art happy as well as free!"

"I would be, massa," answered the negro, with an aspect of sorrow, "but how can a poor man be happy with wife and children in bondage?"

"Your wife and children slaves?" repeated Richard, the blood

mounting to his cheeks, and all his enthusiasm aroused, while philanthropy for the slave, which was bred in his very bone, showed itself in his manner. "Where are they? When didst thou thyself escape?"

"They are in Nashville, master! I know you are a good friend to us, and I tell you all. They belong to massa—. I got away six weeks ago; and I hoped to be able to get good white men help me buy 'em. But dey all tell poor slave dat dey hab no money to buy. Dat my wife and little ones must escape just as I did! I den ask 'em to help me to work to get money; but dey snuff at poor nigger, and tell him dat freedom 'nuff widout money; and I must get long as I could!"

"Thou hast fallen in with men who are hypocrites, and not true lovers of the slave," answered Richard, with indignant color mantling his cheeks and the fire of resentment flashing from his eyes.

"Dey are de committy, master, what help de runaway slave!"

"They are not the slave's friends! Providence has cast thee in my way, my poor friend!" added the youthful crusader. "I will act differently. I will go to Nashville and rescue thy wife and children!"

"You will, master! God bless your soul! Ah, master, I don't b'lieve you are airmest!"

"Never man spake truer word. Come aside here and tell me where they are to be found. Here is a steamer already to depart for that place. It will take me there in three days, and perhaps in two weeks I may have the happiness of restoring thy wife and babes to thy arms!"

The slave regarded the young man with tearful eyes:

"Ah, master, if you should, we will all be your slaves for life!"

"My slaves! my slaves!" repeated the young liberator, with an exclamation and looks of surprise. "No, no. Poor man, your life has been in bondage and you know no other state. You shall be my friends, my brethren! We are all God's children! One star differeth from another star in glory! So is it with white men and black. We are all God's children, and shall all shine as stars in the kingdom of heaven, though one may differ from another in glory. Come and tell me all that will enable me to find your wife."

He led the man aside to a box, where seated, the one told and the other listened to all the details of locality, about as to the street and residence of the master of David's wife, for David was the name the late slave gave to Richard.

When the young Quaker had gained all the intelligence which was necessary to enable him to act when he should reach Nashville, he gave his horse to the slave and bade him sell him and consider the money as his own, as he should have no more use for him. He arranged that the escaped slave should be found at a certain house on Fourth Street when he should return with his freed wife and children. The slave, with a profusion of thanks, took possession of the horse; and Richard, shaking him warmly by the hand, placed his saddle-bags on his arm and hastened on board the steamer, which was ringing its last bell. In a quarter of an hour later he was descending the Ohio, fairly embarked on the crusade against slavery to which he had looked forward from early youth, and which he considered the proper aim and object of his life.

Already have I compared the young Quaker to a crusader: and with the spirit of one did he embark on the mission before him. To his mind, educated as he had been, the rescue of slaves from servitude was as great and noble a work as the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre could be to an ardent Christian knight. The glory of the two enterprises, in his view, was equal, and each equally challenging the applause of the world.

It was with a proud and joyous step that he walked the deck of the steamer which was conveying him to the scenes where he could carry out into action the dreams of his youth.

On the evening of the fourth day after leaving Cincinnati, the steamer came in sight of the "City of Rocks," as Nashville has been poetically called. As he was about to land, a gray-headed, chivalrous bearing old gentleman accosted him, and laying his hand upon his shoulder, said:

"My dear young sir, if you intend to remain long in this city, I advise you, as a friend, to keep your sentiments upon slavery within your own breast. To express them as openly as you did this morning when that runaway was brought on board in irons, will get you into trouble."

"I thank thee, friend, very kindly; but I am the friend of the slave, and the foe of those who oppress them! What right had the man to that man—for men they were both, master and slave? What right had he to chain him?"

"His property! But—"

"But what gave him a right to hold property in a human being?" demanded the young Quaker, boldly.

"The laws of this State, young sir! The law, I repeat," responded the old gentleman, firmly and pointedly. "It was lawful by our laws, for that man to hold that negro in slavery; and it was unlawful for you to interfere to set aside the law."

The crowding of passengers on shore separated the two colloquists, and Richard took his way towards an hotel, carrying his saddle-bags on his arm.

"There goes an abolitionist, and a Quaker at that, and they are the worst sort," said the mate, pointing out the young liberator to the clerk of the boat. "If it hadn't been for the interference of that old gentleman, he would have got a coat of tar over that drab suit, and feathers enough to help him fly back to Ohio, where he came from."

The feelings of all on board the boat were evidently very positively opposed to anything like abolition in practice. When Richard reached the Nashville inn he retired to a room and with-

out resting himself, at once proceeded to study the memoranda which he had written down from the fugitive slave—David's account of the locality where his wife and children were. By means of a map of the city, hanging in the office, he soon ascertained the bearings of the house he was to visit from the hotel. He also made certain cautious inquiries from a servant who waited on him in his room.

As night drew near he covered his Quaker coat with a brown linen sack, and exchanged his hat for a glazed cap, thus completely metamorphosing his appearance; giving him, with his tall, symmetrical figure, a decidedly military air. Thus attired, or rather disguised, he went out in search of the house where the wife and children of David were held in bondage.

He succeeded, though not without some difficulty, in reaching the place. Following the directions given to him by the fugitive, he entered the yard by a gate to a garden in the rear, which conducted him to the kitchen. He listened and heard voices within, the voice of a woman and of children. His heart bounded with joy. Not Blondel, the minstrel, when he heard the answering verse of his song come back to his ears from the tower window, felt more joy or triumph. And the young Quaker, so complete had been his education in reference to slavery, felt that he was doing as noble and praiseworthy an act in trying to rescue the wife and children of the fugitive, as Blondel was in trying to aid the escape of his king. Nay, he felt the same absence of guilt and confidence in the justness of his conduct, that he would have done in rescuing a lady and her children from the hands of an enemy who had made them captive in the chances of war.

The idea of being a "slave-stealer," a breaker of the laws of the land, a rebellious citizen, a robber of other men's "goods," crossed not his mind. It contained but one idea—redress of human wrongs! As a deliverer and liberator of the oppressed alone did he regard himself. He felt that he was engaged in an act (secret though it was for fear of men) that God would smile upon and approve! So was he educated—so are thousands educated! and it is as easy for the leopard to change his spots, as for these men's minds to be impressed with an idea opposing those with which they are imbued by education.

The young Quaker, therefore, felt no shame, experienced no sense of guilt.

At length he found means to draw the attention of the servant-woman, and placed in her hands a token from her husband which satisfied her not only of his safety, but that the bearer of it was the friend of both.

Several meetings, four successive nights, took place, at which the preliminaries were all arranged. It was decided that he was to have a hack ready at the rear gate of the garden, at eight in the morning, while the family were engaged at the breakfast table; and that they should cross the river by the old bridge and go down to Clarksville, thirty-five miles below, and there embark, in the capacity of "master and slaves," for Cincinnati.

This plan was admirable in conception, and a man who knew more of the world than young Dillingham, would doubtless have effected his object in safely reaching Cincinnati. But our hero knew nothing of the world. He was brought up in the retirement of the country. Men he knew nothing of, and classified mankind as slave-holders and abolitionists. In his estimation, every man he saw was either one or the other. With all his energy and common sense, with all his cleverness and amiability and love of freedom, he had the simplicity of a child. He was wholly without tact or suspicion; and it was with reluctance that he could get his own consent to put on any disguise to enable him to effect his purposes easier.

On the morning in question, the hack, driven by a black man, who had no suspicion of the business on hand, was at the gate in the hack lane. The wife and children of David the fugitive soon appeared, each carrying a bundle, being five in all. They appeared greatly alarmed. Richard mounted the box with the driver! In this style the hack took its way across the public square in the direction of the bridge. More than one passer-by turned his head to take a second look; but as country purchasers of negroes sometimes take all sorts of conveyances to get them out home, there was no suspicion excited. Nor at the toll-gate, where Richard stopped to pay toll, would any suspicion have been aroused if he had had more knowledge of human nature.

"You've got a fine lot of negroes, sir," remarked the toll-man, in a careless tone, to him, as he gave him back the change. "Who is selling in town?"

"I didn't buy them, friend," answered Dillingham.

"No. Then they are not yours?"

"Drive on, friend!" said Richard, in reply; "let us not delay."

"I think that woman belongs to Colonel ——," said a man who stood near the toll-keeper. "The fellow seemed embarrassed, and looked as if he was in too much of a hurry to be doing the right thing. I wonder if he hasn't stole one or more of them niggers!"

"Not to run them off in a hack, in open day," answered the toll-man. "It is all right!"

"Well, I don't believe it is," replied the shrewd man, who had before spoken.

"What is it, boys?" asked a constable, who was crossing the bridge and stopped to pay toll.

"We were talking about that hack full of darkies. It looks suspicious. Didn't you notice 'em?"

"Yes, but it was dark under the bridge, and I couldn't see what was inside. Do you say it was full of negroes?"

"Yes, chock full, bundles and all," answered the toll-gate keeper.

"I'll soon see if anything is wrong," exclaimed the officer;

for if there is any species of movable property on which all southerners, high or low, keep habitually a close observation, aroused at once by anything suspicious in circumstances, it is in slave property.

The officer went to an adjacent stable and soon returned mounted. In half an hour he came up with the hack, which was going very fast. He at once recognized the driver of it as an old faithful African who belonged to a livery stable.

"What, Simon, is it you, man?" he called out in a cheerful tone. "Where are you driving to at such a rate and with such a cargo aboard?"

"To Clarksville, massa," answered the coachman, civilly.

"Are those your people, sir?" asked the officer civilly of Dillingham, whom he eyed with the closest professional scrutiny.

"No, friend," answered the young man, quietly and truthfully, for he knew not how to conceal aught by falsehood.

"Whose are they?" demanded the officer, still politely.

"Why, sir, they are free—at least—they are soon to—I mean that they are no longer in bondage."

"Do you live in Tennessee?"

"No, friend," answered the young liberator, embarrassed and alarmed by this close questioning of his pursuer, whom he now began to suspect had followed the hack intentionally.

"Where do you live?"

"In Ohio."

"Simon, where did you take these slaves in? Answer truly, or you may get into trouble. I clearly recognize the woman."

Simon became frightened. He stopped his horses and told all he knew to the officer. The woman then confessed that she was running away. The matter was now too clear for Dillingham to attempt any concealment, and he came out frankly with a full acknowledgement of the truth.

"You are my prisoner!" said the officer. "Simon, turn and drive back to town."

The young emancipator, Dillingham, on being arrested made no resistance. Before the examining justice he frankly confessed his intention to carry off the slaves for the purpose of giving them their liberty, but he denied that he had been guilty of any crime.

When his trial came off, he refused to employ counsel in his defence, although one of the most eminent lawyers in Nashville volunteered his services; for the frankness, the evident sincerity, manliness and gentleness of the prisoner, as well as his youth, interested all persons in his favor. Popular feeling excused the act on the score of his inexperience, youth and peculiar education.

When the day of trial came, the court-house was crowded. There was no resentment on the faces of the throng, as would be looked for when an abolitionist taken in the act of running off with slaves, was brought before a southern community. The expression of their faces showed kindly sympathy and a lively curiosity. When called upon if he had any defence to make, the young Quaker rose up and facing the court, exhibited as fine a countenance and as manly an air as innocence would wish to be invested with. Fearlessly yet modestly, calmly yet earnestly, he plead his own case. With a knowledge of the laws of Southern States and an originality of application of the principles of equity, that surprised bench and bar, he went on in his defence, enchainning the attention of all who heard him. It was remarked that a finer defence had never been spoken within that court-room.

The feeling awakened by his address to the bench and to the jury led to a strong effort to secure his pardon should he be sentenced. The law demanded three years in the penitentiary for the offence with which he was charged. But the court, in consideration of his youth and the interest manifested in his case, shortened the time of imprisonment one year. He received the sentence of the court with a bow full of dignity and submission.

The same evening he was conducted to the penitentiary. His face was cheerful and his bearing lofty; he walked along like a conqueror, or rather a martyr, as he felt himself to be, going to be crowned with his reward.

He was taken into the guard-house—his name, height and description carefully noted in the book kept for the purpose. He was then conducted into the "robing-room" adjacent, where his hair was shaved closely to his head, his dress exchanged for the coarse gray and pie-bald "uniform" of the prisoner, and in ten minutes he was at work with a hundred others, habited and cropped like himself, in the stone-yards, pecking away at the blocks which were to go to building up the capitol.

I have already spoken of my interviews with him. The reader has seen how his integrity and amiability won the confidence of the officers, and that he was soon taken from the stone-yard to do lighter duties in the hospital, and to act as librarian, etc. The reader has seen how like a true Samaritan he behaved during the cholera, not counting his life dear to him. We have seen how he sacrificed his life at the last to the duties of humanity, dying a martyr to his principles.

This young man is probably the only true and confessed emancipator who ever received the sympathy of the southern people. His memory to this day is kindly cherished in the prison, and in the city where he made his defence, he is spoken of with sympathy and admiration. When it was known that his death had taken place in prison, the Nashville papers each devoted a kind, complimentary paragraph to him, and expressed regret at his untimely end.

The celebrated Henderson, the actor, was seldom known to be in a passion. When at Oxford, he was one day debating with a fellow-student, who, not keeping his temper, threw a glass of wine in his face. Mr. Henderson took out his handkerchief, wiped his face, and coolly said, "That, sir, was a digression—now for the argument."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MOZART'S REQUIEM.

AN INCIDENT FROM THE GERMAN.

BY WILLIAM MELBOURNE.

IN the street Saint-Joseph, at Vienna, was a shop of ancient and modern curiosities, occupied by the honest George Rutler. Every week, for a long while, a pale-faced gentleman might have been seen entering it, who, after purchasing some little trinket, would stop and play awhile with the broker's little children. He was well-known in person, seemed an old friend, and yet they knew not his name.

One morning, hearing Rutler hushing the noise of his children, he learned that Madame Rutler had given birth a few hours before to her twelfth child.

"The twelfth!" said he. "Have you a godfather, Mr. Rutler?"

"Alas, sir! Godfathers are not lacking to the children of the rich; but I know not where I shall find one for this poor little new-born girl."

"Ah! Suppose then I do you the office, and we will call her Gabriella. And, if it please you, I will remit you one hundred florins for the expenses of her baptism. I will not meddle at all with it, and here is my address, that you may let me imagine it when all is ready."

"Ah, sir! But how can I ever repay you for this favor?"

"I ask this only, that you let me sit a few moments at this piano. The thought, with which for a long time I have endeavored to conclude a musical composition, has just flashed over me. If I do not try it now, it may escape me entirely."

The good man Rutler places a stool before the instrument, the gentleman seats himself, opens it, and after a delicate prelude, touches the keys with an expression which proves him a perfect master. In a few moments, the passers-by pause at the shop door; the music acts like a charm upon the little ones, and they no longer need their father's voice to still their cries; all, adults and children, listen spell-bound, to the heavenly harmony, and they feel that the musician is Mozart himself.

Without giving the least attention to the crowd about him, as soon as he had judged himself of the effects of his inspiration, he took a sheet of paper, traced the air, rose with cheeks more flushed than usually, renewed his offer to his host and departed.

About three days afterward, Rutler repaired to the indicated address; but he shuddered when he gained it, for a coffin stood at the door; Mozart was no more! Sad at heart, he returned; and with weeping eyes regarded the piano from whose keys had issued the last notes of Mozart, of that *requiem*, the conclusion of which a fatal presentiment had for two months prevented.

The child of whom he desired to become the godfather, received the name of Gabriella as he had wished, and when the story became known, the curious ran in crowds to bargain with the broker for that piano which had been but a single time touched by the god of German music. It found more than one amateur ready to purchase it, and Rutler sold it finally for four hundred florins, which was the dowry of Gabriella.

AN ENGLISHMAN AT THE OPERA.

The Musical Gazette has the following: "One of Auber's favorite operas in Europe is *Le Bal Masque*, which is frequently performed all over the continent. A part of the plot consists in a conspiracy against the life of the king, and one scene represents the conspirators drawing lots to determine which of them shall become the assassin. A few years ago, an English gentleman was travelling all over France and Germany, and directing his steps to whatever town this opera was to be performed in. And, moreover, as 'Milor' was rich, he often had extra performances given. He was in correspondence with almost every opera manager, who always informed him when *Le Bal Masque* was to be given, and he was sure to be there. At last one day, a gentleman asked: 'My dear sir, will you please tell me why you are always so anxious to see this particular opera?' 'With the greatest pleasure,' answered the Englishman; 'the reason is simply this; I happened to see it several times in succession, and I found that every time in the scene where the conspirators draw lots, the lot fell on the same person. Now I thought this so singular, that I was determined to make further researches. Accordingly I have seen this opera five hundred and eighty-four times; and, would you believe it, every time the lot has fallen upon the same unfortunate individual!'"

A GOOD REASON.

The Duke de Roçlore, the favorite wit and buffoon of Louis XIV., was in his person far from agreeable: his countenance was rather forbidding, and his figure ill-shaped. Another nobleman, whose figure was even inferior to that of Roçlore, having killed his antagonist in a duel, applied to the duke for his interest and protection, knowing it was the only channel through which he could obtain a pardon. The duke readily engaged in his friend's interest, and fairly rallied the king into a compliance. After the king had finished a fit of laughter, and given his royal promise, he inquired of Roçlore what could possibly make him so strenuous in his intercession. "I will tell your majesty," said the facetious duke: "if he had suffered, I should have been the ugliest man in France."—*Court Gazette*.

ECHOES.

The best echoes (says a writer on architecture) are produced by parallel walls. At a villa, near Milan, there extend two parallel wings about fifty-eight paces from each other, the surfaces of which are unbroken either by doors or windows. The sound of the human voice, or rather a word quickly pronounced is repeated above forty times, and the report of a pistol from fifty to sixty times. Dr. Plot mentions an echo in Woodstock Park, which repeats seventeen syllables by day, and twenty by night. An echo on the north side of Shipley church, in Sussex, repeats twenty syllables. There is also a remarkable echo in the venerable church of St. Albans.—*Home Journal*.

CRIMEAN WAR SCENES.

The great popularity of our illustrations of the war in the East, and the repeated requests that have poured in upon us from all quarters to continue them, have induced us to embellish the pages of the Pictorial with pictures and descriptions of some of the incidents of the war at which we have just glanced, and to make a permanent record of certain features that belong to history. It has been justly observed that "the soldiers of France and England have more than upheld the traditional renown of their arms, and their heroism will endure comparison with the most famous conflicts of antiquity. Not Cannæ, not Thrasymene, not Thermopylæ itself, has witnessed deeds of more heroic daring, scenes of more romantic gallantry, than those which have shed the lustre of an undying glory on the banks of the Alma, the valley of Balaclava, and the crimsoned cliffs of Inkermann." The first two engravings of the present series—the death of Captain Nolan and the escape of Captain Low—relate to occurrences in the battle of Balaclava. This affair, it will be remembered, took place on the 25th of October, 1854. The Turks, who were entrusted with the charge of four redoubts, on being warily attacked by the Russians, fled, notwithstanding the active preparations making in the rear to support and relieve them. Sir George Cathcart, commanding the fourth, and the Duke of Cambridge, with the first division, moved towards the scene of action, while General Bosquet's division (the 30th) got under arms, and a strong detachment of French artillery and Chasseurs d'Africa were despatched to aid the British in the defence of the valley. The ninety-third Highlanders, under Sir Colin Campbell, occupied the road leading into the town of Balaclava, and Lord Lucan's bugles sounded the saddle-call. The spectator, who occupied a position commanding the entire scene of action, might have beheld, soon after the alarm was given, jets of white smoke all along the advanced lines, showing that the work had already commenced, while the rapid advance of light infantry detachments, the galloping to and fro of staff officers, and the glittering sweep of the mounted escorts to the French and English generals, made up one of those brilliant pageants which impart such bewildering fascination to the deadly game of war. The Russian column of attack made a formidable appearance. A mile in advance of their main body were two batteries of light artillery, playing away incessantly on the allied redoubts. Behind these rode six compact squares of cavalry, with mounted skirmishers in front. At intervals were heavy pieces of artillery, and then ponderous masses of infantry pouring into the fated valley. But such affairs are best related by eye-witnesses. "Just as I came up," writes an Englishman who was present at the scene, "the Russians had carried No. 1 redoubt, the furthest and most elevated of all, and their horsemen were chasing the Turks across the interval which lay between it and redoubt No. 2. At that moment, the cavalry, under Lord Lucan, were formed in glittering masses, the light brigade, under Lord Cardigan, in advance; the heavy brigade, under Brigadier-General Scarlett, in reserve. They were drawn up just in front of their encampment, and were concealed from the view of the enemy by a slight 'wave' in the plain. Considerably to the rear of their right, the ninety-third Highlanders were drawn up in line, in front of the approach to Balaclava. Above and behind them, in the heights, the marines were visible through the glass, drawn up under arms, and the gunners could be seen ready in the earth-works, in which were placed the heavy ships' guns. The ninety-third had originally been advanced somewhat more into the plain, but the instant the Russians got possession of their first redoubt, they opened a fire on them from their own guns, which inflicted some injury, and Sir Colin Campbell 'retired' his men to a better position. To our inexpressible disgust, we saw the Turks in redoubt No. 2 fly at their approach. They ran in scattered groups across towards redoubt No. 3 and towards Balaclava; but the horse-hoof of the Cossack was too quick for them, and sword and lance were busily plied among the retreating herd. The yells of the pursuers and pursued were plainly audible. As the lancers and light cavalry of the Russians advanced, they gathered up their skirmishers with great speed and in excellent order—the shifting trails of men, which played all over the valley like moonlight on the water, contracted, gathered up, and the little *peloton* (platoon) in a few moments became a solid column. Then up came their guns, in rushed their gunners to the abandoned redoubts and the guns of No. 2 redoubt soon played with deadly effect upon the dispirited defenders of No. 3 redoubt. Two or three shots in return from the earth-works, and all is silent. The Turks swarm over the earthworks, and run in confusion towards the town, firing their muskets at the enemy as they run. Again the solid column of cavalry opens



CHARGE AT BALACLAVA, AND DEATH OF CAPT. NOLAN.

like a fan, and resolves itself into a 'long spray' of skirmishers. It laps the flying Turks, steel flashes in the air, and down goes the poor Moslem, quivering on the plain, split through fez and musket guard, to the chin and breast-belt. There is no support for them. It is evident the Russians have been too quick for us, for they have not held their redoubts long enough to enable us to bring them help. In vain the naval guns on the right fire on the Russian cavalry; the distance is too great for shot or shell to reach. In vain the Turkish gunners in the batteries which are placed along the French intrenchments strive to protect their flying countrymen; their shot fly wide and short of the swarming masses. The Turks betake themselves towards the Highlanders, where they check their flight and form into companies of the flanks of the Highlanders. As the Russian cavalry on the left of their line crown the hill across the valley, they perceive the Highlanders drawn up at the distance of some half a mile, calmly awaiting their approach. They halt, and squadron after squadron flies up from the rear, till they have a body of some five hundred men along the ridge—lancers, dragoons and hussars. Then they move *en echelon* in two bodies, with another in reserve. The cavalry who have been pursuing the Turks on the right are com-

ing up the ridge beneath us, which conceals our cavalry from view. The heavy brigade in advance is drawn up in two lines; the first line consists of the Scots Greys and of their old companions in glory, the Enniskillens; the second of the fourth Royal Irish, of the fifth dragoon guards, and of the first Royal Dragoons. The light cavalry brigade is on their left, in two lines also. The silence is oppressive; between the cannon bursts one can hear the champing of bits and the clank of sabres in the valley below. The Russians on their left drew breath for a moment, and then dashed at the Highlanders. The ground flies beneath their horses' feet; gathering speed at every stride, they dashed on towards that thin red streak, topped with a line of steel. The Turks fire a volley at eight hundred yards and run. As the Russians come within six hundred yards, down goes that line of steel in front, and out rings a rolling volley of Minié musketry. The distance is too great; the Russians are not checked, but still sweep onward with the whole force of horse and man, through the smoke, here and there knocked over by the shot of our batteries above. With breathless suspense, every one awaits the bursting of the wave upon the line of Gaelic rock; but ere they come within a hundred and fifty yards, another deadly volley flashes from the levelled ridges, and carries death and terror into the Russians. They wheel about, open files right and left, and fly back faster than they came. 'Bravo, Highlanders! well done!' shout the excited crowd." This incident was followed by a splendid charge of British cavalry. The *élite* of the Russian cavalry, hussars in their light blue jackets, embroidered with silver lace, supported by a crowd of lances, with bright pennons fluttering from their spear heads, and heavy dragoons in their thick gray coats, charged down hill against the British left, evidently resolved



ESCAPE OF CAPT. LOW, AT BALACLAVA.

to ride over their opponents. At this moment the British trumpets rang out a clear and hold defiance through the valley, and the Greys and Enniskilleners, grasping their sabres and dashing their bows into their horses, plunged into the fray, dealing death at every stroke. Slashing their way through the first line of the enemy, they spurred on the second, and while they were cutting them up, the first Royals and fourth and fifth Dragoon Guards finished the destruction and route of the first line, and then aided in the defeat of the second. It had been well if this cavalry charge had been the only one attempted. But Lord Raglan sent his aide-de-camp, Captain Nolan, of the fifteenth hussars, with the following written order to Lord Lucan, who commanded the British light cavalry brigade: "Lord Raglan wishes the cavalry to advance rapidly to the front—follow the enemy and try to prevent the enemy carrying away the guns. Troop of horse artillery may accompany. French cavalry is on your left. Immediate." At the moment this order was delivered, the Russians were posted as follows: At the time of the retreat of the Russian cavalry, the infantry had fallen back to the head of the valley. The Russians occupied three of the captured redoubts, but abandoned the fourth. On the left of the gorge were some heavy guns they had placed in battery. Across the entrance of the gorge the cavalry occupied an oblique line, drawn up in six compact divisions, covering about thirty guns, in the rear of which were posted six battalions of infantry, while heavy masses of infantry also lined the hills. The British light brigade were protected by a ridge, up to the base of which they had advanced. When Lord Lucan read the order, he was surprised at it, and inquired of Capt. Nolan, "Where are we to advance to?" Nolan instantly pointed to the Russian line, and replied, "There, my lord, are the enemy, and there are the guns." With great reluctance, Lucan then issued to Lord Cardigan the inevitable order to advance. In two times, the brigade, setting spurs to their horses, dashed forward. "Into the valley of death rode the six hundred," Nolan went with them. At twelve hundred yards thirty pieces of Russian cannon, laid with deadly precision, opened upon them. Nolan was among the first to fall, as shown in the engraving: he was struck by the fragment of an exploding shell. Yet he did not immediately fall. His body retained its accustomed seat, while his horse, whirling round, dashed madly back to the British lines, and flung the dead body at the feet of his comrades. The Russian artillery tore huge gaps through the advancing brigade, still they dashed on. Into the smoke of the batteries they flew like arrows. Their distant comrades beheld the flashing of their sabres, as the heavy pall of death occasionally opened. The Russian guns from the hillsides also played on the devoted band. Cutting down the artillerymen, they rode between the guns, then wheeled and came back again. As they turned, an enormous mass of lancers was hurled upon their flank, and while they were cutting their way through desperate odds, the Russian

gunners, returning to their pieces, opened a point blank discharge on friend and foe, tearing them to pieces with their grape and canister. The retreat of the remnant was covered by the heavy brigade, one hundred and ninety-eight of whom only answered to the roll-call after the affair. Lucan was wounded, and Cardigan's uniform was riddled. Such was this terrible episode of the battle, which closed at one o'clock P. M., both armies retiring to their former position. Captain Nolan, whose death formed one of the most touching episodes in the tragedy of the day, was a son of the late Major Nolan, formerly of the seventieth regiment; who afterwards resided some years at Milan, where he held the appointment of vice-consul. All his sons showed a predilection for the military profession, and at an early age, Lewis, the subject of this brief notice, entered the Austrian service. He there laid the foundation of that knowledge, on all points connected with cavalry tactics, in which he subsequently attained such proficiency; and even then he made himself conspicuous in his corps as a fearless rider. After a short time passed in Hungary and on the Polish frontier, Captain Nolan left the Austrian service, being desirous of continuing his military career in the British army. He was accordingly gazetted to an ensigncy in the fourth foot on the 15th of March, 1839, and the following month appointed to the fifteenth Hussars, then in India. Shortly after joining his regiment, his talents gained for him the notice of Sir Henry Pottinger, at that time governor of Madras, from whom he received the appointment of extra aide-de-camp on his staff. While residing in India, he occupied his time in acquiring some of the native dialects, in paying attention to the various details of the military system in the East, and in the pursuit of field sports; keeping up his character as a first-rate horseman by winning several well contested steeple-chases near Madras. Having obtained his troop, and the fifteenth Hussars being ordered home, he came to England on leave, before the regiment, and proceeded on a tour through Russia and other parts of northern Europe. On his return to England, he published his book on the "Organization, Drill and Manœuvres of Cavalry Corps," so well known among military people. The work excited attention in the Horse Guards, and the author received a staff appointment in the army leaving for the East. His acknowledged good judgment, also, in the selection of horses, led to his being commissioned to make large purchases on the part of the government at Tunis and elsewhere, which service he performed most satisfactorily. Captain Nolan was devoted to his profession, and more especially to his own branch of the service, thinking that no force or obstacle, however formidable, could ever stand against a regular charge of British cavalry. His death was an illustration of this opinion. Captain Nolan was present at the battle of Alma, as aide-de-camp to Brigadier General Airey, and at the time of his death he was only thirty-five years of age. He had two brothers, both of whom died while in the service, and he leaves a bereaved mother to mourn the loss of him, her only surviving son, whose early career promised a future alike brilliant to himself and useful to his country. Of the wonderful escapes of that day we may mention that of Captain, now Lieutenant Colonel, Low, of the fourth light dragoons, which forms the subject of our second engraving. We there see him with his bridle-reins and Colt's revolver in his left hand, in the act of cutting down a Russian hussar, while the dead and dying around him give proof of his desperate valor. This brave officer actually succeeded in cutting his way out of the thick of the enemy after he had despatched thirteen of his assailants. This gallant soldier entered the service in 1835, and has constantly served, on the full pay of the cavalry, since that year. Slightly above the middle size, his broad chest and shoulders, long arms, narrow girth, fine manly countenance, with the long, light, Saxon moustache, altogether form a figure the very *beau idéal* of the light cavalry *sabreur*—and such he nobly proved himself on that day, so fatal yet so famous for the light cavalry of Britain. After that terrible charge, in which he slew or unhorsed so many of the enemy, dealing sabre-strokes, every one of which carried death with it, he found himself almost alone among the enemy's horsemen, three of whom bore down on the British cavalier, one on each flank and one in front. Seizing his Colt's revolver, he shot the two first right and left, and cutting down the third with his sabre, his good horse bounded over him, and, although with a jaw broken by a grape shot, carried his heroic rider safe into the British lines. The battle of Balaklava was, it will be remembered, followed by that of Inkermann, on the 5th of November, an even, which fills the bloodiest page in the great war drama of the Crimea. According to General Canrobert's estimate, no fewer than one hundred thousand men were employed against the allies at Inkermann. Menschikoff's intention was evidently to crush the allies by overwhelming numbers. They



DEATH OF BRIGADIER-GENERAL STRANGWAYS.

advanced, under cover of the fog, upon almost the only exposed point of the English lines. They attacked as early as five o'clock in the morning, and the fight waged with the most desperate valor on both sides till ten o'clock, when the Russians retired. It was a horrid scene of hand-to-hand fighting and carnage, and victory was only achieved by the indomitable courage of the allied troops. It has been called the "soldiers' battle." In many respects it resembled that of Buena Vista, in our Mexican war. "The battle of Inkermann," says an eye witness, "admits of no description. It was a series of dreadful deeds of daring, of sanguinary hand-to-hand fights, of despairing rallies, of desperate assaults—in glens and valleys, in brushwood-glades and remote dells, hidden from all human eyes, and from which the conquerors, Russian or British, issued only to engage fresh foes, till our old supremacy, so rudely assailed, was triumphantly asserted, and the battalions of the Czar gave way before our steady courage and the chivalrous fire of France." An English officer who participated, and was severely wounded in the battle, bears still more emphatic testimony to the fury of the contest. "I have," he says, "already read the accounts forwarded by newspaper correspondents, I have already seen the enumeration of the Russians slain; but

artillery officers when they heard of his death." His last words were, "I die, at least, a soldier's death." His remains were interred at the same time as those of Sir George Cathcart. Both were placed in coffins, and Lord Raglan and the Duke of Cambridge, with the whole of the fourth division and the artillery, assisted in the ceremony of the day after the battle. Lord Raglan, in his official despatch of the battle of Inkermann, alluded to the brave officer, whose death has been so universally deplored, as follows: "Brigadier General Strangways was known to have distinguished himself in early life; and, in mature age, throughout a long service, he maintained the same character. The mode in which he had conducted the command of the artillery since it was placed in his hands by the departure, through illness, of Major General Cator, is entitled to my entire approbation, and was equally agreeable to those who were confided to his care." General Strangways was eldest surviving son of the Hon. and Rev. Charles Redlynch Fox Strangways. He was born 28th December, 1790. He served the campaign of 1813 and 1814 in Germany, including the battle of Goerlitz, 16th September, and Leipzig 16th, 18th, 19th October, 1813, for which the Swedish Order of the Sword was conferred upon him, he having commanded the rocket-train after the death of Major Bogue, killed in action; served also in the campaign of 1815, including the battles of Quatre-Bras and Waterloo, at which last he was slightly wounded. Our last engraving delineates the death of Sir George Cathcart, which occurred as follows: Seeing his men disordered by the fire of a large column of Russian infantry which was outflanking them, while portions of the various regiments composing his division were maintaining an unequal struggle with an overwhelming force, he rode down into the ravine in which they were engaged, to rally them. He perceived at the same time that the Russians had actually got possession of a portion of the hill in the rear of one flank of his division, but still his stout heart never failed him for a moment. He rode at their head, encouraging them, and when the cry arose that the ammunition was failing, he said, coolly, "Have you not got your bayonets?" As he led on his men, it was observed that another body of men had gained the top of the hill behind them on the right, but it was impossible to tell whether they were friends or foes. A deadly volley was poured into the scattered regiments. Sir George cheered them and led them back up the hill; but a flight of bullets passed where he rode, and he fell from his horse close to the Russian columns. The men had to fight their way through a host of enemies, and lost fearfully. They were surrounded and bayoneted on all sides, and won their desperate way up the hill, with diminished ranks, and the loss of near five hundred men. Sir George Cathcart's body was afterwards recovered, with a bullet wound in the head, and three bayonet-wounds in the body. In this struggle, where the Russians fought with the greatest ferocity, and bayoneted the wounded as they fell, Colonel Swyny, Lieut. Dowling, and Major Wyne, were killed, and Brigadier Goedie was mortally wounded.



DEATH OF SIR GEORGE CATHCART.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SONG.

BY WILLIAM L. SHOEMAKER.

The earth as yet is pale and drear;
 Not yet's the time for flowers;
 Nor is there music in the grove,
 Nor blossoms in the bowers:
 But what care I
 For the bare earth or gloomy sky,
 While love
 Still deigns to hide with me,
 And brings me visions bright and clear,
 Of thee, my love, of thee!

I do not sigh for summer hours:
 Love's warmth within me glows;
 And thou to me art far more fair
 Than summer's fairest rose:
 In memory's ear
 Thy voice, more sweet than song, I hear,
 And care
 Flies, like a cloud, from me;
 While in my heart bloom love's own flowers
 For thee, my love, for thee!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

HUBBA'S REVENGE.

BY WILLIAM T. HALEY.

TOWARDS the close of the ninth century, Paris sustained one of the most terrible and prolonged sieges to which, from the foundation of the ancient Lutetia to our own day, the capital of the land of the Gauls has ever been subjected. From the year 885 to the year 887, fierce and swarming hordes of Northmen had constantly, and almost completely, invested the city; and to all the usual sufferings of war, this strong and vigilant blockade added first famine and then pestilence. Again and again, when the Northmen had assailed the old Lutetia, they had easily, though with very questionable policy, been bribed to retire; but they now seemed determined and inflexibly bent upon either reducing the city to a mere heap of ruins, or utterly expelling the inhabitants, and making the city their own abiding-place and central fortress, whence to overrun and subject the broad lands that lay invitingly around them in every direction. The celebrated Bishop Goslen, who, partly by brave resistance, but chiefly by impolitic money payments, had on more than one occasion saved the city from the Northmen, had now for some time rested peacefully in the grave, in which he had been laid amidst the sincere tears and lamentations of the Lutetians. But his place was well and worthily filled by his episcopal successor, Anseric, who to most of the good qualities of Goslen added a stern pride, which inclined him to resist the barbarians with fire and sword, rather than purchase their absence with gold; and Anseric was ably and bravely seconded by the Abbot Ehle, who seems to have had a double portion of the warlike spirit which, in that troublous and rugged age, men of his cloth so frequently manifested.

During this, the most terrible of all the sieges to which Lutetia, or Paris, was subjected, the Count of Eudes, who is so often and so honorably mentioned in the French history of that period, displayed even more than his usual conduct as a commander, and personal valor and self-devotion as a soldier. But, though ably and gallantly seconded by Anseric and Ehle, the Count of Eudes again and again repulsed the barbarians from the walls of the city, and made quite frightful havoc in their swarming ranks, his own losses in killed and wounded were proportionally great; and it needed far less than his military sagacity to perceive that, opposed as he was to an enemy to whom the loss of thousands was of comparatively little consequence, reinforced as that enemy continually was by new arrivals, each of his temporary triumphs did but in fact so thin his already too scanty ranks, as to hasten the fatal hour when his sole alternative would be to surrender to the barbarians, or to sally out sword in hand and perish. And when famine and pestilence made the city hideous, and tortured the citizens into senseless and threatening seditions, the count saw that nothing could save Lutetia but a speedy and numerous reinforcement.

Leaving, therefore, the command in the hands of the able Anseric and Ehle, and assuring them of his speedy return with a powerful reinforcement, he privately left the city, successfully eluded the vigilance of the outlying parties of the barbarians, and so eloquently represented to the emperor the sufferings and the devotedness of the Lutetian garrison, that the emperor, touched alike in his pride and in his humanity, promised that an efficient army should march to raise the siege; and he, in the meantime, furnished the count with a considerable body of cavalry, at the head of which the count returned by forced marches, and, gallantly cutting his way through the enemy, got into the city with a loss quite astonishingly small, when compared to that which he inflicted upon the serried but disorderly ranks of the Northmen.

The return of the Count of Eudes, and his assurances of speedy and effectual succor, roused the spirits of the citizens to such an extent, that some of the chronicles of that time assure us that, while some actually died of joy, hundreds, whom famine or the pest had reduced to the very verge of the grave, suddenly and completely recovered. This joy, however, was doomed to be as short-lived as it was excessive. Henry, of Saxony, did indeed lead a numerous and well appointed army to the relief of the city; but before he had time to make a single effort towards raising the siege, he suffered himself to be surprised by the barbarians, and perished uselessly and obscurely. Utterly discouraged by his

death, and probably having a secret sympathy with the besiegers, the army, from whose efforts the besieged had hoped for deliverance, straightway marched back to Germany, leaving the barbarians to their own devices, and the city to its fate.

Even at this hour, when all that is sternly terrible and loathsome detestable in human nature is contrasted, before dread Sebastopol, with so much of the noblest and the most generous of that tenderness which was the brightest feature of antique chivalry, scarcely are the deeds or the sufferings of old Lutetia surpassed, whether we contemplate the courageous defence of the citizens, weakened as they were by the triple scourge of war, pestilence and famine, or the stern persistence with which the Northmen still maintained their investment of those walls, beneath which they had already lost whole hecatombs of their best and bravest.

The death of Henry of Saxony, and the ingloriously hasty retreat of his army, could not fail to excite to the very utmost the eagerness and daring of warriors at once so fierce and so obstinate as the besieging Northmen, and, on the return of their pursuing parties from harassing and slaughtering the rear guards of the retreating Germans, they determined upon a simultaneous assault upon all the weaker points of the place. With the Northmen, to resolve was to execute; and, as if to add scorn to fury, and to embitter utter defeat by deepest humiliation, the Norman chiefs, instead of seeking aid from the darkness of the night, made their attack at noonday, and at once by land and by water.

The inhabitants, when the attack commenced, were at their noontide meal; but the moment that the bells sounded the alarm, young and old, the hale and the scarcely convalescent, sprang from the table and seized their arms. But where were they to muster? Which was the point most endangered? Alas, turn in which direction they might, they found themselves confronted by out-numbering and blood-hungry foemen, who quite literally showered stones from their arbalests, and arrows from their bows. Resisting as they best might, the citizens rushed *en masse* to the point of the isle where was the chief rupture and slaughter of "the heady fight;" a good knight, surnamed Gerholde, at the head of only five warriors, having at that point obstinately and successfully resisted the passage of by far the fiercest and most numerous of the bands into which the enemy was divided.

On several other points, however, the Northmen, for a time, had decidedly the advantage; and though the citizens still obstinately resisted, they did so with the courage of despair, rather than with that of hope. And even the most sanguine among them anticipated no other result than their own death, and the pillage of the city, especially as the enemy had succeeded in setting fire to the strongest and most reliable portion of the great Bridge Tower, which occupied the site of that chatelet which, during so many subsequent ages, was the prison and the death-scene of some of the most remarkable of the emphatically historical characters of France. But it chanced now, as it has often chanced, the very extremity of their distress and their despair served but to inspire the besieged with added vigor and with added daring. Seeing themselves surrounded by flames, and well knowing that they had no mercy to hope for from the fierce Northmen, the garrison of the great Bridge Tower suddenly opened their gates and threw themselves, sword in hand, upon the multitudinous and compact mass of their enemies. The brave garrison were cut to pieces, quite literally to a man. But even in their death they saved the city; for, in the desperate sally in which they sacrificed their lives, they so completely disordered the barbarians that they were repulsed on every point.

Among the very few prisoners who were made by the Lutetians, was a singularly handsome youth, who, when the retreat of the Northmen gave his captors sufficient leisure to interrogate him, called himself Hubba, and stated that he had been forcibly torn from his home on the confines of the modern Denmark, and compelled, on pain of being cruelly tortured to death, to enrol himself among those fierce invaders who were so deeply and so naturally detested by the Lutetians. His account of himself was all the more readily believed by the majority of those to whom he gave it, because it had been observed that during the terrible struggle in front of the great Bridge Tower he struck not a single blow, but throwing away his weapons, rushed to the rear of the Franks, imploring their mercy and protection. Nor did his bearing as a prisoner at all belie the timid and unwarlike character he had displayed as a fugitive; for, while his fellow-countrymen taken in arms, and almost without an exception bleeding from numerous and desperate wounds, glared fiercely with their wild eyes upon their captors, and menaced alike by gesture and in guttural tones, which conveyed definite meaning to but few, if any, of those captors, Hubba's great blue eyes were filled with tears, and his hands were clasped in supplication, as in bad French, eked out by occasional words in Danish, he iterated and reiterated his statement, and besought mercy on a helpless boy, who had been unwillingly forced into an expedition in which his heart had no part, and in which he had shed no drop of blood. Alike to his captors and to his fellow-captives the boy was an object of unconcealed wonder and contempt; for the Franks were little less rugged and fierce than their northern invaders, and in common with those invaders despised timidity and effeminacy when exhibited by an enemy, and rarely, if ever, failed to punish it when exhibited by a friend. But the boy was so fragile in form, and so extremely youthful in aspect, that even the fierce warriors to whom he pleaded so earnestly for his life, gradually felt an unwonted pity mingling with their contempt; and when the Count of Eudes proposed that, while all the other prisoners should be put to death as creatures too hateful and dangerous to be kept alive, even in the severest and most servile state of serfdom, and that the young and seemingly reclaimable Hubba should become the count's domestic serf,

not a voice in that stern assembly was raised against the proposal. But there was one of the bravest and most influential of the count's officers, who, though he said not a word of disapproval, showed, both by his unbroken silence while all his comrades gave zealous and loud assent, and by the dark and lowering expression of his stern features, that he at least was no admirer of the count's exceeding and unusual lenity. The count, as acutely observant in peace as he was gallant upon the battle-field, perceived the discontent of the brave though proverbially cruel and implacable Raoul, and was far too politic to offend so daring and efficient an auxiliary for the sake of an effeminate boy of the hated race of the heathen Northmen.

"Our brave Raoul," said the count, "seems scarcely to approve the course I propose to follow concerning this girlish youth, who assuredly would cause but small mischief were we to send him, armed *cap-a-pie*, after his retreating fellow-heathen, who, *certainly*, use their feet in flight as deftly as ever they used their hands in the *melee*; though, truth to speak, the misbelieving varlets were well nigh fighting all too well for us. Tell me, Raoul, can you see any possibility of evil arising from our showing clemency, for once in the way, to a heathen, when that heathen is a young and lack-heart boy such as he who trembles before us?"

"My kind count," replied Raoul, "I leave clemency and the like fine strokes of policy to those who profess to understand them; for my own part, when I see a tiger cub, I think only of what the mature tiger may do—and I knock out the cub's brains alike without pity and without remorse. But you are my superior alike in age and in command, and as all present save myself seem to be willing that the boy shall be spared, I will only just say, that it seems to me that he may be somewhat more fittingly disposed of than by being placed in the household of the Count of Eudes. In his double capacity of heathen foe and miserable dastard, it were a sorry compliment to pay to your gallant young pages, to give them such a creature even for their meanest and least trusted menial. Of a verity, this seems to me to be anything rather than the fitting season for pampering our foes, or for disheartening, not to say disgusting, our friends. Now, it chances that some of this young hero's mild and merciful friends have made a slovenly and unhandsome corpse of one of my horse-boys, and I think, if you give me this young heathen in his place, the rough work and rough fare with which my people are full sure to provide him, will be quite as good as the unbaptized dastard deserves. At all events, *pardieu!* ye may safely swear, gentles all, ye may safely swear, that none of our Frankish youth will envy him!"

A general laugh, in which the count heartily joined, saluted this characteristic speech of Raoul; for it was well known that his followers, from the highest to the lowest, had in him a very stern and exacting lord to deal with.

"Well, Raoul," said the still laughing count, "be it as you will. I confess that I should not care to send such a mere and effeminate boy to the death-room, but as for how he may live, or where he may live, right little care I, so that good heed be taken to afford some holy man the opportunity to convert the young heathen to the one only true faith. So now that this matter is disposed of, let these sanguinary dogs of prisoners be taken to their doom, and remember, Raoul and all you, my gallant friends, that three days hence, all here, at the head of their respective commands, that we are all to assemble on the third day hence, at Raoul's castle, thence to march on an expedition of high enterprise, which shall to all future time discourage these heathen Northmen from slaughtering our people, and insulting us by beleaguering our good and splendid city of Lutetia."

The prisoners were escorted to their place of doom, and the boy-captive sadly, and with evident reluctance, followed his stern new master from the hall; and in a few hours was installed in the undesirable post of universal page and butt to the grooms and horse-boys, who did their stern and wantonly cruel master at least the one good service of proving the falsehood of the general report, which represented his cruelty and callousness to human wrong and human suffering at once inimitable and unapproachable.

"And hark thee, boy," said Raoul, as he dismissed the young prisoner from his presence, "see that you be quick and deft of hand in the stables, and apt and teachable when being instructed in the true faith, or I swear to thee it were far better that the heathen she-wolf, thy mother, had died ere she gave thee birth!"

While the eye of the stern warrior was upon him, the boy trembled like one in an ague fit; but could Raoul have noted the fierce and lurid light which flashed from the young prisoner's eye as he left the knight's presence, a terrible tragedy would have been spared to the world, and wanton tyrants would have lost a fearful but far from wholly needless lesson. Against the strength and the fierceness of the Northmen, Raoul was potent in the field, and wise in the council; but to discern the guile, or to appreciate the superstitious enthusiasm of these barbarians, the meanest horse-boy in his train was not more utterly incompetent.

On the third day of the boy's captivity, the castle of Raoul the Tiger, as he was called for many a league around it, was thronged with the very *elite* of the Count Eudes's captains, and vast as was Raoul's household, it was on that occasion scarcely adequate to making preparation for the profuse though anything but refined hospitality which the French aristocracy of that day were so fond of displaying. Cook and pantler, usher and serving man, were taxed beyond patience, and almost beyond endurance: but by dint of impressing into the service all the more presentable of the varlets who were usually engaged in the out o' doors' service of the establishment, everything was at length in order, and both the gallant host and his guests were impatient for the arrival of the Count of Eudes, for whom alone the banquet was now delayed. At length the guard on the outer tower announced that in the far

distance he could dimly discern a single horseman approaching the castle; and in a short half hour after that announcement, a messenger, "bloody with spurring, fiery red with speed," announced that the receipt of a despatch from Germany would render it impossible for him to join his captains until the following day.

Meantime, the boy captive, employed like his fellows in menial offices in aid of cook and pantler, was stationed in a vast vault, drawing off vast pitchers of generous wine, whose very fumes were almost intoxicating, and could any of the many menials, to whom he delivered the pitchers as he filled them, have read the tragic meaning that flashed in his singularly large and clear blue eyes, and convulsed his femininely delicate features, many a taunt, we throw, and many a wanton and dastardly buffet would that slight and seemingly helpless boy that day have been spared!

"Ah!" he uttered, when he at length found himself alone, "our scalds and teachers rightly say that these Christian Franks are the true barbarians, and that our Valballa can be so well merited by no one deed as by that of annihilating these sanguinary and merciless haters of our Scandinavian race, and our holy and true doctrines as taught by our scalds, from the true and sublime books of the Voluspa and the Havamal, bestowed upon his Scandinavian children by the great Odin, against whom the evil spirit Loki, and these his evil sons may war fiercely, but shall war only in vain! And who, of all the Scandinavian race, ought to hate these vile Franks as deeply, or to destroy them as pitilessly as I? Lover, and father, and brothers; all, all have perished, and I, the shrinking girl, amid the clang and the peril of the battle-field, I, I, by the proud oppressor's own act, or rather by the mercy of the great Odin, am here to avenge, ah! how deeply to avenge, the slaughter of my own people! Hark! shriek on shriek! Shout on shout! Ah! the death pang already is teaching the dread lesson that the tyrant is obnoxious to pain as his meanest victim, and that, unless infirm of purpose, or lukewarm of zeal, the weakest among us can carry greater dismay in the enemy's camp than the fiercest onslaught of our serried Scandinavian hosts. Again! Ah, then the time has come for the last crowning act of a tragedy which shall cause the proud and dainty dames of France to feel some of the tortures which their detestable kinsmen have inflicted upon mine and upon me!"

Nor did the despairing and ruthless woman at all overrate the ruin which her weak hand had wrought. The chivalry of that day, whatever its other virtues, had nothing to boast of in the way of temperance; your knights and men-at-arms were no shunners of the wine-cup, and when Raoul the Tiger rose with a full goblet of his costliest and richest wine, and called upon his guests to drink with him to the health and speedy arrival of their valiant leader, the absent Count of Eudes, mighty and deep was the draught each drank. But, to the jovial shout, the wild shriek or the sepulchral groan speedily succeeded. Livid as death, every man there present felt as though he had swallowed molten iron at its white heat—and the terrible words poison and treachery were uttered in terrible accents by men who but a moment before would have rushed upon an outnumbering foe as joyously as they would have gone to bridal or to banquet.

At the scarcely intelligible command of Raoul, the boy prisoner was sought, and was speedily brought into the hall—a pallid and rigid corpse; and so swiftly did whatever poison he had infused into the wine do its deadly work, that the Count of Eudes, on reaching the castle on the following day, saw only bloated and spotted masses of lifeless clay, where he had expected to find wisdom for the council tent, and fiery valor for the battle-field; and few, indeed, as the terrible victim avenger had predicted, few indeed were the proud and dainty dames of Lutetia who did not bewail the dread completeness of HUBBA'S REVENGE.

INFLUENCE OF MARRIAGE.

Habit and long life together are more necessary to happiness, and even to love, than is generally imagined. No one is happy with the object of his attachment, until he has passed days, and, above all, many days of misfortune with her. The married pair must know each other to the centre of their souls—the mysterious veil which covered the two spouses in the primitive church, must be raised in its inmost folds, how closely soever it may be kept drawn to the rest of the world. What! on account of a fit of caprice, or burst of passion, am I to be exposed to the fear of losing my wife and my children, and to renounce the hope of passing my declining days with them? Let no one imagine that fear will make me become a better husband. No; we do not attach ourselves to a possession which we are in danger of losing—the soul of a man, as well as his body, is incomplete without his wife; he has strength, she has beauty; he combats the enemy and labors in the field, but he understands nothing of domestic life; his companion is waiting to prepare his repast and sweeten his existence. He has crosses, and the partner of his life is there to soften them; his days may be sad and troubled, but in the chaste arms of his wife he finds comfort and repose. Without woman, man would be rude, gross, solitary. Woman spreads around him the flowers of existence as the creepers of the forests, which decorate the trunks of sturdy oaks with their perfumed garlands. Finally, the Christian pair live and die united; together they reap the fruits of their union; in the dust they lie side by side; and they are united beyond the tomb.—*Home, and the Family.*

PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.

The virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction and the clearer revelation of God's favor. Yet, even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many heart-like airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath labored more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. Certainly, virtue is like precious odors, most fragrant where they are incensed or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.—*Lord Bacon.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A STORY OF OLD TIMES.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

VERY many years ago—indeed, all the personages of whom I am about to write have long since been gathered to their fathers, there dwelt in New York, on the banks of the East River, a retired merchant, of the name of Harmann Brinkerhoff. He had been very prosperous in business, and the fruits of his industry and enterprise were his "bawerie," or country seat, with its farm of twenty acres (now worth millions), some eighty thousand dollars, part of it in good gold, safely locked in an iron strong-box let into the wall of what would now be termed his study, and the remainder in bonds and notes, convertible at maturity into solid cash; for in the benighted days of which I write, there were no "fancies," no railroad stocks paying ten per cent. one day and minus nothing the next, none of those brilliant investments that make every tenth man in our times a millionaire—on paper. "Slow and sure" was the humiliating motto of those high days of foggdom. A man of great consideration then was Harmann Brinkerhoff. Two or three times a week he entered a sort of Noah's ark upon wheels, drawn by two heavy Flanders horses, that did the plunging on his place, and driven by an old white-headed negro slave, temporarily elevated from the corn-field to the coach-box, made a sort of royal progress into town, where even the school-boys would recognize his majestic three-cornered hat, his awful wig, his purple velvet coat, gold-headed cane and ruffles, and the tidings ran from mouth to mouth that "Harmann Brinkerhoff had come to town." After a visit to some of the principal haunts of Plutus, and a gossip with some old cronies of his own age and standing, he would return to his mansion, a vainer and prouder man than ever.

At home he was a perfect autocrat. "His will was law and his frown was fate." His sway over his household was absolute as that of Alexander II. over his countless vassals. His wife never thought of contradicting him; and his servants stood in most wholesome awe of his august displeasure.

He had but one child, a son, named after the patron saint of the Manhattanese—Nicholas. Young Brinkerhoff was as unlike his father as possible. Mild and gentle, almost to effeminacy, he resembled his stern sire in nothing but his commercial ability; and even in his business transactions he exhibited none of the harshness of the old man. While serving out his mercantile apprenticeship, he resided at home, and rode to and from the city on horseback; but when he attained his majority, he gave so many excellent reasons for establishing himself in Boston, that old Brinkerhoff, with great reluctance, consented that he should remove thither, though he entertained an hereditary and mortal hatred of the Yankees, and only gave into the arrangement from the secret hope that his son would gratify his prejudices by overreaching them in all his dealings.

Accordingly he lent him, not gave him, money to establish himself in trade in Boston; but he exacted notes for his advances, and required a monthly statement of his transactions and his prospects. Nicholas was very sorry to part with his mother, but his satisfaction at escaping from the iron rule of the homestead could hardly be concealed.

For a time he was very regular in his correspondence; but at last his letters became very brief, and finally for a long time he was silent. Old Brinkerhoff stormed and wrote furious letters, but he got no reply. At last one morning Mrs. Brinkerhoff entered her husband's private room, after going through the ceremony of knocking at the door and receiving permission to come in, with an open letter in her hand: her eyes showed traces of tears.

"What is the matter with you, Mrs. Brinkerhoff?" asked her lord and master, sternly.

The poor woman essayed to speak, but the forbidding expression of the iron face she gazed upon, froze the words upon her lips. She trembled and handed the letter to her husband. Hastily thrusting his gold-bowed spectacles upon his nose, the magnate read as follows:

"MY DEAR MOTHER:—You will be surprised to hear that I am married; but such is the case. My young wife is the most charming creature in the world, and I should be perfectly happy if you were only with us. Pray break this matter to my father; assure him that though I have married a poor girl, she belongs to one of the first New England families, and will do no discredit to her name. As soon as I can possibly leave my business, I shall come on with my wife to pay my respects to my father and yourself."

"I am sure, Harmann," faltered Mrs. Brinkerhoff, laying her hand upon her husband's shoulder, "though this match was sudden, and though Nicholas did very wrong in marrying without consulting you, you will not be hard upon the poor boy. I am sure Nicholas loves you, and—"

She stopped suddenly, terrified at the expression of the old man's countenance.

"Leave the room, Gertrude," he cried, harshly. "If it hadn't been for your petting and encouraging him, he would not have dared to do this. Begone! don't stand lingering there! I am busy."

Mrs. Brinkerhoff fled in terror. The old man turned to his writing desk, and indited a brief letter to his Boston correspondent, a lawyer, directing him to present his demands on his son for immediate payment. A servant was despatched to the city to mail the document. A few days afterwards the mail brought Brinkerhoff a letter from Nicholas. It was long and explanatory, and full of earnest supplications for an extension of credit, as a pressure of the old man's demands would utterly ruin him.

Brinkerhoff's answer was severely laconic:

"I will entertain no propositions from you, and all communications touching my interests must be addressed to my lawyer and attorney."

His directions to that gentleman, forwarded by the same mail, were, "Pursue him to the utmost extent of the law."

Though he did not feel bound to inform his wife of any of his business transactions, yet as he held her responsible for what he termed the base ingratitude of his son, and as he knew his present course would give her most exquisite pain, he took care to apprise her of the measures he had adopted. The effect was as felicitous as he had supposed it would be.

Some weeks after this, he left home for a few days, to see to some property he had in New Jersey. On his return, which was early one morning, he sought his wife in the breakfast-room, where he knew he should find her at the hour of his arrival. To his astonishment, she was dressed in deep mourning.

"What has happened?" he inquired, with real concern; "what is the meaning of this mourning dress, Gertrude?"

"It means that Nicholas will give you no farther trouble in this world, Harmann," replied the lady, sadly, "nor his wife either."

"Dead!" cried the conscience-stricken man, sinking into a chair. "This is more than I bargained for. Dead! and I shall never see his face again!" And tears, the first the hard man had shed for years, forced themselves from his unwonted eyes.

"You can see his face again, if you have courage to look upon it."

"Are the bodies here?" asked the old man, with a shudder.

"They are in the parlor. Do you wish to look at them?"

"You must go with me, Gertrude," faltered the guilty wretch.

"I dare not go alone."

"Come, then," said the lady, severely, and rising from her seat. "Give me your hand: I will lead you to them."

The stricken man rose feebly. He seemed to have grown very old within a few minutes. He surrendered his icy fingers to the warm, firm clasp of his wife, and tottered, rather than walked, beside her into the drawing-room. The curtains were let down, and a mysterious twilight pervaded the apartment. But there was no bier there—none of the funereal accompaniments of death.

"You will not see exactly what you expected," said Mrs. Brinkerhoff. "Raise your eyes to the wall. Previous to his death, Nicholas commissioned the famous painter, Copley, to execute full-length portraits of himself and wife. There they hang: what do you think of them?"

The old man gazed upon the wall. Before him, within a gorgeous frame, stood his son, dressed in a rich suit. The magic canvass seemed to breathe. Brinkerhoff cast but a brief glance upon the beautiful lady that formed the subject of the companion-piece—his eyes were riveted upon the rather melancholy features of the injured boy.

"What a wonderful art!" he exclaimed, with a broken voice. "The painter was inspired. It wants only one thing—but alas! that is everything—life! O, that all my gold—that my own life might restore his!"

"Yet if he stood before you a living man, you would insult him with a frown."

"Not so, so help me Heaven! Gertrude, my wishes are driving me mad. I could swear a smile crossed that face."

"It was only a sunbeam straggling through the curtain. I will draw it closer."

"Not for worlds. Let me enjoy the illusion. I tell you, Gertrude, think what you will of it, the lips move."

"You have heard of speaking likenesses," said his wife, with a smile: "this is one of them."

"Father!" said the wonderful portrait.

"Nicholas!" cried the old man, wild with surprise.

The figure stirred within the frame—it advanced from the background—it sprang lightly to the carpet; a moment more and Harmann Brinkerhoff folded his son to his heart in the warmest embrace he had ever bestowed on him since his childhood.

"What do you think of Copley, now, father?" asked the young man, after he had hugged and kissed his mother, and dried his streaming eyes. "But you have not seen half the wonders of art—or rather artifice. Emeline!" And extending his hand, Nicholas assisted the second portrait out of the frame. The blushing bride met with a rapturous welcome.

"Will you forgive us, sir," she said, after she had extricated herself from the old gentleman's arms, "for our plot against you?"

"If you hadn't believed my heart was made of marble, you wouldn't have experimented upon it so cruelly," said Brinkerhoff. "But thank Heaven! it was tough, or it would have broken in the test."

"It was a last desperate resort," said Mrs. Brinkerhoff, sadly.

"You have softened it forever," said the old man. "But can you forgive me, Nicholas?"

"From the bottom of my soul, sir," replied the young man. "Had I treated you with more confidence, our differences would never have occurred. I come, sir, prepared to discharge all your just demands."

"If you pay me a dollar, I'll cut you off with a shilling, you dog!" said the old man. "Come, wife, and come, children: I haven't had a mouthful of breakfast, and I've ridden all the way from the Jerseys this morning. We'll ratify our treaty of peace over the chocolate and buckwheat cakes, and from this hour you shall find Harmann Brinkerhoff a changed man."

He was as good as his word, and from a miserly, surly old curmudgeon, Harmann Brinkerhoff became, to the astonishment of all who knew him, one of the most genial of the Knickerbockers.

NEW YORK IN 1855 AND 1860.

We have selected for an illustration of modern New York, a view of Wall Street, looking towards Broadway, and Mr. Rowse has delineated its architectural features with his accustomed spirit and fidelity. He has done more than this, he has shown us the "bulls and bears," the curb-stone brokers, the speculators in "fancies," the heavy capitalists, the needy "shiners," all who blow bubbles and buy bubbles, who disperse wealth and pursue wealth, congregated about the choicest abodes of Plutus, the haunts of mainmon, in the great imperial city. You see men there who live in palaces, and dispense a regal hospitality away up town—you behold flashy adventurers whose whole wealth is on their backs—many a wealthy old Israelite who could draw a check for two hundred thousand dollars at a moment's notice, and yet who dresses as shabbily as an "o'elo" man, while young Judea exhibits his degeneracy in varnished boots, oiled mous-

Athenian Parthenon, with the omission of the side columns. It is two hundred feet long by ninety feet wide, and eighty feet in height. It has eight fluted columns of the Doric order, supporting an entablature and pediment. Eighteen granite steps form the ascent from the sidewalk. The sides are adorned by pilasters. The building is two stories high, the roof being of white marble as well as the rest of the structure. The slabs of which the roof is composed, weigh from four hundred to five hundred pounds each, and some of the blocks in the walls are of thirty-three tons weight. It is fire-proof throughout. The collector's or main business apartment is in the form of a rotunda, the greatest diameter of which is eighty feet. The dome which forms the roof is supported by sixteen noble Corinthian columns, forty feet in height. It was commenced in May, 1834, and finished in May, 1841, the total cost, including the ground on which it stands, being \$1,175,000. It is a great ornament to Wall Street, and reflects the highest

ulonsly wealthy street, where ingots enough are safely lodged to buy out half a dozen States—a wave of the artist's pencil, more potent than the magician's wand, and we are carried back near two centuries to the New York of 1660, or rather to the Nieuw Amsterdam, when the city and province were under the banner of their High Mightinesses the States General. We stand before that stately edifice, the Stadt Huys, or State House, erected at the head of Coenties Slip in 1644, and consequently a new building, whose architectural elegance was doubtless as much admired in those days, as that of the City Hall is now. We see below the renowned Governor Peter Stuyvesant, attended by his faithful follower and trumpeter, Anthony Van Corlear, whose first interview with the governor is thus described by Knickerbocker in his veracious history. "Him did Peter the Headstrong cause to be brought into his presence, and eyeing him for a moment from head to foot, with a countenance that would have appalled



NEW YORK IN 1855.

tachios, finger-rings, chains and a diamond breastpin. Go to Wall Street if you want to test the value of your name on paper. If you are in want of money you will find many a man as accommodating as Little Premium in the School for Scandal, who if you appear not very anxious for the supply will require only forty or fifty per cent., but if he find you in very great distress, will ask double—who hasn't the money himself but is forced to borrow from a friend—which friend is an unconscionable dog, and hasn't the money himself, but is forced to sell stock at a great loss. Here, too, you may meet men of wealth, of liberal views and open hands, who pursue fortune, not for the love of filthy lucre, but as a means to advance noble ends. Do not confound them with landsharks and misers. Here, too, you will have a fine opportunity to see the New York merchants as they pour in and out of the splendid custom house, a principal feature in the picture. It is a fine building of white marble, and stands at the corner of Wall and Nassau Streets. Its model is that of the

credit on the architect, Mr. John Frazee. The spot on which it stands is rendered interesting by its historical associations. Here, in the old Federal Hall, Congress used to hold its sessions, and in the balcony of that building stood George Washington, on the 13th of April, 1789, when he swore to support the constitution as the first president of the United States. Wall Street boasts of another splendid building, not represented in the engraving, the Merchants' Exchange, which occupies the entire tract of land bounded by Wall, William and Hanover Streets, and by Exchange Place. Part of this ground was formerly occupied by the old Merchants' Exchange, destroyed in the great fire of December, 1835. It is built of blue Quincy granite, and has a front colonnade the whole height of the building. The pillars alone, eighteen in number, cost \$34,000. It has a rotunda in the centre, surmounted by a dome, which will accommodate three thousand persons. The cost of the ground and building was \$1,800,000. But we will not dwell on the glories of this fab-

anything else than a sonnder of brass—'Prythee, who and what art thou?' said he. 'Sire,' replied the other, in no wise dismayed, 'for my name, it is Anthony Van Corlear—for my parentage, I am the son of my mother—for my profession, I am champion and garrison of this great city of New Amsterdam.' 'I doubt me much,' said Peter Stuyvesant, 'that thou art some scurvy costard-monger knave! how didst thou acquire this paramount honor and dignity?' 'Marry, sir,' replied the other, 'like many a great man before me, simply by sounding my own trumpet!' 'Ay, is it so?' quoth the governor; 'why then, let us have a relish of thy art.' Whereupon the good Anthony put his instrument to his lips, and sounded a charge with such a tremendous onset, such a delectable quaver, and such a triumphant cadence, that it was enough to make one's heart leap out of one's mouth only to be within a mile of it. Like as a war-worn charger, grazing on peaceful plains, starts at a strain of martial music, pricks up his ears, and snorts, and paws, and kindles at the noise, so did the

heroic Peter joy to hear the clangor of the trumpet; for of him might be truly said what was recorded of the renowned St. George of England, 'that there was nothing in all the world that more rejoiced his heart than to hear the pleasant sound of war, and see the soldiers brandish forth their steeld weapons.' Casting his eye more kindly, therefore, upon the sturdy Van Corlear, and finding him to be a jovial varlet, shrewd in his discourse, yet of great discretion and immeasurable wind, he straightway conceived a vast kindness for him, and discharging him from the troublesome duty of garrisoning, defending and alarming the city, ever after retained him about his person as his chief favorite, confidential envoy and trusty squire. Instead of disturbing the city with disastrous notes, he was instructed to play so as to delight the governor while at his repasts, as did the minstrels of yore in the days of knightly chivalry—and on all public occasions to rejoice the ears of the people with warlike melody—there-

I will make him a foot shorter and send the pieces to Holland, and let him appeal that way." He appears to have been actuated, however, by a sincere desire to uphold the honor and forward the best interests of the people of Manhattan. He likewise succeeded in conciliating the Indians, who had been most inhumanly treated by his predecessors. He likewise amicably settled the boundary disputes with the inhabitants of Connecticut. He established a council of nine men chosen by the people. This council petitioned the home authorities to give them a municipal government; their prayer was granted, and a schout, two burgomasters and five schepens were chosen to administer justice in the capital. The constituency of Stuyvesant was greatly enlarged by accessions of immigrants from New England, driven thence by the tyranny of the Puritans, and these new comers infused a spirit of energy into the Dutch colony, and made themselves felt in the conduct of affairs. Though Stuyvesant

assertion, and declare that Hudson was in the employ of the Dutch East India Company when he made the discovery. Yet, when they desired to settle, they asked permission of James I., in 1620, to "build some cottages on the Hudson River." Be that as it may, the summons of the English to surrender the forts and city, only excited the indignation of Stuyvesant, and he would have defended both against the British troops had he received the countenance and support of the people. As it was, he held out a long time, and finally only consented to capitulate when he found that he stood alone, his own son opposing his views. The English flag was planted on Fort Amsterdam on the 8th of September, 1664. The place was named by its new possessors New York. In 1673 the Dutch re-took the city from the English without firing a gun, but it reverted to England on the following year. We all know how rapidly it has progressed since, till it now stands almost the rival of London and Paris, and destined,



NEW YORK IN 1660.

by keeping alive a noble and martial spirit." Beside Governor Stuyvesant, we see the burgomasters and *schepens* of New Amsterdam, while a deputation of the red men are paying their respects to the magistrates. Negroes, Dutch maidens and matrons and youths make up the group, all differing as far as possible from their descendants of the present day. The first settlement of the city was made in 1621, buildings being erected near the junction of the East and North Rivers, about Whitehall, Broad Street, Coenties and Old Slips. There were but three Dutch governors—Wouter Van Twiller, Wilhelmus Kieft and Peter Stuyvesant. The latter entered upon his office in May, 1647. He had been previously governor of Curacao, and had lost a leg in battle with the Portuguese. He was a man of strong will and his notions of the relationship between the governor and the governed were essentially military, and comforted ill with the democratic views of the Dutch colonists. "If any one during my administration," he declared, "shall appeal against my decisions,

was opposed to the delegation of power to the hands of the people, he was compelled to witness its extensive manifestation. A popular convention was held in despite of the governor, and a memorial, remonstrating against his dictatorial proceedings, was sent to the parent country. He indulged his military taste in an expedition against the Swedes on the Delaware, which ended in a bloodless triumph. During his absence on this occasion, the Indians menaced New York and committed many murders on the defenceless inhabitants, but they were overawed and driven off by the return of the governor. But the greatest, and indeed, the closing event of his administration, was the appearance of an English fleet, in August, 1664, to enforce the claims of the Duke of York, resting on a grant of Charles II., to the land occupied by the Dutch colony. New York, it will be remembered, was discovered by Henry Hudson, in 1609. English writers maintain that he was employed by their government, and sold the country to the Dutch without authority, while the Dutch writers deny the

we firmly believe, to eclipse both those cities in extent, in wealth, in population and in magnificence of art; for nothing is truer than that the course of the star of empire is irresistibly westward, and that the city of New York in its geographical position, possesses every element of measurable greatness. Already she stretches her mighty arms abroad like the fabled kraken, and scores of towns and villages have sprung into existence from her influence. Already houses have covered the whole face of Manhattan Island. Points that a few years ago marked the extreme boundary lines of the city, are now remanded to its heart. The Jersey shore is densely populated—Staten Island covered with residences of taste and elegance—Brooklyn a most truly magnificent and populous city. It is possible that Brooklyn may in some future time be united to the parent city, which will then have a field for extension on the shores of Long Island, that will afford room and verge enough for the greatest municipal ambition, and be truly the metropolis of the western world.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

PICTURES OF THE PAST.

BY EVELINA M. F. BENJAMIN.

I mind, as if 'twere yesterday,
A glorious eventide,
To the rustic bridge I wandered
With Nell, my promised bride.
Not a breath waved the tasseled willows,
The moon looked calmly down,
And the ripples made low music
'Gainst the rocks moss-grown and brown.

The tiny dew-washed flax flower,
With its rich cerulean dyes,
Wears just the hue so lovely
That dwelt in Nellie's eyes;
And the net of shining tresses
Where prisoned sunbeams lay,
Needed no rich pearls to deck them,
Or diamond's fiery ray.

She had promised to be mine
When another spring should come:
But when spring awoke in beauty,
And the wild bee's drowsy hum
Was heard among the woodbine
That draped the cottage walls,
My Nellie chose another,
For his wealth and lordly halls.

O, wert thou faithless, Nellie,
Or have I only dreamed?
Methought but now beside me
A graceful figure seemed;
Low drooped the glittering ringlets,
And the smile was Nellie's own;
Ah no! 'tis now I'm dreaming—
The old man's all alone.

Alone! while fiercely dashes
The storm against the pane,
As if strong hands shook the lattice,
And I list, and list in vain,
For the voice whose tones could thrill me,
So many years ago,
And the wind, sadly moaning,
But makes answer to my woe.

Thou'rt not the first, dear Nellie,
Nor wilt thou be the last.
That 'neath the gilded car of wealth
Love, happiness will cast;
And though bright thy hours of pleasure,
Speeding with silvery chime,
I know tears have bathed the memory
Of the happy olden time.

Summers have bloomed and faded
Since those well-remembered eves,
When, queenlike, you wore the garland
Of the glowing autumn leaves;
Yet dreams will always bring thee,
As beautiful and young,
As the night we watched the streamlet,
Gilding the rocks among.

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE KING'S CHERRIES.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

FREDERICK II., king of Prussia, was a lover of good cheer in every form, but particularly in that of fruit. This was furnished to him at every season of the year by the spacious and elegant greenhouses which adorned the grounds of the palace.

It chanced one Christmas Eve that his gardener brought him sixty beautiful cherries from a favorite tree, and for which he usually paid a *frederic d'or* apiece. The king was delighted with them; he examined them closely, admired their swelling contour, their glossy surface, their delicate ruby hue, and their fragrant breath; he arranged and re-arranged them in the silver basket, held them to the light and watched the play of the golden rays as they shimmered over the rich and glowing clusters, and finally, when his gaze was satisfied, he tasted their luscious pulp and crimson juice, reserving, however, the fairest and most perfect.

His own palate sufficiently delighted, he proceeded to arrange the remainder with great care and taste in a pretty box, which he carefully closed, tied up and sealed. This done, he wrote to his wife, telling her that he had selected the enclosed cherries for her, and hoped she would relish them as a Christmas remembrance; and then ringing for his page, he gave him the box and note for the queen, bidding him to deliver them only to her majesty, which lady resided at Monbijoux, a royal castle, a few leagues from Berlin.

The page, who had observed all the motions of the king through the key-hole, and had seen him eat some of the cherries and place the remainder in the box which he now held in his own hands, was strongly tempted to eat some himself. But how could he do so?—how reach them? The box was closed—and that string, that royal seal? "Pshaw," said he, "it's all one to me! I want to eat them, and I will!" And he spurred his horse from the highway, dismounted, sat down upon the snow, broke the seal, cut the string and opened the box. His countenance brightened, and his mouth watered as the beautiful cherries, the coveted fruit, was exposed to his sight. He took up one and ate it; a second, a third, and finally the whole thirty were swallowed in less than as many minutes. The box was empty, to his great regret. Then came reflection—what should he tell the king? Terrific thought! But only for a moment did it bewilder him. Our

rogue was soon himself again, and proceeded very leisurely to break the box, tear up the note, and conceal all evidences of his sin under a heavy snow drift. Then re-mounting his horse, he took once more, and gaily, too, the road to Berlin.

Frederick was surprised to see his page return so early, and his astonishment was greatly increased when, in the name of the queen, he presented the singular compliment, that she had found these cherries so delicious, that she begged his majesty would immediately send her some more!

"But," said Frederick, amazed, "is it possible that she ate all those cherries in your presence, and so quickly?"

"Yes, sire," said the page, boldly, determined to run the risk; and the matter was dropped.

New Year's day arrived, and with it the ceremonies of the court, which exacted among others, that the queen and all the royal family should pay their respects to the king. After having conversed sometime with his wife, Frederick was surprised that she made no reference to his Christmas gift, and gave her to understand as much in several hints. The queen, not comprehending him, still remained silent on the subject. At length, when he could no longer contain himself, he asked, rather sharply:

"How happens it, *madame*, that you say not a word to me about those beautiful cherries I sent you last week?"

"What cherries, sire? What do you mean? Please explain!"

Then the king, at once suspecting the truth, told his wife all that had passed between him and his page; and she assured him that she had neither seen page, note nor cherries. They could not refrain from laughing at the roguish trick which the child of twelve years had played on them, though, at the same time, Frederick resolved to give the culprit a severe punishment.

Some days afterward, he called his page, and without any reference to the past, gave him a sealed note, addressed to the adjutant of the pages, and bade him carry it to that officer and wait for his answer. Our rogue, who in a distant corner had closely observed the conversation of the royal couple on New Year's day, the anger of the king, and the astonishment of the queen, and afterwards their bursts of laughter, suspected immediately the intention of his master, and for awhile feared he should be unable to escape the punishment which he was conscious his conduct deserved. But as he was passing along the street, chance threw in his way an old Jew usurer, and the sight immediately restored his presence of mind. He called to him, "Friend Abraham, a moment, if you please! I am obliged to go to the king's jailor in great haste, immediately in fact, immediately, and if you will but take this note for me to our adjutant, and wait his answer, I shall be greatly obliged, and will give you this, too, for your time and trouble," handing him a bit of silver; "only be quick!"

At the sight of the money the Jew was easily induced to do the youngster's bidding, and hastened away. The adjutant, to whom he bore the note, was an old soldier, accustomed from his youth to a most severe discipline, and a blind and passive obedience, and withal was very taciturn and grave. He broke the seal, and read in a low voice these words:

"You will give the bearer of this present twenty-five blows with the flat of the sword, well applied, too, and report the same to the governor of the pages.

(Signed) FREDERIC."

The adjutant, much astonished at this order, looked a moment at the Jew, who stood calmly waiting an answer, then rose, turned the key, and, without a single word, fell upon the poor man, who gave utterance to wild screams, protesting his innocence, and saying over and over again, that such a page had met him in the street, and given him the note. But in vain did he cry, and plead, and protest. Poor Abraham had to bear the twenty-five blows, truly counted, and heavily dealt!

In the meanwhile, the page, hidden behind a corner of the street, only waited to see the Jew come out to hear a few of his piteous exclamations and Hebrew curses, as he returned to the palace, without being seen by his victim, and radiant with joy at having escaped the chastisement designed for him, related the whole adventure to his comrades, who were idling their time in their own saloon. He told his story with so good a grace, that the pages laughed loudly and merrily over it, and indeed made such an extraordinary noise, that the king soon rung to inquire the cause, calling the little rogue himself, to question him. Surprised to see him so buoyant, he asked him if he had performed the assigned duty, and why his comrades and himself were so noisy all at once.

Then the page knelt to the king, confessed his fault, sued for pardon in the most humble way, and related with so much naïveté the trick which he had just played on Abraham, who was no favorite of the king, that Frederick could not avoid laughing himself. He pardoned the little fellow at once, received him again into favor, and rapidly advanced him, making good the popular saying, that one's wits are worth more to the denizen of a court than is virtue itself.

WITTY MANŒUVRE.

The Duke of Grammont was the most adroit and witty courtier of his day. He entered one day the closet of the Cardinal Mazarin without being announced. His eminence was amusing himself by jumping against the wall. To surprise a prime minister in so boyish an occupation was dangerous. A less skilful courtier might have stammered excuses and retired. But the duke entered briskly and cried, "I'll bet you one hundred crowns that I jump higher than your eminence." And the duke and cardinal began to jump for their lives. Grammont took care to jump a few inches lower than the cardinal, and six months afterwards was marshal of France.—*Historical Sketches.*

CURIOUS MONOMANIA.

A famous watch-maker of Paris, infatuated for a long time with the chimera of perpetual motion, became violently insane from the overwhelming terror which the storms of the revolution excited. The derangement of his reason was marked with a singular trait. He was persuaded that he had lost his head on the scaffold, and that it was put in a heap with those of many other victims; but that the judges, by a rather too late retraction of their cruel decree, had ordered the heads to be resumed, and to be rejoined to their respective bodies. He, however, conceived that, by a curious kind of mistake, he had the head of one of his companions placed on his shoulders. He was admitted into the Bicetre (mad house), where he was continually complaining of his misfortune, and lamenting the fine teeth he had exchanged for an indifferent set. In a little while, hopes of discovering the perpetual motion returned, and he was rather encouraged than restrained in his endeavors to effect his object. When he conceived that he had accomplished it, and was in an ecstasy of joy, the sudden confusion of a failure removed his inclination even to resume the subject. He was still, however, possessed with the idea that his head was not his own; but from this notion he was diverted by a reprieve made to him when he happened to be defending the possibility of the miracle of St. Denis, who, it is said, was in the habit of walking with his head between his hands, and in that position continually kissing it. "What a fool you are to believe such a story," he was answered, with a burst of laughter. "How could St. Denis kiss his head? was it with his heels?" This unanswerable and unexpected retort confounded the madman so much that it prevented him from saying anything further on the subject. He resumed business, and eventually recovered his intellects.—*Eccentric Anecdotes.*

HOW THE TURKS DIVERT THEIR WOMEN.

The Grand Seigneur often diverts his ladies with a variety of recreations. In the month of May, they have the great tulip feast, which requires vast preparations. There are in the gardens of the seraglio, large portions of variegated tulips, which on these days are interspersed with all kinds of singing-birds; shops are erected round them, and furnished by the sultan with all sorts of trinkets, toys and rich stuffs. Some of the most facetious females of the court are the shop-women. He buys from them and regales all his ladies. At night this bazaar is decorated with lamps, and makes a pleasing prospect, even at a distance. Great men indulge their women in similar amusements, and on these occasions of festivity some call in neighboring harems, so that, perhaps, the women pass their time more happily and agreeably than we imagine; at least, they enjoy better health and vigor, than if they had operas, plays, Ranelagh, Vaux hall, balls and routs, continually harassing their constitutions and abridging a short existence in a vortex of capricious and turbulent diversions.—*Larper.*

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE SAGES AND HEROES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By L. CARROLL JUDSON. Elegantly illustrated with Steel Engravings. Philadelphia: Moss & Brother. 1854. 8vo. pp. 490.

This elegant work contains the substance of a number of expensive books on the men and actions of the Revolutionary era. It is written with great vigor, and bears the stamp of individuality throughout. The former editions of this work had a great sale; and the present is carefully revised, and must prove, we think, quite popular. For sale by Redding & Co.

THE COTTAGE GARDEN OF AMERICA. By WALTER ELDER. Philadelphia: Moss & Brother. 1854. 12mo. pp. 233.

This book contains directions by a practical gardener for the culture of fruits, flowers and vegetables, and treats also of the nature and improvement of soils, of manures, insects, etc. Its brevity is a recommendation, particularly to amateur gardeners. For sale by Redding & Co.

THE ODD FELLOWS' TEXT BOOK. By PASCHAL DONALDSON. Illustrated. Philadelphia: Moss & Brother. 1855. 12mo. pp. 312.

This is an improved and enlarged edition of a work which has already had a prodigious sale. It elucidates the theory of Odd Fellowship, and details the forms and ceremonies of the order, so far as they are communicable. It has been approved by the highest authorities as a text-book. For sale by Redding & Co.

THE FLOWER GARDEN. By JOSEPH BRECK. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1851. 12mo. pp. 333.

The author of this work is a well known seedsman and florist, and is practically acquainted with floriculture. He was, moreover, in the editorial harness for many years, and thus acquired a habit of writing forcibly, clearly and pointedly. His book describes all the various hardy, herbaceous perennials, annuals, shrubby plants and evergreen trees desirable for their ornament, with directions for their culture.

THE AMERICAN FRUIT BOOK. By S. W. COLE. Illustrated. 1854. 18mo. pp. 288.

The very best manual of the kind in print. It is practical, thoroughly and perfectly reliable in its description of fruit. With no other book of reference, the tyro in fruit-raising, by following its directions, could not fail of succeeding. More than nineteen thousand copies of this book have been sold already. Its cheapness and portability are great recommendations.

PRONOUNCING GAZETTEER OF THE WORLD: OR, *Geographical Dictionary*. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. pp. 2000. 1855.

This is the title of a work to be issued by the enterprising house of Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philadelphia. It will consist of over 2000 super-royal pages, with a splendid steel map of the world. The work will be ready for delivery early in the ensuing month.

CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT NATIONS COMPARED IN THEIR THREEFOLD RELATIONS OF WEALTH, KNOWLEDGE AND MORALITY. By Rev. NAPOLEON ROUSSELL. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1855. 8vo.

The title of this work indicates its character and purpose. It is written with great vigor, and its decided anti-Catholic spirit will give it a great present circulation; while those who deny the legitimacy of the writer's conclusions, will doubtless regard him as a "woman worthy of their steel," and deal with him accordingly. The publication of the book is the "beginning of the end" of a long controversy.

CORSICA—*Picturesque, Historical and Social*. Translated from the German of Ferdinand Gregorius. By EN. JOY MORRIS. Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan. 1855.

Corsica is the land of romance. Its physical character is wild and rugged, and the nature of the people harmonizes with the land they live in. The work before us delineates graphically the scenery and the people—presents us now with a biography, now with a page of history, and again with a thrilling story, or spirited poem. The translation is admirably executed, and we are much mistaken if the book does not prove a universal favorite. For sale by Ticknor & Co.

ENGLISH: PAST AND PRESENT. By RICHARD CHEVENEY TRENCH. Author of the "Study of Words," etc. New York: Redfield. 1855. 12mo. pp. 213.

Mr. Trench is an admirable writer on the English language, which he has studied thoroughly, and unlike some who undertake to treat of its structure, she is a thorough classical scholar. This and his preceding volumes are works which no scholar, having once perused them, would willingly be without. For sale by Fetridge & Co.

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM H. SEWARD. With Selections from his Works. Edited by GEORGE E. BAKER. New York: J. S. Redfield. 1855.

This interesting biography, accompanied by selections from the works of the subject, has been got up to satisfy a call from those who could not afford to purchase the larger work in three volumes. The memoir is very well written, and the selections have been made with taste and care. For sale by Fetridge & Co.

THE DAILY LIFE: OR, *Precepts and Prescriptions for Christian Living*. By Rev. JOHN CUMMING. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 279.

The author of this work is an eminent Scottish divine settled in London. He is an eloquent, learned and pious man. The purpose of his book is to aid in making religion a daily and hourly companion in the works of life. "Prayer and praise and thanksgiving," he truly says, "are not peculiar to the Sunday; they are for every day living."

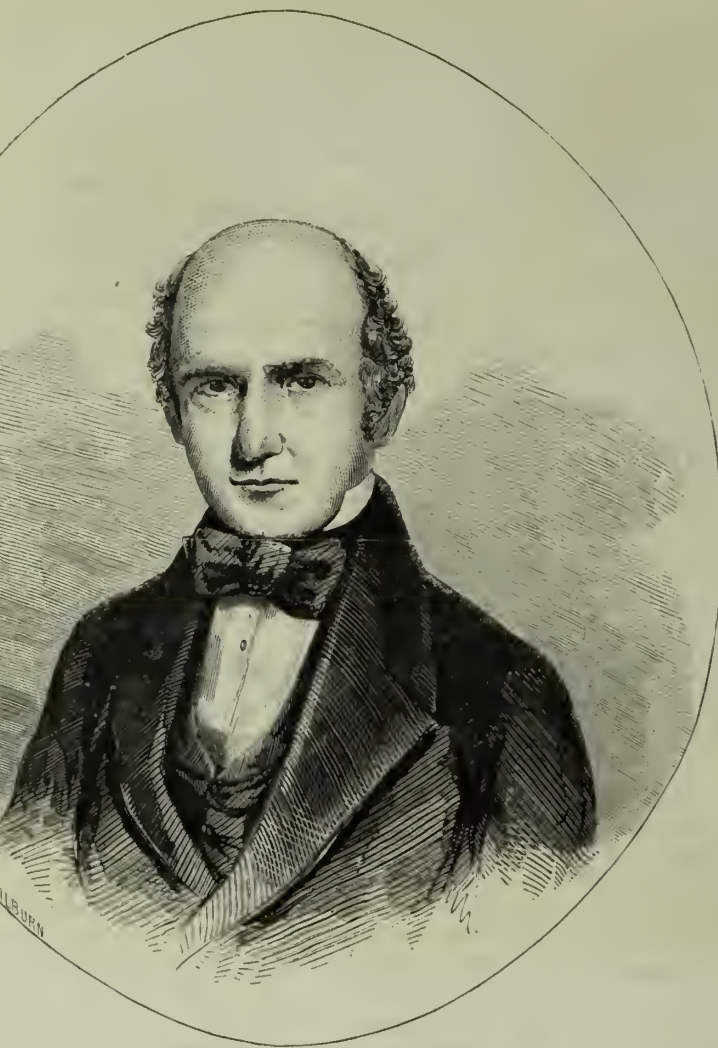
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ERASTUS BRIGHAM BIGELOW.
THE INVENTOR.

The subject of the following sketch, and the original of the accompanying lifelike portrait, drawn expressly for the Pictorial, by Mr. Kilburn, was born in the town of West Boylston (formerly a part of Lancaster), Worcester County, Mass., April 2, 1814. His father owned a small farm, the income of which he eked out by working as a wheelwright and chair-maker. The boy was sent to the district school, and it is remembered of him that, at the age of eight, he commenced the study of Pike's Arithmetic, without the aid of a teacher, and mastered the treatise thoroughly as far as the Rule of Three. His mechanical, like his mathematical turn, was early manifested. We are told of his building an ornamental fence around the plot of ground his father assigned him for cultivation, of his constructing a miniature plough, of his making chairs, and displaying in various other ways his inventive and mechanical dexterity. In 1827, at the age of thirteen years, he was engaged to work in a cotton mill in another part of the town. Though this was not his true position, it might have aided him in finding it, for it led him to study machinery, and so long as he found anything to study he was interested in, his place, and no longer. It was about this time that he made his first invention, which was a hand-loom for weaving suspender-webbing. For this he was paid something—and another machine, for making cotton cord, gave the lad one hundred dollars. It was at this period that he attended an academy at his own expense, and made such improvement in Latin and other branches that he thought of a collegiate course. His prudent father thought better of a trade, and finally the matter was compromised by permitting the boy to visit Boston with the hope of becoming a commission merchant. He soon found a good place as clerk with S. F. Morse & Co., but it did not prove to be the true situation for him. He next learned stenography, and was led to prepare an improved hook on that subject, which he printed; but the speculation did not prove profitable. We soon hear of him as a partner of Mr. Munroe at Wareham, where they ran a cotton factory. The mill was run a few months at a loss. Our hero, nothing daunted, learned and taught writing, and managed to support himself until he made up his mind to be a physician. While pursuing his classical studies, he chanced to sleep under a Marseilles quilt, and this circumstance led him to inquire whether a power-loom might not do the work that had usually been done by a hand-loom. He undertook the work and executed it; and he also found a firm in this city that agreed to meet the cost for patents for this country and England. But here, again, he was doomed to disappointment by the failure of the firm. After a series of disasters that would have utterly disheartened one of less stern stuff, Mr. Bigelow invented a power-loom for weaving coach lace. Messrs. Fairbanks, Loring & Co. of Boston, John Wright of Worcester, and others, readily agreed to unite with him for the purpose of building and running the looms. This association afterwards became the "Clinton Com-



ERASTUS BRIGHAM BIGELOW.

pany." The company soon after commenced its operations at what is now Clinton, and was entirely successful. This was the turning point in the life of Mr. Bigelow. The medical profession must do without him—men must learn writing and stenography elsewhere, while he goes on his course as an inventor and business man. Learning of a better specimen of the Marseilles quilt than the knotted counterpane, he gave up the loom that he had invented, and adapted one to weave the better species. Soon a small mill was operating at Lancaster to weave those pretty, snow-white hed spreads that are now so common in town and country. Mr. Bigelow now went on to invent a power-loom for weaving the ingrain or Kidderminster carpeting. After several

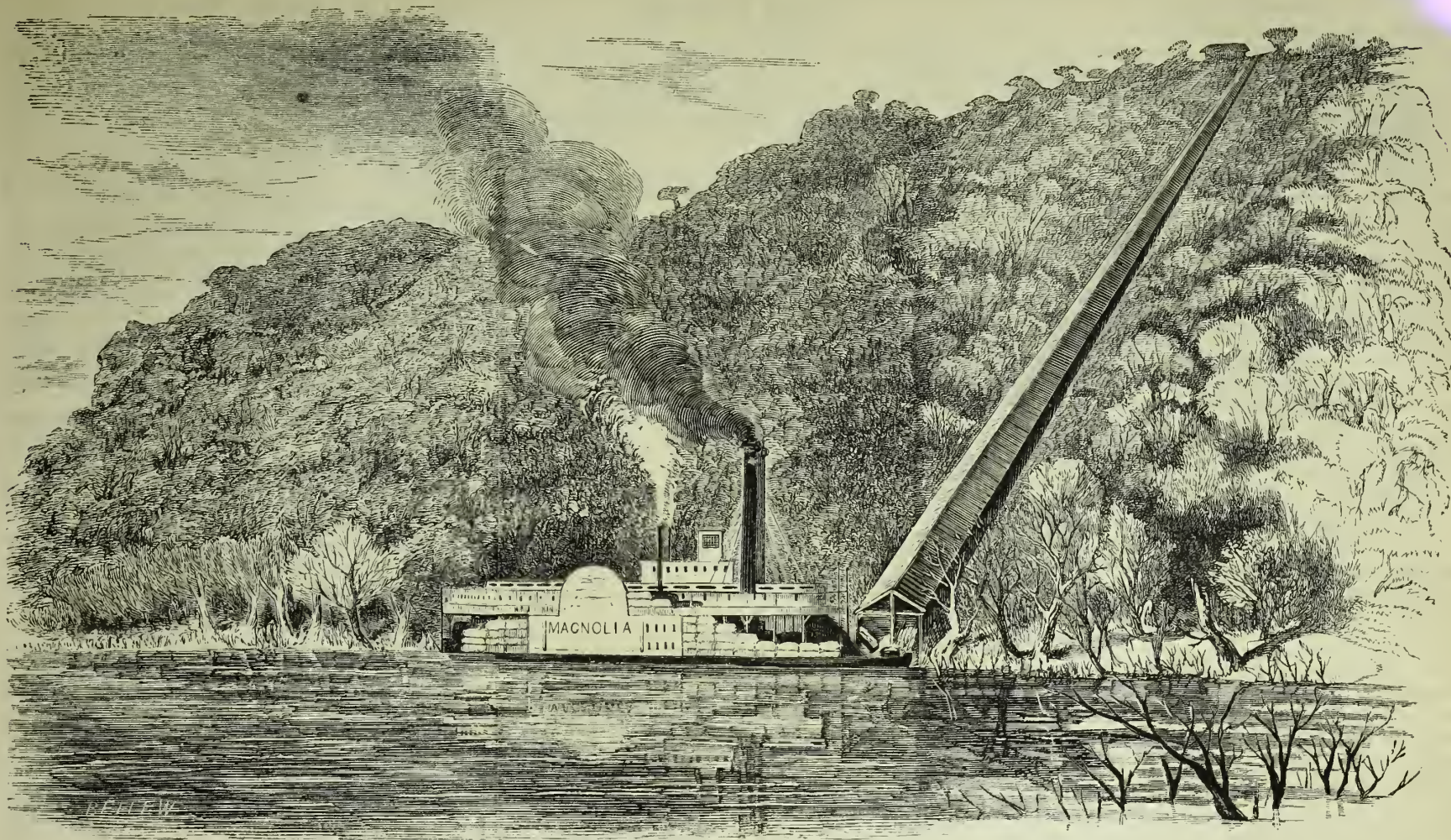
trials he produced a loom that would weave from twenty-five to twenty-seven yards per day. The old hand-loom had produced about eight yards per day. In the autumn of 1841, our inventor proceeded to England. He learned in what particulars the English manufactures were in advance of ours, and on his return he expressed his convictions at Lowell, and he was immediately appointed to a new office which was created for him at that place, to superintend several mills, and to make suggestions of a practical nature. It was while there that he built for the Lowell Company a mill to receive his power-looms, and "thus started the first successful power-loom carpet factory recorded in the annals of manufactures." He soon after resigned the office that he had held, and removed to the present village of Clinton. Here he laid the foundation for a new establishment for the weaving of what have been known as the Lancaster gingham. A company was formed and a monster mill was erected, whose connected structures cover about four acres. It is but one story high, makes a very curious appearance and is one great attraction to the visitor at Clinton. Hunt's Merchants' Magazine says of it, that "it is deservedly rated as the most perfect establishment in the United States." On the return of the inventor from Europe in 1848, whither he had been for the benefit of his health, which had become impaired from over-exertion, Mr. Bigelow proceeded to develop and complete the Brussels carpet loom. This being done, Clinton gave us the best Brussels, Wilton, tapestry and velvet tapestry carpets—so fine indeed, as to pass for the imported articles. In 1851 Mr. Bigelow carried specimens of Brussels carpets to England, and a special committee of the Great Exhibition made a most flattering report respecting them. Mr. Bigelow is a gentleman of high culture and pleasing manners, and enjoys an enviable reputation in society. He has lately become a resident of this city.

BURLINGTON, IOWA.

This flourishing place, a view of which we give below, and once the residence of the famous Black Hawk, who is here buried, was laid out in 1834. It is the shire town of Des Moines county, and is situated on the west bank of the Mississippi, 88 miles southwest from Iowa City, to which the seat of government was removed from Burlington in 1839. As our engraving shows, it is finely situated, and surrounded by hills of gentle ascent and moderate elevation, affording many fine building sites. The streets are regular, its private residences neat and elegant, and its churches and other public buildings large and handsome. Its manufactures and workshops attest the activity and enterprise of the people, and its commercial facilities, while accounting for its rapid growth, give assurance that it will, before many years, become a vast and wealthy city. Like our other local views, this illustrative drawing was executed expressly for the Pictorial. We shall embrace in the course of publication all the prominent cities, public buildings, and natural curiosities of the United States, thereby giving it a permanent value and national character.



VIEW OF BURLINGTON, IOWA.



COTTON LOADING.

LOADING COTTON ON THE ALABAMA RIVER.

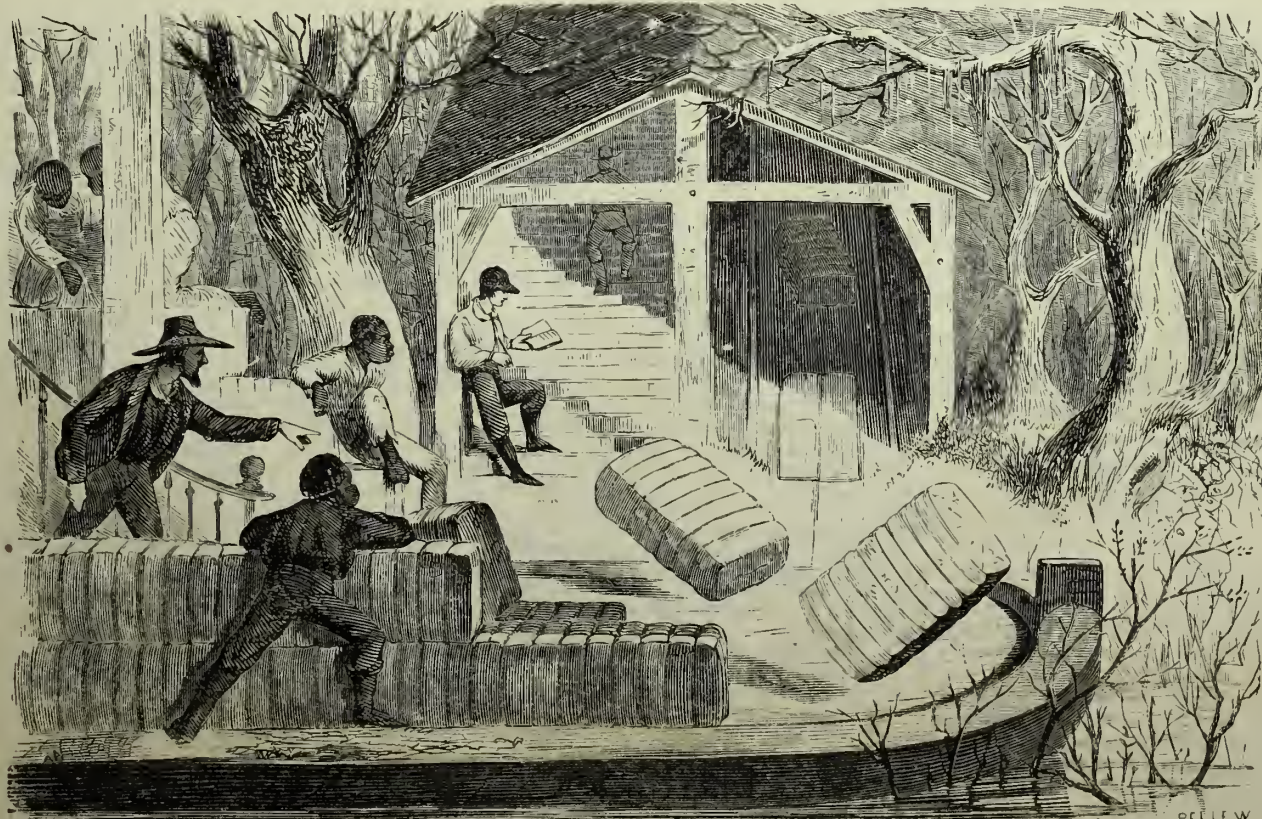
The two engravings on this page, sketched expressly for the Pictorial by Mr. F. Bellew, represent a scene which voyagers on the southern rivers will readily recall to mind. The Alabama River, formed by the junction of the Coosa and Tallapoosa, after flowing south-southwest, unites with the Tombigbee, about fifty miles above Mobile Bay, at which point it assumes the name of Mobile River. It is navigable for vessels drawing six feet of water, at all seasons of the year, to Claiborne, a distance of sixty miles, and thence to the mouth of the Cahawba it has a depth of four or five feet. From the Cahawba to the junction of the Coosa and Tallapoosa its depth is about three feet. It frequently rises to a great height, and at other times falls very considerably. The reception of cotton bales on board the steamboats on the Alabama is an affair of almost hourly occurrence, and though occasioning loss of time and detention of travellers, is still quite an interesting operation to those who are not familiar with the *modus operandi*. Sometimes the cotton is rolled down the river bank; at others, it is dropped, or "dumped," as the phrase is, from a precipice eighteen or twenty feet in height, shaking the boat from stem to stern. This, however, is a primitive mode of doing business, and is not practised on the skirts of those plantations which profess to be up with the times, and have the proper appliances for cotton shipping. Our artist has preferred, in his larger sketch, to delineate the long "shoot," which is not only more "ship-shape," but becomes absolutely necessary to avoid injury to the cotton in such a locality as that shown in the drawing. The particular shoot here represented was nearly three hundred feet long, and descended from an eminence fully two hundred feet above the water level. The shoot is divided into two portions, longitudinally, one of which is floored with smooth planking, down which the bales slide with a velocity proportioned to the angle of descent, while the other half is provided with steps that ascend to the top of the inclination. When everything is ready below, the signal is given, and the bale is launched from the top. At first it moves slowly, but acquiring impetus as it descends, it whizzes down the latter part of the plane, and descends upon the steamboat's deck like a thunder-clap, making the vessel shudder from stem to stern. A barricade of three or four bales is erected on deck to meet the descending avalanche, and these are usually knocked about in all directions. The bales are then stowed compactly on the boat, which takes in freight till it is laden gunwale deep.

A DWARF RACE OF MEN.

There is a singular race of dwarfs in Upper Peru (Bolivia), known as "Chiquitos" or "little men," that are as worthy of attention as the Aztecs. Everything connected with them seems to indicate that they are indigenous, though their general aspect gives the impression of a people reduced in stature by poverty and starvation. The tallest are not more than four and a half feet in height, while many will not measure more than three and a half. Their legs, apparently, are devoid of muscles, their eyes black and elongated, nose aquiline, cheeks drawn in, with high cheek bones, forehead low and retreating, hair black and wiry, and mouth tending to muzzle. They travel south on foot, and are often absent from home two or three years, returning with small hoards of silver gained in traffic, travelling about five or six miles a day. From long habit they can do without food an extraordinary length of time, supporting nature by sucking cocoa-leaf, gathered from a shrub tree analogous to the betel nut of the East Indies. It is equivalent to tobacco, laudanum, or strong infusion of tea; and it is only when their animals die of disease they have a plentiful supply of food. Their covering is a coarse kind of cloth, which they prepare themselves. Their abodes are rude huts, and when travelling, they sleep on the ground, huddled together to keep warm on the dry cold desert where they are principally found. They are hardly raised above the level of the beasts around them.—*Newport Mercury*.

LIBRARIES OF MESSRS. CHOATE AND EVERETT.

The library of Hon. Rufus Choate, including law books, contains 7000 volumes, and the figures by no means give one an idea of the wealth of the collection. Of the above, 1500 are at his law office, mostly law books, or those of daily reference. The remaining 5500 line all the rooms of the second story of his house. These ample rooms are his library. We leave it for those more familiar with such matters to decide how Mr. Choate has been able to get entire possession of those valuable sleeping chambers exclusively for his inanimate and yet animate guests, such as Homer, Cicero, Pindar, and the like. It is said there have been many domestic compromises on subjects of this kind, which, if given to the world, would be far more entertaining, if they would not make as much noise, as the compromise of 1850. Mr. Choate is particularly rich in the Latin and Greek classics, which he is understood to have a passion for, and to read daily as much as college youths, and with far more relish and avidity. He has a half dozen editions each of such works as Livy, Horace, Pindar, etc. In political and parliamentary books, and also in historical works, he is quite full. He has more valuable theology than any layman we know, embracing the Fathers of the Church, and many valuable works. So in ecclesiastical history he is pretty rich. Mr. Everett's is the fullest on the laws of nation, though he has quite a collection. He has about all on law that a lawyer of his standing should have, and a fair collection of scientific works, including Bayle's Dictionary in French, Erasmus, Lipsius, etc. Then he is rich in encyclopædias, and particularly in American history. Other rarities for a private library are Rymer's Fœdera, Somers' Tracts, and Du Cange's Glossarium. This library, of which you have a glimpse with pen and ink, is perfectly arranged by subjects. The rooms have a free and easy appearance that is very attractive. We warn all lovers of books, that if they would not run into the temptation of breaking the tenth commandment, that they had better keep out of this library. Mr. Choate thinks he should have died before this had it not been for his library. This reminds us that a library has been named a "medicine for the mind," and of the King of Egypt, who, according to Diodorus Siculus, had inscribed over his library door Greek words which, Englished, are "The Dispensary for the Soul." The true student loves to revel in the creations of master minds, not only to qualify for the avocations of life, but as a sustaining solace and enjoyment, amid life's vexing cares.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce*.



COTTON LOADING.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The Rev. Mr. Barry, of Hanover, Mass., a member of the New England Historical Society, has in preparation a History of Massachusetts. The first volume will probably be published this spring. It will embrace the early colonial history of Massachusetts, and will be distinct in itself. — Mayor Wood threatens to publish the names of the owners of buildings occupied as gambling houses, if their character is not changed on the first of May. — The richest salt springs in the United States are found within the territory of the Cherokee nation. Thousands of tons could be secured, but capital and enterprise will be required to work the springs. — Hoboken has decided by a two thirds vote to become a city. The population is about 7000. — Miss Silva Hardy, the Maine giuntes and nurse, says the Evening Post, seven feet and a half high in her shoes, has been engaged at Barnum's Museum. It is said that the great Yankee showman will retain her as nurse to the baby show, which is to take place in June next. — There are now in Georgia between fifty and sixty cotton factories, in "the full tide of successful experiment." — The city of Philadelphia has applied to the State legislature for a temporary loan, as an immediate necessity. The Pennsylvania says the amount required by the city, to place her finances in even a respectable condition, is one million and a half of dollars. — A subscription is now being taken to raise \$40,000 in New Bedford, in shares of \$100 each, to send two vessels to the Spitzbergen seas to fish for whales. — The farmers upon the line of the Steubenville Railroad, in Ohio, tore up the rails near Dresden, a few days since, because the company would not settle their bills. — Mrs. Kinney, the accomplished wife of our Cbargé at Turin, has sent home a beautiful poem—the result of a long residence in Italy. — The late Emperor Nicholas was a great reader of all such newspapers as he well knew represented the intelligence of the communities where they were produced. In reading the liberal newspapers of other countries—such as he took care should have no existence where his power could reach them—he was, perhaps, but watching the enemy he most feared and hated. — Owing to the publication of a resolute letter by the district attorney, the British recruiting officers have suddenly left the neighborhood of New York, for fear of being overhauled for violation of our neutrality laws. — The Philadelphia North American learns that a considerable number of carpenters and other mechanics, who have suffered severely during the past winter, have been induced to proceed to the rising West, believing that a new country must offer many chances of making a living, when a crowded city will furnish but a single chance. — The Pennsylvania canals are now open throughout the whole extent, and the business of transportation is actively going on. — The aggregate expenses of Congress for the year, consisting of pay, mileage, compensation of officers, contingent expenses and library, amount, according to the appropriation bill, to \$1,479,599. The diplomatic expenses for the year amount to \$333,390. — A patent for five years has been granted at Havana to Don Juan Benjamin Belt, an American citizen, for a new oven for a fancy biscuit bakery carried on by him. — It is stated that, through carelessness, the New York Central Railroad Company, some six months ago, lost a trunk from among the baggage, for which they had to pay \$160. Recently the trunk turned up with its contents undisturbed; said contents being worth about ten dollars. — The Washington Sentinel says that "Hole-in-the-Day," one of the delegation of Minnesota Indians lately in Washington, has expressed a wish to have the gospel introduced among his people. — The authorities of Cincinnati have attached the Presbyterian grave-yard for non-payment of taxes, \$10,000. Will the laws of Ohio allow them to take the stones for building purposes? — We learn that patterns have already been made for the new cast iron dome, recently authorized by Congress, and for which an appropriation has been made. The work will be commenced as soon as practicable. — The Waukesha (Wis.) Plain Dealer says that: "A thousand good laborers can find steady employment and the highest wages paid among the farmers of this county. While the poor are starving and unable to get employment in the eastern cities, it is next to an impossibility to find laborers at any price, to cultivate the soil of the West. Ten thousand more good laborers could find plenty of work in this State, at from \$12 to \$20 per month and board, through the summer. We have been urged by farmers in all districts to send them laborers."

THE NEW REGIMENTS.—The act of Congress creating the new regiments, declares that the officers and men shall be entitled to the same provisions for wounds and disabilities, and the same provisions for widows and children, and the same allowances and benefits; in every respect, ns are allowed to other troops composing the army of the United States. They shall be subject to the rules and articles of war, and the men shall be recruited in the same manner as other troops, and with the same conditions and limitations.

VENICE PEARLS.—It is said that the *fabrique* of pearls at Venice preserves its ancient renown, and that the quantity sent abroad last year exceeded in value a million of dollars. Of this amount nearly one hundred thousand dollars worth were sent in pearls to the United States.

HIGH PRICE.—A sale of 7000 bushels of Genesee wheat was made in New York recently, at \$2 70 per bushel. This is the highest price which wheat has been sold at for many years.

DONALD MCKAY.—Mr. McKay was greatly lionized during his recent visit to England. His new ship was the theme of universal praise.

Wayside Gatherings.

Governor Barstow, of Wisconsin, has vetoed the prohibitory liquor law.

Henry Mecker, of Redding, Ct., caught a wild cat weighing twenty pounds, in a trap set for otters the other night.

A boy in Terre Haute, Ia., has recovered \$500 damages from a liquor dealer who sold his father a glass of liquor on the day he was drowned.

We learn that Mr. John Gilbert, of the Boston Theatre, has recently had the sum of \$12,000 left him by the death of a relative in New York city.

It is said that several of the persons injured by the recent accident at Meredith Bridge, New Hampshire, have commenced actions against the town for damages.

A monument to the clergymen and physicians of Savannah, who died there during the yellow fever epidemic last summer, is about to be erected.

Mr. Mitchell, brother to John Mitchell, has invented a machine for setting type, and with its aid he has just finished setting up an octavo volume by Bancroft, the historian.

Steamers are arriving at St. Louis, from the Upper Mississippi, Missouri and Illinois Rivers, laden with produce, which has accumulated in vast quantities.

The patriotic people of Billerica are making active preparations for the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of their town, on the 29th of May next.

The Constantinople correspondent of the New York Evening Post calculates the loss consequent upon the present war in Europe, up to the 26th of February, at not less than 200,000 men.

The Richmond Enquirer says there have been numerous bids for building the custom house in that city; the highest \$185,000, the lowest \$85,000—a difference of \$100,000 between the two extremes.

The legislature of Massachusetts have passed a bill concerning the observance of the Lord's Day, fixing from 12 o'clock on Saturday night to the same hour on the succeeding night, as the time to be observed.

The expenditures of the city of Bangor last year amounted to about \$105,000, while the receipts have only been \$32,000, leaving \$23,000 to be added to the city debt, which will amount to \$146,000.

At Louisville, on the 13th ult., a gentleman who was admiring a collection of reptiles, foolishly attempted to handle a large snake, whereupon the snake coiled so tightly round his body as to break three of his ribs.

Four regiments, consisting of about four thousand troops, will start from Fort Leavenworth during the spring, on an expedition against the Sioux Indians. Gen. W. S. Harney, U. S. A., will command the military expedition.

The State Prison at Nashville, Tenn., took fire on the 29th ult., at three o'clock in the morning, and was completely destroyed. A prisoner named Connor was smothered to death. The loss on buildings, tools, etc., is estimated at \$100,000.

A few days ago, a young lady not in boarding school in Flushing, L. I., had her hand bitten by a rat, while she was in bed, asleep. It soon commenced swelling, and a physician was called in, who pronounced it to be badly poisoned.

Mr. Nathaniel Hannon, of Pittsburg, Penn., has left that city with a large sail-boat, fully rigged, which is intended to be placed on Lake Minnetonka, a beautiful sheet of water about ten miles west of St. Anthony Falls, in Minnesota.

There is very little animation in building in New York this spring. City architecture is decidedly at a stand still. With the exception of one or two small buildings, Broadway has none of that activity which made it almost impassable a year ago.

It is said in diplomatic circles at Washington, that a private despatch had reached that city, saying that Victoria was fast going the way of her ancestors—that is, becoming deranged, the symptoms having shown themselves in her recent illness.

Fears are entertained for the safety of the United States brig Porpoise, which left Hong Kong in September last, on a cruise, in company with the Vincennes. She parted company with the latter vessel when nine or ten days out, and has not been heard of since.

It appears by a statement made up from the accounts of Mr. Hackett, that, so far from the engagement of Grisi and Mario, in the United States, being unsuccessful, in a pecuniary point of view, the net profits amounted to \$18,000. The aggregate receipts were \$103,000.

Washington despatches say that orders have been sent to nearly all our navy yards to have all available vessels and material prepared for immediate service, and instructions have been issued to the naval officers at the various yards to hold themselves in readiness for sea.

A Worcester clerk lately broke a pane of plate glass worth \$40, by attempting to enter a new and unoccupied store by the window, the extreme clearness of the glass presenting no apparent obstacle. He was greatly amazed at his mistake, and exclaimed, "I guess I have broken it."

A flock of French merino sheep was sold in Kenosha, Wisconsin, a few days ago, the ewes bringing the handsome price of two hundred dollars each, and a buck lamb about a year old bringing one thousand dollars. Great prices for blood stock are all the fashion in these days of progress.

A new steam fire engine has been invented and recently tested in Cincinnati, which, it is said, throws all others, of whatever kind, into the shade. It was prepared for operation in fourteen minutes, and the maximum rate of throwing was 230 feet, through an inch and three-eighths nozzle.

A few days ago, quite a curiosity was brought up from the bottom of the artesian well in Livingston, Alabama. At a distance of 335 feet below the surface, and over 300 feet in the rock, an egg was found, completely petrified, and perfect in shape, save where the auger had defaced it a little.

The Treasury department has issued a circular, stating that henceforth pursers in the navy will be held responsible for any money which they may advance from the funds in their possession, to commanding officers and others, over and above the sums legally due them—all orders from such officers to the contrary notwithstanding.

English papers record the death, on the 2d ult., of Rev. G. Fletcher, in the 104th year of his age. He was 21 years a farmer, 26 years a soldier, and 36 years an employee of the West India Dock Company. For some years previous to his death, he had pursued the calling of a Wesleyan preacher, speaking often two or three times a day for objects of charity and benevolence.

Foreign Items.

A Liverpool firm has been prosecuted for fraudulently obtaining the register of a Russian vessel as an English one, by pretending that it had changed owners.

The fire which broke out lately in the imperial palace at Prague, destroyed twenty-two rooms, including two large saloons. The damage is estimated at about 1,500,000f.

Lithographed discourses are offered for sale in England by the dozen, which are warranted to be "original, orthodox and twenty minutes." These sermons are prepared with erasures and interlinations; so that, even from the side gallery, they could not be distinguished from manuscript.

The emperor of Austria at the present moment is dedicating his time almost exclusively to the army. The greatest activity prevails in all departments of the war-office, to which the emperor gives his personal attention. Francis Joseph has signified his intention to lead his army in case of a general European war.

Calcutta journals announce the arrival of Catherine Hayes in that city. The arrival of Miss Hayes created a great excitement. She was the first *prima donna assoluta* who had ever visited the Hindoos. At her first concert, the prices of admission were 15 rupees (\$6 90) for reserved seats; 10 rupees (\$4 60) for admission without reserved seats.

It is said that when Sir Charles Napier returned to England, and presented himself at the Admiralty, he was ushered into the presence, and the first lord rose and offered the admiral his hand. Sir Charles put his behind his back, and gruffly said: "I didn't come here to shake hands with Sir James Graham, but to report to the Admiralty that I had returned from the Baltic Sea."

Sands of Gold.

.... The Most High God sees and bears.—*Persian*.

.... Give neither counsel nor salt till you are asked for it.—*Italian*.

.... A fault hidden encourages you to commit others. Would it not be better to be discovered?—*Delazy*.

.... He that speaks doth sow; he that holds his peace doth reap.—*Italian*.

.... We should always subject our studies and books to reason, and not our reason to books.—*Abbe D'Ailly*.

.... We believe at once in evil, we only believe in good upon reflection. Is not this sad?—*Delazy*.

.... The wise men of old have sent most of their morality down the stream of time in the light skiff of apothegm or epigram.—*Whipple*.

Let us not disdain glory too much—nothing is finer, except virtue. The height of happiness would be to unite both in this life.—*Chateaubriand*.

.... There is a rabbinical tradition that the throne of God is surrounded with the purest snow, out of which the angels fashion themselves the pure and ethereal bodies in which they are clothed when they visit our lower world.—*Jean Paul*.

.... I would not deprive life of a single grace, or a single enjoyment, but I would counteract whatever is pernicious in whatever is elegant; if among my flowers there is a snake, I would not root up my flowers—I would kill the snake.—*Balzer*.

.... We are born in hope; we pass our childhood in hope; we are governed by hope through the whole course of our lives—and in our last moments hope is flattering to us, and not till the beating of the heart shall cease, will its benign influence leave us.—*Kozlay*.

Joker's Budget.

Yankee Sullivan says that life consists of ups and downs, and principally downs.

In the Irish language, the electric telegraph is called *Sgeol abada boita*, the literal translation of which is, "news upon stilts."

The pleasure of a turn out depends upon whether you have a horse before you or a foot behind. Gentlemen who have doubts should try the experiment.

A man much addicted to snoring, remarked to his bedfellow, in the morning, "that he had slept like a top." "I know it," said the other, "like a humming top."

Mountains are considerably up and down in Vermont. It is related that a coachman, driving up one, was asked if it was as steep on the other side. "Steep," he answered, "ehnin lightning couldn't go down it without breechin' on!"

Yankees take to a fife as naturally as Germans to the flute, sourkrout and pipes. It is an "institution." Separate the Yankee from a fife, and you take half of his back-bone, considerable of his moral shirt-collar, and twenty per cent. of his hopes for a jolly time.

An Australian shepherd, writing home to his mother, says—"Good fat mutton is very plentiful here. I often wish I had a fork long enough, so that I might stick a piece on the end for your dinner." That's what we call filial piety. In the cranium, phrenologists would call it the organ of reverence.

Regulus says the first time he took Peruvian bark was in Lima, where a dog put after him for serenading a seniorita with crescent shaped eyebrows. The only reason the bark did not become a bite, was because he was capable of leaping over a five-foot fence. Served him right. Let him leave eyebrows alone.

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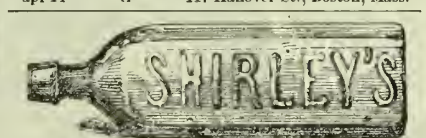
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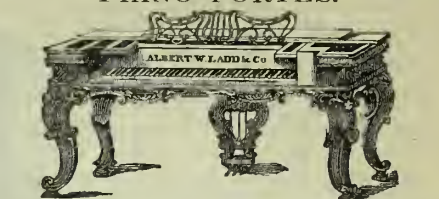
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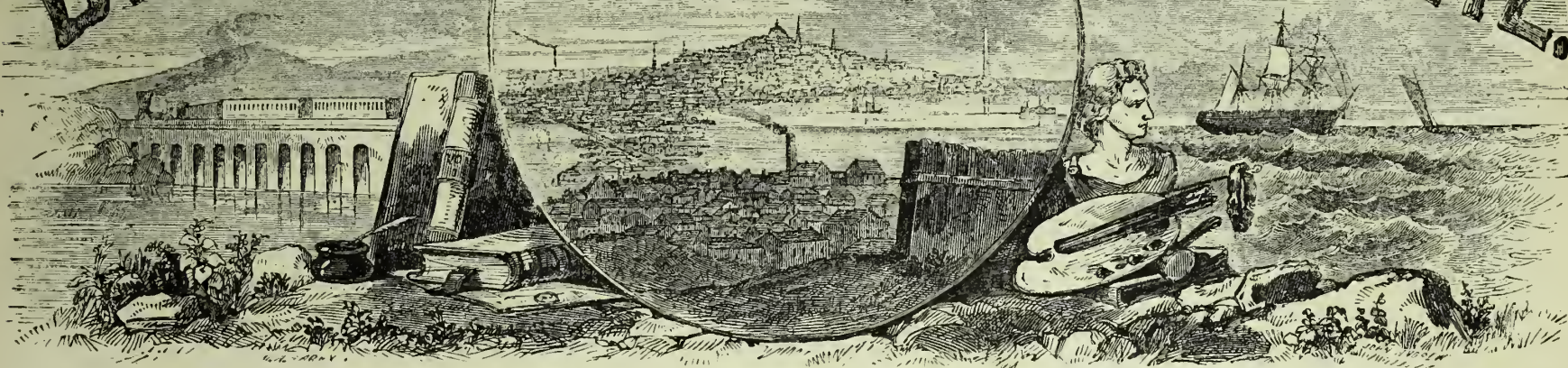
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MAY MORNING.

The accompanying sketch, drawn for us by Rowse, shows a pleasant family party gathering tokens of May Day. We believe philologists have not yet settled conclusively the derivation of the word which distinguishes the most delightful month of Spring. In all languages the appellation of this month expresses something pleasant, agreeable, virginal, and all those names are similar in sound; hence the theory which attributes them all to an Asiatic root is not devoid of plausibility—Maia, in the Indian mythology, being the eternal mother of all things. Almost everywhere the first of May is commemorated by some joyous rites and observances, all of which may be traced by analogy to the ceremonies of the festival of Flora, the goddess of flowers, among the Romans. The Floralia were celebrated with great pomp. In modern times the ancient floral festivals of France

were renewed in the 15th century by the romantic Clemence Isaure of Toulouse. This girl was endowed with remarkable poetic talent and great beauty. A young troubadour named Raoul, son of Count Raymond of Toulouse, who became enamored of her, communicated his passion in song. She replied to his poetical declarations by sending him flowers, agreeably to his request.

"Tis thou who hast inspired my song,
A flower is all I ask in turn."

Raoul followed the banners of Maximilian to the wars and was slain in battle, and Clemence, in despair, resolved to take the veil. Before doing so, however, she re-established the floral games founded by the troubadours, and assigned as prizes in the poetical contests, five flowers which had served to express her affection, wrought in gold and silver. The prizes were distrib-

uted on the 1st of May. Clemence Isaure, on her death, bequeathed a considerable sum of money as a fund to keep up the annual celebration of May. The floral games (*jeux floraux*), as they were called, were celebrated with great pomp. After mass, a sermon and the distribution of alms to the poor, a procession moved to the tomb of Clemence, which was strewn with flowers. The prizes for poetry were afterwards awarded. The author of the best poem received a gold amaranth worth 400 livres. We believe that these games are still celebrated as of old. In England, so famous for its rural tastes, May Day has been celebrated from a very remote period. It was kept sacred by the Druids. In this part of the world, it is only of late years that it has been thought of as a holiday. Our Puritan ancestors frowned upon it and forbade it, as a remnant of pagan profligacy and superstition. A better spirit inspires the descendants of the noble old Puritans.



(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

THE

KING AND THE COBBLER.

A ROMANCE OF ANCIENT PERSIA.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

CHAPTER I.

A STRANGE CAPTURE.

Among all the cities of old, the ruins of which are now left to tell of the mighty age that has long since passed away, none exceeded in extent, in wealth, or in grandeur, Persepolis, the chief capital of ancient Persia. At the foot of a steep, rugged mountain, was extended a wide plain, watered by a goodly river. Upon all hands this plain was shut in by high cliffs of rock, looming darkly in the distance, leaving the level space some five-and-twenty miles in length, and upon this was the city built, occupying the whole vast area. The wealth of the royal palace almost exceeds belief. It was a vast structure, serving not only for the royal residence, but also for a citadel and bulwark. Its colonnade of massive pillars still stands, and is a fit object of wonder. These pillars are of gray marble and seventy feet high, and their capitals, which are of an order of architecture differing from any other then in use, are beautiful in the extreme. The interior of this kingly abode was literally cased with gold and precious stones, and to count or estimate the wealth there displayed, were a task beyond the ability of one man. And then other edifices of grandeur were built in the city, and upon all hands were to be seen sculptures and towers, and courts and monuments. And as though the vast plain gave not room enough for the ingenuity of the sculptors, the faces of the very rocks that formed the cliff wall of the city were cut and carved in a most elaborate and finished manner. Into the faces of the larger rocks were cut tombs and sepulchral chambers, with beautiful porticos richly sculptured from the solid cliff.

Truly the king of Persia had wealth, for his capital contained within itself the wealth of a nation. And he had power, for thousands on thousands bowed down to do him homage, and princes and potentates acknowledged his authority.

Next in importance among the palaces of Persepolis to that of the king was the palace of Rustem, one of the most powerful satraps, or governors, of the realm. Rustem was now past the meridian of life, but still strong and vigorous, and fond of all those manly sports which were the delight of the warrior race of that period. He was a favorite of the king, a friend to those who bowed to him, and sometimes generous and benevolent to the poor. He could be warm and ardent in his attachments, and he could love with his whole heart; but there was no principle, no moral obligation, felt by him. He was the slave of impulse, and the owner of a will that would not bend. Very slight causes would attract his friendship, and causes just as slight would arouse his anger and hate. Above all things else did he love to be honored and obeyed and flattered. Disobey him, and he was your enemy; trample upon his authority, and his hate was deadly. Under such circumstances the friendship of years would be cast off in an instant, and his dagger might seek the very heart that he had hung upon in love for a long, long while.

Such was Rustem, and such was the man upon whom the king relied for much of his power and advice. Of course such a man would have many friends and some enemies; he would have strong friends and enemies most bitter. One thing alone troubled Rustem exceedingly. He had yet no children. He had married many wives, but no heir came yet to inherit his title and his wealth. He at times wished that some one would give him a child, for he felt that there was a very large space in his heart at present unoccupied. Perhaps it was so, for the satrap had now passed over thirty years of maturity—thirty years had passed away since he became of parental age, and during all that time he had prayed for a child. He did not know that his heart was already filled with hate where love might have come in; he imagined that about the half of his whole heart was dying for the want of occupation, and that occupation could be afforded only by the presence of a son. Thus stood Rustem, the satrap, and he felt that God had given him little to enjoy since he had given him no child.

It was a morning in early summer. Rustem had been engaged one whole month in business for the king, and now he was determined to have some recreation. He took with him twenty men in all, armed with axes, spears, javelins, bows and knives, and with the best horses the kingdom could afford, he set out. His course was to the northeast, towards the Hetzendarra Mountains, where there were to be found all sorts of wild game, even to camels and buffaloes. The first night Rustem stopped at a little hamlet at the foot of the mountains, where lived some peasants and hunters, having ridden over fifty miles from the great city. The poor people here knew him well and he was treated with much respect.

In the evening, after wine had been drunk and supper eaten, an old hunter named Bal, who had ranged over the mountains many years in search of game, made a movement as though he would speak with the satrap.

"What is it?" asked Rustem, who noticed the movement.

"I wished to tell your excellency of a most curious animal that dwells among the mountains."

"Ah," uttered Rustem, who was ever on hand for anything curious or wonderful, "go on and tell me, good Bal."

"It is a most curious animal, sir, and such an one as I never saw before. I first saw it about three weeks ago, and several

times have I seen it since; but I cannot get near it. Once I was near enough to throw my javelin. I threw it with all my might, and the animal caught it in his paws and broke it in pieces. Then he commenced to hurl great rocks at me, and I was forced to retreat."

"But how does this animal look?" asked Rustem, who had become much interested.

"Why, he looks something like a huge monkey. He runs sometimes on all fours, but he runs the fastest when erect. But the most curious thing is that he is always with a flock of wild goats, and he seems bent on protecting these goats in preference to himself."

"It must be some afrite or some ghoult," said Rustem.

"So I have thought," added the old hunter, with an involuntary shudder.

"And yet I must find him," resumed the satrap. "You shall go with me to-morrow, Bal, and we will surround and capture the thing."

This was agreed to, and at an early hour the party retired. All night did Rustem either dream, or lie awake and think, of the strange animal of which he had heard. From Bal's description he thought it might be some wicked afrite or genie who thus wandered among the mountains, and he debated much within himself whether it would be safe to attack such a power. But he had said that he would hunt for it, and he wished not his followers to think him cowardly; and besides, his curiosity was wonderfully excited, and he wished to satisfy it.

In the morning the satrap was ready betimes, and at an early hour his party set out, accompanied by Bal. Shortly they began to ascend the mountain, and though the way was rugged and dubious, yet Bal led them up surely. When they reached the top of the first mountain, they saw a vale ahead of them in which the grass grew luxuriantly, and which was wooded mostly with the tree of the pistachio nut. In this vale Bal said he first saw the strange animal, and so the party descended into it, but nothing was to be found save some birds and small animals. Rustem brought down two large birds with his arrows and then kept on. Bal now led them over the top of another mountain, and from thence through a long, rugged, winding ravine, and not until near noon did they reach another vale where vegetation was plenty. But when they did reach this second vale they found it not only more extensive than the first, but far more beautiful. It was a sort of basin of rich soil amid the surrounding mountains of rock, and it was seldom visited by man, on account of the rugged way that led to it, and from the fact that very few knew the only path by which it could be reached.

After viewing the beautiful place for some minutes, the party began slowly to descend towards it. They saw many wild goats frisking about among the trees, and just as they reached the edge of the place they started up a wild boar. Rustem saw the huge animal start, and with a shout to his followers, he set forward upon the chase. Away went the boar, and away went the satrap, and behind him came the score of men, eager for the sport. The boar ran a long distance among bushes and rank weeds, and all heedless of scratches and rending garments, Rustem followed on. At length they came to an open space, and when the boar was half way across, the satrap let fly a javelin; the weapon struck the monster just behind the shoulder, and he turned. He rolled over upon the grass, and this served to drive the javelin further into his flesh. Rustem had watched his movements, and as soon as he rolled over upon the ground, the noble hunter sprang from his horse, and running quickly up, he gave the animal a blow upon the forehead with his axe that stunned him. After this the brute was easily despatched. Rustem was now all elate and eager. He was fired with enthusiasm, and was ready to attack anything that should present itself. As soon as the boar was dead, the satrap re-mounted his horse, and at that moment a shout from Bal arrested him.

"There, there!" cried the old hunter, rushing towards the noble, and at the same time pointing off towards a point where a herd of goats were huddled together.

Rustem looked, and he saw in the midst of the goats the animal of which Bal had spoken. He at first approached it carefully, and found it to be standing upright. Its head was covered with a thick mass of black hair, which hung like the mane of a buffalo or lion. The body was of a curious shape, and of a green color, seeming to be covered with scales. As soon as Rustem had satisfied himself with gazing upon the strange nondescript, he gave the word for the chase; but he was careful to order his followers not to wound him in any way, unless it should become absolutely necessary in self-defence, as he wished to capture the thing if possible.

"By the spirit of Ahriman," he cried, "I never dreamed of such a monster. It is neither a man, a beast, nor a bird; nor is it a dragon, for it has no tail of such. See those green scales, how they glisten in the sunlight. If it is a demon, I will give it chase, and surely the name of the one mighty God will be proof against his power."

As he thus spoke, he set forward, and his party followed on after him. The nondescript watched his coming a few minutes, and then sprang into the bushes and disappeared, most of the goats following after him. Rustem urged his horse on, and when he had cleared the clump of bushes, he saw the strange animal just bounding away towards the rocks at the edge of the wood. Away he went, his horse now thoroughly excited with the idea of the chase, and soon he found himself flying along a rocky ravine, with the nondescript only a short distance ahead. Further on, Rustem saw a cliff which rose directly across the ravine, and he thought he should surely secure the animal there; but he was mistaken, for when it reached the cliff it sprang up the rugged

side of rock with incredible agility, and in a moment more would have disappeared. The satrap was now beside himself with excitement. He saw that he should not be able to make his way over the cliff which the nondescript had mounted with so much agility, except with much time and labor, and if another moment were lost he should lose his prey. So in the frenzy of the moment he snatched a javelin and hurled it with all his might. The strange being saw the movement, and he caught the weapon as it went whizzing by him, and broke it in pieces. Some of the others, seeing the movement of their master, hurled their javelins. The nondescript saw them coming, but he could not dodge them all; one of them struck him in the thigh, and he set up a howl of rage that made the very rocks shake, and then disappeared over the cliff.

Rustem would have dashed on and climbed the cliff, but Bal told him that by riding back a short distance he might go around it. He did so, and having gone back to the point at which he entered the ravine, he took another path around the side of the mountain, and ere long he came to an extensive table of loose stones, and at a short distance he saw the afrite sitting, trying to pull the javelin from his flesh. He tried to run when he saw his enemies, but pain and loss of blood had weakened him, and he was soon caught. He did not struggle at all when he was seized, but with an imploring look into the face of the satrap, he pointed to the vengeful javelin, and then he folded his arms across his breast.

Rustem and his followers were now more astonished than before. They found that what they had taken for green scales was nothing more nor less than a garment very curiously made of leaves, and having removed a part of these so as to get at the wound of the javelin, they found that the skin beneath was nearly as white as their own. In short, they discovered that their prize was in truth a human being, or at any rate, so very near one that there was no external sign by which to detect the difference. Among the noble's followers was one who understood the secrets of the surgical art, and he extracted the harbed head of the javelin without much cutting or trouble. The wound was found to be only in the flesh, and after it had been carefully bandaged, Rustem advanced once more and spoke with the strange being, but he got no answer. The wild youth—for such he really was—threw the long, tangled black hair away from his face, and gazed with wonder into the countenances of those about him, but he made no answer to any of the questions that were asked of him: and yet his face did not seem all a blank—he did not appear like one who had no idea of the nature of what he saw and heard, but rather like one who was sorely puzzled. The satrap was a man well versed in languages, and he spoke in all he could remember, but the youth understood none of them—only when the pure Persian was spoken, he manifested an interest that did not appear when he heard others. Rustem then approached and lifted him to his feet, at the same time making signs that no harm was intended.

Now that the mystic being stood erect, his form and features could be more plainly seen. He had a noble frame—tall and stout, with limbs of perfect symmetry, well rounded and turned at every point, and a face eminently handsome, notwithstanding the bronzed hue which exposure had given it. He could not have been more than fifteen or sixteen years of age, for the beard had not yet begun to grow upon his face, though in his physical frame he had all the developments of maturer years. After trying in vain to get some spoken word from him, Rustem ordered him to be put upon a horse, and as soon as he was well secured the party returned. They reached the hunter's hut just after the sun had set, and there they encamped for the night.

In the evening Rustem went into the room where he had had the wild man confined, and found him lying down, but he rose to a sitting posture as soon as he saw his captor, and in his look and movement he displayed a perfect subjection, though, as it afterwards appeared, it was the strange fear of the wounds he had received that made him so. He seemed to have an instinctive knowledge that such a loss of blood could cause death, and he really had an instinctive feeling that his captors could save him from the dread fate. The satrap talked with him again, but he did not understand. He uttered a sound, but it was a wild, thrilling, sonorous sound, unlike anything save the low bellowing of the buffalo.

The wound was dressed again, and in the morning it was attended to once more, and by this time it was found to be doing well. In truth, the blood and flesh of the sufferer were so pure, so free from disease of any kind, that such a flesh wound, though quite deep, healed rapidly.

As soon as breakfast was eaten, Rustem set out upon his return to the city, for he considered that he had gained prize enough for one day. On the way, he pondered upon the subject of the strange game he had captured, and he at length resolved that he would keep the wild youth and see if he could not educate him. No sooner was this plan formed than he called his followers about him and made them swear that they would not speak of what had happened to any one, for he wished no one to know that he had such a being within his palace: first, because he wished to make his experiments unnumbered by the advices and needless assistance of those who would surely offer themselves if they knew of the circumstance; and second, because he thought the youth himself would be more tractable if he were not bothered by visitors.

It was after dark when Rustem entered the city, and he reached his own house without exposing his prize. His followers were faithful, and he feared not for them, so he was sure he should have everything as he could wish; and he promised himself much pleasure in the culture of the strange mind he had found.

CHAPTER II.

THE LION HEART.

For a while Rustem found the task he had undertaken a difficult one, but he did not give it up. When he had caused his strange protegee to be clothed in the common garb, he found him to be not only comely in appearance, but extremely beautiful. The satrap was delighted with this, and he at once called his charge *Feridoon*, which signifies *The Lion Heart*. He gave him this name because he was as bold and strong as a lion, and because he exhibited traits of nobleness and daring with which the king of beasts is supposed to be endowed.

Rustem furnished seven stout men to take charge of his adopted son, and two most excellent masters were appointed to instruct him. For several months much difficulty was experienced in keeping a physical control over the youth, for the seven stout men were but as infants in his hands when he became enraged; but on such occasions the presence of his master would instantly restore him to composure.

Feridoon could not have been lost when a mere suckling, for he showed some signs that plainly evinced a faint memory of the sound of language, and at first, when his guardians were conversing, he would watch them with deep interest. He was first taught to pronounce simple words, and then sentences, and at the end of a year he could speak very plainly, and read the more simple tales of the language. By this time his temper, too, had become subdued, and he was reasonable in all his demands, and would also listen to reason.

Thus passed away five years, and, strange as it may seem, Rustem had kept his secret most safely. Those whom he had trusted had not betrayed him, and none in the city, save one or two old scholars and his own household, knew that he had a youth of adoption beneath his roof. Even his own wives did not know it. They knew that he had some one confined in the further apartments of the great palace, but they knew not who it was.

And during these five years Feridoon had become a finished, polished scholar. All that time his teachers had labored with him to teach him the arts and secrets of science and literature, and from the very first he had evinced a warm desire to learn. As soon as he had become able to read and speak, there seemed to be no end to his thirst for knowledge. The most knotty points of politics he seized and dwelt upon, and he would not let them go until he had solved them to his heart's content. As the fifth year drew to a close, Feridoon began to discuss with his teachers, and they found, to their surprise, that they had raised up a mind that was more mighty than their own. Those secrets, they had found a soul and mind of God's own forming, and all they could do was to give it the field in which to work. At this time the old teachers approached the more direct points of government, and they found that their scholar met them in their arguments. They found that his mind had already grasped these points in advance. They explained to him the rights of kings and the duty of subjects, but Feridoon stopped them in the midst of their disquisition and told them they must be wrong.

"Surely," said he, in a tone of sweetness and candor, but yet with much power and energy, "after what you have told me of the principles of humanity, of religion, of social rights, and of political power, you will not tell me that one man can hold the governing power over all others, unless all those others wish it."

"But some one must govern," answered the tutors, "and let it be whom it may, others will find fault."

"Not if his government be just and equitable," answered Feridoon. "If he shows that the whole energies of his soul are given for the good of his people, then of course none who are fit to be governed can find fault. Those who would murmur at such rule would be themselves the oppressors, and should be dealt with accordingly. Surely there can be no true government without the consent of the governed, for if such a government could exist, it would show the power of Might over Right."

It was in this way that Feridoon finished his education, and at every point where he differed from his tutors he was sure to carry the day.

But the youth's education was not yet complete. One dark night Rustem called six of his most trusty guards, and with them he set off into the country, taking Feridoon with him. He stopped upon a beautiful oasis in the midst of the great desert to the north-east of the city, and there he finished the youth's instruction in the use of arms. Feridoon had already received instruction in the use of the sword and dagger, but now he was instructed in heavy armor, and mounted upon a fiery steed, and taught to make use of the lance and battle-axe. A stout lance was given him and he was directed to run it against a certain point in a distant tree upon a full gallop. He performed the feat the first time, and ere long he convinced his guardian that no more instruction could be given him in the use of arms, for he exhibited a rapidity of movement, a quickness of motion, a clearness of perception, and an unfailing sight, that they had never seen equalled. In physical strength he was a literal giant. When he was taken from the wild mountains his physical powers had become fully developed, and even then he possessed all the brute force of the lion, but now he was stronger still.

The youth was taken back to the city by night, and once more he found himself in his own rooms at the satrap's palace.

On the morning that ushered in the sixth year of Feridoon's liberation from the wilderness, Rustem went in alone to see him. He was now twenty years old at least, and probably more than that. At any rate the satrap called him one-and-twenty. He arose as his master entered, and saluted him with becoming obeisance. Rustem gazed upon his charge in admiration; and well he might, for surely a more comely youth did not exist. He was

now tall and well formed, with every physical point of beauty fully developed, and his carriage was as easy and graceful as that of the most assiduous courtier. His features were not only perfect in form and regularity, but in their combination they presented a beauty such as Rustem had never seen elsewhere. His hair was black as night, and hung in glossy curls all around his neck and shoulders, and his eyes, which were also black, sparkled and burned like the evening stars.

Rustem was happy, for he had now a son. Surely he had a right to claim Feridoon as his own, for he had not only reared him to full manhood, but he had done more: he had done more than give him life even; he had snatched him from a state of savageness and wildness—he had taken him from the literal state of the brutes, and made him a man. So Rustem had made all his servants who were in the secret swear that they would always call Feridoon his own child, and when asked concerning him, they would repeat the story he should give them. And that story was this. Said Rustem:

"After many prayers and sacrifices unto God, the dearest wish of my soul was granted. One of the spirits of Ormuzd appeared to me in a dream and told me that my wife Sarah should bear me a son, and that I should call his name Feridoon, for he should be of a lion heart. And because of his lion heart I should keep him from the world till he should have fulfilled the full period of manhood. And my wife Sarah did bear me a son, and I called his name Feridoon, and I kept him away from the world. But the mother of the child died, and the infant was reared upon the milk of goats, and he waxed strong in body and strong in mind. So I kept him apart from all others of his kind save those who should teach him, and even the fact of his birth I kept hid. But now the period of his manhood is come, and he goes forth to the world. So shall ye speak to all who may ask of you concerning Feridoon."

And they swore that so they would speak, and even the youth himself, out of his great gratitude and love, gave promise to the same.

After Rustem had gazed with delight upon his son for a long while, he thought he would question him upon the point of his memory of childhood. He had never yet asked of that, because he feared that he might call up some memories in the youth's mind that would clash with his own hopes and designs.

"My son," he said, taking a seat by the side of the youth, "I wish to ask you concerning your early childhood."

"Do you not already know that?" returned Feridoon, smiling.

"Not of your earliest childhood. I would know if you can remember anything of your parents."

The youth gazed into the old man's face for some moments, and then he bowed his head. He pondered a long while upon the subject thus presented, and finally he said:

"I suppose you may now be my parent, but yet my mind sees nothing of you beyond the time when you gave me chase in the mountain. I remember that and I remember far back of that; but had you never found me, I should have always looked upon a certain old goat as my parent. You will remember that I had no knowledge then of humanity, or of races, save that I knew I was not a boar nor a bird, but I think I did really think myself a goat, though of different formation. You must not laugh at the absurdity of what I say, for then this great soul—this wonderful source of knowledge, had not been felt by me, and I only felt the instinct which governs the brutes."

"Of course you could only feel that," answered Rustem; "and so far from laughing am I that I feel deeply interested in what you say. Can you remember your first impressions? What I would know is how far back your memory can run."

Again Feridoon thought deeply, and at length he said:

"Away back in the distant years of life, when I was small and weak, I can see a deep cave in the rocks, and there I lived among a flock of goats. I well remember the goat from which I received my milk, and I remember, too, of finding sweet fruits which I ate. From that time I waxed large and strong, so that at length I protected my goats often from their enemies. Once I remember of killing a monstrous boar that attacked us. I sprang upon him with a club, and killed him as easily as I could now kill one of your warriors."

"And back of that; can your memory see nothing else—nothing of the human face and voice?"

"Ah!" uttered the youth, while a sudden beam of light shot athwart his handsome face, "I remember how my heart thrilled when first I saw your face, and heard your voice. It was that alone which made me so submissive to your will. I was entranced by your speech, for it awoke in my soul a set of feelings which, as I can now see, must have sprung from some recollections which still cling faintly to my mind. But I could never explain them, never analyze them, though of course I can now see that they must have come from the memory of scenes, and faces, and speeches, which I had seen and heard before. Then, too, I sometimes think I can see a dim, flickering picture of blood and strife—of flashing steel and sharp cries, and of loud curses, but I have no form or feature to the scene."

After conversing awhile longer upon the same subject, Rustem became convinced that Feridoon was two or three years old, at least, when he was lost, and in all probability his father had been a merchant, and had been murdered and robbed upon the desert. Nothing else seemed so reasonable as this, and upon it he rested his thoughts of Feridoon's origin. That Feridoon was a Persian he knew, and from his form and features he believed him to be a native of Persepolis.

"And now," said the youth, "I am to see your females; I am to mix in your society of men and women, and find good and evil. Do you think people will love me?"

"Most surely they will."

"And will the females love me?"

"Ay," answered Rustem with enthusiasm. "They will fall down at thy feet, even as the worshipper sinks down before the morning's sun. Among all our people there is not another so comely as thou art."

Feridoon blushed, and after a while he said:

"And may I not find among the females of our city some kind heart and noble soul with which I can mate?"

"What know you of such things?" asked the satrap. "You have never seen a woman's face."

"O, I have, my father."

"Have! when?"

"When I have slept."

"You have dreamed, then."

"Perhaps so. But I have seen some most lovely forms. And I have been taught, too, of the love of woman. In many of the tales which I have read, woman stands out as the very type of that true love which my soul feels is the most sacred and pure. In nearly all the manuscripts I have read, the writers have striven to make woman seem an angel. Is it so?"

"Sometimes it is, but often it is not," returned Rustem, somewhat puzzled by his protegee's manner and thoughts. "But let not your thoughts turn upon that point. Seek first to read the truth of humanity as you shall find it spread out about you, and then you may go on and seek such companions as you like, after your judgment has become experienced."

Much more conversation was held, and when Rustem left his protegee, it was decided that on the following day he should be taken to the court of the king, and introduced to the nobles and courtiers. This pleased Feridoon much, and he was grateful for the favor thus extended. He supposed he was now to be introduced into the midst of those who would show him all the virtues and beauties of social life, and the truth and justice of moral government. Alas, how sadly was he deceived!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LAUGH AND GROW FAT.

When Foote was in Scotland, he travelled from Dumfries to Edinburgh in a stage-coach, in company with a country gentleman of enormous size. Becoming by the way pretty familiar with his companion, Foote asked him in what employment he was, or if he was in any. The gentleman replied that he was a land-owner. Foote inquired how much that might yield him a year. "From fifty to seventy pounds." "What," exclaimed Foote, affecting the utmost amazement, "and is it possible so small an income can ever maintain so immense a man as you are? Ah, my good friend, how I pity you. Here," pulling out of his pocket some half a dozen guineas, "there, take them, my honest fellow; they are all I have at present; I wish for your sake they were more; but few as they are, they will be a help to a gentleman in your melancholy circumstances." The stranger, who was luckily a man of sense as well as bulk, laughed heartily at this sally of his fellow-traveller, but assured him that, in his country it was not the custom for men to grow fat on the charity of others. "But how, then," said Foote, "do you contrive it?" "O," replied the gentleman, "I'll tell you. There's an old saying, *laugh and grow fat*. And do you know," continued he, "that though I have laughed a great deal to be as fat as I am, I am on my way now to Edinburgh to have some more laughing. There's one Foote—" "Now sitting opposite to you," whispered the English Aristophanes, "who is delighted to find, that though you won't accept his guineas, he may help you in another way, by making you laugh to your heart's content."—*Life of Foote*.

KEEN ANSWER.

Count Stackelburg was once sent on a particular mission by the Empress Catherine into Poland; on the same occasion, Thurgut was despatched by the emperor of Germany. Both these ambassadors were strangers to each other. When the morning appointed for the audience arrived, Thurgut was ushered into a magnificent saloon, where, seeing a dignified-looking man seated, and surrounded by several Polish noblemen, who were standing most respectfully before him, the German ambassador (Thurgut) concluded it was the king, and addressed him as such, with the accustomed formalities. This dignified-looking character turned out to be Stackelburg, who received the unexpected homage with pride and silence. Soon after, the king entered the presence chamber, and Thurgut, perceiving his mistake, retired much mortified and ashamed. In the evening it so happened that both these ambassadors were playing cards at the same table with his majesty. The German envoy threw down a card, saying, "The king of clubs!" "A mistake," said the monarch, "it is the knave." "Pardon me, sire," exclaimed Thurgut, casting a significant glance at Stackelburg, "this is the second time to day I have mistaken a knave for a king." Stackelburg, though very prompt at repartee, bit his lip and was silent.—*Biography of Eccentric Characters*.

ANECDOTE OF LORD KAIMES.

Lord Kaimes, whose "Gentleman Farmer" has made his love of agricultural pursuits very well known, had, like many other zealous improvers, a considerable share of credulity as to all new schemes and inventions. A projector having once imposed upon him with a receipt for a sort of manure which was to make wonderfully prolific crops, his lordship took an opportunity of expatiating to one of his Scotch farmers on its mighty advantages. "Ay, Donald," said his lordship, "enough for a whole farm may be carried in your waistcoat pocket." "Ah, ha!" replied the farmer, "but when you do that, my lord, your waistcoat pocket will carry the whole crop."—*Scottish Anecdotes*.

LANGUAGE.—Language is the amber in which a thousand precious thoughts have been safely embedded and preserved. It has arrested ten thousand lightning-flashes of genius, which, unless thus fixed and arrested, might have been as bright, but would have also been as quickly passing and perishing as the lightning. Words convey the mental treasures of one period to the generations that follow; and laden with this, their precious freight, they sail safely across gulfs of time in which empires have suffered shipwreck, and the languages of common life have sunk into oblivion.—*Trench*.



THE MOUNTAIN OF ME TAKE, JAPAN.

JAPANESE SCENES.

The recent commercial treaty which our government has succeeded in effecting with Japan, after other nations had failed in their endeavors to open the long sealed ports of that remarkable country, invests it with an additional interest, and we are quite sure the readers of the Pictorial will thank us for presenting

them with some authentic views of remarkable Japanese localities. In 1640, all foreigners were expelled from Japan, and only one Chinese and one Dutch factory were allowed to be kept up in a seaport town of the empire. Prior to the recent expedition undertaken by our government, we derived our ideas of Japan solely from Dutch authorities, the Dutch alone, of all civ-

ilized nations, being permitted to hold intercourse with the jealous inhabitants. Even this communication was not direct. The traffic between Holland and Japan was and is limited to the privilege accorded to the Dutch of sending two ships annually to Nagasaki. The shores of Japan, rocky and craggy, typify the rude and inhospitable character of the people. The government



THE CITY OF SIMONESEKI, JAPAN.

of Japan is despotic, but the sovereign cannot act arbitrarily, for there is a code of laws to which all persons, from the highest to the lowest, are amenable. The sovereign is styled the *mikado*, and his lieutenant-master, as Siebold terms him, the *ziogoon*. The nearest parallel to the political system of Japan may, perhaps, be found in Venice. The *mikado* and *ziogoon* are controlled by a council, themselves rigidly controlled by law, custom and prescription. The *mikado*, as the successor and representative of the gods, is the nominal proprietor as well as ruler of the realm, and the *ziogoon* is vicegerent. With the exception of the crownlands, the realm is divided into principalities, the chieftains of which are vassals of the crown, and who parcel out their lands to the nobles who hold their estates by the tenure of military service. The *ziogoon* rarely stirs from the precincts of his palace—his religious devotions at Miyako being performed by deputy. He does not trouble his head about politics, and all his duties consist in the performance of ceremonies required by etiquette, receptions of homage and the like. His deputy, the *ziogoon*, who is the real executive, is surrounded by spies of the council, and every look and word is watched. In this respect this body very closely resembles the Venetian Council of Ten. The state council is said to consist of thirteen members—five princes of the empire and eight nobles. The president of the council is styled governor of the empire, and his functions are not dissimilar to those of a prime minister of England. The council of state transacts the whole business of government. When any proposition has been duly investigated and decided upon by the coun-

Deterrd by superstitious fears, the native miners have seldom penetrated far into the earth, but have rested satisfied with the gold found near the surface. In a memorandum laid before the Dutch governor-general of Batavia, in 1744, is a calculation showing that in the beginning of the 17th century, when the trade with Japan was an open one, the export of gold and silver was ten millions of Dutch florins, or about four millions of dollars per annum. The export was first contracted, and in 1680, entirely forbidden. The same calculation goes on to prove that in the course of sixty years, the export of gold and silver must have amounted to the enormous value of from twenty-five to fifty millions of pounds sterling, or to nearly that at the least. In a good many old accounts of India, both English and French, we find frequent mention of the "gold lingots of Japan." About the middle of the 17th century, these lingots appear to have abounded in Bengal. But at an early period, between 1545 and 1615, it is notorious that the Portuguese obtained in Japan, in exchange for merchandise, enormous quantities of the precious metals. Silver mines are also described as being quite as numerous as the gold mines, and their produce as excellent in quality. In one year we find the Portuguese exporting 587,000 pounds sterling worth of fine silver. To the east of Japan lie two islands, called the "Gold and Silver Islands." They have never been explored by Europeans. Copper abounds throughout the group, and is said by some to be the finest in the world. It is refined and cast into small cylinders about a foot long and an inch thick. It was formerly one of the chief commodities purchased

markable. It is said to have been created about three hundred years before Christ, upon the occasion of an immense land-slide, by which was created the great lake of Mitsu. At this time, it is said, the great mountain of Fudsi was forced up to its present height. In the year 800 A. D., this volcano was described as being the largest and most active in Japan. An eruption of the previous year lasted thirty-four days, and was of the most terrific and destructive character. In the years 863 and 864 A. D., other and even more violent eruptions occurred, accompanied by earthquakes and terrific thunder. The lava ran to a distance of nearly five leagues, carrying desolation in its path. In 1707 there was another earthquake, and two more eruptions took place from the crater. Flames burst forth to an enormous height, and immense masses of rock and stone were hurled upwards in a continuous cascade, the cinders falling to a distance of ten leagues. Sirayama, or the White Mountain, is another remarkable volcano of Japan, the peak being covered by perpetual snow. It is situated in the department of Kago, near Miaco. It is subject to violent eruptions. An eruption of the volcano Asama, near the centre of the island of Japan, was terribly destructive, many whole villages being swept away by the deluge of lava. Most of the eminences of Japan are cultivated to the summit. Japan proper consists of three large islands, Kiooso, Sitkokf and Nippon, and these are surrounded by smaller islands. Kiooso is about two hundred miles long by eighty miles wide, with a surface of one thousand six hundred square miles; Sitkokf is about a hundred and fifty miles long, seventy miles wide, and contains a surface of ten thou-



TEMPLE OF NISHUHONGWANZI, AT MIAKO, JAPAN.

cil, the resolution is laid before the *ziogoon*, who generally sanctions it. If the emperor dissents, a court of arbitration, consisting of three princes of the blood, settles the dispute. Females occupy a subordinate rank in Japan, as they do throughout the East, but are not so degraded as in China, nor looked upon as inferior beings. The mineral wealth of Japan has long been noted. A Spanish writer of the 17th century says that "these islands are excessively rich in gold and silver. The abundance of these metals is scarcely credible. In Jeddo, the capital, not only the palace of the emperor, but also many houses of the great lords, are covered with plates of gold." Well knowing the exaggerations of the Spanish authors, particularly in reference to the precious metals, we might discredit the stories of the wealth of Japan if they rested entirely on Spanish authority; but we have ample evidence in the descriptions of other writers, that the empire is no fabulous *El Dorado*. Kampfer, a cautious and reliable writer, says, "the greatest riches of the Japanese soil and those wherein this empire exceeds most known countries, consist in all sorts of minerals and metals, particularly in gold, silver and copper." Gold is dug out of the mines in many provinces. The greatest quantity of it is melted out of its own ore. Some is washed out of gold sand, and small quantities are said to be contained in the copper. The richest gold ore, and that which contains the finest gold, is mined in one of the northern districts of the island of Nippon. There is also a very rich gold sand in the same part of the island. But gold ore or gold in dust appears to be found in innumerable parts of the Japanese archipelago.

in Japan by the Dutch, who brought it into Europe and carried on a great trade in it. There is also a coarser kind of copper, which is cast into large roundish lumps or cakes. The Dutch have in some years carried off from thirty to forty tons and piculs of this metal—each picul weighing about 132 pounds weight. To give our readers some idea of the scenery of Japan, we have selected for engraving a mountain view, a harbor scene and a picture of a Japanese temple. The first, the mountain of Metake, is very peculiar in its form, rising lofty and bold to a prodigious altitude, and towering a very giant over minor peaks and eminences. Nothing more wild and picturesque can be conceived than the view here presented. The second engraving shows us the city of Simoneseki. The houses are low and inconsiderable, but a quaintly picturesque effect is imparted to the scene by the group of junks lying at anchor. A range of bold hills, or mountains, so characteristic of Japanese scenery, crowns the distance. The third picture exhibits the Temple of Nishuhongwanzi, at Miako, of great extent and fanciful architecture. The spectator is reminded of the Chinese temples, but it has not quite their luxuriant oddity, and in fact, in comparison with some of the pagodas of the "Central Flower-Land," it may be said to be almost severe in its style. Were Japan thrown open freely to artists, and were travelling in its interior less dangerous than it is, we are inclined to think that no country in the world would furnish more abundant themes for illustration by the pencil. There are for instance many grand volcanic mountains in Japan. The Fudsi Jamma, in the island of Nippon, west of the Bay of Yeddo, is one of the most re-

sand square miles. Nippon is the largest of the group. Japan is certainly a most interesting country in whatever aspect we may choose to consider it. Before many years it will doubtless, with the progress of civilization and commerce, be as thoroughly known to us as the countries of the European continent. Our engraving of the temple above given suggests an allusion to the religion of Japan. It has no resemblance to that of the Chinese in its forms. The old religion is the Sin Sin (the way of the gods). This sect regards the founders of the empire to be sprung from Ten-syoo dai zin, the supreme deity, and to have descended from heaven upon Japan. This deity, though practically regarded as supreme, is only the descendant of more remote ancient gods, the earliest of whom was believed to have been self created out of chaos. The spirit of the original deity is supposed to be transmitted by hereditary descent to all the sovereign rulers of the empire. The supreme deity is too great to be addressed, save through the mediation of the Mikando, the son of Heaven, or of inferior spirits, called *Kami*, of whom four hundred ninety-two were born spirits and two thousand six hundred forty are canonized mortals. These *Kami* have temples specially dedicated to them. Formerly human victims were immolated as propitiatory offerings at their shrines. The doctrines of the Sin Sin are kept distinct and sacred by the Japanese theologians, though one of the sects of Buddh is acknowledged, from political reasons, by the government. The Buddhist form of worship was introduced from China. There are many ramifications of the religion of Buddh, and much superstition prevails.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

BEREAVED.

BY MRS. SOPHORIA CURRIER.

The osier droops when waters fail,
The flowerets pale when heavens lower;
But the scathed oak, through withering gale
And fostering sunshine, bides its hour.

It may be months, it may be years,—
I reck not how time glides away;
Like youthful dreams, joy disappears,
And griefs are but of yesterday.

They talk of beauty long since fled,
Of white hairs on a pallid brow,
And lips conversing with the dead;
I do not look upon me now.

Of tearless eyes, whose transient fires
Show the slow withering of the brain,
As ashes, the funeral pyres;
Perchance 'tis age, perchance 'tis pain.

I heard, upon a summer night,
The moaning of a wintry sea;
And a tall form, as drenched and white
As from a sea-grave, stood by me.

I know not if I smiled or sighed;
I prayed not—prayer had been in vain;
I only knew life's ebbing tide
Sank fast; it has not flowed again.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

'TIS DARKEST BEFORE DAY.

BY ELLEN ALICE MORIARTY.

"Do you wonder at my dejection, my dear Mrs. Jackson, when every day finds the burden of my duties heavier, and my seeming dependence more unbearable. I have resolved to go forth into the world, and it must indeed be a cold, ungenerous world, if it refuses me the happiness denied me here. I feel that I have abilities which are lying dormant in my present situation. There are many respectable ways of obtaining a livelihood, for any one of which I am competent—thanks to my dear grandmother's love, I enjoyed the advantages of a sound English education, far more thorough, perhaps, than if the precious moments had been frittered away in acquiring mere conversational knowledge of foreign languages to the neglect of my own. I seek your advice, dear Mrs. Jackson, for though our acquaintance has been so short a one, I trust that you feel an interest in my welfare."

These words were addressed by Margaret Heyford to an elderly woman of prepossessing appearance, who was seated with her in the small room appropriated to her use in the residence of her uncle, Colonel Hatfield.

"Indeed, my dear Miss Margaret, your situation here is a most unpleasant one. The cares of a household as extensive as this, the never ceasing gaiety, the visitors—why, my dear child, 'tis wearing your young life away," replied Mrs. Jackson. "But to go alone into the world and unprotected—you are young and lovely, Miss Margaret, and such a proceeding would be most imprudent on your part. You will soon be happy, my child. Remember that there is an old saying, 'Tis darkest before day.'"

"Then my life thus far has been a dreary night," said Margaret, with a sigh. "I wonder if the day will ever dawn. And yet how light would be my daily task if I thought my uncle placed any value on my services. No—to him and my cousins I am but a dependant sustained by their bounty. Matilda and Jeanet dislike me, my uncle and Charles would not waste a thought upon me. Would I not be happier among strangers? for from them I would not expect the kindness which the tie of relationship demands, and which never has been bestowed on me here?"

"Is it possible that you have given this any serious thought—do you really intend to go away, Miss Margaret?"

"I do, Mrs. Jackson. And what will surprise you more, America will be my destination."

"This is indeed unwise. To go so far from home—"

"Home!" repeated Margaret, bitterly, "I never had a home, Mrs. Jackson. Even my love for my native land appears a dull and cold one. I long to breathe the free air of America. There, at least, family pride throws no shadow over the hearth-stone, chilling to death the tender feelings implanted in the breast—there, where honest worth is the standard of equality. The baneful presence of that pride darkened my sweet mother's life and made her an outcast from her family, because she united her destiny to one whom they deemed far beneath her. But the humble shelter he gave her was to her a palace, and she its queen. My father's love was her empire, his smile her crown, and her own sweet influence her sceptre. They died when their child was too young to feel their loss—they died ere they could know the blessing of a daughter's love—my father and my mother!"

The vague, undefined regret, that sense of sorrowful yearning that only the early orphaned can feel, stirred within the young girl's heart, and she buried her face in her hands to hide her falling tears. O, you to whom God, in his mercy, yet leaves the shielding tenderness of a parent's love, guard well the sacred treasure, for the day will come when you will stand beside a grave, and every pang you gave the heart that loved you, as you may never hope to be loved again on earth, will fall with crushing remorse upon your own, and you will wish—O, how vainly you will wish, that you were the tenant of that last and

awful home ere this great sorrow had come to you—the sorrow that forevermore in lonely hours, and in the busy world, will point out to you the white hairs your thoughtless unkindness had silvered, the dimmed and tearful eyes turned with such a depth of love upon your face, and in a trembling voice it will name your name and implore you to turn from your evil courses. O, if you could but once again hear that living voice, how would its counsel be heeded. O, vain and unappeased regret, that will nevermore be still.

Mrs. Jackson knew that to attempt to comfort Margaret would only excite a deeper emotion, so she drew her chair to the window and resumed her needlework.

"Can that be Mr. Frank?" she suddenly exclaimed, as a horseman rapidly approached the house. "Indeed it is, and we thought he was in London!"

The listless, despondent Margaret started at her exclamation, and looked with ill-concealed interest from the window at Mr. Frank Hetherton, the only son of Lady Agnes Hetherton, to whom Mrs. Jackson held the office of companion, and who was at present a visitor at Hatfield Hall.

Mr. Frank reined in his panting steed before the door and looked in the pleasant summer twilight what he really was, a handsome, noble minded young gentleman.

"Are the family at home, Terence?" he asked of the groom who hurried out to attend him.

"They're on the water, Mr. Frank. Look down through the trees beyond, sir. That's Mr. Charles's boat, and the young ladies are in it," he archly added.

"Ah!" said Mr. Frank, with a peculiar smile. "Come down to the shore, my lad, and take Hotspur back to the stable."

Turning his horse's head towards the water that gleamed through the trees, and spurring him into a trot, Mr. Frank soon disappeared in the turn of the avenue, Terence keeping up a running accompaniment, sadly out of breath and time.

Margaret lingered at the window, her gaze rivetted on the path he had followed. The soft light in her eyes, the varying cheek, and the fluttering heart telling plainly that Mr. Frank was more to the young girl than even she herself suspected.

"What a flighty fellow he has become. It seems as if he did not know his own mind for an instant. We thought he was in London by this time, and he intended to be himself when he set out. Now I know just as well the fond, proud look his mother will give when she sees him down there. She ought to be proud of him, for there isn't a finer young gentleman in the county. He has the kindest heart, the sweetest disposition—I could never weary talking of him, Miss Margaret. But I am tiring you?"

"O, no. Go on, dear Mrs. Jackson. Your conversation is very entertaining, please to continue it," said Margaret, eagerly. The soft light still burned in her eyes, the blush upon her cheek.

"Well, as I was going to say, he will be a good match for your cousin, Miss Jeanet."

"For Miss Jeanet!" said Margaret, faintly, and turned away her face.

"Why, for who else? Miss Matilda is already betrothed, and he is not over fond of Mr. Charles's society. Miss Jeanet is the attraction here. Lady Hetherton looks upon the match as settled, or what else would make her a visitor here. When Mrs. Hatfield was living there was no intimacy between them."

The light faded from Margaret's eyes, the blush from her cheek, and a shadow fell upon her young life that she felt would never more be lifted from it.

"And," continued Mrs. Jackson, apparently quite innocent of the effect of her communication on Margaret, "Miss Jeanet will make a beautiful bride. Don't you think so?"

"Both my cousins are the loveliest girls I have ever seen," Margaret replied, making an effort to compose herself. "I cannot imagine any beauty fairer than theirs."

"How good you are, Miss Margaret. It is not every girl who would be willing to acknowledge loveliness in others, and they relations. But I am detaining you, and you having to oversee the dinner!" said Mrs. Jackson, rising to depart.

"Not only oversee," said Margaret, "but prepare it. Mrs. Jeffers, the cook, has fallen ill, and I must supply her place."

"Colonel Hatfield ought to be ashamed of himself," exclaimed Mrs. Jackson, warmly. "To make a menial of his sister's child!"

"Nay. The blame is more mine than my uncle's, since I have submitted to it," Margaret returned. "However, to-night shall see the last of my servitude."

"Remember, my dear," said Mrs. Jackson, putting her head in at the door after she had left the room, "'Tis darkest before day."

Margaret waited until she heard her enter Lady Hetherton's apartment, then closing the door and turning the key, she flung herself upon the bed and gave way to passionate grief. The kind cordiality of Frank Hetherton's manner towards herself, so different from Colonel Hatfield and her cousins' repelling hauteur, could not but make a tender impression on the young girl's heart, that each subsequent interview served to deepen, until now the fearful truth burst upon her, that she loved and her love was hopeless. Her life had always been an unhappy one, and why, she bitterly thought, did she so fondly dream that its current would be turned from its gloomy course into the blessed sunshine of Frank Hetherton's love, and go on its way rejoicing and singing forevermore.

On the death of her parents, Margaret's maternal grandmother gave her a home in Hatfield Hall, where she resided with her son; and during her childhood her grandmother's tenderness was her only protection from the teasing impertinence of Master Charles,

and the ill-will of Matilda and Jeanet, who gave it vent in spiteful slaps and pinches, whenever their grandmother placed the "little black beggar," as they contemptuously called her, in their society. As the children grew older, Master Charles no longer condescended to amuse himself by terrifying and annoying her, and his sisters followed his example. A haughty reserve showed itself on their part, which was met by the sensitive orphan in a kindred spirit. At the age of seventeen, Margaret was a thoughtful woman, with a woman's cares. Her uncle's housekeeper had married and her duties devolved upon Margaret, while her grandmother's infirmities called for a return of the watchful tenderness that shielded her childhood—and faithfully did she repay her debt of gratitude and love.

A year before our narration, old Mrs. Hatfield died, and Margaret mourned her loss with sorrowful sincerity. The colonel's sympathy with her grief, for he was tenderly attached to his mother, softened for a while the restraint that had always shown itself in their intercourse, and a hope, but a short-lived one, throbbed in Margaret's heart that in time he might learn to love her. But Matilda and Jeanet returned heartless and accomplished young ladies from a boarding-school; Mr. Charles from Oxford, "grown ten times prater than before," and the coldness resumed its place.

The twilight deepened, and still Margaret remained in her room, unconscious of everything but the sorrow that had fallen upon her. Considerable surprise was manifested in the kitchen at her unaccountable absence, and many a "wisha! wish!" went the master be in a tearing passion?" was uttered by the servants, who were all very fond of the young girl and knew how her uncle's unkind and unjust displeasure pained and mortified her. At last Rosa, the under-housemaid, who the gallant Terence declared had "bored a hole in his heart," went up to her door and reminded her that the company would soon be back. Margaret hastened down and commenced her task. But she had little knowledge of that important branch of female education, and was by far too dejected to pay strict attention to Mrs. Jeffers's directions. Soyer would have fainted with dismay had he witnessed that dinner when it was served; even the butler was heard to whisper that "not one of them would taste it." He was correct in his supposition, for the more fastidious of the guests could not conceal their dissatisfaction, and the colonel's brow darkened as the third course was placed upon the table, presenting the same untempting appearance as its predecessors.

Later in the evening, as Margaret was crossing the hall, the door of the library opened, and her uncle came out and met her.

"To your room," he muttered, "and to-morrow you will answer to me for the dainty repast you have served my guests."

He stopped in some confusion, for Lady Hetherton, who was following him, had overheard his words.

Margaret went to her room and spent the next hour in collecting and packing her scanty apparel. Then she sat again at the window and indulged in mournful thought. The tranquil beauty of that summer night failed to impart the charm of its own peace to her saddened heart. The full moon shed its calm glory over the lawn, and shining glimpses of the water twinkled through the dark foliage of the willows that bordered its edge. Music and song floated up to her on the breeze from the open windows of the drawing room, and when at times she distinguished the rich tones of a voice that sent a thrill through her heart, she shuddered, feeling that the music of that voice was hushed to her forever.

Quiet reigned in the house at last, and the clock was on the stroke of one, when Margaret left her room and went down stairs to her uncle's apartment. He had not yet retired, and was sitting at his desk overlooking some papers. He was not aware of her presence until she stood before him, and looking up with a start, he saw a fair young face, so very pale and fair—and mild blue eyes, so earnest and so sorrowful that his heart was touched. It may be that the memory of his dead sister passed between him and his ill feeling towards her child, for he said kindly:

"You are up late, Margaret. Are you well?"

"I am well, sir, as well as I ever can be in this world," she replied.

"Then what brings you here?" he sharply asked, remembrance of his annoyance coming freshly to his mind.

"To wish you good by, uncle, and tell you if in after years you should regret the constant unkindness that forced the orphan to fly with reluctant steps from the shadow of your home, for there never was a beam of sunlight in it for me, uncle, and you know it and my cousins know it, that regret will be a wasted thought; for I rejoice that I have thrust aside the bonds of servitude. It needed but to-night to break the last tie that held me here, and that," she continued, falteringly, "was the hope that you at least had some regard for me, and how have you withered it?"

"Go to your room! How dare you come here annoying me? Go to your room!" exclaimed the colonel, angrily; "and sleep away your resentment," he added, noticing the unusual paleness of her countenance.

Margaret obeyed him and left the apartment, but not to seek her own. Turning into the part of the house occupied by the domestics, she tapped lightly at the door of one of the rooms, arousing its occupant, who inquired in a drowsy tone:

"Who is there?"

"It is I, Terence," she softly replied.

"You have been expeditious," said Margaret, as Terence after the lapse of a few minutes came out into the lobby, and motioning him to be silent, she led the way into the kitchen, whither he followed in gaping wonder. "Terence, my good lad," said she, "I believe that you are fond of me."

"Is it fond of you, Miss Margaret? Don't we all dote down on you, and wouldn't I lie down in my cold grave this blessed night if I thought I could carry one of your troubles with me."

"I believe you, Terence, without requiring so great a sacrifice on your part," said Margaret, with a smile. "But you must prove your affection for me. Bring Van Winkle round to this door in five minutes, and put my grandmamma's pillow on him. I want you to take me to Southampton."

"Miss Margaret," exclaimed Terence, unable to restrain his surprise and curiosity, "sure you aren't going away, miss?"

"I am, Terence."

"Going away!" the poor fellow repeated, in a quivering voice, and he said no more. Ignorant and unlettered as he was, the mystery of the human heart was open to his warm and kindly nature, as it was closed upon those whose perceptions are dulled by contact with the icy touch of wealth and fashion.

"Wont you wait for the morning, Miss Margaret? It will soon be here. 'Tis always darkest just before the day, miss."

Margaret started, for his last words seemed prophetic. A vague hope sprang to life, but she subdued it.

"No, Terence, I must be in Southampton to-morrow morning. A vessel leaves for America and I fear I may be too late to engage a passage in her."

"America!" cried out Terence. "O, then, Miss Margaret, mavournen, would you be putting the wide water betune them that loves you?"

Margaret, touched by the poor fellow's affectionate distress, let a few more minutes more slip by in quieting his grief, pointing out the many inducements the New World held forth, and her certainty of finding peace if not happiness on its friendly shores.

"Miss Margaret," Terence asked, when half an hour after, they were riding at a brisk pace on the road to Southampton, "have you any—" he hesitated.

"Money?" Margaret replied, finishing his question. "I have one hundred pounds, Terence, that my dear grandmama gave me before she died."

The memory of her grandmother awoke a sorrowful recollection, and the remainder of the journey was pursued in deep silence. With tearful eyes and quivering lips, Terence faltered out his farewell to his "dear young lady, and nothing," the faithful fellow protested, "would keep him from following his darlin' Miss Margaret to the ends of the earth, but the poor mother who was depending on him, and it would be showing the bad heart in him if he forgot the duty he owed her."

That evening Margaret sat the only passenger in the cabin of the "Syren," her head bowed down on her hands, and tears that she could not nor sought to suppress, trickling through her elapsing fingers. How bitter an experience had been her's in twenty-four hours. How many a sorrowful lesson that will never be forgotten has been pondered over and acquired in twenty-four hours. Was it this thought that made that fair young head droop down until it rested on the arm of the couch on which she sat? was it this thought that shook her slender form with such passionate emotion? was it this thought that wrung forth sob after sob from her white lips? It may have been. But there was a new-born misery in her heart, lifting appealing eyes to her, crying out in a suffering voice, that he who ever met her with a brightening smile and tender respect, loved her even as she would be loved, and Margaret answered it aloud, as if it were a living thing.

"O, no! no! his kindness was not love—his kindness was not love."

The movements on deck proclaimed that the "Syren" was leaving the dock. The "ho-cheerily men" of the sailors fell upon her heavy car, and Margaret raised her head; but as she did so, what a cry burst from her lips, and ere it had died away, her face, pale indeed no longer, was hidden on the sheltering breast of Mr. Frank Hetherton.

"It needed but this reception, my noble-hearted Margaret, to convince me that my love was returned," Mr. Frank exclaimed, passionately and truthfully. "O, Margaret, how could you leave me? Might you not have known how I loved you? Might you not have known that it was to see you as I saw you, to know you as I knew you, my mother came a visitor to Hatfield, whose inmates she despised as heartily as she esteemed yourself—the dear mother who waits impatiently to greet you and bless you as her daughter? Will you go to her, and crown my life with happiness?" he softly added.

Margaret looked up smiling through her tears.

"A most eloquent reply," whispered Mr. Frank.

"Faix, thin, Mr. Frank, I'm thinking they'll be after carrying us to America with them," said Terence, thrusting in his beaming face at the cabin door. "Ah, thin, Miss Margaret, my darlin', do you think I'd lave you alone to day if I didn't know Mr. Frank there would be after killin' me if I did not fly back and let him know where you were? Wisha! thin it's mighty unthankful some people are," he said, sulkily, as Margaret made no reply, for the happy girl was too much affected to speak. But his disappointment vanished when Margaret, on stepping into the boat waiting to convey them to the land, said:

"I have much to remember you for, Terence."

And Mr. Frank warmly pressed his hand and said: "You must come and live with us, Terence."

At Mr. Frank's words, Terence's fertile imagination in an instant raised a neat little dwelling on a lovely spot of that young gentleman's domain, his mother, his Rosa and himself to be its contented inmates. Ah, if the "castles" we poor mortals are forever "building in the air," had the substantial foundation of Terence's cottage, what happy, satisfied creatures we should all of us be!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

AN UNEXPECTED RACE.

BY SYLVANUS COHN, JR.

In one of the larger towns of Worcester County, Massachusetts, used to live a clergyman, whom we will call Ridewell. He was of the Baptist persuasion, and very rigid in his ideas of moral propriety. He had in his employ an old negro, named Pompey, and if this latter individual was not so strict in his morals as his master, he was at least a very cunning dog, and passed in the reverend household for a pattern of propriety. Pomp. was a useful servant, and the old clergyman never hesitated to trust him with the most important business.

Now it so happened that there were, dwelling in and about the town, sundry individuals who had not the fear of the dreadful penalties which Mr. Ridewell preached about before their eyes, for it was the wont of these people to congregate on Sabbath evenings upon a level piece of land in the outskirts of the town, and there race horses. This spot was hidden from view by a dense piece of woods, and for a long while the Sunday evening races were carried on there without detection by the officers, or others who might have stopped them.

It also happened that the good old clergyman owned one of the best horses in the county. This horse was of the old Morgan stock, with a mixture of the Arabian blood in his veins, and it was generally known that few beasts could pass him on the road. Mr. Ridewell, with a dignity becoming his calling, stoutly declared that the fleetness of his horse never afforded him any gratification, and that, for his own part, he would as lief have any other. Yet money could not buy his Morgan, nor could any amount of argument persuade him to swap.

The church was so near to the good clergyman's dwelling that he always walked to meeting, and his horse was consequently allowed to remain in the pasture.

Pompey discovered that these races were on the tapis, and he resolved to enter his master's horse on his own account, for he felt sure that old Morgan could beat anything in the shape of horseflesh that could be produced in that quarter. So on the very next Sunday evening, he hid the bridle under his jacket went out into the pasture and caught the horse, and then rode off towards the spot where the wicked ones were congregated. Here he found some dozen horses assembled, and the racing was about to commence. Pomp. mounted his beast, and at the signal he started. Old Morgan entered into the spirit of the thing, and came out two rods ahead of everything. So Pomp. won quite a pile, and before dark he was well initiated in horse-racing.

Pomp. succeeded in getting home without exciting any suspicions, and he now longed for the Sabbath afternoon to come, for he was determined to try it again. He did go again, and again he won; and this course of wickedness he followed up for two months, making his appearance upon the racing-ground every Sunday afternoon, as soon as he could after "meeting was out." And during this time Pompey was not the only one who had learned to love the racing. No, for old Morgan himself had come to love the excitement of the thing, too, and his every motion when upon the track showed how zealously he entered into the spirit of the game.

But these things were not always to remain a secret. One Sunday a pious deacon beheld this racing from a distance, and straightway went to the parson with the alarming intelligence. The Rev. Mr. Ridewell was utterly shocked. His moral feelings were outraged, and he resolved at once to put a stop to the wickedness. During the week he made many inquiries, and he learned that this thing had been practised all summer on every Sabbath afternoon. He bade his parishioners keep quiet, and he told them that on the next Sunday he would make his appearance on the very spot and catch them in their deeds of iniquity.

On the following Sabbath, after dinner, Mr. Morgan ordered Pomp. to bring up old Morgan and put him in the stable. The order was obeyed, though not without many misgivings on the part of the faithful negro. As soon as the afternoon services were closed, the two deacons and some others of the members of the church accompanied the minister home, with their horses.

"It is the most flagrant piece of abomination that ever came to my knowledge," said the indignant clergyman, as they rode on.

"It is, most assuredly," answered one of the deacons.

"Horse-racing on the Sabbath!" uttered the minister.

"Dreadful!" echoed the second deacon.

And so the conversation went on until they reached the top of a gentle eminence which overlooked the plain where the racing was carried on, and where some dozen horsemen, with a score of lookers-on, were assembled. The sight was one which chilled the good parson to his soul. He remained motionless until he had made out the whole alarming truth, then turning to his companions:

"Now, my brothers," said he, "let us ride down and confront the wicked wretches, and if they will down upon their knees and implore God's mercy, and promise to do so no more, we will not take legal action against them. O, that my own land should be desecrated thus!" for it was indeed a section of his own farm.

As the good clergyman thus spoke, he started on towards the scene. The horses of the wicked men were just drawing up for a start as the minister approached, and some of the riders who at once recognized "old Morgan," did not recognize the reverend individual who rode him.

"Wicked men!" commenced the parson, as he came near enough for his voice to be heard, "children of sin and shame—"

"Come on, old hoss," cried one of the jockeys, turning towards the minister. "If you are in for the first race, you must stir your stumps. Now we go."

"Alas! O, my wicked—"

"All ready!" shouted he who led in the affair, cutting the minister short. "And off it is!"

And the word for starting was given. Old Morgan knew that word too well, for no sooner did it fall upon his ears than he stuck out his nose, and with one wild snort he started, and the rest of the racers, twelve in number, kept him company.

"Who-oa! who-oa-oa!" cried the parson, at the top of his voice.

"By the powers, old fellow, you're a keen one!" shouted one of the wicked men, who had thus far managed to keep close by the side of the parson. "You ride well."

"Who-ho-ho-o-o! who-a-oa!" yelled the clergyman, tugging at the reins with all his might.

But it was all of no avail. Old Morgan had now reached ahead of all competitors, and he came up to the judge's stand three rods ahead, where the petrified deacons were standing, with eyes and mouths wide open.

"Don't stop," cried the judge, who had now recognized Parson Ridewell, and suspected his business, and who also saw at once into the secret of old Morgan's joining the race. "Don't stop," he shouted again; "it is a two-mile heat this time. Keep right on, parson. You are good for another mile. Now you go—and off it is!"

These last words were of course known to the horse, and no sooner did Morgan hear them, than he stuck his nose out again, and again started off. The poor parson did his utmost to stop the bewitched animal, but it could not be done. The more he struggled and yelled, the faster the animal went, and ere many moments he was again at the starting-point, where Morgan now stopped of his own accord. There was a hurried whispering among the wicked ones, and a succession of very curious winks and knowing nods seemed to indicate that they understood.

"Upon my soul, parson," said the leader of the abomination, approaching the spot where the minister still sat in his saddle, he having not yet sufficiently recovered his presence of mind to dismount, "you ride well. We had not looked for this honor."

"Honor, sir!" gasped Ridewell, looking blankly into the speaker's face.

"Ay—for 'tis an honor. You are the first clergyman who has ever joined us in our Sabbath evening entertainments."

"I—I, sir! I joined you?"

"Ha, ha, ha! O, you did it well. Your good deacons really think you tried to stop your horse; but I saw through it; I saw how slyly you put your horse up. But I don't blame you for feeling proud of Old Morgan, for I should feel so myself if I owned him. But you need not fear: I will tell all who may ask me about it, that you did your best to stop your beast; for I would rather stretch the truth a little than have such a good jockey as you are suffer."

This had been spoken so loudly that the deacons had heard every word, and the poor parson was bewildered; but he soon came to himself, and with a flashing eye, he cried:

"Villains, what mean you? Why do ye thus—"

"Hold on," interrupted one of the party, and as he spoke, the rest of the racing-men had all mounted their horses, "hold on a moment, parson. We are willing to allow you to carry off the palm, but we wont stand your abuse. When we heard that you had determined to try if your horse would not beat us all, we agreed among ourselves that if you came we would let you in. We have done so, and you have won the race in a two-mile heat. Now let that satisfy you. By the hokey, but you did it well. When you want to try it again, just send us word, and we'll be ready for you. Good-by!"

As the wretch thus spoke, he turned his horse's head, and before the astounded preacher could utter a word, the whole party had ridden away out of hearing. It was some time before one of the churchmen could speak. They knew not what to say. Why should their minister's horse have joined in the race without some permission from his master? They knew how much he set by the animal, and at length they shook their heads with doubt.

"It's very strange," said one.

"Very," answered a second.

"Remarkable," suggested a third.

"On my soul, brethren," spoke Ridewell, "I can't make it out."

The brethren looked at each other, and the deacons shook their heads in a very solemn and impressive manner.

So the party rode back to the clergyman's house, but none of the brethren would enter, nor would they stop at all. Before Monday had drawn to a close, it was generally known that Parson Ridewell raced his horse on the Sabbath, and a meeting of the church was appointed for Thursday.

Poor Ridewell was almost crazy with vexation; but before Thursday came, Pompey found out how matters stood, and he assured his master that he would clear the matter up; and after a day's search, he discovered the astounding fact that some of those wicked men had been in the habit of stealing Old Morgan from the pasture, and racing him on Sabbath afternoons! Pomp found out this much—but he could not find *who* did it!

As soon as this became known to the church, the members conferred together, and they soon concluded that under such circumstances a high mettled horse would be very apt to run away with his rider when he found himself directly upon the track.

So Parson Ridewell was cleared, but it was a long while before he got over the blow, for many were the wicked wags who delighted to pester him by offering to "ride a race" with him, to "bet on his head," or to "put him against the world on a race." But Ridewell grew older, his heart grew warmer, and finally he could laugh with right good will when he spoke of his *unexpected* race. Be sure there was no more Sabbath racing in that town.



WESTERN RAILROAD DEPOT, PITTSFIELD, MASS.

SCENES IN WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS.

We present our readers with a fine series of views in the western part of Massachusetts, drawn expressly for the Pictorial by Mr. Kilburn. The view below is of the town of Pittsfield, one of the finest in Berkshire County, and beautifully located at the junction of the two principal branches of the Housatonic River, occupying a charming expanse of valley between the Taconic and Green Mountain ranges. The town was first settled in 1752, under the original Indian name of Pontoosuck, signifying Deer Run. In 1735 the territory of this town was granted to Boston, but it was sold to Jacob Wendell in 1743. During the first period it was called Boston Plantation, and afterwards Wendell's Town; but in 1761 it was incorporated under the name of Pittsfield, in honor of the great English statesman, William Pitt. Our view is taken from the Berkshire House, and shows the square and common in the centre of the town. In the middle of the town

was a large elm which was left standing when the original forest was cleared away. This patriarchal tree is a conspicuous object in the landscape. It is one hundred and twenty-seven feet high, and rises to the height of ninety feet before it begins to send forth branches. Some of the upper limbs were killed by lightning during a storm that occurred about ten years ago. The first church on the left is the Congregationalist, a fine building, recently erected; the one beyond is the Episcopal Church, and the building between these is the town hall and police office. The Berkshire Medical College is located here, and the building shown in the centre of our view is the boarding-house where the pupils of the institution live. Our second view shows the Western Railroad depot and the American House. The depot stands immediately over the track, which passes beneath the level of the village. It is of Egyptian architecture. The township of Pittsfield is like a green oasis in the mountain region. A large proportion of the

soil is of the most excellent quality, and the situation is extremely healthy, on account of the great elevation of the valley. The town is regularly laid out, its two principal streets crossing each other at right angles. The Young Ladies' Institute, located in this town, is a flourishing institution, enjoying large patronage and a high reputation. The buildings belonging to this academy are three in number, the central one, which contains the chapel, library, recitation-rooms, philosophical apparatus, being celebrated for its architectural beauty, and modelled on one of the finest remains of antiquity in Athens. The buildings are surrounded by a very large garden, laid out with exquisite taste, planted lavishly with trees, shrubbery and perennial flowers, and ornamented with a fountain. The view from the observatory of the building is delightful, commanding a great extent of country uniting the romantic and pastoral in its varied features. Pittsfield is a town of great activity, both in agriculture and manufactures. The



VIEW OF PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.



PEAK MOUNTAIN, ON DEERFIELD RIVER, HAWLEY, MASSACHUSETTS.

skill of its farmers is as noted as the fertility of its soil. The manufactures consist of cotton and woollen goods, castings, machinery, musical instruments, hats, caps, harnesses, trunks, railroad cars, carriages, chairs, furniture, tools, fire-arms, etc. The Western Railroad passes, as we remarked above, through the town, and another railroad connects with the Housatonic. We now pass to Charlemont, in Franklin County, the subject of our fourth illustration. This town was formerly a frontier place, and the theatre of many sanguinary engagements with the Indians. Indeed, traces of the defences thrown up by the old settlers to protect their infant village are yet to be discerned. It was incorporated in 1765, and now contains rather more than a thousand inhabitants. The locality in which this town is built is elevated and rough, but the scenery is romantic and picturesque. It is one hundred and five miles W. N. W. from Boston. It is a long and narrow town on the bank of the Deerfield River, and enclosed by

very high hills. It embraces several villages, the upper one of which is the subject of the accompanying engraving. The point of view is on the river bank. The building occupying an elevated position is the school-house, and that immediately to the left, the hotel. Looking in an opposite direction we behold the grand feature of our third illustration, Peak Mountain. This is a steep, picturesque elevation, one thousand feet in height, rising directly from the river bank, and quite independent of the surrounding hills. Its bold outline and great bulk make it an object of great prominence and impart an emphasis to the landscape in which it stands. It is within the limits of the town of Hawley, which is separated from Charlemont by the Deerfield River, a stream shown in the engraving. This river is one of the most picturesque within the limits of New England. For its entire length it flows between high, rocky and heavily-wooded hills, which in many places rise so suddenly and abruptly from the river, that scarce space enough is

left for a narrow carriage road upon its bank. For the greater portion of the year it is one of the most peaceful, quiet streams imaginable: no turbulence, no chafing, no impetuosity. It seems to glide on tranquilly, like Wordsworth's river, "at its own sweet will." But in the spring, when the snow is melting in the mountains, and the ice-bound earth is freeing itself of its winter garments, then it no longer babbles musically in a tranquil course, but swollen, fierce and angry, it thunders over its channel, a resistless torrent, rushing through the valley, uprooting the trees on its banks, carrying away bridges and whatever else opposes, and strewing the course of its impetuous career with numberless wrecks, the trophies and tokens of its fury. At such periods its appearance is highly picturesque—the terrific effect of its swollen waters being enhanced by the bold and romantic character of the scenery it traverses, the precipitous hills that rise here and there, and the woods, whose reflections are broken by the savage current.



VIEW OF CHARLEMONT, UPPER VILLAGE.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE DEATH OF DE SOTO.

BY ALONZO.

The night was calm, the azure sky
A robe of modest beauty wore;
The river's gentle voice was nigh,
The dew was glimmering on the shore.

Fit scene for warrior's dying bed,
With beauty's smile to light the way—
What beauty like the pale stars shed?
What music like the wavelet's play?

But O, to him whose life was spent,
Each radiant orb enshrined in air,
Seemed like a blessed spirit, sent
To wait a kindred spirit there.

And loving eyes were looking on,
With smiles that none but he could feel;
Alone! he could not be alone,
When angel forms around him kneel.

No need of monk to raise the prayer,
Or censor's breath to float above;
Sweet spirit voices filled the air,
And mercy tuned the notes of love.

Calm fell the night—the warrior smiled;
The voices hushed, the stars grew dim,
And from the flowers that blossomed wild,
A spirit rose to join the hymn.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

NAPLES.

BY REV. F. W. HOLLAND.

NAPLES is a gem. The Italians call it a bit of heaven dropped on earth. An atmosphere of joy seems spread over it—a spell of loveliness hovering around it. Its *chiaja* by the water's side is unrivalled as a promenade, its buildings look always fresh, its sky is peculiarly bright, its climate is nearly perfect, its people uniformly gay, and its sea scene nothing short of combined poetry and painting can express; such picturesque islands, such graceful villas and fertile gardens, such crystal waves dancing in the unclouded sun, and then the burning Vesuvius to give an awful solemnity, with the snow-capped Apennines in the distance to crown the scene as only a mountain can.

The crowds who flock the streets confirm the pleasing impression. You think it a perpetual holiday, an uninterrupted carnival, a Bacchanalian festival, without its drunkenness. The mild climate invites the people to live out of doors, and this makes a population not a tenth of London seem ten times as great. Wherever you turn, especially if you are so foolish as to scatter coin amongst the innumerable beggars, your steps are thronged, and sometimes one must deal vigorous blows to make any headway. With far less trade than any similar population, there seems a great deal more; it is so open to sight, so constantly beneath your nose and within your ear. Grinding, weaving, tailoring, cobbling, even the killing of vermin, and almost every occupation goes on in these curious streets. The great Goethe was peculiarly struck with the Neapolitan gaiety; even in poor houses, the chairs and sofas were painted with gay flowers, he says, on a gold ground; the one-horse carriages striped with bright red, the carved work gilded, the horses hung with artificial flowers, scarlet fringes and plumes of feathers. Yet, under so clear a sky, with so gay a scene upon the land and sea, these gaudy colors do not seem barbaric or tasteless. The most brilliant color is deadened in the intense light; and the scarlet bodices, trimmed with broad gold bands of the women of Nettuno, do not seem out of harmony with a sky dazzling in splendor, or a sea where the birth of the goddess of beauty out of its foam seems hardly a fable.

Much has been said about the Neapolitan lazzaroni, as it seemed to me, in unpardonable exaggeration. Many a traveller would not notice those poorest of the poor were it not for the noise which has been made about them in the books. An imbecile government, a drowsy church, a palsied commerce, an enervating air, account for far more indolence than you see in Naples. Our consul declares that the so-called lazzaroni are willing enough to work where there is any chance of pay; if they beg for money beyond their stipulated wages, it is because they cannot expect another employer for a long time; if they sleep out of doors, it is because they have no means to hire even a hen-roost; if their night-capped bodies terminate neither in shoes nor stockings, these would be rather an encumbrance during their fishing; if full of fun and frolic, they are not generally turbulent or licentious. On the whole, they are a far finer class than ought to be expected under such unfavorable circumstances, with no education whatever, no hope of even regular employment, no prospect of a decent government, no chance of reviving trade under these stupid, cowardly, sensual, earthly Bourbons. No doubt many of them do not know their own names, and never saw their own fathers; still, as you see what noble forms and muscular figures they possess, with what zest they enter into athletic sports, and what sunny cheerfulness they maintain under so many discouragements, you cannot help sighing over them, and breathing a secret prayer that this tombstone may fall off from a people's heart.

If we wanted to point out the place of all others where despotism was most infamous and insufferable, where it struck more directly at the springs of life, and corrupted even more than it destroyed, it would be this kingdom of the Two Sicilies, where

the prisons overrun with political offenders, and yet murderers stalk unpunished; where precious remains of ancient art are invisible because of an imagined indelicacy, and yet the most infamous proposals are made to every stranger in the most public places; where enormous taxes are levied for internal improvement, and yet hardly any improvement permitted to be made. I have no patience when I think upon it; think, too, that the English government is ever ready to uphold this paralyzed despotism, whose heavy cannon are now pointed at the city, whose main reliance is the hireling Swiss guard, whose private character is as contemptible as their public, whose religious bigotry outdoes even that of the rest of Italy.

In all other strange communities I have found the public vice exaggerated by those who have written to entertain the world at home. There was no "danger of being shot at midnight" in Rome, no intrusion of licentiousness at Paris, no out-door iniquities in Turkey—great allowance had to be made for such excited imaginations as those of Horace Greeley, who saw nothing but yellow marble in the painted brick of London, or such easily-persuaded fears as those of some Boston friends whom crafty couriers kept shut up every evening to escape Italian assassins! But it does not seem to me possible to exaggerate the pollution of Naples. It is perfectly unblushing; it riots at noonday; it accepts the greatest rogues for the Neapolitan of a drama; if detected in theft, it only asks, "How could such poverty as ours be expected to be angelic?" Did not the high character of this paper forbid, I "could a tale unfold" of brazen iniquity, which would be confirmed by many amongst us, showing that Sodom need not be hunted for in the Dead Sea!

But let us go to Pompeii. This long-buried, long-forgotten city lay like a spell-bound beauty more than 1600 years, until everything about her history was buried in mist. It is just a century since the excavations were commenced; and, fortunately for present travellers, they are carried on at such a snail's pace, houses with undimmed frescoes and undisturbed furniture are coming to the daylight still. This amazing tardiness is rather a merit in the government; because, while the principal forum, the grand amphitheatre, the main entrance, the richest quarter are perfectly open to view, and while the King's Museum is filled with priceless remains of ancient art in the greatest profusion, and we need now no farther instruction from Roman relics as to the domestic manners and social life of that proud people; the painted walls fade so soon, and the discovered furniture is so speedily removed, it is really a privilege to enjoy a fresh view of the buried past—to see it come forth like that old knight and his daughter at Strasbourg, perfectly fresh after centuries of repose.

Gay as the people of Pompeii were beyond a doubt, it is rather singular that their principal entrance to the city was amid the monuments of the dead; and amongst these freshly-looking tombs, very different from anything of modern date, as the ancients had the custom of burning their bodies before burial, stands the House of Diomedes, a very elegant villa, on a hillside, having a noble sea view from the rear windows, and containing numerous apartments with curved columns, painted walls and other evidences of taste and luxury. This was the first building disinterred, and its owner was found with a key in one hand, and a bag of gold in the other; behind him a slave laden with vessels of silver—a striking commentary on the insanity of the lust for riches. As the lava rolls very slowly on, this worshipper of Mammon had enjoyed the same opportunity of escape with the remainder of the citizens. No duty fastened him to the spot, like the sentinel who was found dead at the gate; probably he had carried forth most of his household gods before, and was retreating this last time with what he loved as he loved life.

In the cellar are ample wine-jars, of course empty, but evidencing, as do many other vessels, the luxury of this wealthy slave-owner. Huddled up in a stairway, were found seventeen bodies, covered by ashes of extreme fineness, which must have filled their last moments with the agony of suffocation; for Pompeii did not perish by fire, neither were many of its inhabitants killed with stones; but the minutest ashes rained down in their streets, and penetrated their houses like the atmosphere, entirely destroying life, but exquisitely preserving everything embosomed in its stifling embrace. In this mournful group was one young lady of exceeding beauty of form, the exact point of whose dress, as well as the shape of her numerous jewels, were stamped on this ashen winding-sheet. Facts so impressive need no commentary. In a bath-room attached to this elegant villa, were windows which contained glass about six inches square, and many vessels of that material have been brought to light in Pompeii, to the confusion of those who held it to be a modern invention.

In other parts of the city equally curious discoveries were made. Pill-boxes, toilet-vessels, every kind of instrument of utility and pleasure, has rewarded the explorations, and made us almost as familiar with the domestic life of later Rome, with their debauched luxury and their unblushing profligacy, as with the manners and customs which we read of in some foreign city. The most singular revelation of all was a priest of Isis, in the temple of that imported goddess, clutching in his knavish fingers a bag of gold, while the sacred vessels were left behind as worthless. Pompeii makes a sad impression on a visitor from Naples. Hardly a footfall is heard in all its extent; the narrow streets with unroofed dwellings seemed tomblike, and though but few of the people perished, such a horrible fate seems to haunt and to hover over the doomed spot as it did eighteen centuries ago.

Herculanum is far less interesting than its sister-ruin, because, to sustain the modern village of Portici, most of the excavations were filled up after their contents were removed, and only slight excavations are permitted at the present time. Here, however, papyri (that is, ancient manuscripts upon this early substitute for

paper) were found in great abundance; and artists are still employed in unrolling their charred masses, and giving to the world their historical and literary treasures. But I believe very little has yet been found to reward the labor and expense, though several hundred different writings have been thus recovered from oblivion.

The supreme interest of the "Museo Bourbonico," a palace which the king has made the mausoleum of ancient and modern art, is derived from the Pompeii and Herculanum gatherings. Canova pronounced the statue of Aristides, in this immense collection, the finest in the world, but I think the Mercury with the drunken faun is generally preferred; others will say the Toro Farnese. But it is curious to see with what consummate grace everything was finished, even for domestic use; how exquisite the jeweller's, and even the blacksmith's work of that refined age. Every steel-yard was gaily ornamented, every weight was a little gem—perhaps a deer, a hound, or a warrior clad in mail. The richest of modern bronzes could not compare with the chased braziers, or decorated surgical instruments of these lovers of the beautiful. God grant that when in-door life shall be equally illuminated with artistic genius, it may not be darkened and doomed by that effeminate luxury, which has been its common attendant—nor that slimy sensuality, which has here found its fit tomb!

Vesuvius still frowns over the scene, still groans and heaves, still vomits forth smoke and fire. Notwithstanding our vigor, we found the ascent exceedingly fatiguing, and somewhat funny. It seemed one step forward and two back; the loose ashes giving no foothold, and falling backward as we pressed upon it. Ladies and invalids submit to be carried up in chairs, but there is no danger, and not so much effort as in climbing Mount Washington, in reaching the crater without any help. When fairly landed at the summit, you are often blinded with smoke, or choked with sulphur, as you travel round the vast circumference. Six cones are to be perceived inside; the stones which you throw in tell by their long drawn sound of the vast depth of the abyss, and your cane thrust in at some places easily takes fire, and the soil is here and there too hot to be handled. Like other giants of the imagination, it is "distance that lends enchantment to the view." To stand on this summit of heaped-up rubbish, and pitch pebbles at the old monster, and laugh over tumbling men, quarrelling guides, frantic beggars and refractory donkeys, scatters all your sentiment, and you think little of the wonderful power working before you, which threw up a mountain in a single night on the other side of Naples; nor of the fearful destruction which it ruined down upon those crowded cities at its base; nor of the stern sublimity with which it has bid the ocean retire from these lovely shores; nor of the awful fate which it may hold in reserve for the unsuspecting villages now nestling in its warm, fertile, vine-clad bosom.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE DAILY MONITOR. By Rev. JOHN ALLEN. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co.

A little diamond volume, giving a portion of scripture, an anecdote, and a hymn for each verse of the year. It is prefaced by an introduction from the pen of Rev. E. N. Kirk.

THE SOUS OF THE STATES. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 233.

This work professes to give a full history of the rise, progress and destiny of the American party, and speculates on its influence upon the next presidential election. Of course, its subject will give it a wide circulation just now. For sale by E. W. Hinks & Co.

BOTANY OF THE SOUTHERN STATES. By Professor JOHN DAREY, A. M. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 612.

This valuable work consists of two portions, the first treating of structural and physiological botany and vegetable products, and the second, a full description of all southern plants. The richness of the southern flora affords an ample field for the researches of the botanist; and the present admirable treatise must be welcomed with delight by every student of botanical science. For sale by Sanborn, Carter & Bazin.

FIRST LESSONS IN GEOGRAPHY. By JAMES MONTEITH. Illustrated by Maps and Engravings. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

An admirable little work, every line of which is suited to the capacity of the earliest classes in the study of Geography. It is published in fine style. For sale by Sanborn, Carter & Bazin.

SABBATH MORNING READINGS IN THE OLD TESTAMENT. Book of Leviticus. By Rev. JOHN CUMMING. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 347.

The work of an earnest, eloquent and true Christian, treating of topics of the deepest interest, and written in a style which commands and enchains the attention.

THE SLAVE OF THE LAMP. A Posthumous Novel. By WILLIAM NORTH. New York: H. Long & Brother. 12mo. pp. 437. 1855.

This book will be taken up with a certain degree of curiosity, from the fact that the author, an English literary man, who came to this country some two years ago, died by his own hand. It is a tale of the intensive school, exhibiting a good deal of wild, irregular power, and is said to be, to a certain extent, autobiographical. It is very unequally written, and probably reflects pretty faithfully the changeable moods of the author's mind. It is quite as much a literary curiosity as a work of art. For sale by Redding & Co.

GRACE LEE. By JULIA KAVANAUGH. New York: Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 392. 1855.

The author of "Nathalie" and "Daisy Burns," could hardly produce an unexceptionable volume. The story before us is stamped with her peculiar grace, her deep insight into the workings of the human heart, and her pure and influential morality. Thousands will huger entranced over its pages, and close the volume with regret that it is ended. For sale by Redding & Co.

THE SUMMER LAND. By a Child of the Sun. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 264.

"A true and honest picture of life and scenery at the South," which this book professes to be, is a welcome gift not only to the Children of the Sun, but to all children of the shadow. The book is crowded with incidents of travel, with characters and customs, sketched with boldness and spirit, and is sure to make its mark. It is one of the most readable books we have met with for a long time. For sale by Redding & Co.

POEMS BY JOHN G. SAXE. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 192. 1855.

This collection of poems, first published not long since, has, without any adventitious aid from systematic pulling and advertising, already reached an eighth edition—a consoling proof that literary taste is not yet extinct, and that the reign of trash is not yet supreme. Mr. Saxe's humorous poems occupy the greater part of the volume; and these are already "household words" in America. They are not simply humorous, but witty and fanciful, while their satire has that pleasant acid flavor which poets and poets-to-be so much admire. "The Old Chapel Bell" and "Girlhood" are in a different vein, and afford another proof that genuine humor is ever closely allied with serious thought and deep feeling. The author's complete mastery of the science of versification gives an additional charm to his mirthful and fanciful ideas.

FRANK; OR, THE PHILOSOPHY OF TRICKS AND MISCHIEF.

This is No. 5 of Harper's delightful series of illustrated picture books. No one writes better for children, or with a better purpose, than Jacob Abbott. For sale by Burdham Brothers.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.
LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

THE PICTORIAL.

We desire to obtrude our private business matters as little upon the reader's attention as possible; and yet we are anxious that the knowledge of our success should be shared by our friends. When we commenced the New Year, and the proprietorship of the Pictorial, we promised improvements, radical and important ones, which were at once adopted. The quality of our paper, heretofore defective, was greatly improved—the raw material alone costing us \$250 per week more than last year! But we are entirely satisfied by the increased beauty thus imparted to the work, especially in the illustrated part of the paper.

Other improvements have been introduced, in the fineness of the cuts, variety of subjects, and number of illustrations. Better artists have been employed than heretofore, at a greatly increased cost per week; and we were told by some, who claimed long experience, that the public would not appreciate such expensive improvements. But these prophets were mistaken; our subscription list has steadily increased every month, week and day, until we write this paragraph with a positive sense of acknowledgement due for such kind and willing response on the part of the public. We shall continue the same spirit in our efforts, striving always to improve and better the work, and thus to merit the extraordinary success which has crowned our labors.

BI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.—It will be two hundred years on the 29th May, since Billerica was incorporated as a town, and a grand festival has been arranged to take place on the occasion of the anniversary. A procession, oration by Rev. Mr. Richardson, poem by Dr. Daniel Parker, and a dinner under a mammoth tent, will form parts of the entertainment. A large and agreeable gathering may be anticipated, and it is expected that all natives, those who have resided in the town, and in fact, all who feel an interest in the old town, will be present to participate. Chelmsford was incorporated the same day, but as no celebration is contemplated there, many of the inhabitants and others connected with that town and Lowell (which was formerly a part of Chelmsford), will join in a union celebration at Billerica.

UNCLE SAM.—The old fellow is a peace-loving creature; when smitten upon one cheek, he turns the other also. Vide the reiterated Spanish outrages by the authorities of Cuba, who think it a matter of course to blaze away at every hull bearing the American flag. Getting a little weak and old, is Uncle Sam. Where's Young America?

THE OLIVE BRANCH.—Mr. E. A. Norris, the proprietor of this old established journal, follows closely in the footsteps of his lamented father in his conduct of the paper. It is well filled with excellent original matter, and fully sustains its reputation.

RELIGION.—Religion should be the garment worn next to the heart—too many people make a cloak of it.

SPLINTERS.

... About forty new buildings are going up in Charlestown, and the flats in Mystic River are being filled up.

... The Homeopaths lately celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of the birthday of their founder. A new idea.

... A house built of mud and cobble stones, in Brookline, came down the other day through the effects of frost and wind.

... There has been quite a row in Utah Territory between the United States soldiers and the Latter Day Saints.

... It is said that Captain James Turner proposes to eulogize the late William Poole, in this city.

... The profits of the fisheries in Taunton River are said to be \$10,000 per annum—the net profits.

... The legislature have authorized a railroad in Broadway, New York. Some folks will rail at the rail.

... Pinto, executed at Havana, is said to have had proofs of Concha's own treason against his government.

... Geo. W. Cass, a nephew of Gen. Cass, succeeds Alvin Adams, resigned, as president of the Adams Express Co.

... A new Scriptural opera, called Samson, is about to be performed in Paris. It is by Duprez.

... The French minister of state will forbid Rachel's (the actress) visit to this country—till after the Exhibition.

... The Parisian cooks have long been in the habit of serving up deceased nags in ragouts. They are half horse.

... English filibustering and enlisting recruits in our cities has been put a stop to.

... Mario's real name is the Count of Candia—which perhaps accounts for the sweetness of his voice.

... A mania for buying a commission in the army is called by Punch an epauletic fit. Horrible!

... Private theatricals on a splendid scale are the rage in New York now. New York is a great place for everything.

... Tragedies, ten acts long, are to be played in Paris. In China, a play lasts three or four days.

... A critic in New York has been denying the merit of Forrest—while he was drawing crowded houses.

NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS.

An American might be defined by naturalists as an animal who lives upon vegetable, farinaceous and animal food—and newspapers and periodicals. His daily and weekly journals are as indispensable to him as his daily bread and his Sunday dinner. If he misses his paper, he is a lost man. Deprive him of his mental pabulum for a few days, and he becomes lank and melancholy, like that lion the old settlers of Plymouth saw, which, having lost his jackal, "had become so poor" as to excite their pity. When he is restored to his paper, he fastens on it with the voracity of a famished wolf. The church, school and printing office spring up simultaneously in every new settlement—the Holy Alliance of clergyman, schoolmaster and editor being everywhere recognized as essential to the onward march of civilization. We never take up one of the little frontier papers, printed haph on wrapping-paper, with worn out type, without a feeling of kindly respect. Such papers increase in size and style with the enlargement of the settlements they illuminate, and the newspaper of any locality is a sure measure of its prosperity. How many thousands of ardent minds are engaged in this labor of enlightenment—not thankless, though often ill paid. These "Bugles of Liberty," and "Pine Knots of Freedom," and "Clarions," and "Heralds," and "Beacons," on the verge of civilization, if they bring not wealth to their projectors and conductors, yet yield a return of fair fame and honor.

If the man who makes two blades of grass to spring up where only one grew before, deserves well of his country, what reward should be his who starts a newspaper for the first time in a howling wilderness? A free press in the van of civilization is of more account than an "army with banners." A family group, gathered round a blazing fire of hickory or anthracite, upon a winter evening, is a pleasing picture. But with all the appliances for comfort, what is this fireside without a paper, not only to while away the tedium of a long winter evening, but to aid in the great business of family instruction and mental improvement? Books are good, and books do much, but they cannot accomplish everything. They deal more with the past than the present, and that training is of little value which does not embrace the everyday affairs of the world going on around us. A newspaper is the contemporary history of the world we live in. Its greatness and its littleness, its gaieties and its gravities, its sins and sorrows, its occupations and amusements, its warnings and its hopes are there spread out before us. Gathering within its ample pages the treasures of the east and west, the north and south, as fast as the united agencies of wind, steam and electricity can bring them to a focus, it affords the very material wherewith to form practical men and women of the growing generation.

No man can be uninformed who takes and reads a well-conducted weekly paper. The children of such a man will not be found hankering after frivolous and vicious amusements. The domestic cat in such a family will never be found abbreviated of her caudal appendage, or scouring wildly through the kitchen with a pyrotechnic apparatus affixed to that useful member. Peace takes up her abode on the hearthstone of the man who takes a paper—not from a neighbor's doorstep—but one who fairly "faces the music," pays his subscription like a man, and enjoys the advantages of his weekly sheet, because he is fairly entitled to them.

SMART PEOPLE.—As an illustration of the stupid devotion to forms which has been so disastrous to the army in the Crimea, it was stated in evidence before the Committee of Inquiry in relation to the army, that an officer who had been sent to the Bosphorus sick, and was taken to a hotel instead of the hospital on account of his extreme prostration, was placed under arrest by military authority only two hours before his death, because he had not reported himself and complied with the requisite forms!

STRAIGHTEN UP! THE TALLEST YET!—There are seven persons in the boot and shoe manufactory of Messrs. Holmes & Noyes, Georgetown, Mass., whose aggregate height is forty-three feet one and one-fourth inch. Their average height is six feet one and six-sevenths inch. The shortest being six feet and the tallest six feet and seven inches.

A BAD BEGINNING.—Cerito is now one of the finest dancers on the European stage. But her first dancing master said thus of her: "She is an incorrigible child, who will never learn to put one foot before the other according to the true principles of choregraphy, and who will never lift the end of her great toe in a fine horizontal line with her little nose."

IMPROVED PAINT MILL.—We are satisfied that the advertisement of Mr. Brainard, in another column, refers to the only improvement which has been made in this important piece of machinery for a series of years. We respectfully call the attention of interested parties to the same.

THE FRENCH.—Montesquieu says: "The French will always perform light actions seriously, and serious actions lightly." A French cook compounds a soup with the utmost gravity, and a French soldier mounts a breach with a laugh upon his lips.

"WILLIAM TELL."—Rossini's greatest work, the opera of William Tell, has been produced at the New York Academy of Music in the most successful manner.

POOR RATES.—Money given without charity, and received without gratitude.

HERRING'S PATENT CHAMPION SAFE.

This safe, manufactured by Silas C. Herring, Nos. 135, 137 and 139 Water Street, New York, enjoys a world-wide reputation. At the Crystal Palace exhibition, New York, it excited universal attention, and received a prize medal. While at the World's Fair, London, the prize medal was awarded to it, and it was an object of general curiosity and admiration. It is confidently put forth by the manufacturers as the "Prize Safe of the World," being not only fire-proof but burglar-proof, the lock defying "cracksmen" and gunpowder. In London, the proprietor placed \$1000 in the safe, as a prize to any one who would open the safe with or without keys, but it defied the efforts of the most ingenious locksmiths to open it, and the gold remained untouched. For its complete resistance to the action of fire, we might cite the burning of the Tribune Building, New York, the great fire of New Orleans in 1849, California fires of 1850, and numerous others, in the midst of which this safe stood the ordeal and preserved its contents unscathed. We have one of these safes in our office; it is an elegant piece of workmanship, and we have the completest confidence in its efficacy.

EQUAL THIS WHO CAN!—We commenced our *Dollar Monthly Magazine* on the first of January, and knowing, from the extraordinary low price of yearly subscriptions, that it must become popular, we printed of the first number, 10,000. A second edition of 10,000 was also exhausted in a week, and a third one, of the same number, was required before the first of February. Four months have transpired since we commenced this Magazine, and the edition has reached 58,000! This is unprecedented in the annals of publication in this country. See imprint in advertising columns.

PORTRAIT OF MRS. E. H. CONN.—The brothers Cobb, lithographers, have just issued an admirable portrait of this lady, their mother, in the same style of excellence as that of their father, the eminent Universalist divine, noticed in our last number. Mrs. Cobb is well known as an active and practical philanthropist, and the present likeness will be a welcome gift to the large circle of her friends.

"THE RAG BAG."—This is the title of a book in press by N. P. Willis. We really must protest against his showing such bad judgment in the selection of his titles. It is an affectation unworthy of his usual good taste.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Randall, Mr. Francis T. Willis, of Calcutta, to Miss Mary E. Mower, of Boston; by Rev. Dr. Stow, Mr. James L. Miller to Miss Sarah M. Smyth; by Rev. Mr. Howe, George E. Roundy, Esq., of New York, to Miss Caroline A. Glover; by Rev. Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Thomas Wilson, of Norfolk, Va., to Miss Abigail Walker; by Rev. Mr. Skinner, Mr. William H. Hanley to Mrs. Mary E. Hull; by Rev. Mr. Ciley, Mr. John A. Allen to Miss Jeanna Kuhn;—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Ellis, Mr. Plummer H. Chesley to Miss Fannie E. Plumstead;—At Roxbury, by Rev. Mr. Putnam, Mr. Calvin B. Faunce to Miss Catharine H. Codman;—At Cambridge, by Rev. Dr. Pryor, Mr. Joseph H. Bancroft, of Boston, to Miss Maria B. Faxon;—At West Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. Otis Greene, of Boston, to Mrs. Anna M. Blake;—At West Newton, by Rev. Dr. Gilbert, Mr. Edward M. Hutchinson to Miss Susan B. Felch, both of Natick;—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Carlton, Mr. David I. Stickney to Miss Susan Ann Huntress;—At Melrose, by Rev. Mr. Perkins, Mr. George A. Bacon to Miss Eliza Ann Lynde;—At Lexington, by Rev. Mr. Staples, Mr. George Tuttle to Miss Sarah E. Munz;—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Pike, Mr. Nathan C. Huse to Miss Amanda M. Shorey;—At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Taylor, Mr. Lorenzo J. Sears to Miss Ellen B. Peckham;—At Staunton, Kent county, Pa., Sept. 12th, 1854, by Rev. Mr. Owen, Mr. Henry M. Evans, late of California, to Miss Caroline Ananda, daughter of the late Mr. McCau Kain;—At Woburn, by Rev. Mr. Masters, Mr. Wm. Barron, of Atlanta, Ga., to Miss Sarah A. Reed, of Woburn.

DEATHS.

In this city, Widow Caroline Blaney, 83; Mrs. Lydia C. Chamberlain, 30; Mrs. Jane Bishop, 45; Mrs. Hannah, widow of the late Major Joseph Stodder, 84; Mrs. Matilda Sessions, 52; Miss Abby Northey Morland, of Andover, 19; Mr. George Gibson, 55;—At Charlestown, Mr. Absalom Rand, 71; Miss Martha Ann Sanders, of Epsom, N. H., 21;—At Roxbury, Mrs. Emeline W., wife of William D. Cook, Esq., 36;—At Cambridge, Mr. John Dallinger, 70; Mr. William Haley, 51;—At Dorchester, Mr. John Tolman, 62;—At Malden, Mrs. Elizabeth B.aney, 83;—At Medford, Mrs. Mary Abby Aiel, 26;—At Brookline, Mr. Daniel Sharp Sanderson, 27;—At Taunton, Mrs. Mary, wife of William Sekell, Esq., 56;—At Plymouth, Schuyler Sampson, Esq., President of the Old Colony Bank, 58;—At Lawrence, Mr. Rufus Ladd, printer, 21;—At West Newbury, Widow Elizabeth Pearson, 74;—At Greenfield, Mrs. Margaret Cavanaugh, 70;—At South Scituate, Mrs. Sally Tolman, 73;—At Worcester, Mrs. Eliza, wife of Dr. George Leonard, 61; Capt. George Walker, 82; Mr. George H. Mower, 51; Mr. William Bliss, 80;—At Fall River, Mr. Richard Mitchell, 62;—At New Bedford, Mr. Lotie Weston, 80;—At South Foster, Mrs. Eunice Chadbourne, formerly of Newburyport, 87;—At Tiverton, R. I., Cyrus Alden, Esq., 70;—At Fryeburg, Me., Capt. William Evans, a soldier of the Revolution, 90;—At Waterbury, Conn., Mr. Joseph Cooke, 87; same day, Mrs. Anna Bronson, his wife 84;—At Castine, Me., Mrs. Elizabeth L., widow of the late Hon. Nathan Reed, of Belfast;—At New York, Isaac Newton, Esq., formerly of Greenfield, Mass., 63.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.
[LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL]

This paper presents, in the most elegant and available form, a weekly literary mélange of notable events of the day. Its columns are devoted to original tales, sketches and poems, by the BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS, and the cream of the domestic and foreign news; the whole well spiced with wit and humor. Each paper is beautifully illustrated with numerous accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and of men and manners, altogether making a paper entirely original in this country. Its pages contain views of every populous city in the known world, of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemisphere, of all the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service, with fine and accurate portraits of every noted character in the world, both male and female.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

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10 " " " ".....	20 00

Any person sending us sixteen subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the *seventeenth* copy gratis.
* One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, together, \$4 per annum.

Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU,
CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STREETS, BOSTON.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.—S. French, 121 Nassau Street, New York; A. Winch, 116 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; Henry Taylor, 111 Baltimore Street, Baltimore; A. C. Bagley, corner of 4th and Sycamore Streets, Cincinnati; J. A. Roys, 43 Woodward Avenue, Detroit; E. K. Woodward, corner of 4th and Chestnut Streets, St. Louis; Mellen & Co. 75 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois.

JOHN GODFREY SAXE,
THE COMIC POET AND LECTURER.

No one who has ever seen the original of the accompanying engraving, will fail to pronounce this an admirable likeness. It was drawn expressly for the Pictorial by Mr. Barry, and reminds us, in felicity of expression, of Stuart's heads. John Godfrey Saxe is a native of Vermont, and was born at Highgate, Franklin County, June 2, 1816. His youth was passed in agricultural avocations, until, in 1833, he made up his mind to "lay down the shovel and the hoe," and qualify himself for one of the learned professions. After fitting himself in the grammar school of St. Albans, he entered Middlebury College, where he distinguished himself by his scholarship, and whence he graduated in 1839. After reading law at Lockport, N. Y., and St. Albans, he was admitted to the bar at the latter place, in 1843, and speedily acquired an honorable legal reputation and plenty of practice. The miseries of his "Briefless Barrister" were not suggested by experience. His dalliance with the muses was deferred until he had established a position. A few years ago, Mr. Saxe assumed the post of editor of the Burlington Sentinel, one of the oldest papers in Vermont, which he conducted with great ability for several years. Though still, we believe, a contributor to this paper, he has relinquished the charge of it, and disposed of his pecuniary interest in it. Mr. Saxe has filled the office of State's attorney, and is now inspector of customs at Burlington. Latterly, he has entered the field as a lecturer, in prose and verse, and the most brilliant success has attended him in this career. In a range of country reaching from Portland to St. Louis, wherever he has lectured, he has attracted brilliant and overflowing audiences, and the announcement of his name is what theatrical managers call a "sure card." During the past winter, Mr. Saxe lectured no fewer than ninety times, no American lecturer enjoying a greater or wider popularity. As a poet, Mr. Saxe will hereafter be known by his comic effusions, though his serious efforts are very graceful and elegant. Next to Holmes is the most successful comic poet this country has ever produced. He resembles Holmes in the high and brilliant finish of his verses, but he has one advantage over Holmes in his faculty of punning. Saxe's puns have a sort of impromptu air—they fall naturally into the current of his verse—his train of thought or course of narrative never being diverted for the sake of embracing the pun. Dr. Johnson could never have read one of Saxe's punning poems without a relaxation of the brow, nor do we think, if he were alive, that he would have considered his pocket-book unsafe in Mr. Saxe's company—notwithstanding he classed punsters and pickpockets in the same category. The "Briefless Barrister" and the "Cold Water Man," are felicitous specimens of his punning facility. The former of these poems was the first he ever published. It had a great run, and every now and then it is revived and goes the rounds over again. Among the longer poems of our author are "Progress," the "Times," and the "Money King." The latter has not yet been published, as it forms part of the lecturer's stock in trade. These are satirical poems—but in Mr. Saxe's hands satire accomplishes what it seldom performs, a good work. The reason of this is, that Mr. Saxe never indulges in personality—he has no private malice to gratify—and though he is intolerant of folly and vice, he does not war against individual offenders. His native geniality saves him from committing the ordinary mistakes of satirists. Among his minor pieces, the "Rhyme of the Rail," is a great



JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MASURY & SILSBEE.

favorite both in this country and in England. It was first published in the Knickerbocker Magazine. It is a very good specimen of his style—light, playful, humorous and witty, with the measure nicely balanced and adjusted to the subject. The "Prond Miss McBride" is a long poem, irresistibly laughable, and full of home thrusts at the prejudices and follies and pretensions of the pseudo-aristocrats of our "fierce democracy." Mr. Saxe seems never to write except when in the vein. There is no "spinning-out" in his compositions. Terseness is quite as much a feature in his verse as any other quality. Nor does he ever mix fun and sentiment together. He begins by putting you in good humor, and keeps you laughing till the end of his narrative. We never knew a man who, personally, less disappointed the ideas formed by reading his verses than Mr. Saxe. His face is genial and sunny, one overflowing with humor, and yet bearing the impress of high intellectuality. In person he is tall and athletic, standing over six feet in his stockings. A man of the world before he became a man of letters, his address is frank and easy; he has great conversational powers and tells a story inimitably. He is just such a man as Christopher North would have welcomed to his heart of hearts—just the man to have figured in the Noctes with the Ettrick Shepherd, O'Doherty, and the

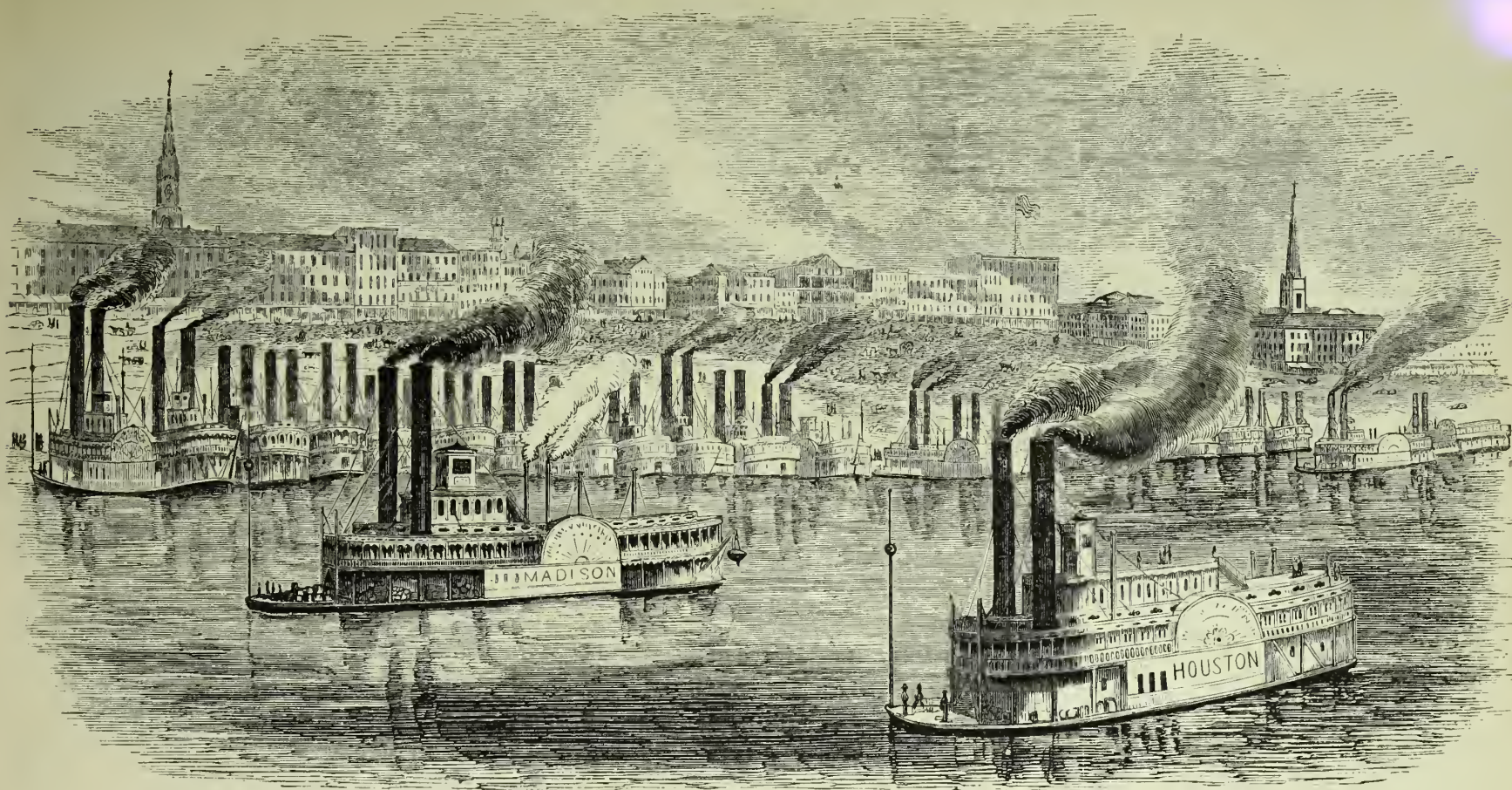
other celebrities of that brilliant coterie. We have elsewhere briefly noticed the new edition of his poems, published by Ticknor & Co.

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY.

The picture given below, drawn and engraved expressly for the Pictorial, affords an excellent general view of the city of Lexington. It is situated on the Town Fork of the Elkhorn River, was formerly the capital of Kentucky, and is certainly one of the handsomest cities in the State. It occupies a space of two miles, and is laid out in the rectangular style, the streets being very broad and mostly paved. The main street is a mile and a half long, eighty feet broad, and is noted for the elegance of its buildings. The quiet and apparent opulence of Lexington never fail to impress a visitor most agreeably. Numerous churches and public buildings, as well as private residences, are distinguished by the elegance and appropriateness of their architecture. Transylvania University, now in the hands of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was established here by the legislature in 1798. The Lunatic Asylum is a noble institution. The buildings are large and commodious, and the grounds appertaining to them embrace thirty acres. The name of Lexington was given to the spot on which the city stands, by a party of hunters, who, encamping there in 1775, heard of the news of the battle of Lexington, and thus baptized their camp in honor of the first glorious blow struck for the cause of independence. It was first incorporated by Virginia in 1782, and received the city charter from the legislature of Kentucky in 1831. About a mile and a half from Lexington is a spot to which many an American pilgrim turns his footsteps—Ashland, the estate of Henry Clay, the great American statesman. The house is large and commodious, and the farm comprises about five hundred acres of the best land in Kentucky. Lexington is a place which no traveller in Kentucky fails to visit, and which no one regrets having sojourned in. Its origin, its institutions, its natural and artificial beauties, the intelligence, frankness and hospitality of its people, produce the most favorable impression on the stranger. The townspeople are fond of mentioning an event which is by no means unimportant or uninteresting in this age of steam. In 1798, nine years before Fulton's successful demonstration of the practicability of steam navigation, a Mr. West, of Lexington, an ingenious mechanic, built a little model steamboat upon a plan of his own, and launched it upon the Town Fork of the Elkhorn River, which had been dammed up for the purpose of affording him an opportunity of testing his contrivance. The existence of the miniature steamboat had been bruited about, and several hundreds of persons were assembled on the spot to witness the operation of the new mechanic wonder. Contrary to the general expectation, it was successful; and the little craft darted through the water with astonishing velocity. This, many persons believe, was the first successful demonstration of the power of steam as applied to the purposes of navigation. Portions of Mr. West's model engine are carefully preserved in Transylvania University. We do not remember to have seen any minute description of this machine, and know not whether it was driven by wheels like Fulton's, or by paddles and oars like Fitch's. It is by no means certain that the boat would have been practically successful on a large scale, but at any rate the contrivance was ingenious and showed great inventive talent. We know not what ever became of the inventor, history being silent in relation to him.



VIEW OF LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY.



PUBLIC LANDING, CINCINNATI.

THE HOME OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

Every one has heard of Miss Florence Nightingale, a young Englishwoman of high birth, bred up amidst all the comforts and elegancies of the most refined society of Europe, and yet voluntarily forsaking all these, abandoning home with all its endearments, fashion with all its splendors, to brave the cold and pestilence in the Crimea, and attend to her sick and wounded countrymen in the East. The example of such a Christian heroine is priceless, and the brightness of her virtues endears every spot with which her name is associated. We have therefore supposed that a picture of her home would have the same attractiveness for others that it presented to ourselves. The accompanying view of Lea Hurst, Derbyshire, the home of Miss Nightingale, derives additional interest from the fact that the original was drawn in water colors by a sister of the heroine, the valuable painting being kindly loaned to us by a gentleman of this city for the purpose of being engraved for our Pictorial. Dr. Spencer, after describing the surrounding localities, the "streamlit vale of Holloway and the wooded slope of Lea," says: "Nearly in the centre of this scene, and adding much to its romantic interest, is a verdant knoll, or rather platform, occupied by an old English mansion, with its terraces and lawns, sheltered from the north and east by a lofty, cragged and wooded upland, almost worthy the name of a mountain, the gray hamlet of Holloway—or as the natives call it, Ho'-way—scattered not ungracefully on its side, and crowning its summit. The gleaming and arrowy Derwent, the Cromford Canal, and the Ambergate and Buxton Railway, form far-winding and almost parallel lines below to the south and west; and, whether freshened by the spring-tide green, flushed with the bloom of summer, or the still mellow tints of autumn, or sparkling in an unsullied mantle of hoar-frost, as I have often seen it on a bright winter's day, it is a prospect that, once photographed on the soul, might, without a single historical association, remain 'a joy forever.' In the whole of the lovely view, never seemed a spot more fair or attractive than the old and many-gabled rural seat of Lea Hurst, on that central knoll, henceforth classic forever—the English home of Florence Nightingale, whose name, like Grace Darling's, now quickens the beat of millions of hearts. Some people are born with a genius for nursing and solacing, as much as others are with a genius for music or dancing, or poetry; and Miss Nightingale may be regarded as the archetype of her order. Her spirit first showed itself in an interest for the sick poor in the hamlets around Lea Hurst, but at length found a sphere requiring more attention and energy in continental hospitals, and afterwards in London, where she took the office of matron to a retreat for decayed gentleness. And now she is gone to tend and to heal the wounds of the sufferers by the siege of Sebastopol. What a contrast to the quiet pastoral retirement of this vale of Holloway, with its fireside memories and its rural delights! They who love not war must still sorrow deeply over the fate of its victims; and to such, even now, amid all the din of arms, the beautiful and beneficent name of Florence Nightingale cometh sweetly as 'flute notes in a storm.' And in after ages, when humanity mourns—as mourn it will—over the blotches and scars which battle and fire shall have left on the face of this else fair world, like a stream of sunlight through the cloud with which the

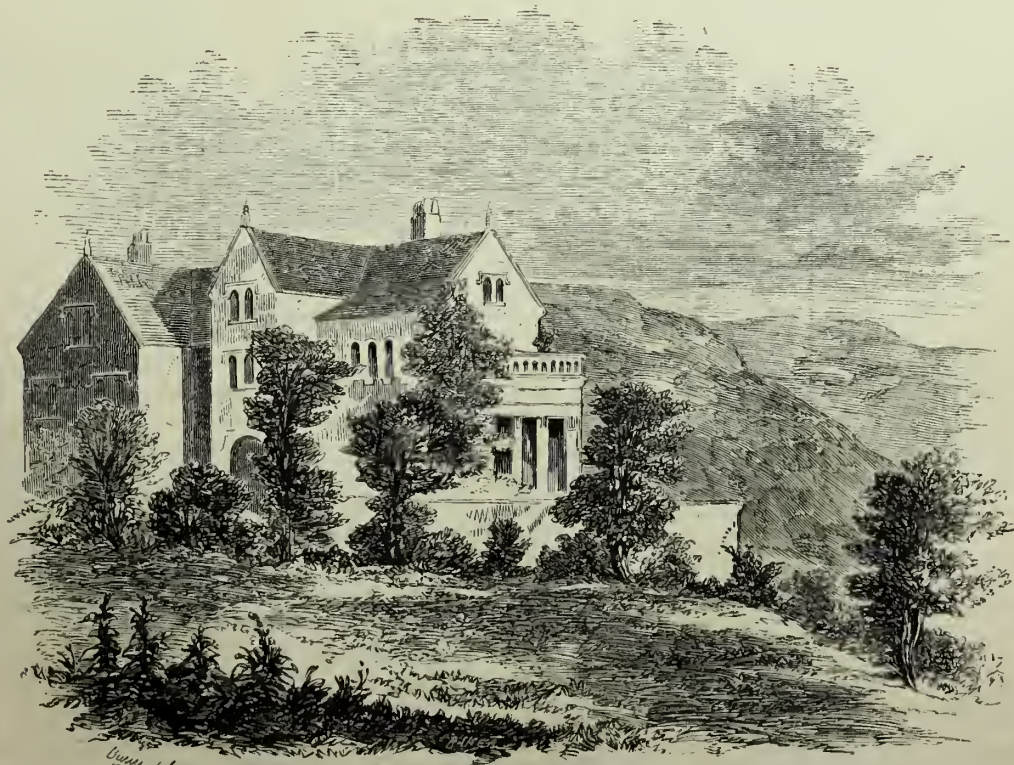
present strife will shade the historic page of civilization, will shine down upon it, brighter and brighter, the memory of the heroic maiden of Lea Hurst, till all nations shall have learnt to 'do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly before God,' and covetousness, war and tyranny shall be no more." Miss Nightingale is about thirty-two years old, and her father, William Shore Nightingale, the representative of an honorable family, is the possessor of large estates in Derbyshire and Hampshire. She and her sister, there being no son, are co-heiresses of his immense possessions. Miss Nightingale received a finished education, and is well versed in the ancient and modern languages, as well as in mathematics, science and art. She has travelled extensively in Europe and the East, and when in Egypt, ascended the Nile to the farthest cataract. A late English paper says of her: "From her infancy she had a yearning affection for her kind—a sympathy with the weak, the oppressed, the destitute, the suffering, and the desolate. The schools and the poor around Lea Hurst and Embley first saw and felt her as a visitor, teacher, consoler, expounder. Then she frequented and studied the schools, hospitals and reformatory institutions of London, Edinburgh and the continent. Three years ago, when all Europe had a holiday on and after the Great Exhibition, when the highlands of Scotland, the lakes of Switzerland, and all the bright spots of the continent were filled with parties of pleasure, Miss Nightingale was within the walls of one of the German houses or hospitals for the care and reformation of the lost and infirm. For three long months she was in daily and nightly attendance, accumulating experience in all the duties and labors of female ministrations. She then returned to be once more the delight of her own happy home. But the strong tendency of her mind to look beyond its own circle for the relief of those who, nominally having all, practically have but too frequent-

ly none to help them, prevailed; and therefore, when the hospital established for sick governesses was about to fail for want of proper management, she stepped forward and consented to be placed at its head. Derbyshire and Hampshire were exchanged for the narrow, dreary establishment in Hawley Street, to which she devoted all her time and fortune. While her friends missed her at assemblies, lectures, concerts, exhibitions, and all the entertainments for taste and intellect with which London in its season abounds, she, whose powers could have best appreciated these, was sitting beside the bed and soothing the last complaints of some poor dying, homeless, querulous governess." Miss Nightingale sailed for the East, accompanied by a number of English nurses, and, arriving safely, at once took charge of a hospital at Scutari, where, surrounded by pestilence, she has remained unflinchingly at her post, ministering to the sufferers day and night. An eye witness of her exertions thus describes them: "Wherever there is disease in its most dangerous form, and the hand of the spoiler is distressingly nigh, there is that incomparable woman sure to be seen; her benignant presence is an influence for good comfort, even amid the struggles of expiring nature. She is a 'ministering angel' without any exaggeration in these hospitals; and as her slender form glides along each corridor, every poor fellow's face softens with gratitude at the sight of her. When all the medical officers have retired for the night, and silence and darkness have settled down upon those miles of prostrate sick, she may be observed alone, with a little lamp in her hand, making her solitary rounds. The popular instinct was not mistaken which when she set out from England on her mission of mercy, hailed her as a heroine; I trust that she may not earn her title to a higher though sadder appellation." Such noble devotion forms the true heroism of life; and brighter laurels should crown the

fair brow of Miss Nightingale than those decreed to the successful soldier, who wins his earthly renown by the slaughter of his fellow-creatures. The conduct of Miss Nightingale has won for her the universal applause of the civilized world; yet we venture to say, that no thought of the fame accruing from the heroism prompted the undertaking of the mission she assumed. Talented and accomplished, easier avenues to fame were open to her—she obeyed simply the dictates of a noble heart, and a high sense of duty, regardless of all personal interest, and gave herself to this work of Christian regard.

PUBLIC LANDING, CINCINNATI.

One of the most remarkable views of Cincinnati is from the river side, the immense number of steamboats, with their forests of chimneys, giving a peculiar aspect to the scene. The landing, represented in the engraving, is indeed a busy scene. The open area is substantially paved to low water mark, and is supplied with floating wharves, a provision rendered necessary by the great fluctuation of the river, which has a range of fifty feet, rising in times of extraordinary floods even ten feet more. The area forming the landing has a frontage of about one thousand feet, and embraces a space of ten acres. It is an exceedingly busy place; and whoever wishes to form an adequate idea of the commercial activity of Cincinnati, should not fail to study its phases during the busiest hours of the day. The engraving was drawn expressly for the Pictorial, and conveys a correct impression of the scene.



THE HOME OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The light house board in Washington are engaged in the preparation of plans and estimates for the construction of many new light-houses, viz: On the coast of Maine, at Petit Menan, Baker's Island, Franklin Island, Portland Breakwater. On the coast of Massachusetts, Minot's Ledge, Gay Head, Sow and Pigs, Brant Point, Cape Cod. — The Indians are dying of starvation in the country round Weymontachinque, a trading post of the Hudson Bay Company. — Mr. Campbell, of Columbia, Ohio, has made application at Washington for a patent, making a bond of union between cast iron at a very high temperature, and glass in a state of fusion, and designed for boxes in which the axles of wheels revolve. The glass is for the interior of the box, and causing but little friction. It requires but little lubrication, and is, therefore, economical, costing less than cast iron. — The loss by fires in the United States for March is estimated at \$1,600,000. For the past three months, \$3,882,000. — There has been a new arrival at Nahant. One evening, lately, some gentlemen observed a black-fish in the surf near Little Beach. The tide retired and left him upon the sand, where he was speedily waited upon and permanently provided for by his discoverers. He was a real sea monster, being eighteen feet in length, and capable of producing two barrels of oil. — In Prime's new book of travel, the streets of the buried city of Pompeii are described as made of huge stones, still showing wheel marks, but firm as if laid yesterday. — In Noblesville, Indiana, five hundred dollars worth of liquor was recently destroyed by the temperance people. The hogs collected round and drank the spirits which stood in pools upon the frozen earth, until they became as drunk as men often become. They then made a line for the river—a very zigzag line, however, as they seemed to be trying to occupy all sides of the street at the same time. — It is said to be an ascertained fact, that oiled sawdust, acted upon by the rays of the sun, will ignite spontaneously in about six hours. — On account of the death of her brother in New York, and the illness of her husband at the Tremont House in this city, Mrs. Hayne has been compelled to throw up her engagement at the Boston Theatre for the present. She has been performing recently under the most depressing circumstances, and the wonder is that she could have played at all. We regret to learn Dr. Hayne, her husband, is dangerously ill. — An eagle was shot at Hancock, N. H., a short time since, that weighed 15 pounds, and measured 7 1-2 feet across from the tips of its wings. — The city council of Lynn have appropriated \$500 for the purpose of celebrating the coming anniversary of American Independence, provided a like sum shall be raised by subscription among the citizens. — Charles A. Wakefield, of Plainfield, has invented a "Hand Corn Planter," by which an acre of corn can be planted in an hour and a half by one man. — Two men residing in New York, the one a German, named Hienzler, and the other a man named Buckley, have been arrested on a charge of setting fire to their respective dwelling-houses. — The New York police arrested last year 52,712 persons. — There is said to be in Indiana at least twenty per cent. more acres in wheat, at the present time, than in any previous year. The winter has been exceedingly favorable. — In Poundridge, N. Y., died recently, Samuel Dan, aged 100 years, 8 months, and 18 days. He helped build Fort Washington, on the Hudson, and was 63 years a member of the Methodist Church. — The Corriere Italiano of Vienna says: "According to Russian accounts, the number of their troops now in the Crimea amounts to 170,000 men. The ammunition wagons which carry stores from Perekop to Bakhchisarai have twice broken up the road which crosses the large marshes of Perekop."

THE PRIESTESS.

The "Courrier des Etats-Unis," the leading French paper of this country, a journal of the highest reputation and ability, and severely impartial in its literary judgments, pays the following deserved compliment to Epes Sargent's successful drama:—"In a literary point of view, this play will be ranked among the most notable productions of the young American muse. The style has that purity and elegance which, from the commencement of the author's career, have formed the distinctive characters of his talents, and the bases of his reputation. The versification is facile, abundant and harmonious, without effeminacy or redundancy; the poetry is not here a brilliant cloak thrown over a void; beneath the splendor of form, we trace vigorous and fertile ideas."

MODEST MERIT.—The principal exterior ornament of the great Industrial Palace at Paris is a sculptured group representing all the arts, graces and muses doing homage to Napoleon III., and crowning his bust with laurels. One of his "busts" in New York was crowned by incarceration in the Tombs.

DEBUTANTE.—Mrs. Annie H. Senter, a young and pretty woman, a pupil of Mr. W. H. Smith, has been brilliantly successful at Kimball's Museum, where she played a series of characters in a style that would have done credit to an old stager.

IMPUDENCE.—Louis Napoleon dictating to the Parliament of Great Britain—but when London special constables become emperors of France, what can you expect? "Set a beggar on horseback, and he'll ride *au diable*."

MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.—This talented lady has lately been playing a series of successful engagements in the provincial theatres of England.

TO BE CONTINUED UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.—Spanish out-fages on the American flag.

Wayside Gatherings.

The adjutant-general of Pennsylvania estimates the State militia force at 300,000.

The London Punch circulates about 40,000, and the Illustrated News 140,000 a week.

A third orifice has been formed in Mount Vesuvius, which is said to be threatening an eruption.

The deficiency of Gov. Price, of New Jersey, as ex-purser in the navy, is reported at over \$20,000.

Rev. E. D. Taylor, Methodist missionary to Cape Palmas, Africa, has returned home to recruit his health.

There are now in Georgia between fifty and sixty cotton factories in "the full tide of successful experiment."

The pay of the soldier was greatly increased by the last Congress, and is now double that of any army in the world.

The Detroit Advertiser states that recently a provision dealer in that city shipped fifteen tons of Wisconsin butter for Boston.

A monster nugget of gold weighing three hundred pounds and valued at sixty thousand dollars, is said to have been found near Downsville, California.

The Prohibitory Liquor Law, forbidding both sale and importation, has passed both branches of the New Brunswick legislature, and goes into operation January 1st, 1856.

Asa M. Wyman, of Rockingham, Vt., a revolutionary pensioner, aged 101 years, lately walked on foot and alone a distance of eight miles, to get his semi-annual allowance.

Dr. Richardson and Dr. Ashbel Smith, two old and experienced physicians, of Texas, give it as their opinion that the Brazos and Trinity Valleys are, for consumption, equal to Cuba.

The clipper ship Electric, from New York, arrived at San Francisco on the 4th ult., after a passage of one hundred and seven days, which was the shortest of the season.

A fire occurred in Magnolia, Texas, on the 19th ult., which resulted in the destruction of \$60,000 worth of property—mostly bales of cotton belonging to different merchants and planters.

A suspicious looking copy of the Hampshire Gazette was overhauled lately in the Hadley post-office, and a large piece of a new patched bed-quilt found neatly stuffed inside the wrapper.

The British brig Brothers, a collier, was recently lost on Strangford bar, coast of Ireland. This vessel was built at Barnmouth, in Wales, in the year 1753, and was, when lost, in her 103d year.

The receipts of the Niagara suspension bridge the last year amounted to \$40,000, the first cost being but about \$50,000. The new large structure just completed for railroad transportation, cost about \$500,000.

Some villain has recently poisoned fourteen horses belonging to Messrs. Morse & Mitchell, proprietors of the Waterville and Belfast (Me.) stages. Nine of the horses have died, and the others will also probably die.

The great Mariposa land claim of Col. Fremont was on the 3d inst. decided in his favor by the United States Supreme Court, and the District Court is ordered to reverse its decision and enter the proper decree.

The New York Journal of Commerce says that emigration to California opens sluggishly this season, but it is anticipated that the proposed reduction of fares by the rival lines of steamships will give it a fresh impetus.

A letter from St. Thomas, dated March 13th, reports the burning of the custom-house and the adjoining warehouse of Whitmore & Co., with all its contents. Loss \$50,000. Supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

The Troy Times asserts, after all, that Mrs. Robinson, the beautiful murderess, is the identical Charlotte Wood who was formerly a pupil at Mrs. Willard's school, and sister of Mr. Wood, of Quebec, who swore she was not his sister.

Over 1000 workmen are now busily employed in the Brooklyn navy yard. The department paid \$17,000 for the bark Eringo, just purchased for the search of Dr. Kane. The Eringo is 303 tons. She will be immediately placed in the dry dock.

An expedition is about to be undertaken by Dr. Catherwood, an American physician, to explore the interior of Australia. Government gives no aid to the project, but the press speaks of it as calculated to be very advantageous to the colony.

The French government have effected an insurance upon the property which is expected to be deposited in the Great Exhibition, to the amount of 10,000,000 francs. It has likewise insured the Palace edifice itself, with the buildings and accessions, for 12,000 francs.

A new law regulating the fire department of Philadelphia has gone into operation. Fifty-four companies have accepted its provisions, while twenty-four have rejected them and left the service. It was apprehended that a disturbance would occur, but the night passed off quietly.

Miss J. M. Davenport made her first appearance at the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, in the part of Julia in the *Blanchette*, and was enthusiastically received. The American had closed for the present, being a losing concern. Barney Williams and wife were staring in the interior.

It is reported that Col. Lewis L. Taylor, clerk in the first auditor's office, has forged the name of Jefferson Davis to notes to the amount of some twenty thousand dollars. The notes are in the hands of the brokers, money lenders, and personal friends of Mr. T. Taylor left Washington for fear of detection.

Messrs. Holson & Long, of Richmond, Va., have brought a suit against the Washington and New Orleans Telegraph Company, to recover damages in the sum of \$17,000 in consequence of an error in their despatch. They ordered 500 bales of cotton, and the operator at Montgomery, Ala., made it 2500.

A correspondent of the New York Post discloses a fact not known even to many of Mr. Webster's most intimate friends, that he was once challenged by John Randolph. Mr. Webster declined, but the correspondence which passed between the parties, Mr. Benton acting as the friend of Randolph, appears to have been highly creditable to the challenged party.

Notwithstanding the strikes and turn outs of the past year, it appears that a larger consumption of cotton has taken place in Great Britain than at any previous period, the quantity in 1836 being 350,000,000 pounds weight; in 1845, 597,000,000; in 1852, 745,000,000; in 1853, 734,000,000; and in 1854, 780,000,000.

A letter from Riga states that the greatest activity continues to prevail there, and the defenses of the place had been materially strengthened. Several vessels and enormous blocks of stone will be sunk at the mouth of the gulf, so that ships of war, however light their draught of water, will find it very difficult and dangerous to effect the passage in order to arrive opposite the town, where batteries command every point in front.

Foreign Items.

The new Czar gives strong evidence of abiding by the plan traced out by his father, and that he will make no concessions.

The sick and wounded soldiers from the Crimea who have died in Liverpool are to be buried in one grave, over which a monument will be erected by public subscription.

An Italian railway company has obtained permission to construct a railway from Milan to Pavia. The same company is treating with the Sardinian government for the construction of a line from Novara to Milan.

In the island of Capri, in the Bay of Naples, resides a son of Mrs. Norton. He fell in love with a Neapolitan peasant girl, turned Catholic and married her. This grandson of the great Sheridan now lives in a very humble style on his island home.

Constantinople advises state that the Porte has determined to maintain undiminished sovereignty over the Dardanelles, and protests against the Christians of the Empire being placed under any foreign protection. The Porte also desires the participation of Prussia in the Conference.

The gold medal annually granted by the English government to an architect of distinguished merit, has been this year awarded to M. Hittorf, member of the Institute of France. This is the third time since its institution that this medal has been awarded to a foreigner.

A young author of five-and-thirty years of age, had prepared, two years ago, an elaborate memoir of Mr. Rogers, the poet, and was only waiting for the poet's death to give it to the public the next day in the columns of a widely-spread journal. Mr. Rogers is still, happily, alive. The youth who had prepared his life, in expectation of his friend's death, has been nearly a year in his grave.

Sands of Gold.

.... Better bend the neck than bruise the forehead.—*Danish*.

.... Gold must be beaten, and a child scourged.—*Ben Syra (Jewish)*.

.... Satire is apt to be a glass in which we see every face but our own.—*Whipple*.

.... If a word be worth one shekel, silence is worth two.—*Hebrew*.

.... Humor, warm and all-embracing as the sunshine, bathes its objects in a genial and abiding light.—*Whipple*.

.... To be vain of what you have learned is the same as to plume yourself on a piece of game you have received from a hunter.—*Marcus Terentius Varro*.

.... He who combats his own evil passions and desires, enters into the severest battle of life; and if he combats successfully, obtains the greatest victory.—*Kozlay*.

.... A good action performed in this world receives its recompense in the other, just as water poured at the root of a tree appears again above in fruit and flower.—*Buddhist Doctrine*.

.... There is nothing which contributes more to the sweetness of life than friendship; there is nothing which disturbs our repose more than friends, if we have not the discernment to choose them well.—*St. Eremond*.

.... While I am ready to adopt any well-grounded opinion, my inmost soul revolts against receiving the judgment of others respecting persons; and whenever I have done so, I have bitterly repented of it.—*Niebuhr*.

.... The opponents of any idea, founded on reason and common sense, are like men striking among live coals; they may scatter them, but only to make them kindle and blaze spots which otherwise they would never have touched.—*Goethe*.

Joker's Budget.

Envy is defined as punishing one's self for being inferior to one's neighbor.

It is true that the Russians have killed our wounded—but then we, that is, our surgeons, have given theirs a good dressing.—*Punch*.

Mrs. Partington expresses great apprehension that the people in California will bleed to death, as every paper she picks up announces "another vein opened."

The Michigan Expositor, in commenting on the remark of a contemporary that "the snow in this vicinity is two feet deep," observes, "It is two *knees* deep here."

Toast given by a bachelor at a "banquet" in Pottsville: "The Women and Coal of Schuylkill County—O, how desolate would be the fireside without them!"

The preacher that warns up his hearers with words that burn, has been consulted with by the deacon upon the propriety of having no fire in the church for the balance of the season.

"Father, do people buy snuff?" "Yes, my child—why do you ask?" "Well, then, why do people say they take it?" Father (aside)—"Thank heaven there is likely to be one great genius in my family."

"It is strange," muttered a young man, as he staggered home from a supper party, "how evil communications corrupt good manners—I have been surrounded by tumblers all the evening, and now I am a tumbler myself."

"O!" exclaimed a poor sufferer to a dentist, "that is the second wrong tooth you have pulled out!" "Very sorry, sir," said the blundering operator; "but as there were only three when I began, I'm sure to be right this time."

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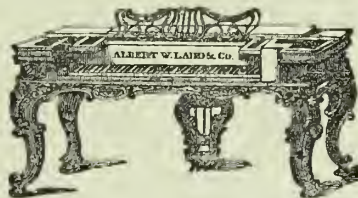
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MILTON AND GALILEO.

Our engraving represents John Milton, the bard of *Paradise Lost*, visiting the "starry Galileo," in the dungeon to which he was consigned for promulgating the scientific theories which the Romish church refused to recognize. Milton was about thirty years old at the period of his Italian tour—"prime, in manhood where youth ended," and though known as a zealous Protestant, was everywhere received with the attention and consideration due to his transcendent talents and ripe scholarship. Being accredited by letters to the leading men of Italy, it is presumed that he found no difficulty in gaining access to the cell of Galileo. The meeting of two such men—one the reader of the stars, and the other gifted with a sight that pierced beyond them even to the gates of heaven—was an event of no common order. Galileo Galilei was at that time seventy-four years of age, for he was born at Pisa in 1564. He received an admirable education, and at an early age was a proficient in the classical languages and the fine arts, while at the same time he displayed a great fondness and aptitude for mechanics. When he entered the University of Pisa in 1581, his mind was mature and his judgment sound. He was particularly distinguished by his spirit of observation, and it is recorded of him that when but nineteen years of age, the motion of a hanging lamp suspended from a ceiling, induced him to investigate the laws of the oscillation of the pendulum. In 1586, when but twenty-two years of age, though he had completely mastered the works of the great teachers of

he established the truth of the Copernican system by the discovery of the varying phases of Mercury, Venus and Mars. His work on the sun's spots, in which he declared his adherence to the Copernican system, caused him to be denounced as a heretic by those priests who thought that this theory endangered the honor of the Bible. Such a storm was raised against him, so many pulpits charged him with heresy, that he was compelled to go to Rome, and to appease the anger of the church, by promising to cease advocating the obnoxious system. In 1618, he made observations upon three comets and imparted the conclusions he thence arrived at to some of his friends and pupils, one of whom, Mario Guiducci, published a work in which he reflected severely on the Jesuit Grassi. The latter replied, directing his answer against Galileo, whom he supposed to be the author of the attack. Galileo replied in a master-piece of eloquence which roused the fury of the Jesuits against him. About this time he completed his great work in which the Copernican and Ptolemaic systems of astronomy were discussed by three persons in the form of a dialogue, the arguments for the Copernican system predominating. In 1620, having gone to Rome for the purpose, he obtained permission to print it, and a similar favor was accorded him at Florence, but as soon as it appeared it was violently attacked by the disciples of Aristotle; Scipione Chiaramonti, teacher of philosophy at Pisa, leading the assault. Pope Urban VIII., formerly the friend of Galileo, now became his persecutor, the monks having persuaded him that in the character of Simplicio,

the moon. But in his old age, blindness, deafness, sleeplessness and pain came upon him, yet though they embittered his closing years, they did not paralyze the activity of his mind. "In my darkness," he writes, in 1638, "I muse now upon this object of nature and now upon that, and find it impossible to soothe my restless head, however much I wish it. This perpetual action of mind deprives me almost wholly of sleep." Did his illustrious visitor as he noted the failing vision of the great philosopher, then anticipate that a similar calamity would befall himself—a calamity that prompted the most touching of his sonnets? Like Milton, Galileo might reflect that he has lost his sight in a noble cause. Milton says:

"What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplaid
In liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe talks from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world's vain masque
Content, though blind, had I no better guide."

So Galileo might console himself that he had lost his sight in studying the matchless works of God that he might proclaim to the world their wondrous beauty, harmony and magnificence. Galileo had few books—his library was the universe. "The best book," he was wont to say, "is *natura*." He resembled Milton in his fondness for poetry and music. He knew Ariosto by heart. It may be regarded as a coincidence that Galileo died in the year that Newton was born (1642). He had gradually wast-



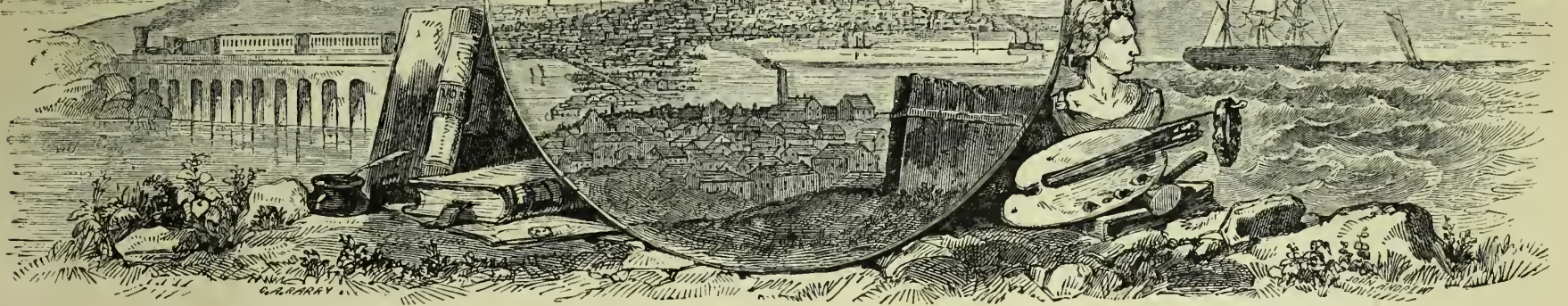
GALILEO AND MILTON.

mathematics, he invented the hydrostatic balance. In 1589, he was appointed professor of mathematics in the University of Pisa. But he was compelled to abandon this position by the enmity of the advocates of the old system of the Aristotelian philosophy, whose errors and absurdities he denounced and demonstrated. He was protected in his compulsory retirement by Filippo Salviati, who introduced him to Sagredo, a Venetian, who became deeply interested in the philosopher, and through his influence with the Venetian Senate, procured him the appointment of professor of mathematics in Padua. His lectures, delivered in the Italian language, created a great sensation in the scientific world; his fame became widely extended, and pupils came from the remotest parts of the continent to receive instruction from his lips. He invented a geometrical and military compass, defined the laws that govern the velocity of falling bodies, improved, if he did not invent, the thermometer, and made some interesting observations on the magnet. The telescope, which had been regarded simply as a curious instrument, he applied to the observation of the heavens with brilliant results. He taught his pupils how to measure the altitude of the lunar mountains by their shadows, and on the 7th of January, 1610, discovered the satellites of Jupiter. He noticed the spots on the disk of the sun, and inferred from their regular advance from east to west, the rotation of the sun and the inclination of its axis to the plane of the ecliptic. The fame of Galileo induced the Grand Duke Cosmo, in 1610, to appoint him first instructor of mathematics in Pisa, with permission to reside elsewhere, of which he availed himself by passing a portion of his time in Florence. In 1610

Galileo had designedly ridiculed him for authorizing the publication of so dangerous and heretical a book. Galileo was completely in the power of his enemies, for his patron, Cosmo II., was dead, and his successor, Ferdinand II., young and feeble, was unwilling or unable to protect him. After the examination of his work by a congress of cardinals, monks and mathematicians, he was charged with promulgating heretical doctrines therein, and summoned to appear at Rome before the grand tribunal of the Inquisition. After some months of imprisonment he was sentenced to renounce the truths he had enunciated, kneeling in penitence before an assembly of ignorant and bigoted monks. The words of the abjuration which he consented to pronounce were as follows: "With a sincere heart and in full faith I abjure, curse and spurn the aforesaid errors and heresies," but as he rose to his feet after the humiliating ceremony, indignant at having forsworn his honest convictions, he stamped his foot upon the earth, and exclaimed in Italian, *E pur si muove!* (and yet it moves!) He was then sentenced to incarceration for an indefinite period in the dungeons of the Inquisition, and ordered to repeat every week for three years, the seven penitential psalms of David. His book of scientific dialogues was prohibited, and his astronomical system condemned as an infidel one, violative of the spirit and the letter of the Scriptures. His sentence was afterwards commuted, first to seclusion in the episcopal palace of Siena, and afterwards to banishment to Arcetri, in the neighborhood of Florence. Here he produced two works on the laws of motion, on which our present system of physics and astronomy is based. In 1637, he published his researches as to the libration of

ed away in a slow fever, and finally breathed his last in the arms of a favorite pupil. In the splendid church of Santa Croce, in Florence, surrounded by the illustrious dead of his native land, lies Galileo Galilei, the worthy compeer of the brightest spirits Italy has produced. Near his sepulchral monument is that of Michael Angelo. Pilgrims from all climes here pause to muse on the trials, the sufferings and the glorious achievements of the great philosopher. Posterity has done him the justice which contemporary enmity and bigotry denied him. The name of the "starry Galileo" is now inscribed upon the temple of fame in characters that will endure as long as the "great globe which we inhabit," whose motions he detected and described. The Church may learn from his story the folly and impotence of seeking to stifle the voice of truth. Christianity has nothing to fear from the investigations of science—its direst enemy is ignorance and superstition. Truly did the poet declare "the un-devout astronomer is mad." No one can study the wonders of the starry heavens without feeling a deeper reverence for the Creator of their almost infinite wonders, unless his mind has lost its balance. Addison has beautifully expressed the feelings of reverential awe inspired by a contemplation of the starry heavens, in his universally known hymn commencing "The starry firmament on high." The wonders revealed by astronomical science suggested some of the finest images and illustrations of "Paradise Lost," and very probably this visit of Milton to Galileo, which we have illustrated, by deepening the impressions pre-existing in the poet's mind, became the source of some of his most beautiful and impressive poetical allusions.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1855. \$3.00 PER ANNUM. { VOL. VIII., No. 18—WHOLE No. 200. 6 CENTS SINGLE.

UNIFORM OVERCOAT OF THE FIRST REGIMENT, M. V. M.

The engraving below represents Colonel T. E. Chickering, commander of the first Light Infantry regiment of the first brigade, first division Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, mounted and wearing the new uniform overcoat ordered by His Excellency, Henry J. Gardner, governor and commander-in-chief. In the foreground on the left, is seen a group of staff and company officers, and on the right, a section of the command, showing the appearance of the privates in the new dress. The uniform of the light infantry regiment has been gradually improved until it is now, in every respect, neat, handsome and soldierly. The French infantry cap, so decided an improvement on the cumbersome mass of leather and brass that used to form the head gear of the soldier, was long since adopted. In days gone by, the title of light infantry was almost a misnomer, so heavy were their accoutrements. But it needed the uniform overcoat to complete their accoutrement for field duty. In the spring and fall parades, in our changeable and trying climate, some protection against the weather was desirable, and moreover, the troops are liable to be called out at any season of the year. Hence the field, staff and company officers of the first regiment petitioned the governor for

permission to wear an overcoat of a pattern they presented, and orders were issued for its adoption, with slight modifications. The coat is of army blue cloth, and extends four inches below the knee. It closes in front by eight regimental buttons, is lined throughout with gray woolen, plain sleeves, stand up collar. The field officers' overcoats are made double-breasted, with the cape extending to the cuff, as shown in the engraving. The overcoat of the staff officers is the same as that for field officers, but single breasted. The company officers wear the same coat as the staff officers, only that the cape ends at the elbow. The distinctive badges indicative of official rank are the same as those of the United States officers—for colonels, five braids; lieutenant colonels, four braids; majors, three braids; captains, two braids; lieutenants, one braid. Warrant officers have chevrons upon each sleeve. The coat is ordered to be recognized as a part of the regimental uniform by the regiment, the officers of the regiment, or any of the companies thereof, upon any occasion when said regiment, officers or companies are on duty. The warrant officers and privates wear their equipments outside the overcoat, and all commissioned officers wear the sash and body belt outside the overcoat upon all occasions when on duty. The com-

panies are not allowed to wear the overcoat when in line for regimental or battalion parade, except when it is worn by the whole. The Boston military have ever been renowned for their spirit, their drill and the fine *physique* which characterises the mass. A spirit of generous emulation now exists between the several companies, which brings every company up to the most effective point. There are some persons who deplore the zeal manifested by our young men in their military organizations, stigmatizing it as a war spirit—but we look upon our military companies as so many peace societies. It is to the existence of these military organizations—to the zeal of the members, their promptitude and their activity, that our city is largely indebted for the tranquillity it enjoys. On more than one occasion it would have been the theatre of bloodshed had we not those faithful bayonets and sabres to rely upon—weapons not wielded by mercenary hands, but arms in the hands of good and true citizens, respecting the laws and resolved to maintain them. We know—and the lawless know—what we may expect of our citizen soldiery in any emergency, and any body of rioters, no matter from what motive, who should attempt to violate the laws, would find to their cost they were men not afraid to use arms when duty called them out.



UNIFORM OVERCOAT OF THE FIRST REGIMENT MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEER MILITIA.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE

KING AND THE COBBLER.

A ROMANCE OF ANCIENT PERSIA.

BY AUSTIN C. BIRDICK.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER III.

THE ASTROLOGER.

"THE secret of Feridoon's strict obedience to the wishes of Rustem had been gratitude. As soon as he became conscious of his advancing knowledge and consequent happiness, his whole soul was not only given to the work, but it was also turned in thankfulness upon his benefactor. He had not submitted to his close confinement because he deemed that any one had a right to keep him there, but because he was willing to sacrifice his personal liberty for the knowledge he was receiving. No one had ever yet aroused him to anger, and consequently no one had witnessed the effects of his wrath. All that he had manifested had been the natural kindness and nobleness of his soul; and though in the course of his martial and manual studies he had evinced surprising degrees of strength, yet not one of those who knew him even dreamed of the mighty physical power that lay at rest within the muscles and sinews of his comely frame.

The apartments he had occupied were six in number, and among them was a large artificial garden, which had been constructed especially for his use. From these apartments he could at any time have easily made his way had he been so disposed; but he had no desire so to do, for he knew that his guardian wished him not to.

On the following morning Feridoon was arrayed in a garb of rich and costly fabric, and in company with his father, he went to the court of the king. On the way he found much to attract his attention, and several times he stopped his horse to gaze upon the various objects of wonder that met his sight. And people looked at him, too.

"Surely," said one, "that must be the son of some powerful king whom the satrap has received from abroad."

"Nay," said another, "it must be some real king, for see how nobly he rides, and with what majesty he holds his head. Most surely, one who has been ruled all his days would not ride like that."

"Upon my faith, you are all wrong," spoke a merchant, who happened to be passing. "That is no less than Rustem's son, for I heard yesterday that he had a son whom he had kept secluded for one-and-twenty years."

Upon this the people pressed after the youth and gazed wonderingly upon him, and soon their murmurs broke forth into shouts of applause. At length Feridoon became aware that he was the object of all this commotion, and he raised his hat and bowed to the crowd. Then he rode more closely to his father's side and asked him for his purse. The satrap gave it up without asking a question, and as soon as Feridoon received it he commenced to scatter pieces of gold among the crowd. He had read in old manuscripts that benevolent princes had done so, and as he saw much poverty about him, he wished to do the same. This raised the admiration of the people to the highest pitch, and it well pleased the satrap, for he loved to see his assumed son thus honored.

In due time they reached the royal palace, and Feridoon was introduced to the king. He had been instructed how to behave, and as soon as he found himself in the royal presence he fell upon his knees and bowed his head.

This king's name was Sohrab. He was now past the meridian of life, and his countenance gave signs of a jealous, bitter spirit, and his whole form and feature gave token of a riotous and sensual indulgence and excess. He had formerly been a powerful general under Kei Khosron, the former king. In an excursion against the insurgent Khorasans, Kei Khosrou was taken sick, and in that state he was brought back to die. Feridoon had heard the story from his father, and he knew how Sohrab came upon the throne. He had heard how the old king was taken sick and crazy, and how he was brought back to Persopolis to die. After he was dead, his body was laid in the great hall of the capitol, all exposed to view, and all the people of the kingdom came to look upon those noble features in death, and to pray for a successor as good and just as he had been. At the end of a week the body of the dead king was embalmed and laid away in the royal sepulchre, and then Sohrab proclaimed himself king. The soldiers sustained him, for he made them promises of great honors, and as Kei Khosron had left no child behind him, the people submitted to Sohrab's rule.

All this Feridoon had heard, and in his soul he felt that the man before him was not a true king—that he did not stand as a true representative of the interests of the people. But when he came to look into the king's face he was sorely distressed, for he saw there the marks of a wicked man, and his proud soul shrank from bowing to such a man. But the king was delighted with Feridoon, and he heaped upon him the most fulsome flattery, and also did he flatter Rustem for having raised up such a son.

"By my royal head," he cried, after he had gazed well upon the youth, "you should be ever near our person. Some of my best warriors shall learn you to bear arms, and in time your sinews may become strong and tough. How would it suit you to live here in this our royal palace?"

"For the present, O king, I would live with my father," returned the youth.

"So be it, then; only let me have the light of thy countenance often."

After much such talk, Rustem and his son withdrew and proceeded on their way home. Feridoon gave full scope to his feelings, and failed not to speak his thought of the king. The satrap chided him for his speech, and expressed sorrow for his opinions.

"For," said he, "Sohrab is our king, and as such we must love and honor him. He has been a great friend to me, and not for half my wealth would I have you incur his displeasure. He is revengeful, too, and would surely put you to death if he heard that you spoke against him."

"Put me to death for merely speaking!" uttered Feridoon, in surprise.

"Ay, most surely."

"But his people would object."

"Ah, my son, he is the people. They move only through him. His will is their law."

The youth pondered awhile, and then he said:

"I will be as careful as I can; but the king had better not lift a hand against me, for I should surely smite him."

The satrap said no more, for he knew that his son was governed by just thoughts, and it was beyond his power to combat them. And then he was thus led to view himself in rather an unfavorable light, for he had himself had some hand in elevating Sohrab to the throne. In view of receiving the office of satrap of Persopolis, he had given all his influence for that man.

When they reached their dwelling, they found an old man sitting in the hall. Even the satrap was inspired with much reverence by the stranger's venerable looks, and Feridoon bowed with pure esteem and respect. This stranger was an old man, past the bound of threescore and ten, of a tall, commanding form, but somewhat bent beneath the weight of years. His hair and beard were white as snow, and long and flowing. His face was kind and generous in its expression, and a natural mildness softened every feature. His dress was a robe of blue cloth, confined at the loins by a girdle of silk. He wore heavy sandals upon his feet, and upon his head was a hat of curious shape. His blue robe was worked with curious devices in figures of gold, and his girdle was worked the same.

"Whom have we here?" asked Rustem, after he had bowed to the old man.

"My name is Kobad," returned the stranger.

"Ha!" uttered Rustem, seeming a little startled at first, "the profound astrologer of Arabia?"

"Ay—once of Arabia—but now of Persia," returned the old man.

Both the satrap and his son were considerably moved by this announcement, though through different emotions. Rustem was moved by a natural superstitious idea of the astrologer's power, mingled with some dread; while Feridoon was moved alone by the superior knowledge which he had heard attributed to the wonderful man. He had heard that Kobad not only read great truths from the stars, but that he made them subserve his own purposes by having learned to count their changes and foretell their conjunctions and appearances. And then his teachers, or one of them, had told him that the astrologer was the most deeply versed in human nature, in the laws of right and wrong, and in the various occult sciences, of any man with whom he had ever conversed. All this made the youth look upon the old man with more than ordinary reverence, and he failed not to show his feelings in his glowing looks.

"You are the satrap Rustem?" said Kobad, after he had looked awhile upon the youth and then turned to the officer.

"I am, sir."

"And this youth—who is he?"

"My son," replied Rustem, with some hesitation.

"The child of your own flesh and blood?"

"I so look upon him," answered the satrap, after another hesitation.

"It matters not how you look upon him," returned the astrologer, rather sternly: "every man should know the child of his own loins. Is this youth such to you?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because I would see if you think to deceive me. However, let that pass. I blame you not for wishing to pass so noble a youth off as your own; but nothing within the range of human destiny is hidden from me."

"Then you know all?" uttered Rustem, tremulously.

"All that I wish to know. There be many things I wish not to know, so I seek them not. All that you know about the childhood of Feridoon, I know. If I knew more, you would not rest until I had told it to you, so I choose not to delve it out from the bank of mystery that now holds it in burial. But I have come to see the youth himself, and I have that to tell him which may be of lasting good to him."

"Then," said Feridoon, his eyes sparkling with pleasure, "I pray you come at once to my apartments, for I shall hold it a joy to converse with one so learned."

"And do you think to learn my mystic science?" asked the astrologer, gazing sharply into the young man's face.

"I wish to learn nothing that is by right your secret—only what is proper for me to know would I learn."

This answer pleased Kobad greatly, and he embraced the youth with enthusiasm. After this the satrap gave his consent for his son and the astrologer to retire together, and he did it the more readily because he believed that he should learn from the former all that transpired; but he would not have dared to refuse under any circumstances, seeing that the secret was not only in the

strange man's hands, but that he knew much more of the youth, or might do so, than he did himself.

Feridoon led the way to his own apartments, and when he came to the stairs he assisted his aged companion to ascend. When they had finally reached their destination, the youth seated the sage upon a soft lounge and then drew up a cushion and seated himself at his feet. Upon this the old man commenced to ask questions, and Feridoon answered them readily and promptly. All the branches of learning of the times were gone through with, and our hero proved himself to be master of them all.

"My son," said the old man, after he had gone through with all such branches as were available to the best scholars of the times, even to the science of government, "I find you a very wonder in learning, and it is no very difficult thing to predict for you a brilliant and useful future. I know you have bravery equal to your intellect."

"I fear nothing, save evil from my own soul," was the youth's response.

"Good, my son. And one with such a frame should have some strength, too; for we live in times when even the most pure in soul, and the most gigantic in intellect, must sometimes overcome mere brute force. Do you think that age will give you the physical strength to do that?"

Feridoon smiled. At that instant a black slave, of huge stature, passed through the garden. He was one of Feridoon's own attendants, and the youth called him up. The black soon stood in the presence of his master, a giant in bulk, and with muscles like young yew trees.

"Fear not, my faithful fellow," said Feridoon, as he arose, "I am not going to hurt you."

As he spoke, he placed his right hand upon the stout leathern girdle that confined the slave's shirt, and the left hand he placed beneath the fellow's thigh; then, with a quick movement, he raised the bulky body of the huge black from the floor, and lifting it high above his head, he gave it one mighty swing, and hurled it to the centre of the small lake that had been dug in the centre of the garden, the great glass doors being open and the way all clear. The youth saw the slave crawl out from the troubled water unhurt, and then went and sat down again at the old man's feet.

For a while Kobad could hardly believe the evidence of his own senses. He gazed first upon the slave while he floundered in the lakelet, and then he gazed upon the youth. It was true, for he had seen it, and as soon as he seemed to be sure that his eyes had not deceived him, he embraced the youth, and in a fervent tone, he uttered:

"Surely God has raised thee up for some noble and glorious purpose. Now I will tell thee what thou shalt do, and be assured that I speak for thy good. To-morrow morning, as soon as thou hast partaken of thy morning's meal, go out and find the house of Zak Turan, the cobbler. Go down this street till you come to the great fountain of the lion; there turn to the left, and ere long you will find yourself face to face with the brazen statue of Zal. To the right hand there you will see a narrow street running towards the sepulchre of Paishdadains; half way down this street, upon the left hand, you will see a cobbler's stall, and within you will find an old man at work. He is a good man, and will be friendly. Tell him you wish to rest, and if he offers you a seat in his stall, tell him that I sent you to him. I would not have sent thee upon this mission, but I have proved thee to be all that a youth can be in knowledge and truth, and I fear not to trust thee."

"But you know not of my more deep-set characteristics," said Feridoon; "those evils or virtues that underlie all manhood, and make it in the end either good or bad."

"Yes, I do," returned the astrologer. "I have seen and conversed with one of your tutors, and he has told me all your points of character. Yet I could not believe in your knowledge till I had tried you myself."

"And do you find me with an education befitting one of my age?"

"Ay—well, well—past my most sanguine hopes."

"But what hopes can you have?"

"Hopes of finding in all Persia one man who is fit for the business Heaven has in hand. But I have not time now to waste. Go to-morrow morning as I have explained, and you shall not regret it."

"But surely I may have some reason for going?"

"Only that it is my wish, and for your good. You should ask no more."

"But have you no more directions—no more advice?"

"Not now. Go as I have directed, and your own judgment will dictate the rest."

Feridoon was sorely puzzled, but he asked no more questions. That the astrologer was honest and true, he could not doubt, for the fact was written in every line of those mild, time-worn features. As Kobad spoke, he arose from his seat and turned away from the apartment. Feridoon conducted him to the street, and when there the youth asked:

"When shall we meet again?"

"When there is need." And with this he was gone.

CHAPTER IV.

ZILLAH.

WHEN Feridoon returned to his room he was beside himself with puzzling conjectures. While the astrologer had been with him he had been so taken up with the majestic presence of the man that he had had no time to indulge in the natural inquiries which such a presence would be likely to bring up; but now that

he was alone, all these thoughts came rushing upon him. His mind dwelt upon three points: first, what could give cause for the interest of such a man as the Arabian astrologer in his behalf? second, why was this interest?—that is, what particular purpose was there in it? third, what could possibly be the intent of his seeking out the old cobbler? But in the midst of all this mass of strangeness Feridoon had no doubts of the old astrologer's honesty of purpose. His soul rather swelled beneath it, for he imagined that he could trace out in all some reliance that was to be placed upon himself.

While the youth thus pondered with himself his guardian entered the apartment, and after speaking of other topics as a sort of prelude, he asked what had been the business of the astrologer. At first the youth hesitated, but not with doubt. He was merely collecting his thoughts, and when he had remembered how the astrologer had commenced his questions he went on and gave Rustem a clear account of the whole conversation, only omitting what had been said concerning the cobbler. That part of the business he had resolved to keep to himself, not from any desire to deceive, but simply because there promised to be a bit of romance in the affair, and he chose to go into it alone and free from overlooking and espionage. The satrap was much puzzled with Kobad's intent, but he contented himself with thinking that he only meant to instruct the youth if he should need it.

"Did he not ask you anything concerning your childhood?" asked Rustem, uneasily.

"Not a word."

"Strange—very strange. I suppose he only means to give you instruction if you need it. And yet I cannot see into even that."

Nor did Feridoon see into it, but he had some ideas which he did not speak—ideas which might have made Rustem uneasy. He had seen enough of existing things in one day to assure him that there was need of reform, and might not Kobad have some ideas of such a work? and might not he want a young man to help him? At any rate, such thoughts floated dimly through the youth's brain, but of course they were as shapeless as the mists of morning.

After nearly two hours spent in conversation, the satrap withdrew, and shortly afterwards four of Feridoon's black slaves came into his apartment.

"What is it?" asked the youth, as they stood gazing upon him.

But they did not speak.

"What do you wish?" repeated their master.

"You will pardon us, but Clao says you threw him from this window clear to the middle of yonder lake. Did he not lie to us?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because we four have staked a daric of gold against the fourth part of a daric from him that you did not do it."

"Do you think Clao would lie for the sake of praising me?"

"We feared so."

"You shall see."

As Feridoon spoke, he sprang from his seat and caught the heaviest of the four slaves by the girdle and the thigh, and with apparent ease hurled him to the very verge of the further side of the lake.

"Now what think you?" asked Feridoon, turning to the other three.

But they said nothing; they stood like beings petrified. At length, however, they fell upon their knees and bowed till their foreheads touched the floor. They had already learned to love their young master for his kindness and gentleness, but now they worshipped him. He had touched a place in their homely souls that held their deepest admiration. Henceforth the twelve slaves who attended upon him were to look upon him as nothing less than a god.

The youth dismissed his slaves, after having given them money enough to pay the stake they had lost through his means, and then set about his own affairs. He took a book of poems and sat down to read, and at a seasonable hour he retired.

In the morning he arose early and dressed himself, not gaudily, but well. His hair he separated and combed out until the flowing ringlets glistened like jet, and his skin glowed like the rose with the flush of pride and health. He stood before his polished mirror of silver, and as he gazed upon the picture of himself he saw beyond, he wondered if wickedness and evil would make him look like those youths whom he had seen in attendance upon the king. He had just completed his toilet when half a dozen of his slaves came up. They knew how kind he was, and it seems they had resolved to seek permission to look at their young master's arms.

Feridoon laughed outright as they made their request, and unclasping the jewelled band that held his sleeve at the wrist, he stripped his arm bare to the shoulder. The slaves gathered around and looked at it, and then they looked upon one another and shook their heads. They were anatomists enough to know that those long, swelling lines of muscles, and those huge, hard cords, contained the secret of the marvellous prowess they had seen. They saw that where their own big, brawny arms were flat or indented, his were rounded with muscle. They finished their examination and went away highly pleased with the new favor that had been granted them.

After breakfast Rustem came up to see if his son would attend him to court, but Feridoon told him he meant to take a stroll about the city. The satrap made no objections, only he urged the necessity of care and circumspection, and then left the youth to follow such course as he saw fit, not forgetting to repeat his injunctions at least three times before he closed the door.

It was nine o'clock when Feridoon left his guardian's palace,

and with a moderate step he took his way as the astrologer had directed. At the great fountain he stopped a while to view the crowds of people who were assembled about the place, and some of their remarks gave him more insight into the peculiar characteristics of the lower classes of the citizens than he had before learned from books or the sayings of others. When he came to the great brazen statue of Zal, he turned to the right, and before him he saw a long narrow street, at the extremity of which he could distinguish the abrupt, dark face of the sculptured rock. Down this street he turned, and ere long he heard the notes of a merry song. The words struck him as being peculiar, and he stopped to listen.

"Like the bird in its native forest, or like the roe upon the bleak mountain. Where freedom from all care is his, and where joy cometh with each morning:
So live I among kings and princes, myself alone to fear, and all to love. They fear all things seen, and love nought but themselves.
Ho, ho,—how much happier, then, am I than the great crowned ones of earth."

Feridoon approached the place from whence the sound proceeded, and he found a cobbler seated in his stall at work upon an old sandal. He was a short, stumpy fellow, with grizzled gray hair, a light gray eye, a round, laughing face, and not far from three-score years of age.

"What, ho, here, master cobbler, you make the place merry with your music and your thoughts," uttered Feridoon, as he came up.

The old fellow looked up, and when he saw the young man's costly dress, and his kingly bearing, he seemed for a moment disconcerted, but he quickly regained his composure, and then he replied:

"I was only singing to pass away the time, sir."

"But your song was strange to me. If I might believe that, you are the happiest man in Persepolis."

"No, no. Happier than kings and princes, said I."

"And how so?"

"Because I have no vexing cares upon my mind."

"But he that has the welfare of a great people upon his care, and labors well for them, even though all his life be marked with labor, yet he must be happy, for who can be happier than he who works for the good of all?"

"O, I grant ye that, young sir."

"Then is not our king happy?"

"It is not for me to speak."

"But you have spoken in your song, and you said that you were happier than the king. Explain."

"Nay, sir. 'Tis sedition—'tis rank conspiracy to speak against the king."

"How so?"

"Because he punishes it as such."

"Of course he would punish the man who should dare to speak falsely of him; but surely he would not punish one for telling the truth; so let us hear thy answer. Come."

"Not so, master. Even should I tell the truth, and it were hard upon our king, he would make me taste the lash most freely."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Feridoon. "Why, you have answered me more plainly than I had hoped."

"But I have not answered thee against the king; no, I'll swear I have not."

"But you have, old father. You have said he would whip you for telling the truth. What more could you say against him?"

"But that is the truth."

"Ha, ha,—and 'tis what I asked you. And now, soberly, if such is the king's character, then you must be happier than he."

"You are not a spy, sharp sir," said the cobbler, with considerable fear.

"No, no. I am only walking for pleasure and instruction, and I stopped here, hearing your song, and liking its sentiment, hoping that I might rest a while beneath your roof."

"Most surely you shall. Here, upon this stool you may find a resting place, away from the sun and the dust."

"There?" cried Feridoon, looking upon the dust-covered seat to which the jolly old fellow had pointed. "Why, the dust is already there, and the sun will dart in there like fire in half an hour. Good Kobad told me you had better rest."

"Kobad?" exclaimed the cobbler, dropping the sandal.

"Ay. Are you not Zak Turan?"

"Of a verity I am."

"Then to you was it that Kobad sent me."

"Now Ormuzd be my guide. Of course I knew thee not."

And do you know me now?"

"Only that you are the offspring of Ormuzd,* and fit to enter where you please," continued the old man, rising from his seat and opening the door of his stall. "So come in here, and follow me."

Feridoon entered the stall, and when the door was closed, the cobbler opened the way to the dwelling, which was in the rear, the stall being only a sort of pen built out upon the street, and shielded by an awning of net work and straw. At first the youth found himself in a narrow, dark hall or passage, at the farther end of which he saw a flight of stairs. Up these he was led, and after passing through several small rooms, which contained the meanest of furniture, his guide opened a door which led to an apartment of larger dimensions, and furnished well. The next apartment, however, was still more sumptuously furnished, and within it Feridoon found two females, one of them well advanced in years, and the other only a girl. This older female was Zak Turan's wife, and her name was Rudabah. She was taller than

*The ancient Persians believed that next to God were two great spirits, that pervaded the universe and held influence over mankind. Ormuzd was the good spirit, and Ahriman the evil.

her husband, and though a good, kind woman, yet her will was law in the cobbler's dwelling.

"Rudabah," said Zak Turan, "this is the youth of whom Kobad spoke."

The wife immediately arose and bowed very low, and then, without a word, followed her husband from the apartment.

Feridoon was much surprised at this movement, and he would have called the cobbler back had not his eyes at that instant rested on the face of the girl who was left with him. She had arisen now, and was standing with downcast eyes before the young man. Her form was round and full, with a medium height; her skin as fair as the pearl of Catifa, and the color of her cheeks blushing like the new-blown rose. Her hair was a dark brown, and shone with the lustre of gold, and her dark blue eyes were like the morning and evening stars. Like pearls themselves gleamed the pure white teeth that lay half hidden behind her ruby lips, and over all her face was thrown the charm of modesty and virtuous purity. For some moments Feridoon stood perfectly entranced, and his heart beat with a wild, thrilling emotion. In all the tales he had read he had not conceived of beauty like this, and on the instant was his heart enchained.

"Lady," he said, as soon as he could command his speech, "I know not why we have thus met, or whether it was intended that this meeting should take place. I was hidden by Kobad, the astrologer, to come hither, and I have obliged him. Further than that he told me not."

The youth's voice was as sweet as the murmur of the evening zephyr, and the maiden listened with rapture. She returned his glances, and the rose upon her cheek deepened, and her swelling bosom heaved with the emotions her heart had caught. She spoke, and her voice was like the soft, sweet notes of the lute, or like the tones of angels when they visit us in our dreams.

"To me, also did the astrologer speak, and he warned me of your coming. He told me to receive you, and entertain you, and to fear no evil in your presence. He gave me no reason, nor did he state another wish."

"Then," said Feridoon, drawing nearer, "our fates may run together. Perhaps Kobad has looked into the future and seen that our destinies commingle, and thus would he bring us together that we may know each other."

The youth raised the maiden's hand to his lips and kissed it, and then he led her to a seat and reclined beside her. But she answered him not yet.

"May I know, lady, how you are called by those who bear you company?"

"My name is Zillah."

"And mine is Feridoon."

"The son of the satrap Rustem?" asked Zillah, quickly.

"Yes—I am so called. And you—whose child?"

"Zak Turan is my father."

"Blessed by thee must be the parent who bare thee, and blessed am I in the pleasure of knowing thee. Thou art as a sun just arisen upon my way, or like a full moon come to illumine the night of my life. I would know thee fully, thy mind, thy soul, thy thoughts and thy wishes."

"My mind," answered Zillah, with a smile, "is as a man seeking after riches with which to bless himself and those dependent upon him. My soul is like unto the chest within which that man shall put those nobler jewels that are of the most value. My thoughts are like the heavens—sometimes clouded with passing griefs, but with light and joy still resting there, like the sun and moon and stars, albeit the clouds are sometimes flitting before them. My wishes are like the sands of the desert—changing, as different winds sweep across them, but yet wandering not from their parent bosom."

If Feridoon was charmed when he beheld the outward beauties of the maiden, he was more charmed now, and her eyes drooped again when she saw how earnest and ardent was his gaze. But the silence lasted not long. The youth went on with the conversation, and he found that his companion excelled all that he had ever read of in woman. Her wit was as sharp as a sword, and yet as pure and gentle as a zephyr. Her thoughts were noble and sound, her ideas always to the point, and her knowledge bounded only by the reach of human ken.

"Surely," said Feridoon, at the end of the first hour, "your mind is a rich store-house of jewels and gold of thought."

"Nay, nay, Feridoon," she replied with a sweet smile. "You must not flatter; for surely I have learned of thee, and from thy wondrous knowledge I know I may learn much more. True I have had a most profound teacher, for Kobad himself has taught me; but my discernment is not like yours. I am weaker in thought and not so powerful in logic."

"Then the astrologer has taught thee?"

"Yes; for the past four years he has been my tutor."

"And I must ask thee still another question," resumed Feridoon, gazing softly into the maiden's face. "Has thy heart rested in love upon any of my sex?"

"My father, surely, I love."

"Most truly. But any other?"

"And my good teacher."

"Ay, of course. But is there another?"

"An hour since I should have answered thee nay."

"And now?"

"I must confess that my heart is flown to thee."

"Blessed being," cried the youth, drawing Zillah upon his bosom, "you have found one who can love thee with his whole soul and life. Let our loves be known to God, and let our hearts know that in the love they give they have nothing lost. Surely Kobad would not have sent me hither but for this."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE CITY OF VENICE—THE RIALTO.

VENICE AND AMSTERDAM.

We present herewith two striking views of two of the most interesting of modern cities—one of Venice, showing the Rialto, the other of Amsterdam. These two cities are equally celebrated for their importance, their wealth, their historical associations; both

situated on gulfs—one of the Mediterranean, the other of the North Sea; both built on moving land rescued from the sea; long the capitals of two prosperous and formidable republics, famous for their warlike exploits, enriched by commerce, and illustrated by taste and the culture of the arts. This is enough, perhaps, to

justify the association which presents itself at first to the minds of those who have visited Venice and Amsterdam. But if these singular resemblances unite the two cities, they are distinguished by numerous marked differences: the climate, general aspect of the country, manners, customs, the past and the future of the two



THE CITY OF AMSTERDAM—THE ROKIN.

countries, that it is interesting to seize upon the principal features. The origin of Amsterdam has necessarily more than one point of resemblance to that of Venice. Some fishermen established themselves on the deserted shores, separated from the continent by leagues, on islands formed by the deposits of a river near its mouth. Afterwards, some families flying from war or oppression, took refuge there and laid the foundations of a modest city. The activity and courage of the inhabitants, the security afforded them by their topographical situation, soon made an important city of it, which, enriched by navigation and commerce, commanded respect by its arms, and, on becoming opulent, powerful and peaceful, surrounded itself with the halo of luxury and arts. All these phases are common to the history of Amsterdam and that of Venice. With the latter they take their origin about the fifth century of the Christian era, and traversing the middle ages, late as the first revival of learning: with the other city, they began about the twelfth century and continue to our own times. Amsterdam was only a village when Venice had reached the summit of her glory, and the Dutch city attained the apogee of its wealth and strength at the moment when the star of Venice began to pale; so that if we could follow in the annals of the latter the transition from ancient to modern ages, the history of Amsterdam shows the continuation of the traditions of the middle ages carried without interruption to our own days. Venice, seen from St. Julian of the Lagunes, presents an aspect peculiar to itself. A mass of habitations and monuments rises, isolated, from the bosom of the sea, at the distance of a mile and a half or two miles, and seems like a submerged city whose summits alone have escaped inundation. The point of land on which the buildings rest is not visible. No ver-

of one of the greatest centres of European commerce. But nothing is strange in this aspect, if we except the extent of the lines and the uniformity of the horizon. Here, at least, the buildings are surrounded with verdure, and you see, by the plantations which accompany them, how these islands are linked together and attached to terra firma. The port of Amsterdam is accessible to quite large vessels. The rivers which empty into the Zuyder Zee and North Sea are incessantly mining the foundations of this moving soil, and the genius of man constantly struggles against this imminent cause of destruction; while at Venice, the alluvial deposits of the Brenta, the Po and the Adige, are constantly raising the soil of the lagunes, and art is incessantly employed in removing the impediments and improving the navigation. From the top of the palace tower, at Amsterdam, you have before your eyes the spectacle of an immense, populous and animated city. The public monuments are not remarkable for their number and splendor, but private dwellings are generally distinguished by their aspect of elegant neatness. The movement and life spread through the city at all points, announce the wealth and security of the inhabitants. Beyond the city, the eye roams over an interminable plain, formed in part by the waters of the Zuyder Zee, the gulf of the Y. and the Lake of Harlem, and over vast fields dotted with numerous villages. This plain, whence rises a multitude of steeples and windmills, is cut by a great number of canals, bordered by plantations, but nowhere is the prospect intercepted by great natural accidents, by forests and mountains, and nothing interrupts the cold monotony of the horizon. Still other points of resemblance between these two great cities bring back the idea of analogy. Amsterdam and Venice, both built

city, each, at different, epochs, the seat of a formidable government, whence issued revolutions that shook the strongest powers of the world. The construction of the ducal palace dates back to the fourteenth century, and the unfortunate Marino Faliero, who lost his life in the monument he had founded. The very sight of its somewhat heavy but majestic form conjures up the terrible scenes of which it was the theatre, and the gloomy absolute power which so long occupied it. The palace of Amsterdam, built in the seventeenth century, in the purest Grecian style, of an architecture as noble as it is elegant, only bears witness to the opulence of the city and the good taste of its popular magistrates. Both formerly contained within their precincts the treasures of the city, the *chefs d'œuvre* of their artists, and the prisons; and were within a short distance of the most splendid religious monuments. But what dissimilarities are found in the contrast of the two skies, the two climates! In Holland they hardly reckon forty clear days in the course of the year; at Venice, the unpleasant days are not more numerous, and still are often caused by storms which abate in the course of the day. Nothing gives a better idea of this contrast than the appearance of the setting sun from the top of one of the towers of Amsterdam, or from one of the campaniles of Venice. Here, in proportion as the sun plunges into the inflamed horizon, the hot vapors rising from the shores of Italy are lost in a pure and limpid atmosphere. The last segments of the orb of day, clearly defined, trace long strips of gold on the undulating surface of the lagunes; everything gleams and glows in those magnificent lights, and this magic spectacle, as it ravishes, leaves in the soul an emotion and an intoxication which are prolonged by favor of those delicious evenings peculiar to the



ERUPTION OF MOUNT PELEE, IN THE ISLAND OF MARTINIQUE.

ture accompanies or shelters them. Some masts of vessels in the distance mingle with the spires of the campaniles, the domes and columns of which rise in all parts. Notwithstanding something importunate to the eyes in the long iron road carried over three arches, which connects it with the continent, we must pause some time upon the bank to consider the unwonted spectacle. In proportion as you approach you begin to distinguish the buildings better; the masts and steeples seem to sink from view. You finally penetrate the city by the least interesting portion, and through canals intersecting each other in every direction, and finally land, without taking much note of the strange shore on which you embark. From the top of the tower of St. Mark the view is no less extraordinary. Beyond the city, where rise domes, elegant steeples, palaces remarkable for the singular character of their architecture, the eye stretches over the waters which surround the city on every side, less like an imposing sea than a vast lake. Many little islets, sufficiently near, seem to serve as attendants to the metropolis; the *Lido*, which separates it from the harbor on the north side, presents, at a little distance, its smiling line of verdure. Farther off, the eastern shores of Italy, the prolonged curve of the Adriatic gulf, surmounted by the Tyrolean Alps, a multitude of vessels, graceful gondolas ploughing the surface of the lagunes, all form a fairy whole, which, animated by a radiant sun, presents one of the most ravishing scenes which can possibly be contemplated. Amsterdam, when approached from the southern shores of the bay, offers only the ordinary appearance of a maritime port, but still of a vast port and an important city. The number of vessels which cover its basins, the movement and activity which reign on this vast strand, convey strongly the idea

upon piles, are formed by a hundred islets united by a multitude of bridges. Here the Amstel, a large and fine river, divides the Dutch city into two nearly equal parts, the plane of which represents a large circle, or rather crescent, on which are drawn large canals, which, like radii, run towards the shore of the gulf, that is to say, towards the harbor, as a central point. All these canals are bordered by quays, adorned with buildings, whose architecture, generally simple, is still not deficient in elegance. Venice is also divided into two parts by the Grand Canal, which, like an immense hoar, winds between two banks loaded with palaces and monuments, whose marble steps interrupt at every pace the narrow shore which borders them; while at Amsterdam the large quays, planted with secular trees, allow the circulation of passengers and carriages, and offer at the same time agreeable promenades. A very marked difference, and one striking at first view, exists in the general style of the buildings. At Venice the Moorish and Oriental style is everywhere apparent. The external aspect of the palaces announces, by its grandeur, the sumptuousness of internal decorations. Everywhere there are historical monuments, memorials of glory and power. In Holland the Spanish taste prevails. Here there are few public edifices, no private palaces, no vestiges of national antiquities, for Amsterdam is one of the most modern cities of Holland; but dwelling houses of exquisite neatness, modest without, commodious and elegant within, in which little luxury is remarked, but much comfort and excellent taste in furniture and decoration. The only monuments in the two cities which might be associated in a comparison, are the royal palace, the old city hall of Amsterdam, and the palace of the Doges at Venice, each the most remarkable building of its

Venetian climate. In Holland, on the contrary, an atmosphere, almost always hazy, grows purple at once in its whole extent, at the decline of day; the sun, whose outline is indistinctly drawn, plunges into a cloud of gold and purple. The lights it projects have less magnificence, but more harmony. By degrees, the warm tones vanish, the sky fades, and resuming its cold and monotonous tint, spreads over all objects its fog and melancholy reflections.

ERUPTION OF MT. PELEE (PELION,) AT MARTINIQUE.

Mount Pelee (Pelion) is situated in the eastern part of the island of Martinique, and rises about 4438 feet above the sea. Its summit is the source of the greater part of the streams which water the island, and though it presents every appearance of an extinct volcano, no record has been preserved of any eruption prior to August 5, 1851, when the long extinguished crater of this volcano began to vomit wreaths of smoke, with a noise resembling the deep mutterings of distant thunder. In the morning, within a vast circuit, houses, roads, plantations and vessels, were covered with a light layer of cinders and calcined earth thrown out by the volcano during the night. This eruption occasioned no damage, however; and it was only from the traces just mentioned, and by seeing three enormous columns of smoke rising in the morning from the summit of the mountain, that many of the inhabitants of St. Peters knew anything of the phenomenon which had occurred during the night. No shock of earthquake accompanied the eruption. At the first noises of the volcano, the terrified population of the town of Precheur abandoned their dwellings and removed to St. Pierre. The eruption has been followed by no indications of a similar outbreak.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LOVE AND LIFE.

BY ALEXANDER KNIGHT.

Sunny smiles of gladness, voice of thrilling glee,
Mirth and love combining, yield their power to thee;
All the virtues painted by immortal mind,
In thy gentle bosom peaceful dwelling find.
Let not fancy wander to the realms of light,
Let her pause and ponder ere she take her flight;
In this world of sorrow, beauty claims her own,
Wearing form angelic—thou art on her throne.

Years may gather round me, still within the heart,
Time o'erpowering, love and fervor never shall depart;
And when death her sable pall casts my spirit o'er,
Kindly feelings will revert to the loved of yore.
Roving mid the scenes of life, many pleasures lure;
All are fleeting, save the one, innocent and pure;
Earthly visions quickly fade, but the dream of love
Death but hastens to renew in the home above.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MY COUSIN FROM THE COUNTRY.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

A tall Yankee told the story; a man, bony, hard featured, yet upon whose front the Almighty hand had stamped genius in characters unmistakable.

Said he, "When I was a young man I was awkward, as I believe all young men are, whose stature outruns their years. I had grown so fast that people where I lived looked up to me, and I of course, as was natural, looked down upon them, but I was not proud, not at all. I had a cousin then, a singularly handsome man, whose face to me was always a delightful study. He was not of such ungainly height as myself, but his hair was brown and curling, his cheeks tinged with red, his eyes glowing and sparkling, his manner commanding, and above all he was a minister. Now in those days, ministers were very nearly made idols of, and consequently were often spoiled. My cousin, I always thought, had more pride than was good for him; but he was so attentive whenever he came out in the country to pay us a long visit (as he invariably did every summer), so pleasant and affable to us all, that we overlooked his little peculiarities.

"I remember how we used to watch him at meal times, and what a general jingling there was whenever he took his spoon out of the teacup into his saucer, for we were a very imitative family, and cousin Dennis was our beau-ideal of politeness.

"One winter we had had unusually good luck, and father happening to have a surplus of money on hand, told me that if I had a notion to see the world, I might go to the neighboring city and stop till spring. You may be sure I was taller then than ever; for although I was very nearly twenty-one, I had never been in the city to stop over a day at the most, and now the idea of spending a winter there was almost overwhelming. Every night I made a programme of my expected tour—where I should go this night, and where next week, and above all, I thought how pleasant it would be to share cousin Dennis's hospitality, for he had so often urged me to come and pass some time with him, that I had no doubt but his delight at seeing me would be equal to mine at meeting with him. A few weeks more, and the busy fingers of mother and sisters had prepared my wardrobe, and the great trunk was brought down from the garret and stuffed till its brass studded frame would hold no more. Probably no experienced stranger, starting for Europe, ever took half the number of "wearables" that I, in my simplicity, deemed by far too limited. But the great gala day came, and with its departure I left my home for the wilderness of New York.

"It was late when I arrived at my cousin's house, a handsome brick dwelling, which, with some little land adjoining, he had inherited. I had never seen it before, and to me it was as beautiful as a palace. An old Quaker aunt kept house for him, and by her I was welcomed with a cold formality I did not understand; yet wearied as I was, I did not give much thought about the subject, but ate my supper in silence, cheered by the news that my cousin had gone to officiate at a wedding, and might not be at home until eleven.

"Already it was nearing ten, and I, unused to such late hours, begged to be shown to a bed-room. I shall never forget how icy cold the room was to which I was attended. Large and cheerless, filled with sombre furniture, it was so different from my snug little chamber at home, where the sun laid all day and where water seldom froze! The sheets as I touched them, seemed like ice; I had not dared to approach my feet to the polished stove hearth below stairs, and I suffered exceedingly. However, I soon forgot all want of comfort in dreams, in which the old farm house and a roaring fire were the chiefest objects of interest.

"In the morning, and bitter cold it was, I arose at my usual hour, dressed and hurried from the chamber. I found my way to the hall. On the rack in the corner laid an ample cloth cloak, which I supposed my cousin must have thrown off in a hurry. Surprised at the unusual stillness, I tried the door from which I had made egress the preceding night. It was locked fast. Successively I tried every door within my range; alas! there was neither ingress nor outlet, for the front entrance was also fastened in such a manner that it defied all my endeavors to move the lock. It seems that my cousin's house-keeper was one of the old-fashioned sort, and never retired without fastening up everything in the house; I question somewhat whether she did not lock her bed curtains.

"Three mortal hours did I stay shivering in my room on that eventful morning, solacing myself with doleful glances at the brick walls of a distillery, and running over the pages of a Greek Lexicon, which assuredly was all Greek to me—and nothing else.

"At length, O, welcome sound! the bell rang, and I, blue with cold, descended to the breakfast room. There I met my cousin, and for the first time in my life witnessed a sham welcome. I did not understand it then, I do understand such things better now.

"My cousin tried his best to be agreeable, but I saw that disappointment stood out all over his actions, particularly when I mentioned that I had come for a long visit. But I soon got over the unpleasant feeling consequent on this discovery, and determined to brave it out. Had he not stopped summer after summer on my father's farm? Did we not every six months send him some favor in the shape of the best winter greenings, russets or Baldwins? So I put myself on my dignity, awkward though it was, and appeared as if I observed nothing unpleasant.

"Wherever I went, I could see that my relative was ashamed of his tall cousin. Now I knew in my soul that I was good for something. I had the consciousness of intellect, no way inferior to his own. At home I was famous as a Yankee story teller, but having a fear of the minister's superior attainments always before my eyes, I had never allowed him to see what I could do. This false timidity was, however, slowly wearing away. I began to feel anxious to resent my cousin's officiousness, and I daily grew stronger in my determination to do so. I noticed his deportment when he little thought it; his quick step ahead so as to seem alone when he met some fashionable lady; his little manoeuvres to slip in and out of church by himself; his careful avoidance of all mention of my name to others; and I thought to myself, 'one day I'll teach you a lesson, young man, if you are a minister.'

"How it was, I know not, but by some mismanagement, I suppose, invitations were sent us to attend a large dinner party, given in honor of some distinguished divine, then creating quite an excitement in the city. My relative looked astounded when he found that I had resolved to go, and tried to intimidate me by hinting at the fashionable character of the entertainment. At last, finding me resolute, he said, with a bland smile:

"You had better then let me introduce you as 'my cousin from the country;' and as you are not initiated into the arts and mysteries of fashion, it will help you wonderfully; they will suppose you ignorant of etiquette, and therefore excuse your greenness."

"Thank you for nothing," thought I, and consented.

"I went to the party. There is no mistake about it, I was at first abashed in the company of so much dignity and beauty; I trembled for myself. My cousin sat opposite me, and by his side a lovely girl robed in blue, who looked to me the nearest to an angel that it was possible to imagine. I soon saw that my cousin's heart had been travelling in that direction; he was devoted to her, although he kept an eye on poor me, to see that 'his cousin from the country' did him no glaring discredit.

"I heard him address her as Miss Harriet, and once in filling her glass from the crystal pitcher near by, he overran it, and the fluid mingled with meat and gravy on the young lady's plate.

"Aha!" thought I, glancing at him slyly, 'cousin from the country!'

"Presently I noticed another mishap. A reverend and absent-minded looking gentleman at my right, undertook to carve a chicken. By some awkwardness, a small bone flew from the edge of his knife, and slap it went against the nose of a lady opposite, splattering her face with the gravy. The lady turned red—the gentleman apologized, the company seemed more than usually serious, as company always does when it restrains itself from a hearty laugh, and I looked straight at my friend across the table, saying, as plain as eyes could say it, 'ah! cousin from the country!'

"And that was not the end of the chapter, for my cousin, in attempting to cut butter, which, as it was an unusually warm winter day, had ice upon it, unfortunately knocked the frozen element on the table; and of all the efforts I ever saw put forth to catch a slippery article, those he made in the matter of securing that ice were the most ridiculous.

"First he laid siege with knife and fork, but it danced about like ice-bewitched: polka, waltz and redowa step, hopping now against Miss Harriet's plate, gliding about among hot vegetables, and sliding under meat dishes until its capture became a matter of stubborn principle.

"Fortunately one of the servants hurried to his help with a large spoon, and in using that, my cousin's elbow came in contact with a little glass dish filled with pickles, and away it spun over on Miss Harriet's lap, and the ice followed after. O, with what gusto could I have shouted at that moment, 'cousin from the country,' but I pitied the blushing divine, and contented myself with an inward chuckle.

"But by-and-by things went on more smoothly, and we all got merry over the dessert. I assure you, ministers can enjoy themselves with jokes and gibes as well as the rest of us; and why pray, should they not? One after another told some amusing anecdote, until the smooth, sleek visages fairly shone with good humor. I forgot my awkwardness—my cousin—Miss Harriet—and setting down my glass, began with a comic air:

"Once upon a time there was an old farmer lived away out in the woods in old Vermont State."

"My strong nasal accent immediately attracted attention. Instantly there was silence, every eye was fixed upon me with a wondering yet respectful attention.

"Ahem! ah—ahem!" said my cousin, vehemently, turning

purple up to his hair, and fixing on me his handsome eyes. I only needed that glance to confirm my wavering resolution; if I had felt fearful, all traces of timidity were banished now; and in the midst of expressive smiles and some little tittering, I pushed on with my story. It worked like magic. Never had I spoken before such an audience. Every little while I could see by the turn of his head and certain little movements, that my cousin was apologizing for me to Miss Harriet, and he could not seem to understand it, when at the conclusion, a universal roar went round the table, almost loud enough to drown the thunder of Niagara Falls. Again and again the mirth broke forth, and I was besieged for more; and when we arose from the table I was the lion of the evening, and my 'cousin from the country' forgotten totally.

"I was not surprised at that, but I was surprised at the very decided marks of favor shown me by Miss Harriet. The beautiful girl sat by me and seemed to listen with interest to whatever I said. Poor Dennis! the tables were turned, and I even believe he was jealous of his 'cousin from the country.'

"Invitations poured in upon me after that eventful day. I became more fastidious in the article of dress, and even ventured to make calls for myself. The circle of my acquaintance enlarged—the handsome minister no longer cut me in public, but walked boldly by my side up the church aisle. I spent more time at my toilet than formerly; I patronized the barber; I practised my old-fashioned songs; I sung for the ladies; in fact, I was popular.

"Miss Harriet Newland, the young lady I have mentioned before, had been for two seasons the reigning belle. She was not wealthy, but the heir expectant of a good property. She was a girl of decided talent, and no doubt intended to marry well. My cousin, I saw, was most assiduously paying his addresses to her. He confided occasionally in me, and always spoke of her with transport. At length things began to change. He grew silent and moody, and seldom mentioned her name. I saw her frequently, and had I been vain, the light that sparkled in her eyes, the deep glow of her beautiful cheeks, would have led me to suspect my presence called forth the bright sparkle and the modest blush.

"I like the omnibus for one reason. It gives fine opportunities for the study of human nature. One day I determined on taking the tour of the fashionable thoroughfare, and I accordingly hailed the first 'buss, a gaudy concern, and we commenced our slow journey. What a multitude were out that day! White hats and blue hats, with bluer eyes beneath them; flying feathers and dancing ribbons and the mingled colors of soft and glossy silks, seemed jumbled together through the spaces between intervening vehicles, a rich variety of costly goods.

"Suddenly, without a moment's warning, came down the rain, and such a rain! Such springing to and fro! such dodging into shop doors and under shades! such scampering for omnibuses! In less time than I can say it, our vehicle was apparently full. I repeat, apparently, for I believe the question has not yet been settled, 'when is an omnibus full?'

"Drive on," said a gruff voice, when a pretty white bonnet appeared, and a beautiful face looked appealingly in. I sprang from my seat—Miss Harriet saw me, and blushing made her way towards me between a multiplicity of knees, and after some demurring from her fair sisterhood, found a tolerable place at my side. I was in a tight place, I acknowledge, but I never regretted that squeezing, never.

"One by one the occupants emerged from the 'buss along Broadway. Sincerely glad was I that a favorite maxim of mine had always been, 'an umbrella for every change of the wind;' I escorted Miss Harriet home, and—spent the evening there.

"The next day I found an opportunity to talk with my cousin alone. I informed him that I should in a week at the farthest, return home.

"His face brightened.

"But I shall come back again in three months at the farthest," I resumed.

"To spend the next winter, perhaps?"

"No, not to spend the next winter," I replied, adding, with a significant manner, 'I shall stay but a short time, and when I go back I shall not go alone.'

"He looked at me steadily, asking 'what do you mean?'

"I mean to get married," I replied, carelessly, throwing myself back in an easy chair. 'You see that my greenness is developing itself.'

"I think it is," he returned, uneasily, and blushing deeply; 'but who is the lady?'

"None other than your once favorite, Miss Hattie," I replied, assuming an air of indifference.

"His eyes flashed in a moment; he sprang from his seat and took several rapid turns across the floor. In a little while, he sat down again, but he was very much agitated. I had, I confess, taken a wicked kind of pleasure in making the announcement, for his former false pride and unministerial conduct in slighting me, still rankled in my bosom; but now I felt a sentiment of pity for him, for I saw he suffered.

"At last he resumed the conversation. He was pale, but more composed, as he said:

"You see that I am surprised at this announcement; you must be aware with what feelings I have regarded Miss Newland, but I have long since ceased to hope for her favor. As all is settled, may God prosper you. My disappointment, will, I trust result in my spiritual advancement. I have been too worldly and too proud. God bless you. Farewell."

"Now we have, both of us, happy families, and he is an humble, self-denying man, I sometimes quizzically ask him if he ever remembers 'that cousin from the country.'"

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE MARTYRS OF SCIENCE.

Far away in northern regions,
Where no warlike human legions
Ever pierced the gloomy desert,
Ever dyed its waste in gore,
Fell the brave, the valor gifted;
Where eternal snows lie drifted,
Where their icy eyes uplifted
Met their own star heaving o'er;
Striving holdly, sinking coldly,
Fell they on that frozen shore—
Lost and never heard of more.

There their own lone Cynosura,
Beaming nearer, brighter, purer,
Through the frosty air of stillness,
Smiles upon them from above;
Theirs in life the star of science,
Theirs in struggling death's defiance;
Haply still their fond reliance
Guiding them to hopes above
Fondly cherished, as they perished;
Haply guiding them above,
Homeward lightly as the dove.

On the cold snow, white and stainless,
In the chill air, bland and haneless,
Rest they where no pearly dewdrop
Ever weeps upon the sod;
O rever the lion-hearted,
Honor to their souls departed,
And the cause for which they started,
On their journey bravely trod,
Till in chillness, gloom and stillness,
Ends the dreary path they trod—
May they find it with their God.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

BERNE, SWITZERLAND.

A MOST delightful walk of seven or eight hours leads by a shady path over two mountain passes, the Tete Noire and the Montets (the latter 5610 feet above the sea), from Martigny to the valley of Chamouni. When, after passing through rich fields of grass and grain and orchards of apple and pear trees, the first heights are reached, a most lovely view of the bright valley of the Rhone opens—the same valley we had seen from Leuk, at its other extremity. Valleys, with actual walls of mountain around—the very ideal valley of a child—wild mountain paths and overhanging precipices, at whose feet a torrent roars and rushes through the firs far down below, and then on the Montets, sterility and wildness, increased in effect, when we passed, by a driving storm of rain, and, a few steps farther on, then glorious views of the chain of Mt. Blanc and the valley of the Chamouni lying between it and the Aiguilles Rouges, and our first grand glacier, that of Argentiere, a noble specimen, rolling along its waving tide of white and blue waters in sublimely arrested motion—such were the scenes that delighted us as we walked over these passes. Descending into the valley a short distance from the source of the Arve, we followed along its rapid and turbid stream, and were soon in front of the noble Glacier du Bois, at the foot of which the Arveiron issues from a green moraine or terminal wall of the glacier. The vault of this beautiful ice cave fell, in a rain-storm, while we were in Chamouni, but another season, or at least a few others, will repair it. The Arveiron rolls its muddy white-green waters for a short distance through the plain and then joins the Arve.

At Chamouni, under the shadow of Mont Blanc, we lingered for five days. As is often the case with sublime objects, the monarch of European mountains does not reveal his full grandeur at the first view. From Chamouni, his dome-shaped summit is visible, closely surrounded by attendant peaks; but the white mantle of snow in which these mountains are sheathed down from their tops to a little over 8000 feet above the level of the sea, fills up interstices, presents a surface of uniform appearance and does much to lessen the effect of distance. One would hardly believe at first, that that pure white peak was 12,300 feet above the town of Chamouni, or 15,744 feet above the sea.

Wandering about among those giants of nature, however, the eye at last establishes the criteria by which to judge of their magnitude. Ascend the Brevent, 8500 feet above the sea, and notice how you have yet hardly more than reached the elevation of the lowest point of that vast field of eternal snow, which evidently rises to a greater height above its own base than its base rises above the valley; notice too, the comparative insignificance of minor peaks, to whose great altitude your own legs have borne most convincing testimony; and you will begin to appreciate the real grandeur of the White Mountain. But your idea will still be imperfect, if you see the mountain only from Chamouni. You must have the view from the Col de Balme, and the Jardin, and above all from the bridge at Salanches, on the way to Geneva, before you can understand his superiority to his brethren. From the Lake of Geneva and from the heights above Vevay, at a distance of forty-five or fifty miles in a straight line, the old monarch towered up more grandly than in any of our nearer views. It is said that the best near views of the whole mountain are from the south side; but of them I cannot speak from personal observation. The first rosy light of morning plays upon its beautiful snows, and the setting heams linger upon it, after darkness has gradually crept from the valley up to the summits of the surrounding peaks. On the evening of the 19th of July, the sun set on the summit of Mont Blanc at eight o'clock; the mountain is in latitude 45 degrees 50 minutes.

From the Brevent (a very interesting mountain, which all vis-

itors to Chamouni should ascend), we had a grand view of the whole range of Mont Blanc—probably the finest view that can be had. When parties ascend the latter, people climb the Brevent to watch their course. The vast fields of snow at the summits of these mountains; the glaciers streaming down from them to the valley; the sharp, jagged rock peaks of the Needles, as the lofty and picturesque mountains to the northeast of Mont Blanc are called—the chain runs northeast and southwest—make up a scene of rare sublimity. But no excursion in this chain equals in interest that of the Jardin.

This excursion was made by my friends and myself under uncommonly favorable circumstances as far as the weather was concerned. When we were awakened at an early hour in the morning, we looked out from our windows on a dense sea of fog, in which no other object could be distinguished. We began to give up all hope of accomplishing the expedition that day, when our intelligent guide came and assured us it was going to be a fine day, and the landlord confirmed his prognostications. As we started on our mules and wound our way out of the village, the veils of mists were gradually lifted from the summits of the giant mountains, while their sides, for thousands of feet, were still hidden. How grandly rose above that sea of mist the rounded peaks of Mont Blanc and its glorious neighbor, the Dome de Goutte; how stately the other lofty peaks emerged from the passing cloud; how grand and lofty the majestic Brevent showed its heaven-kissing summit above the clouds which separated it from earth, and how, in this peculiar light and atmosphere and obscurity, the heights of the noble peaks were apparently increased, and themselves invested with a more poetic and a more impressive grandeur!

Up, up to the heavens we looked, where the rays of the rising sun tinged with white and pinky light the pure snow caps of the mountains; and below, the eye wandered down, over the aerial, spiritual glories of their mist-enveloped sides, far down to the valley. New turns in the road presented new forms of beauty, and mystery, and wonder; and as the sun rose higher, the clouds retreated down the mountains, and rolled gradually away in solemn procession down the valley, till all had vanished, and a serene and cloudless heaven bent over us from one quarter of the horizon to the other.

We ascended by long zig zags the steep sides of the Montauvert, the sweet valley of Chamouni below, and the Flegere opposite. On the summit, 6300 feet above the sea, we had a glorious panorama of steep, lofty, jagged and picturesque mountain peaks of solid rock, fields of eternal snow, and that wonderful and beautiful glacier, the Mer de Glace. At this point the comparatively smooth and level sea of ice has already become a broken, tossing, ridgy glacier—the Mer de Glace has emptied itself into the Glacier du Bois. It is a sublime sight, these pinnacles of ice, these deep, gaping fissures, the agitation, tossing and life of the whole, though all is frozen and fixed: and beautiful are the colors, the white of the upper surface and the cerulean blue of the fissures, relieved by the dirt and fine rock powder which form regular lines and ridges parallel to the sides of the glacier, or are strown more thickly over the cracked and tumbled mass at the borders of the moraines.

These moraines are huge walls of dirt and rock worn off from the mountain sides by the action of the glacier, and borne down upon the surface till deposited at its sides, as in the Mer de Glace, when they are called lateral, or sometimes forming huge, high ridges in the centre.

We walked along the steep and rocky mountain side for some distance till we came beyond the jagged, pointed pinnacles, and the surface of the glacier was smooth for walking, and here we struck upon it. But it is not perfectly easy to pass from the solid earth to the glacier. The moraine must be crossed, and the broken, tumbling, huge, steep blocks of ice confused with rocks and sand at its edges, surmounted. This done, we had excellent walking on the firm bed of crystallized snow-ice, and found it nothing but a pleasant excitement to leap, with the aid of our alpen-stocks, the crevasses, which, from fifty to several hundred feet in depth, stretch across the glacier in every part, and are from half a foot to ten or more feet in breadth, being often from seven to nine feet in breadth where we leaped them. The pure air of that elevated region, and the prospect of the vast field of ice before us, leading up to the snow-clad summits of the Géant, exhilarated us, and our several miles of walking on the ice were extremely pleasant.

We came to where the united streams of several glaciers from the mountains on the left issue in the Mer de Glace, and here we turned, walking on the ice till the broken surface of the glacier which we were to ascend, at the point where it tumbles into the one on which we were walking, made it necessary for us to take a steep path on the side of a grand Needle, whence we again descended on the glacier, and waded through six inches of half-melted snow or "slush," to an oasis in this immense field of white, the "Jardin" itself, a rock, which, though more than 9000 feet above the sea at its lowest extremity, and rising to within one hundred feet of 10,000, is so exposed to the sun and to the reflection from the neighboring mountains, as to be covered nearly from top to bottom with grass, studded with beautiful flowers. The heat of the sun's rays when we visited it was oppressive. Words cannot do justice to the magnificence of the view from this spot of Mont Blanc itself, the glorious mountains, scarcely inferior to their monarch, among whom he holds his state, and the fields of snow and glaciers which surround them. The Needles, as many of these peaks are called, are most sublime and imposing, as well as picturesque masses of solid rock; huge, lofty, pointed and jagged.

The snow which lies in the hollows and covers the tops of the

rounded mountains, is of the purest and most dazzling whiteness. The glaciers flow down in a full and placid current, or are heaved and tossed in the most picturesque and beautiful waves and pinnacles of ice, often as much as eighty feet in height. Of Mont Blanc one sees here its precipitous rocky sides as well as its white, smooth pate, and gets a fuller notion of its individual character than from any other point on the north side of the range. The whole scene at the Jardin is entirely unique—not to be paralleled in the world, unless, perhaps, among the immense glaciers of Monte Rosa or the Finster-Aarhorn. Here, in the midst of eternal snows and glaciers, the field of white was broken only by the scanty verdure clothing the warm, sun-exposed rock on which we stood, and the grand mountain walls of rock of the Needles around, rising amidst the glaciers from 3000 to 4000 feet above us, nearly perpendicular.

The Glacier du Bossons is on some accounts one of the most interesting in this neighborhood. It descends farther into the valley than any other near Chamouni, and is also remarkable for the beauty of the pinnacles of ice in which its lower extremity is broken, rising to the height of from sixty to eighty feet. It is easily crossed near the base; but we were much amused at the difficulty and terror with which a party of Frenchmen regarded the operation, each of whom crept gingerly over the slippery ice, resting each arm upon a stout peasant woman, and wearing iron clogs upon his feet. The Cascade des Pélerins, near this glacier, was formerly remarkable for the beautiful parabolic arch in which its waters were thrown; but the fall of a large piece of rock this spring deprived it of this peculiar charm.

Mont Blanc has been ascended by forty-seven persons (two of whom were French ladies), besides the guides; two of these persons were Americans, who made the ascent in 1819. Each person ascending is obliged by law to take at least four guides, each of whom must be paid one hundred francs for the excursion. The time occupied in reaching the summit is seventeen hours, which includes the time allowed for rest on the Grand Mulets, some large rocks rising from the bed of snow about half way up the mountain. The expedition is undoubtedly attended with great difficulty and some danger; but the principal obstacle to its accomplishment is the fatigue inseparable from the undertaking, often unfitting the adventurer for the enjoyment of the prospect while he stands on the highest point in Europe. As yet no party has ascended this summit.

We went from Chamouni to Geneva. The grand gorge through which the Arve flows and the road runs above it—on leaving the valley of Chamouni—the magnificent view of the chain of Mont Blanc from the bridge at Salanches—and the beautiful waterfall of the Naut d'Arpenaz, which, falling from a great height in full sight of the road, is dissipated into spray before reaching the ground—these made our day's ride, though hot and dusty, interesting and agreeable.

In the fine stone church of St. Pierre, a pure Gothic building of the 11th century, we stood in the same pulpit in which Calvin habitually preached, and Farel and Knox exhorted the people. There is a touching interest about Calvin's grave in the Geneva cemetery; it has no monument but a small and simple headstone, inscribed only with the letters "J. C." and the date of his birth and death; and it is entirely surrounded with the graves of little children! The junction of the Arve with the Rhone we did not fail to visit. From Lake Geneva, the Rhone rushes in a full, quick, impetuous stream of the most beautiful and living blue imaginable. It hurries joyously on, sparkling and flashing in the sun, "with conscious step of purity and pride," till, too soon, it falls into bad company, and mingles with the dirty, turbid waters of the Arve, which flow from the melting snows and glaciers of Mont Blanc. For a long time its pure current refuses to be sullied by the foul stream; in the united river, a blue stream flows along on one side, and the dirty waters are driven to the other; but at last, by gradual steps, the whole current of the Rhone is sullied, and it flows on, a dirty river, till it is lost in the Mediterranean. As some palliation of the Arve's guilt, however, I must acknowledge that the Rhone is, naturally, a dirty fellow, and that his waters are as turbid as those of the Arve itself, from his source till he enters the Lake of Geneva; there all his impurities are laid aside, and he issues forth purified and regenerated, but too soon to return to his wallowing in the mire.

Surpassingly lovely is the Lake of Geneva. Its shores have not the savage grandeur of some of the other Swiss lakes, but they are beautiful in outline, fertility and pleasant habitations of men, and, indeed, in the eastern part of the lake, grand in their elevation. The water is of the deepest, clearest blue, bringing back to my eyes the beautiful waters of the Aegean Sea. Mont Blanc and his attendants were seen by us plainly, a large part of the length of the lake, it being a very clear day. We went from Geneva to Villeneuve, or from one extremity of the lake to the other, and then took a row-boat for Chillon and Vevay. The castle of Chillon is interesting in itself as well as in its memories. The prison of Bouvard is beautiful, though gloomy. Its floor and one of its sides are of the solid rock; "there are seven columns, massy and gray," which run down through the middle, and the roof is of beautifully grained Gothic. On the pillars we read the names of Byron, Victor Hugo, H. B. Stowe, Cooper (our novelist, universally known and honored on the continent), Dana (our poet), and many others.

We were on this lovely lake at sunset and the hour after. The setting heams tinged with rosy light the snowy tops of the mountains and gave the whole scene its softest aspect. Vevay commands a most fortunate view of all this beauty.

E. W. M.

MACKINAW AND ITS SCENERY.

We take pleasure in presenting the readers of the Pictorial with the annexed series of views drawn expressly for us by an officer of the U. S. Army. They are engraved from sketches made by him upon the spot, and their fidelity will be immediately acknowledged by those who have the good fortune to examine the wild and romantic scenery his pencil has delineated. This quaint old French town, with its overhanging fortress, is situated on an island in the Straits of Michilimackinac. Near it unite the waters of three great lakes—Superior, Michigan, Huron—hence, being so central, it has always been a place of great resort for the Indians of a vast circle of regions. There was no other place so widely known in the Northwest. The present is the third site of a town on these straits. The first white settlement was on Point Ignatius, which is the southern cape of the upper peninsula of Michigan. This settlement embraced the two missions of St. Ignatius and St. Luis; Jesuit missionary establishments founded as early as 1649, and burned a few years afterwards by the Iroquois, who tomahawked and burned two devoted Jesuits, Brebeuf and Lalemant. Those establishments were renewed by Father Marquette, the discoverer of the Mississippi. The second site was on the opposite point of the straits, and is now called Old Mackinaw. It is the northern extremity of the lower peninsula, or Michigan proper. Here there were a fort and a town. They were captured during the Pontiac war and burnt, with the exception of one house, which was afterwards taken down and removed to the present town of Mackinaw. This house—a little out of place—is represented in the lower left hand corner of our sketch. It was built originally of small logs or poles, and subsequently covered with clapboards—now it is almost a ruin. Fort Mackinaw crowns the town. It is occupied by a garrison of the Fourth Artillery, U. S. A. Just previously to the Mexican war, the fort was garrisoned by a command of infantry under the celebrated Martin Scott—whose rifle aim was so notoriously certain as to compel the raccoon to “come down” from the tree and surrender without a shot. A tall bluff on the island bears the name of Scott’s Peak. Martin Scott was for many years a captain,



ARCH ROCK, MACKINAW.

and afterwards lieutenant-colonel by brevet. He was a man literally without fear—as brave as Marshal Ney, and probably the very best shot in the United States army. He was killed at the battle of El Molino del Rey, in the basin of Mexico, on the 8th of September, 1847, being at that time commander of the fifth regiment of U. S. infantry. This regiment suffered severely on that occasion, losing more than one-third of its number in killed and wounded. In the brevity of an official report, we, of course, look for no extended eulogy of an individual, but Captain Chapman, in his report to the A. A. General of the 2d Brigade, pays the following deserved tribute to the gallantry of this remarkable man: “Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Scott, commanding the regiment, was very active, as he always was, in leading and urging the regiment to the charge. When within about two hundred yards of the enemy he received a mortal wound and almost instantly expired. He left no better or more gallant soldier to lament his fall, and met his fate with his face to the enemy at the head of his command.” Old Fort Holmes is situated on the highest ground in the vicinity. It is seen in the upper right hand corner of our picture, and stands about half a mile to the right and rear of Fort Mackinaw. This fort (Holmes) was captured by the British in the last war. They landed on the side of the island opposite to St. Ignatius, and were, it is said, conducted to their stealthy attack by a naturalized Scotchman. The garrison, taken by surprise, were bravely, though hurriedly, drawn outside the fort, and in the brief contest which ensued, their commanding officer, Major Holmes, was slain. The first news of the declaration of war received by the Americans was the attack of the British. The spot at which they landed is noted for its beauty, and is well worth the trouble of a walk across the island—the view commanding a prospect of the straits at their narrowest point, running between Old Mackinaw and Point St. Ignatius; and hence, likewise may be seen, in another direction, a ridge called Rabbit’s Peak. But the first curiosity to be visited and the last you would wish to leave, is the Arch Rock. This, as the sketches accurately drawn on the spot indicate, is a natural bridge—second only to the Natural Bridge in Virginia. The



VIEW OF THE TOWN OF MACKINAW.

crown of the arch is over one hundred feet above the water, and nearly forty in vertical height from the ground which slopes up between the two huge supporting columns. The span, or width of the arch, measures about twenty-five feet. The mutual support of the rocks which compose the curve, or, in other words, the principle of the arch, is beautifully illustrated, great masses of stone having heaved or caved out from beneath, leaving the arch in nearly its present form and dimensions, from time immemorial. The view from the water is quite as curious and more novel than that from the land, inasmuch as the ground, with its covering of tall trees, rises gradually behind the arch, it is necessary to draw your boat very nigh to the shore in order to see the light of the sky beyond and beneath the bridge. We know of no similar object—not even the Hole in the Wall seen in the Florida Reefs—that produces a finer effect. The second great rocky phenomenon to Arch Rock is the Sugar Loaf, of which we also present an accurate delineation. It stands on a plateau, which is separated from the high ground of Fort Holmes by a long wall. From one point on this height the rock is presented most nearly in the form of a sugar loaf, or pyramid. Indeed, since the island has become a place of summer resort for Americans, the name of Pyramid Rock prevails over the older, and as we think, better, name—Sugar Loaf—known among the old inhabitants. It rises thirty feet from its base, and more than one hundred and thirty feet above the water, and is said to be inaccessible except by ladders or other instruments used in climbing. A short distance from its base are several tall, shallow caves, resembling niches. This rock was unquestionably a god of great note in the Indian mythology. It is easy to fancy its recesses to be the receptacles for sacrifices and offerings; and the little green mounds, seen in the foreground, to be the graves of war captives, slaughtered before the face of this frowning deity. The island is strown with these mounds, so much resembling graves, even to the little stones which peer up amid the grass at their heads and feet. They are however nothing more than the inequalities often noticed on the surface of limestone countries. Here the limestone prevails over every other rocky ingredient. Turn up the soil anywhere and you behold it. Hence there is a vegetable notability growing here to perfection, the Mackinaw potato, long renowned in the Northwest. Mackinaw is also the head quarters of the white-fisheries. Besides the great rocks we have mentioned, there are many other remarkable ones. The Lover's Leap is similar in shape to the Sugar Loaf, though not so large. The usual legend of the lovers taking the desperate leap, seems here to be supported—at least in Indian credulity—by the appearance, at this day, of red stains near the base of the stone, stains which rain nor time has washed out; blood, no doubt! Then there are—the Devil's Chimney, which projects from a rocky wall embraced in the dark branches of trees, like fiendish arms; the Devil's Kitchen, a Plutonic cave; the Giant's Causeway, to whose merits we cannot testify by any knowledge of our own; and some others. The woods—above which, here, there, and everywhere, tower the tufted crowns of spruce trees—are filled with flirtation walks and lovers' lanes, and where was there ever delightful grove that knew not these sweet retreats? But certainly, the shady paths of Mackinaw are not to be ignorantly sneered at. They run over green knolls where violets nod; they wind among trees both picturesque to the eye and of balmy fragrance; they creep among rocks, and trail over arches, and overlook caves; they open out upon pebbly beaches and high cliffs, with prospects as charming as any in the wild forest-world with the sea at its feet; and they are associated with the mythology of the Indians and with the religion of the cross, for the feet of many priests, prophets, missionaries and martyrs have trod them. This island indeed

is invested with interest. The Olympus of the Indian gods—the resort of "Chippewa, Huron, Iroquois, Algonquin, Ottawa and even Sioux, "the Tartar of the West," and the Hudson Bay tribes for centuries. The seat of the fur trade, and starting point for "couriers du bois." The scene of missionary enterprise and devotion—it beheld the martyrdom of Brebeuf and Loleimante, and received the bones of Marquette. Taken and re-taken by Indians, Frenchmen, Englishmen and Americans, it sits upon the green waters as a gem, reflecting the brightest light in the history of the Northwest.

THE LATE CZAR.

In the recently published second volume of Sir Archibald Alison's "History of Europe," we find the following striking portrait of the Emperor of Russia. "Nicholas I. is the greatest sovereign that Russia has known since Peter the Great; in some respects he is greater than Peter himself. Not less energetic in character and ardent in improvement than his illustrious predecessor, he is more thoroughly national, and he has brought the nation forward more completely in the path which nature had pointed out for it. Peter was a Russian only in his despotism; his violence, his cruelty, his beneficence, his ar-



ARCH ROCK.—SECOND VIEW.

dor for improvement, his patriotic ambition, were all borrowed from the States of Western Europe. As these States were greatly further advanced in the career of civilization than his was, his reforms were in a great part premature, his improvements abortive, his refinements superficial. He aimed at doing by imperial what so many ardent men have endeavored to effect by democratic despotism—to ingraft on one nation the institutions of another, and to reap from the infancy of civilization the fruits of maturity. The attempt failed in his hands, as it has ever done in those of his republican imitators, as it will do in those of their successors, whether upon the throne or in the tribune, to the end of the world. His civilization was all external merely; it made a brilliant appearance, but it did not extend beneath the surface, and left untouched the true strength and vitals of the State. He had flattered himself he had civilized Russia, because he ruled by a police which governed it by fear, and an army which retained it in subjection by discipline. Nicholas, on the other hand, is essentially Russian in all his ideas. He is heart and soul patriotic, not merely in wish, but in spirit and in thought. He wishes to improve and ele-

vate his country, and he has done much to effect that noble object; but he desires to do so by developing, not changing the national spirit, by making it become a first Russia, not a second France or England. He has adopted the maxim of Montesquieu, that no nation ever attained real greatness but by institutions in conformity with its spirit. He is neither led away by the thirst for sudden mechanical improvement, like Peter, nor the praises of philosophers, like Catharine, nor the visions of inexperienced philanthropy, like Alexander. He has not attempted to erect a capital in a pestilential marsh, and done so at the expense of a hundred thousand lives; nor has dreamed of mystical regeneration with a visionary sybil, and made sovereigns put their hands to a holy alliance from her influence. He neither corresponded with French atheists nor English democrats; he despises the praise of the first, he braves the hostility of the last. His maxim is to take them as they are, and suppose them neither better nor worse. He is content to let Russia grow up in a Russian garb, animated with a Russian spirit, and moulded by Russian institutions, without the aid of either Parisian communism or British liberalism. The improvements he has effected in the government of his dominions have been vast, the triumphs with which his external policy have been attended unbounded; but they have all been achieved, not in imitation of, but in opposition to, the ideas of Western Europe. They bespeak, not less than his internal government, the national character of his policy. But if success is the test of worldly wisdom, he has not been far wrong in his system, for he has passed the Balkan, heretofore impervious to his predecessors; he has conquered Poland, converted the Euxine into a Russian lake, planted the cross on the bastions of Erivan, and opened through subdued Hungary, a path to Constantinople. Nature has given him all the qualities fitted for such an elevated destiny. A lofty stature and princely air give additional influence to a majestic countenance, in which the prevailing character is resolution, yet not unmixed with sweetness. Like Wellington, Cæsar, and many other of the great men recorded in history, his expression has become more intellectual as he advanced in years, and became exercised in the duties of sovereignty, instead of the stern routine of military discipline. Exemplary in all the relations of private life, a faithful husband and an affectionate father, he has exhibited in a brilliant court, and when surrounded by every temptation which life can offer, the simplicity and affections of patriarchal life. Yet he is not a perfect character. His virtues often border upon vices. His excellences are akin to defects. Deeply impressed with the responsibility of his situation, his firmness has sometimes become sternness, his sense of justice degenerated into severity." [Sir Archibald explains in a foot note; "It is in regard to political offences of a serious dye, however, that this severity chiefly applies."] "He knows how to distinguish the innocent from the guilty, and has often evinced a noble and magnanimous spirit in separating the one from the other, and showing oblivion of injury, even kindness to the relatives of those who had conspired against his throne and life; but towards the guilty themselves he has not been equally compassionate. He has not always let the passion of the contest pass away with its termination. He is an Alexander the Great in resolution, but not in magnanimity. He wants the last grace in the heroic character—he does not know how to forgive."

The art of becoming great consists not in working personally, but in setting other people to work for you. This was well understood by De Retz, Mirabeau and Napoleon. These men remind one of that picture of a commonwealth in the titlepage of Hobbes's Leviathan, which is one large man composed of many small men.



THE SUGAR LOAF, OR PYRAMID ROCK.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE CHAPELLE IN THE WOOD.

A lone chapelle in the dim, old wood,
Where the violets and daisies weep,
With the sunlight falling o'er mouldering tombs,
Where the crested heroes sleep!
There are tarnished banners of silk and gold;
There is armor on the wall;
But the dust is still, and the hearts are cold,
Stirring not at the battle call!

There are missals of quaint and strange device
In that shadowy place of prayer,
But the feet of the prelate press no more
The crumbling pulpit stair!
To a lordly house and a princely ree
Did the chapelle of old belong;
Its arches rang to the warrior's shout,
And the white-robed maiden's song.

But the warriors girded their armor on,
In the faith of "the holy shrine."
They sleep where the riven lances lie,
'Neath the palms of Palestine.
The maidens passed like the flowers away;
They knelt no more in prayer;
And the old chapelle, like a hoary seer,
Stands all in its ruin there!

The wood-nice play by the running stream,
The fern waves in the light;
The stars look down through the linden boughs
Through all the solemn night!
The robins perch on the turret-top;
The moss clings round the door;
But the lost and lovely gather about
The altar-side no more!

I will tell you a tale of the old chapelle,
A tale that was told to me,
As mournful as winds in the wintry pines,
Or the night-chime of the sea;
But it gave to the chapelle a glow
Of glory half divine;
And my spirit knelt in its walls to pray,
Like a pilgrim at his shrine.

Long years ago, in the self same spot,
There wandered a gentle child—
With a meek, young face, and a holy brow
And a quiet grace and mild!
Not father or mother, in all the world,
Or even a friend had she;
She came to dwell in a stranger's home—
From a far realm o'er the sea.

She was wont to come at the even hour,
When the earth was calm and still,
When the moonbeams shone on the ivied tower,
And danced on the silver rill—
And on the tombs where the mighty slept,
Lay her fair, young head, and weep.
While the silent stars, through the linden boughs,
Did a mournful vigil keep.

The stranger hands woke not the chords
Of music in her breast;
So she prayed alone to "the Father good,"
And her prayer was still for rest.
From the book of Nature she learned to read
All beautiful things and high,
And she came, like Mary of olden time,
At "the Master's" feet to lie.

They passed to the grave—those stranger hearts!
She stood in the world alone;
And deep and strong in her spirit there,
The spells of song had grown!
In her spring-time years to the world she went,
From the old chapelle away—
And many a proud heart lowly bent
At the orphan minstrel's lay!

The ivy, clinging around the towers;
The warrior forms at rest;
The mouldering banners upon the wall;
The plumes and the faded crest;
Seemed like a tale of the olden time—
So she thought of them no more,
But the laurel bloom on an aching brow
The child of the woodland wore!

And back she came, with an altered mien,
When years had passed away,
And pressed to the marble stern and cold
Her forehead all bound with hay.

"O! give me my childhood's truth again,
The beautiful faith and sweet!
When I sat, like Mary of olden time,
At the blessed Master's feet!"

Her prayers were vain, for the spell was cast—
And the world had claimed too long
The glorious thought and holy chimes
Of the fated child of song!
So into its battle strife she went,
In the noontide's sultry heat;
And she said, "the way is very rough,
And weary are my feet!"

There was music heard in the chapelle walls,
When the autumn time drew near;
A wall that swept through the arches dim,
Breathed over a lordly bier!
Fair forms again at the altar knelt,
And the warrior's step was heard;
Till almost the sleeping dust beneath
With the melody was stirred.

The beautiful child of song and lyre
Had passed to the grave away!
They brought her there to the holy spot
Of her childhood's purer day;

And when the requiem had died away,
And the solemn rites were o'er,
They said, "The chapelle is holier now,
Than it was in the time before!"

So she sleepeth there—that poet-heart:
Mid the mournful things and old,
While down through the leafless linden boughs
The wind blows chill and cold!
Not colder the wind of the autumn night
That sighs through the leafless tree,
Than the voice of the world and its laurel crown,
O beautiful one, to thee!

The chapelle is all in ruins now;
The bat wheels through the tower;
And stars a solemn vigil keep
At the mournful midnight hour!
But a glory light that is half divine,
The old walls wear for me;
From the tale that now, 'neath the summer skies,
I'm telling, my love, to thee!

L. H. F.

[Translated from the German for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A TRIPLET OF GEMS.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

LAND! LAND!

"WHY art thou so sad and so pale, Ferdinand? Thou bringest me sad news."

"Captain, I can no longer rule the crew. If land does not soon appear, thou art lost, for all demand thy blood!"

The words had scarcely left his lips ere the furious crowd arrived. The murmuring of the rebels resembled the sound of troubled waves dashing into a quiet bay.

"Traitor!" cried they, "where is that which thou didst promise to us? Save us from famine; or, if thou canst not give us bread, give us thy blood!"

The glorious man opposes to their rage only the mildness of the hero.

"If my blood can cheer thee, take it—only let me once more see the sun gild the east with his holy rays. If by to-morrow no saviour-shore has appeared, I will myself ask death of thee. But until then, follow the appointed course and trust in God."

The calmness of the hero once more appeased them.

"It shall be as thou hast said, captain; but if the rising sun does not show us deliverance, thou wilt have seen his brightness for the last time!"

The sun went down; the twilight gave way to night, and the captain's heart was heavy.

The keel of the vessel cleft noisily the vast and desert sea, the stars appeared silently one by one, but alas! that of hope gladdened not the navigator—land and safety were far off! The captain watched through the sad night, his spy-glass in his hand, and his face turned ever towards the west.

"Westward, westward, O, my faithful ship! End of my dreams and my hopes, my thought and heart will be with thee still!"

But hear those hasty steps.

"Ferdinand, thou art sadder and paler—what news bringest thou me?"

"Captain, all is gone with thee; the sun has just tipped our flag with his holy rays."

"Calm thyself, Ferdinand; those rays come from the hand of that God who sees from pole to pole, and who will point out the lost road to the trusting soul. Farewell, my friend, farewell, till eternity!"

The clashing of swords thrilled the air, the blades crossed each other noisily! Columbus prepared himself tranquilly and quietly for his heavenward journey, when suddenly a cry arose:

"Land! land!"

That which no other soul had dared to discover—that which the genius of Columbus had dared to hope for—had just appeared, brilliant with the beams of the rising sun; and the sailors, falling on their knees before the great man, offered their prayers for pardon to the Omnipotent God.

A FAMILY TABLEAU.

The grandfather and grandmother were seated in the garden, their countenances smiling as beautifully as the sun in winter. With clasped hands, a bridal pair nestled beside them; their hearts, passionate with love, blossoming as does the rose in May. A little brook glided before the double group, murmuring softly its liquid song; the leaves of the trees dropped one by one, and the hours stole noiselessly away.

The grandparents, with eyes fixed upon the youthful couple, retraced the joys of the past, while the bridal pair looked up to heaven and thought of future blessings.

MAN AND WOMAN.

When the father of humanity and the mother of the living were banished from Eden, they wept for a long time and said to each other:

"How shall we now fulfil our earthly destiny? Who will guide us?"

Then they went up to the cherubim, who guarded the gates of Paradise, Eve leaning upon Adam, but concealing herself behind his shoulder when they appeared before the celestial guardian. Adam said to the cherubim, in a prayerful tone:

"The angels of God walk no longer before us now, since we lost our purity; entreat, then, the Creator of the world to send us one of them, or something, if only a star, for guidance."

The cherubim answered:

"Man has his star within him, and, in spite of sin, that star will ever shine brighter and clearer than do those which burn in heaven. Follow that."

But Adam implored him anew, and said:

"O, servant of Jehovah, give us a visible image to behold, for he who is once drawn from the true road, finds his heart dark and mute; the inward voice is no longer heard."

Then the thoughtful angel said to Adam:

"When the Eternal formed thee of the dust of the earth, and breathed into thee the breath of life, thou didst lift thy head towards the sky, and thy first look was turned to the sun. Let the sun, then, be thy model. He begins his task with a radiant front; he inclines neither to the right nor to the left; he blesses all over whom he passes; he smiles above the cloud which bursts at his feet, and after the struggle shines the brighter, and dispenses anew his benedictions. Man, let thy earthly journey be like this!"

Then the graceful mother of the living tremblingly approached the celestial messenger.

"Give me, too," said she, "a word of instruction and consolation. Can feeble woman look up to the sun and follow his course?"

Thus spake Eve. And the cherubim pitied the woman; he turned towards her a smiling face, and said to her:

"When the Eternal formed thee in the rays of the setting sun, thy eyes were not raised to the sky, but they looked upon the flowers of Eden; and the first sound which thine ears heard, was the ripple of the fountain. Let thy work be like that of nature! Silently she produces all that is great and beautiful; the germ is borne in her bosom; she gives birth to flower and fruit, and adorns all to which she has given life. Feeble woman, behold thy model!"

Then the angel, addressing them both, added:

"May your union be as sincere and as perfect as is that of heaven and earth!"

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

NORTH AND SOUTH. By the author of "Mary Barton," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This admirable and fascinating novel, which we noticed on its first appearance, is meeting with an extraordinary sale. The new edition may be obtained here of Putnam & Brother, Liberty Bookstore.

THE LITERARY LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF LADY BLESSINGTON. By R. H. MADDEN. 2 vols. 12mo. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855.

We have not for a long time met with a more delightful work than this. It is full of interest, and sparkles with piquant anecdote from title-page to colophon. Lady Blessington was long the central planet of a system, around which revolved all the male celebrities of the age. Nearly all of them corresponded with her, and Mr. Madden has enriched his memoir with numerous autograph letters from some of the most noted people of the century. The countess's own letters are exceedingly graceful, and such as only a woman could write. Both the biographical and narrative portions of the book are very well done, and the author knows when to stand aside and let his characters speak for themselves. Many of N. P. Willis's letters figure in the second volume. Altogether it is the most readable book of the season. Burnham Brothers, and Redding & Co., have it for sale.

AN INTRODUCTION TO PRACTICAL ASTRONOMY. By ELIAS LOOMIS, M. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. 8vo. pp. 497.

The author of this work is Professor of Mathematics in the New York City University, and is already known to the scientific world by his "Course of Mathematics." The present treatise is eminently practical, and supplies an amount of information nowhere to be obtained from books. The descriptions of different instruments, and the manner of their adjustment and use, are very clear and intelligible, and the astronomical tables at the close of the book are sufficiently ample and rigidly accurate. The section which treats of the determination of longitude by the electric telegraph is both novel and interesting. For sale by Burnham Brothers, and Redding & Co.

NEW MUSIC.—Oliver Ditson, No. 115 Washington Street, has lately issued "A Youth, 'tis thus the Story Runs," as sung by Madame Radinski, in the Magic Mirror, "Nymph Waltz," by Geo. R. Poulton, "La Serenata," English and Italian words, by Harrison Millard, and "Valse D'Amour," by Jullien.

PATENT OFFICE AND PATENT LAWS.—By J. G. MOORE, Author of "China and the Indies," etc. Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan. 1855. 18mo. pp. 342.

The author of this book has here furnished a complete guide to inventors, and a book of reference to judges, lawyers and magistrates, in all that relates to the patent laws, and their practical operations. Mechanics can hereby learn every step of the process for obtaining a patent, as well as the principles on which new inventions are tested and patented. For sale by Crosby, Nichols & Co.

THE MAY FLOWER, AND MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS. By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 471.

This elegant volume is a reprint of a collection of the earlier writings of Mrs. Stowe, with the addition of contributions to various periodicals. They are varied in character—some being gay and humorous, and others overcast by a shade of sadness. Every one will fancy that they display traces of that power afterwards so fully developed in Uncle Tom; but there is in truth little that is remarkable in them. They are well and gracefully written, however, and worthy of preservation. The poems exhibit more depth of feeling and force of thought, than beauty of versification. A portrait of the author embellishes the volume, of which it may be remarked, that it bears not the faintest resemblance to that in the large illustrated edition of Uncle Tom. It is a sort of "sleepy Venus."

CORSIKA: PICTURESQUE, HISTORICAL AND SOCIAL.

We have already noticed this admirable work, translated from the German of Ferdinand Gregorovius by Edward Joy Morris, and can only repeat our hearty recommendation of it. It is for sale by Crosby, Nichols & Co.

THE LIFE OF SAM HOUSTON. Illustrated. New York: J. C. Derby & Co. 1855. 12mo.

The life of any man, it is said, fully and truthfully written out, cannot fail to interest the public; but there are some lives full of dramatic character, and possessing an absorbing interest. The career of Gen. Sam Houston is of itself a romance, crowded with startling incidents. The biography before us is written with vigor and spirit. It is warmly eulogistic, but claims to be strictly correct in all its statements. The author advocates the support of Houston as an independent candidate for the presidency in 1856. The engravings are numerous and beautifully executed. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

THE OLD INN: OR, THE TRAVELLERS' ENTERTAINMENT. By JOSEPH BARNES, Senior. New York: J. C. Derby & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 360.

A very exciting story, written with much melo-dramatic power. As the popular cry is ever for excitement in works of fiction, and the mass read them for the sake of strong mental stimulus, this book can hardly fail to be acceptable. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

THE PRACTICAL LAND-DRAINER. By B. MUNN, Landscape Gardener. New York: C. M. Saxton & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 190.

The fullest, and indeed, as far as we know, the only practical treatise on the subject of drainage extant. Every man who owns lands requiring draining, should possess this book. It will save him hundreds of dollars. For sale by Redding & Co.

THE CHEMISTRY OF COMMON LIFE. By JAMES F. JOHNSTON, M.A., F.R.S., etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 2 vols. 12mo.

Professor Johnston is one of the first chemists of the age, and labored most assiduously to popularize chemistry, and arrive at practical results through its medium. We regard the present work as the most important of all that have proceeded from his pen. It examines the chemical qualities and effects of the air we breathe, the soil we cultivate, the food we eat, the odors we inhale, and the narcotics and stimulants so large a portion of the human race indulge in. No one need be deterred from a perusal of this work by the fear of encountering scientific difficulties—it is entirely divested of technical expressions, and its style is very agreeable and pleasing. For sale by Redding & Co.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL. LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

PER AND CONTRA.

A Mr. Emile Deschamel has been getting out in Paris two little books, one containing sentiments from various authors against women; and the other the praise of women by different authors. Let us select a few of these sage sayings on both sides of the question. Hippoxax, a Greek, says: "A woman gives her husband two days of happiness; that on which he marries her, and that on which he buries her." Codrus, a Latin writer, says: "There are fewer stars in heaven than trickeries in woman's heart." "Marriage follows love," says Chamfort, "like smoke after fire." Alphonse Karr thus writes: "The friendship of two women is never more than a plot against a third." Madame de Girardin says: "The rarest thing in France, next to a stupid woman, is a generous one." But enough of the libellers of the sex—let us turn to their panegyrists. What says a king of France—a hero in love and war, Francis I.? "A court without women," said the hero of Pavia, "is a year without spring, and a spring without roses." "There are but two fine things in the world," says Malherbo, the poet—"women and roses." Lessing, the German, exclaims: "Woman is the masterpiece of the universe." Otway says:

"Angels are painted fair to look like you."

The Spanish Moratin, in a language still impressed with its Moorish origin, says: "The eyes of a woman who weeps shed pearls." The Chevalier de Méré says: "A man never knows how to live well, unless women are concerned in his existence." Madame de Girardin says: "In a hundred men you will find one witty; in a hundred women you will find one stupid—that is the proportion." Our author has collected two hundred and twenty pages of quotations—we could not find space for a dozen.

POLITICAL CHANGES.

Time works wonders in the fortunes of men. Seven years ago Louis Napoleon was parading the streets of London with a special constable's staff in his hand—now he is on a visit to Queen Victoria, as Emperor of France, the queen of the proudest nation in the world. The needy adventurer, a *roué*, and spendthrift, who would not have been tolerated at a decent London tradesman's table, is now taken by the hand by the sovereign lady of England. A few years before a New York magistrate consigned this same gentleman to the Tombs for safe keeping, in consequence of his being engaged in some disreputable broil. In the opinion of men of honor he is still the same man, with the addition of the blood of good and true men slain in the execution of his infamous *coup d'état*—yet Queen Victoria can take his sullied hand and greet him cordially as a welcome guest. What a humiliating spectacle.

CURIOUS.—At the imperial circus in Paris there is a most wonderful horse, who goes up stairs *backwards*, and stands unmoved amid a perfect volcano of fireworks; also a new Indian-rubber man, or monster.

TOO TRUE.—It is no wonder, says an English traveller in America, that the people here die of consumption, for they keep all their windows down, and do not supply their rooms with fresh air.

SELF-CONCEIT.—He who does not think too much of himself, is far more than he thinks he is.

SPLINTERS.

.... Aristocrats are defined as persons who despise the public, who honor them for doing so.

.... Female colleges are all the rage. They are building one at Fox Lake, Dodge county, Wisconsin.

.... The Germans of Chicago have given Captain Ingraham a silver vase for his conduct towards Kozta.

.... Barnum has been lecturing on the art of making money. He understands the subject thoroughly.

.... Valentine Dorn, a German musician, lately burst a blood vessel in a fit of sneezing, and died immediately.

.... A barber at Dunkirk, N. Y., lately administered chloroform to a customer, and robbed him of 1400 dollars.

.... In Paris they are luxuriating on Yankee pumpkin pies. George W. Kendall introduced codfish and potatoes there.

.... The MS. of Sir Walter Scott's "Kenilworth" was lately purchased by the British Museum for £41.

.... A piece of land was lately sold in London at the rate of two millions of dollars per acre. Valuable property!

.... They have cows now, the creams of which yield over one pound of butter per three quarts.

.... Women smuggle tobacco into England by quilting it into the lining of their petticoats. What next?

.... An English clergyman is now undergoing a 12 months imprisonment for celebrating a marriage before canonical hours.

.... Paris is the place for dancing. There were lately four hundred and eighty-seven balls there in a single evening.

.... Maple sugar made in a brass kettle, lately caused the death of a lady in Lansingburg, New York.

.... In the course of three centuries the Spanish Inquisition is said to have burned 34,382 heretics.

.... New York city paid \$2800 for killing dogs within six months. The price of sausages, however, was unchanged.

.... The stories about Queen Victoria's insanity are again going the rounds. It's about time to talk of Dickens's.

BOYS AND OLD MEN.

It has long been a matter of observation that there are no boys now-a-days. In high and low life, in parlors and in streets, look for them and you find them not. That old-headed, wrinkled little being with a hard face and a quid of tobacco in his cheek, is not a boy—it is useless to assert that he is. No matter for the parish register. Sins and follies have done their work on him and he is old, in spite of his diminutive stature. Nor would you insult, by calling him a boy, that genteel personage who is walking down Park Street, dressed like a D'Orsay, with patent leather boots on his little feet, French kids on his little hands, a polished shirt collar, and a gold watch in his pocket. He is not a boy—he is a young gentleman—though on his way to school. He meets—not a girl—but a young lady. He courtously raises his hat, salutes her and addresses her as Miss —. Let us listen to the remarks of this young gentleman and young lady—the subjects for the boy and girl of our day.

"I saw you at the opera last night, Miss —. Pray what do you think of Louisaw Pyne?"

"The creature was passable—but I can't endure English opera."

"It is shockingly vulgar. I only went to oblige the guvernaw and the old lady."

"Much my case, Mr. —. *Il faut quelquefois soigner les anciens. Au revoir.*"

It is a sad fact that there are no boys and girls now-a-days. But *en revanche* there are no old men. One used to see old men occasionally—venerable figures like Major Melville, with ancient three-cornered hats, and breeches, and ruffles, and hair-powder, and gold or ivory headed canes, looking as if they had stepped down from old canvasses of Copley or Stuart. But they are gone—they exist only in memory. Among the propensities of this age of whimsies and notions, there is none to our mind more pitiable and ridiculous than this aping by old people of the manners, dress and appearance of their juniors.

If it be true that we have no boys and girls among us now, it is equally true that we have no old folks—they are all young men and women. All beyond the age of forty are engaged in a laudable attempt at cheating father Time. Walk behind a lady of sixty, and you shall hardly be able to tell her from a girl of sixteen. The tresses which escape from her bonnet are changed by the admirable Tricobaphie of Alexander from gray to the jet of the raven's wing, and the curious contrivance of a modern milliner substitutes the contour of the Callipygean Venus for the angularity of withered senility.

Shades of our great grandmothers! to what a pass have we arrived, when sexagenarians forsake the stately steps of the minuet do la cour, and kick up their heels in the jerking movements of the polka. Then look at our grandpas! What a fall is there, my countrymen! Gone are the velvet coats, the long-waisted vests, all the components of the venerable wardrobe of antiquity. Our grandfathers now use black pomatum instead of hair powder, wear whiskers and mustachios, sport narrow brimmed beavers, expand in Catalonian cloaks or flourish in jaunty sacks. They wear high heeled boots, checked pantaloons and dance the German. We think the follies of these veterans should be embalmed in their epitaphs and recorded on their grave stones something in this wise:—"Cut off in the flower of his Spanish cloak, aged eighty," or "suddenly ravished from a circle of admiring friends in the infancy of his mustachios, and the ninetieth year of his age." If follies are worth committing, they are surely worth a record.

THOS. GROOM & CO.—This old established and highly respectable stationery firm has taken possession of a large store at No. 82, in the India Building, State Street, Boston, and fully maintain their reputation by the variety, extent, and quality of their domestic and imported goods. This house is one of the permanent features of State Street. Anything and everything in their line,—account books, paper, pens, cutlery, etc., may be obtained wholesale and retail, and every article sold at their counter is reliable. Their extensive warehouse is well worth a visit, being both capacious and elegantly fitted up. We consider the taste which leads to the liberal and appropriate expenditure of means for beautifying and rendering convenient, places of business, as highly commendable, and indicative of advancement in the refinements of civilization. Messrs. Groom & Co. merit the thanks of their fellow citizens for the example they have set, and for ornamenting State Street with so fine an establishment.

CRITICISM.—The New York papers are engaged criticising the performances of Mr. Forrest. One paper finds fault with Mr. F. for undertaking the character of Hamlet with so much flesh as is represented in his *physique*. If Mr. Forrest is not correct in this particular, why is the Prince of Denmark made to exclaim:

"O! that this too solid flesh would melt!"

CHEAP BREAD.—The Rochester American intimates that the prospect for cheap bread is not flattering. It says on reliable authority that the surplus wheat in all the region of country in the West to come forward this spring is not over 1,500,000 bushels—equal to about 300,000 barrels of flour.

AMABILITY IN HIGH LIFE.—At the Brighton Town-hall, England, Lady Broughton was charged with having assaulted Louisa Humphreys, who had resided with her, as lady's maid, for some months.

TRUTH.—Truth is a good dog; but beware of barking too close at the heels of error, lest you get your brains kicked out.

THE GODS AND GODDESSES OF ANCIENT MYTHOLOGY.

On our last page we present a very large, beautiful and *costly* engraving, representing the principal heathen deities, designed by the accomplished artist, Mr. Billings, expressly for the Pictorial. At the top of the engraving we behold Jupiter, the thunderer, with his eagle at his feet (No. 1), surrounded by the gods and goddesses of high Olympus—on his left hand, his consort, the imperial Juno (No. 2), with her peacock, Apollo (No. 3), the god of music, medicine and divination, son of Jupiter and Latona, striking the chords of his golden lyre, his twin sister, Diana (No. 3), the virgin goddess of the chase; on the right hand of Jove, his daughter Minerva (No. 5), who sprang from his forehead, the goddess of wisdom, holding her shield with the Medusa's head, her symbolic owl seated at her feet, Mars (No. 6), the son of Jupiter and Juno, and god of war, Vulcan (No. 7), his brother, forging the Olympian thunderbolts, the lame husband of Venus (No. 8), goddess of love and pleasure, with her boy Cupid (No. 9), preparing to pierce some tender heart. Beneath we have Mercury (No. 10), son of Jupiter and Maia, the god of merchants, and messenger of the gods, Saturn (No. 11), the son of Cæbus and Terra, Atlas (No. 12), the fabled supporter of the globe, Polyphemus (No. 13), the one-eyed Cyclops, Ceres (No. 14) daughter of Saturn and Ops, and goddess of corn and tillage, with her train of the seasons, a Satyr (No. 15), half human half goat in form, Bacchus (No. 16), the son of Jupiter and Semele, and god of wine, Silenus (No. 17), his foster-father and teacher, a very hard case, and a shocking bad example, Pan (No. 18), the god of shepherds, playing on his pipes, and a Faun (No. 19), a merry Bacchanalian, walking beside the tigers that draw the car of the god of the grape. In the lower range we have Pluto (No. 20), the gloomy god of the infernal regions, who carried off Proserpine (No. 21), daughter of Ceres, as she was gathering flowers, to make her his bride, old father Neptune (No. 22), god of the ocean, surrounded by his attendant Tritons (No. 23), and the beautiful sea nymphs, or Nereids, (No. 24), daughters of Nereus and Doris. Neptune was the son of Saturn and Ops, and presided in horse and chariot races. His chariot is drawn by hippo-campi, horses in their fore parts, but terminating like fishes. This beautiful group is one of the finest and most artistic we have ever presented to our patrons.

BRONCHIAL TROCHES.—Brown's Bronchial Troches are as familiar as "household words" in Boston, because few of our citizens who are afflicted with any trouble of the lungs have failed to avail themselves of this favorite and thoroughly tested specific. It is not alone the invalid who may be materially benefited by this admirable preparation, but it is to the public speaker, or vocalist, an admirable auxiliary to their trying professions, inasmuch as it strengthens the vocal organs, and is a pleasant and natural auxiliary to the physical effort that both singer and public speaker must make. This valuable medicine and pleasant specific is sold by Dr. John I. Brown & Son, at 425 Washington Street.

THE POOR OF FRANCE.—M. de Watteville, inspector of French public charitable institutions, reports that, according to official documents, there resided in the empire not long since, 338,000 mendicants, 243,000 of whom had some kind of an abode, the remainder being utter vagrants. The number of poor houses was 9336, which contained more than 1,500,000 paupers. The beggars and paupers of France comprised about one-twelfth of the whole population.

POSTAL.—The Washington Union announces officially, that under no circumstances can a postmaster open a letter not directed to himself. Ship letters, as they cannot be prepaid, and are not supposed to be embraced in the new act, will continue to be dispatched agreeably to the provision of the 15th section of the act of March 3, 1825.

COMPLIMENTARY.—A silver vase was presented to Mr. McDonough, the tragedian, at the Howard Athenæum.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Dr. Peabody, Edward G. Parker, Esq. to Mrs. Elizabeth B. Gray; by Rev. Dr. Lathrop, Mr. George A. Robbins, of New York, to Miss Julia C. Wainwright, of Paris; by Rev. Mr. Beecher, Mr. John M. Colby to Miss Almira Newcomb; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. John McClelland, of New York, to Miss Mary Nelson; by Rev. Dr. Stow, Mr. Dennis McDonald to Miss Ellen Winn; by Rev. Mr. Burlingame, Mr. John H. Putnam to Miss Anna Maria Cushing.—At Chelsea, by Rev. Mr. Leonard, Mr. James Godbold to Miss Susan Parmenter.—At Malden, by Rev. Mr. Cox, Mr. Augustus G. Baxter, of Boston, to Miss Helen E. Johnson, of Charlestown.—At Woburn, by Rev. Mr. Masters, Mr. William B. Barrow, of Atlanta, Ga. to Miss Sarah A. Reed.—At Reading, by Rev. Mr. Whiting, Mr. Andrew B. Brooks, of Woburn, to Miss Rebecca Y. Bancroft, of Wilmington.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Carlton, Mr. Ansley Witt to Miss Honores Mullins.—At West Newton, by Rev. Dr. Gilbert, Mr. George E. Franklin, to Miss Martha M. Larkin, both of Natick.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Pike, Mr. Henry O. Dockham, of Chicago, Ill., to Miss Roxana How.—At Lunenburg, by Rev. Mr. Merrill, of Franklin, Mr. George W. Nason, Jr., of Franklin, to Miss Hattie A., daughter of Cyrus Kilburn, Esq.—At Chicopee Falls, by Rev. Mr. Bellamy, Mr. Henry S. Spring, of Collinsville, Conn., to Miss Aurelia Spring.

DEATHS.

In this city, Widow Lucretia Hussey Thompson; Capt. Seriah Stevens, 62; Mrs. Eliza Davis, wife of Mr. Edward F. Weld 35; Mrs. Mary Olive Sinnott, 82; John Lamson, Esq., 63; Capt. Constant Chase, 70; Mr. John Barker, 46; Widow Jane Hughes 54.—At Charlestown, Mrs. Rebecca B. White, 38.—At Dorchester, Mrs. Abigail Curtis.—At Cambridgeport, Mr. Sam'l Hovey, 81; Mrs. Elizabeth Chipman Gray, 44.—At Dedham, Col. Wm. Stowe.—At Salem, Mr. William McDonald, 22; Mrs. Rebecca Stickney, 64.—At North Danvers, Mr. Jacob Roop, 28.—At Ipswich, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Mr. Daniel Lord, 78.—At Roxford, Mr. Israel Foster, 90.—At Lowell, Mrs. Sarah H., wife of Dr. Nathan Allen, 35.—At Newburyport, Mr. Enoch Sargent, 67; Mr. James Frothingham, 73; Mr. Stephen Parker, 54; Miss Caroline E. Bradstreet, 36; Widow Hannah Elcomb, 67.—At Essex, Mr. Robert Goodhue, 80.—At Bolton, Mrs. Lydia Sawyer, 87.—At Taunton, Capt. John Holmes, a revolutionary pensioner, 90.—At Deerfield, Widow Esther Goodnough, 87.—At Worcester, Mr. Samuel Sturtevant, 82; Mr. Josiah Willard, 58.—At Fall River, Mr. William B. Canedy, 70.—At New Bedford, Mrs. Susan Parker, wife of Hon. Ambrose Vincent, 46.—At Montague, Mr. Ebenezer Whitney, a revolutionary veteran, 96.—At Nantucket, Widow Elizabeth West, 91.—At Portsmouth, N. H., George Raynes, Esq., an eminent and successful shipbuilder, 56.

PLINY MILES, THE TRAVELLER.

We present herewith a capital portrait of Mr. Pliny Miles, whose roving disposition has carried him over as many miles probably, as any man of his age living—and he is yet a young man. He has voyaged in almost every latitude, having visited Iceland as well as the tropics (it will be remembered that he published a capital work on Iceland), and his wanderings have included both hemispheres. The public have been kept pretty well posted up with regards to his journeyings, Mr. Miles being the "Communipaw" of the Boston Post and the Philadelphia Saturday Courier. Every one who reads those papers knows with what spirit, vigor and humor he describes his adventures by sea and land. He was born in Watertown, Jefferson County, N. Y., and is the son of Captain Jonathan Miles. This gentleman was originally from New Hampshire, and immigrated to New York about the commencement of the present century. The place where he settled was then a "howling wilderness," but he went resolutely to work clearing and improving, and now he has one of the finest farms in northern New York. During the war of 1812 he entered the military service of his country. He was instrumental in forming the first agricultural society in New York State. He is now upwards of seventy years of age. His son, Pliny Miles, the subject of our sketch, commenced his career by farming, but abandoned it for trade at the age of twenty-one. Business suiting him no better than farming, he abandoned it for the law, but in turn forsook that profession to indulge that thirst for travel and adventure, which the reading of Robinson Crusoe created in him when he was but ten years old, and which grew to be an uncontrollable passion. For five years he travelled in the United States, supporting himself as a lecturer and newspaper correspondent. Having "done" this country pretty thoroughly, he went abroad and "did" Europe, not in the fashionable space of six months, but devoting full five years to his transatlantic wanderings. He now fills a clerkship at Washington, and is anchored for the present, but we should not be surprised any day to hear of his starting for Japan or the North Pole. In a newspaper article, called out by some remarks in a western paper, he gives a *resumé* of his adventures in the following lively lines: "I've been in every seaport on the Atlantic, from Newfoundland to Key West; danced over the sparkling waves off the Moro Castle; 'schoonered' it through the Gulf of Mexico; travelled every foot of the Mississippi from the Belize to the Falls of St. Anthony, two thousand three hundred miles, and the most of it several times over; wandered five hundred miles into the Indian Territory, beyond the white settlements; stopped in Iowa at a city of some size and pretensions, called Burlington; steamed up the Illinois; stayed a while at Peoria; got caught there in an awful snow storm, and then went through the great lakes and the St. Lawrence to the Falls of Montmorency. I have visited every great curiosity, nearly every state capital, and every State in the Union, except California and Texas. Across the 'herring pond' I travelled through almost every kingdom, and saw every crowned head in Europe; wandered over the highlands of Scotland, stoned the cormorants in Fingal's Cave, shot seagulls in Shetland, ate plovers and other wild birds in Ice-



PLINY MILES, THE NOTED TRAVELLER.

land; cooked my dinner in the Geysers; cooled my punch with the snows of Mt. Hecla, and toasted my shins at the burning crater on its summit. I trod the rough mountains of Norway, celebrated 'Independence day' off the coast; fished in the Maelstrom, or near it; ate sour kroust with the Dutch, frogs with the Frenchmen, and macaroni with the Italians; walked over the top of Vesuvius in one day from Pompeii to Naples; lay all night near Etna's summit, seeing an eruption, with red-hot rocks shooting a thousand feet in the air; sailed by Stromboli at midnight; landed where St. Paul did at Rhegium; saw the Coliseum by moonlight; visited Corsica's rocky isle, Sardinia and Elba, and steamed close to Monte Cristo's home; admired the Chateau d'If at Marsilles, and spent months among the vine-clad hills of France."

ANTIOCH.

Antioch or Antakia, whose present appearance is accurately shown in the engraving below, is situated in Syria, about fifty miles west of Aleppo. Its ancient names were Antiochia, Antigonina, Theopolis, Seleucia, Epiphane and Reblata. It was once a greater city than Rome itself, but was often ruined by earthquakes, and finally destroyed in 1269 by the Mamelukes. It was founded by Antigonis, and captured by Seleucus, who changed the site and called it Antioch, after his father Antiochus. The name of Christians was first given to the followers of Christ in this city. Once the queen of the East, it is now an inconsiderable place. It is situated on the Orontes, twenty-one miles from the sea. The air is reputed to be more salubrious than that of Aleppo. The view of the plain of Antioch from the towers is interesting. The northern portion within the ancient wall is filled with olive, mulberry and fig trees; and along the winding banks of the river tall and slender poplars are seen. The chief street seems to have run towards the gate of St. Paul, which leads to Aleppo. People who love to live well, and cheap at the same time, should go to Antioch. Mr. Neale, in his recently published work on Antioch, states that he tried to be extravagant at Antioch, but found it to be impossible—house rent, servants, horses, board, washing and wine included—to spend more than forty pounds a year.

AN EAGLE AT IDLEWILD.

Willis, in one of his pleasant letters from his retreat on the Hudson to the Home Journal, says: "Ward mentioned one of our well-known neighbors who has lately taken to a new amusement. He seems to be fond of sitting on a cake of ice, any sunny noon, and floating down the river just in front of us. This idler—a bald eagle, and the largest remembered in this part of the country—has haunted Idlewild for a year past, and his circlings of swoop around the projecting eminence on which our house stands, are the admiration of man, woman and child, for some distance. He lives, as is well known, by taking tribute of the fish-hawk, from whom he receives the fish just dived for, on presenting his bill; but to do this he must be on the wing and ready to pounce down, any instant, with his superior swiftness—so the ice-rafting is probably but a royal amusement. The nest of this monstrous eagle—larger than any goose, Ward says—is somewhere on the peak of the Storm King, whence he sails down upon us, with a turn up the bend of the ravine, by a propulsion which I cannot easily understand. It must be 'od id force,' or the exercise of my motto (*Will is might*), for he stirs not a wing, and the three miles are done like an arrow. Eagles are sacred, among sportsmen, and this one has evidently no fear of being shot, though Ward whose gun is inevitable, said it was not hard to bring him down, sometimes, when his white head and snowy tail sailed along so temptingly within reach. Of course I pleaded, spare the king!"

However beautiful the works of the great masters may be, when we compare them with the productions of nature, how comparatively feeble do their efforts appear.—Bucke.



VIEW OF ANTIOCH, IN SYRIA.



SCENE ON THE LEVEE, AT NEW ORLEANS.

SCENES IN NEW ORLEANS.

The accompanying sketches were drawn expressly for the Pictorial by Mr. F. Bellew, an artist who has a happy faculty of hitting off peculiarities of character. The first is a scene upon the Levee, upon the edge of which lies a line of Mississippi steamboats, with their forest of funnels belching forth wreaths of smoke, and several negroes busily engaged in trundling cotton bales. Little flags, one of which is seen resting on a barrel to the right, serve to distinguish one lot of goods from another. The second sketch illustrates a very different scene, but one equally characteristic of New Orleans. One of the most pleasing features which strike the stranger on visiting the crescent city is the abundance of sweet flowers offered for sale. There are two classes of flower-venders, the French and the negro. A colony of the former are always stationed at the corner of Rue Royale and Canal Streets, where they offer to the passer-by bouquets such as would command at least two dollars in our northern cities, for two "bits" (25 cents), or "beets," as they pronounce it. They are always neatly dressed, and many of them are quite attractive in appearance. They are ready-witted also, and will exchange *badinage*, as well as coin and merchandise—reminding the traveller of the flower-girls of the Pont Neuf in Paris. Our sketch represents the colony above-mentioned at the corner of Rue Royale and Canal Streets, the extreme verge of the French portion of the city where it joins the American. The flower girls visit stores and offices to sell their wares. These girls enjoy a prescriptive mo-

nopoly of the business; but sometimes the newsboys, when out of employment, vend violets and roses instead of horrible catastrophes, and press nose-gays on your notice instead of steamboat explosions. This *rivalité*, however, is not very great, as most customers prefer receiving floral treasures from the white hands of the pretty Creole girls, to receiving them from the dingy digits of their interloping competitors.

THE SHOSHONEE FALLS.

Dwellers in Oregon claim for that territory the honor of possessing one of the grandest waterfalls in the world—a waterfall which equals Niagara in point of natural beauty, and is second to it only in vastness and sublimity. The Shoshonee Falls are located on the Snake, or Lewis fork of the Columbia River, in forty-three degrees latitude, and about five hundred miles to the eastward of the Dalles, on the Columbia. Snake River, at this point, flows through a broad and level prairie, extending northward to the Salmon River mountains, and westward as far as the eye can see, and covered in the warmer seasons with many varieties of odoriferous wild flowers, including the sweet scented wild sage. The river flows through this plain over a bed which is four hundred and thirty feet below the level of the prairie. In a deep chasm, which seems to have been riven out of the basaltic rock which underlies the soil, for the purpose of affording a pathway for the water to the ocean, flows the rapid running river, tumbling

and splashing among the rocks of its bed. At length the stream arrives at a rocky dam which extends across the channel. Plunging over it, the water falls a perpendicular distance of ten feet, to a narrow ledge five yards in width, and then rushing over the ledge, falls a distance of 175 feet, nearly perpendicular, to the bottom. In pleasant weather much of the water rises in the form of mist, and hangs suspended over the river and adjoining plain, like a white cloud, radiant with rainbows, so that it is visible for some distance. Below the Shoshonee Falls, the north bank of the river rises perpendicularly from the water to a height of 616 feet, and consists of a solid wall of basaltic rock, in successive strata. On the south side the rock rises perpendicularly for about two hundred feet, and then slopes upward the remaining four hundred feet, though at so great an angle that it is almost inaccessible to the human foot. Three hundred yards below the falls, however, is a small ravine, at the bottom of which, by dint of a hard scramble, a magnificent view of the descending sheet of water may be obtained. The width of the line of the falls is about seven hundred feet from bank to bank. From the foot of the ravine on the south side a single ledge of rock extends to the base of the falls. This ledge has been worn by the action of the water into many curious shapes. Above it, far up on the sides of the precipice, a few dwarf cedars and stunted pines hang nodding over the abyss, as if they were the guardian genii of the waterfall. The altitude of the Shoshonee Falls above the ocean is about three thousand four hundred and fifty feet.—*New York Sun*.



FLOWER GIRLS AT NEW ORLEANS.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

A railroad connecting Washington with the city of Alexandria is in the process of construction. It will be in running order in the course of this summer. The old turnpike has been selected as the route. The road will commence at the Virginia terminus of the Long Bridge. To that point passengers from Washington will be conveyed in omnibuses. — A specimen of paper manufactured from the common cane, the bamboo of the Mississippi River, has been exhibited at St. Louis, and has been highly approved. — The assembly of New York has passed a tax bill levying "a State tax of one mill and a quarter on each dollar of the valuation of the real and personal property taxable in the State of New York," which will give an increased revenue of about \$1,700,000. — The *Fredericksburg News* describes a bar of solid gold from the *Vacchus* gold mine. It is worth \$1100, and is the product of fifteen days' labor. — Last Sunday week forenoon, as the colored sexton was ringing the bell at St. John's Church, Richmond, Va., it broke from its fastenings, and came crashing through the floor to the earth, a distance of ninety feet. The sexton narrowly escaped being crushed. — At the Treasury Department on Wednesday of last week, one hundred thousand dollars worth of United States stock were received for redemption. — At Fort de Moines, Iowa, there is a dreadful scarcity of women. In one house were found nineteen bachelors and only one married couple. The editor entreats the ladies to come out there. — Captain Benham, of the U. S. engineers, to whom the President proffered the post of major, in one of the newly created regiments, has declined the appointment. — Corcoran & Riggs have paid into the treasury about \$100,000, attached in their hands by government, being about one fourth the amount fraudulently obtained by Gardner under the award of the Mexican Commission. — The Tribune folks have insured Horace Greeley's life for \$50,000 on account of his visit to Europe. The Tribune would be injured to that extent by his death. — All accounts concur in the belief that a large and efficient fleet is about to be despatched by government to cruise in the Gulf of Mexico, with an eye on Cuba and Spanish men-of-war. — The official time of Lexington's four miles at New Orleans was 7 minutes 19.34 seconds. But the Picayune says that many experienced timers made it thirty seconds less. — Mr. Stratton, the father of the well-known Gen. Tom Thumb, is an inmate of the Hartford lunatic asylum. — By an act of the last Congress, thirty thousand dollars was appropriated for the experiment of introducing camels on this continent as beasts of burden. — Intelligence has been received of a remarkable revival among the Karens in India, at two Baptist missionary stations. Four hundred converts had been received into one church. Six new churches have been formed in the neighborhood of Rangoon, and a great number joined them. — The change in the law requiring payment in advance in all cases, has caused a tremendous rush upon the Department for postage stamps, which is at present answering the orders of postmasters at the rate of about two hundred per diem. — A London cabman, in hurriedly taking his pipe from his mouth recently, slightly excoriated his lip. He neglected the sore, and a cancer formed, which, in time, penetrated the artery. He died in agony.

FETRIDGE & CO'S LITERARY EMPORIUM, N. YORK.

William P. Fetrige & Co., of this city, have established a branch of their business in New York, on a very large scale. They have fitted up a capacious suite of warehouses in the mammoth building in Franklin Square, New York, recently erected by Harper & Brothers. They have stocked this with an immense assortment of books, pamphlets and magazines, foreign and American, which they offer at publishers' prices. A main feature of their business is the filling up of miscellaneous orders, a process at present attended with much delay, trouble and expense. At their establishment every description of publication on the trade catalogues is furnished at once. They will fill all orders sent to the Messrs. Harpers for books not included in their catalogue, thereby obviating many disappointments which have heretofore occurred. Purchasers of publications by Fetrige & Co. and the Harpers, for cash, can have their supplies forwarded by either and save the expense of packing and carriage. The New England customers will find their orders on New York publishers filled at trade prices and with the utmost dispatch. The Boston house will still be maintained under the charge of R. H. Rice, the junior partner. An immense depot for the universally circulated "Balm of Thousand Flowers," is connected with the bookselling concern. This enterprising house cannot fail of being completely successful and prosperous.

ETYMOLOGICAL.—The word beaver, in the sense of a covering for the head, is not derived, as most people imagine, from the animal of the same name, the fur of which is used in the manufacture of modern hats. Beaver is derived from the Italian word *bevere*, to drink; and the appellation had its origin in the practice followed by the knights formerly, of converting the helmet into a drinking vessel, when a more suitable cup were not at hand. Our English word *beverage* comes from the same Italian root.

BIG LICKS.—The Marysville, Cal., Express says that a monster nugget weighing, quartz and all, between seven and eight hundred pounds, was taken out at Smith's Flat, in Yuba county. It is supposed to contain about two hundred pounds of pure gold, which would make it worth about \$50,000.

MILITARY.—The Manchester (N. H.) American says that the "Veterans" of that city propose to visit Bunker Hill on the 17th of June next.

Wayside Gatherings.

General Sutter, once the richest, is said to be now among the poorest men in California.

There are something like a hundred whaling ships now due at New Bedford, New London and Newport.

Mr. John Pickard, of Lafayette, Indiana, recently shot a black eagle, measuring ten feet from tip to tip.

Mrs. Webb, a mulatto, is soon to appear before the public as a reader of Shakespeare, etc.

An expedition is about to be undertaken by Dr. Catherwood, an American physician, to explore the interior of Australia.

Captain Ingraham, who has become famous in the Mediterranean, is on his way home in the St. Louis sloop of war.

The New York hotels intend to raise the price of board to three dollars a day, in consequence of the prohibitory liquor law. The entire loss resulting from the destruction of the steamer *Huntsville*, by fire, on the Mississippi, a few days ago, is about \$300,000.

The king of Prussia has ordered a gold medal for science, and a golden cosmos medal, to be presented to Lieut. Maury, for the wind and weather charts.

The Erie Railroad station, at Jersey City, was destroyed by fire on the 14th ult. Several cars were also burnt loaded with freight of considerable value.

Up to the 12th ult., 65,000 applications in all, for land under the bounty land law of the last session of Congress, had been received at the pension office.

The elegant furniture of the Brevoort House, New York, was sold at auction, in one lot, recently, for \$28,100. The first cost of the furniture was about \$100,000.

The Crystal Palace is to be cleared out. Mr. Collector Redfield has given notice that all articles that remain after June 1st, will be sold as condemned goods.

A beggar woman at Chicago was recently detected in carrying around a wooden baby for the purpose of working upon the sympathies of the public.

Commodore Vanderbilt has reduced the price of passage in his new line of European steamers, for first cabin, from \$130 to \$110, second cabin, from \$75 to \$60.

The town of Ashfield has elected for School Committee, Miss Lydia Hall, Miss Marietta C. Patrick, Joshua Knowlton, Frederick G. Howes and Alvan Perry.

Thomas C. Sherman, of Sandwich, who was accused of stealing a box of goods from the railroad station, has established his innocence and been honorably discharged.

Rev. Leonard Bacon, D. D., of New Haven, Conn., recently preached his thirtieth anniversary sermon. There are only ten ministers in that State who have been settled so long over one church.

In Berkshire county there are 18 woollen manufacturing establishments, in which there are 97 sets of cards, usually four in a set, 909 looms, employing 1495 operatives, and manufacturing 5,500,000 yards of cloth annually, valued at \$3,000,000.

The physicians of Bangor have met and passed resolutions pledging themselves to co operate as best they can, with the government of the city, in sustaining and carrying into effect the existing liquor law.

The board of directors of the Milwaukee and Mississippi Road have made a contract with Messrs. Cooke & Lockwood to build their road to the Mississippi River, provided that the city of Milwaukee loan its credit to the company for \$200,000.

The long lost manuscript history of the Plymouth colony, written by Governor Bradford, has been discovered in England, and a copy of it will soon be received in this country, and will still further enrich the valuable collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

The suspension bridge across the Mississippi River, immediately above the Falls of St. Anthony, which was nearly finished, was partially destroyed by a terrible gale not long since. If the bridge, which is a beautiful structure, had been completed, it would have withstood the storm.

The oldest house in Massachusetts, "the old garrison house," in Medford, was recently sold at auction. It is supposed to have been built for Governor Craddock, the first governor of the Massachusetts Company, by his agents, who also impaled a park for deer around it, in 1630.

The commissioner of street lamps in New York has presented a communication to the Board of Aldermen of that city, requesting the passage of an ordinance conferring upon him power to suppress the traffic in young veal, which is extensively carried on in that city.

Capt. Norton, of the ship *Northern Light*, lately arrived at Fairhaven, reports having passed January 31, in latitude 43 south, longitude 105 30 west, a large iceberg about five hundred feet high and six miles long! Capt. Norton pronounces it the largest iceberg ever seen in those latitudes.

The king of Prussia has given permission to have the magnificent statue of the late king, Frederick William III., sent to the Paris Exhibition. The Prince of Prussia has allowed to be forwarded to the same exhibition the beautiful album presented to him by the Rhenish provinces on the occasion of his marriage.

A rag picker in San Francisco, while tearing out the lining of an old trunk that had been thrown from the Crescent City Hotel, discovered twenty \$20 gold pieces snugly stored upon their edges. Some former owner of the trunk had doubtless placed them there for concealment.

The Quitman (Mississippi) Intelligencer of the 16th March, says that a week or two previous, a woman in Kemper County, in that State, gave birth to a child covered all over with hair. It lived three hours, and spoke three distinct words—"seven years' famine." The strangest thing about it is, that half the population of Kemper believe it, and are struck with terror at the portentous warning.

The Galveston News says so late a spring as the present has not been known in Texas for thirty years past. Both corn and cotton have had to be re-planted, on account of the bad stand from the first planting. In many instances, planters have plowed up their ground entirely, and re-planted their entire crop. But the drought continues, and there is now scarcely moisture enough to sprout the seed.

The largest clock ever constructed has just been finished for the new Houses of Parliament. The dials are twenty-two feet in diameter; the point of the minute-hand will therefore move nearly fourteen inches every minute. The pendulum is fifteen feet long. The hour bell is eight feet high, and weighs fifteen tons. The hammer weighs four cwt. The clock, as a whole, is eight times as large as a full-sized cathedral clock.

Foreign Items.

The net increase of the Church of England clergy has for some years been at the rate of three hundred a year.

In the House of Commons, the second reading of the bill to abolish the stamp duty on newspapers passed by a large majority.

The Catholic Standard, a journal of some ability and influence, and the only organ of the Roman Catholics of England, is to be edited by the new convert, Mr. Wilberforce.

Sir Charles Wood stated that it was intended, as soon as the ports in the Baltic and White Seas were open, to establish a strict blockade, which should be put in effect from first to last.

Preparations continue to be made in Constantinople for the Emperor Napoleon. Meantime both the empress and he intended visiting Queen Victoria about the 16th of April.

During the past twelve months the imports of breadstuffs into Ireland from Great Britain and foreign countries amounted to 1,727,817 quarters, and the exports of all descriptions of grain for the same time amounted to 2,078,180 quarters.

During the war the resources of Russia have been greatly developed. Compelled to do without many things which they have hitherto imported, or to supply them for themselves, they have in a considerable measure succeeded in the latter.

An accident, which is regarded as ominous, occurred at Moscow. At the moment when the ceremony of swearing allegiance to the new emperor was taking place, a large bell in the Kremlin fell, killing one hundred persons.

A. M. Darias, formerly first base singer of the theatre of Rouen, who is not less than 102 years old, and who is the oldest professional singer in France, sang lately at a concert given for the benefit of unemployed workmen.

The statue which has been erected in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, to the memory of Bishop Heber, is said to be unsurpassed in beauty of design and excellence of execution. He is kneeling, attired in his robes, with one hand resting on the Bible, as his support, and the other upon his breast. On the pedestal, in bas-relief, he is represented in the act of confirming two Indian converts.

Sands of Gold.

.... Reason and experience should be inseparable to discover natural things.—*Abbe D'Ailly*.

.... Art is nothing but the highest sagacity and exertion of human nature.—*Laotzer*.

.... Genius is the gold in the mine, talent is the miner who works and brings it out.—*Lady Blessington*.

.... There is no less grandeur in supporting great evils than in performing great deeds.—*Livy*.

.... It requires more power to control fortune than to control kings.—*M. T. Varro*.

.... The man who can demand advice is often superior to him who can give it.—*Von Knebel*.

.... Talent, like beauty, to be pardoned, must be obscure and unostentatious.—*Lady Blessington*.

.... There is no arena in which vanity displays itself under such a variety of forms as in conversation.—*L'Allemagne*.

.... Good sense should be the judge of both ancient and modern rules; everything that does not conform to it is false.—*Abbe D'Ailly*.

.... There is no great difference between man and man: superiority depends on the manner in which we profit by the lesson of necessity.—*Thucydides*.

.... Good sense and even propriety require manners to change according to ages. Paucity in an old man is as ridiculous as pretension to accomplished manners in a child.—*M. T. Varro*.

.... When a woman possesses talent, it should be recognized and employed. More exact than most men in the details of things, she does better than they do what she knows as well.—*Madame de Charriere*.

.... Stability in love is otherwise called "faith;" where faith is between the married parties there may be jealousy—but where perfect love exists there can be none. Admitting that where jealousy is, there is love too.—*Kozlay*.

Joker's Budget.

If one-tenth of a cent is a mill, what part of a cent is a miller? What part of a shop is like every other part? The counter-part.

When is a pretty girl inclined to commit murder? When she is bound on a sleighing expedition.

Our Dan says whenever he wants a hot bath, and hasn't the change to pay for it, he has only to tell his girl that he has about made up his mind to select another sweetheart, and he is in hot water directly.

Says Punch: Mr. Hutchinson, of London, a penurious old bachelor, recently died at Kendall, England, when £700 in bank notes were found in his flannel vest. If the old knave left an heir, the latter will, of course, claim his "vested" rights.

A singing master, while teaching his pupils, was visited by a brother of the tuneful art. The visitor, observing that the chorister pitched the tune vocally, inquired: "Sir, do you use a pipe?" "No, sir," replied Semibreve, with admirable gravity, "I *chew*!"

The following notice was lately fixed at a church in Herefordshire, England, and read in the church: "This is to give notice that no person is to be buried in this churchyard but those living in the parish; and those who desire to be buried are desired to apply to the parish clerk."

During a late concert at the City Hall, Manchester, N. H., several of the seats having been spoken for, were labelled "engaged." Upon the audience leaving, it was ascertained that one of the ladies walked home with the word "engaged," in large letters, upon her back, much to the amusement of a large crowd of bystanders.

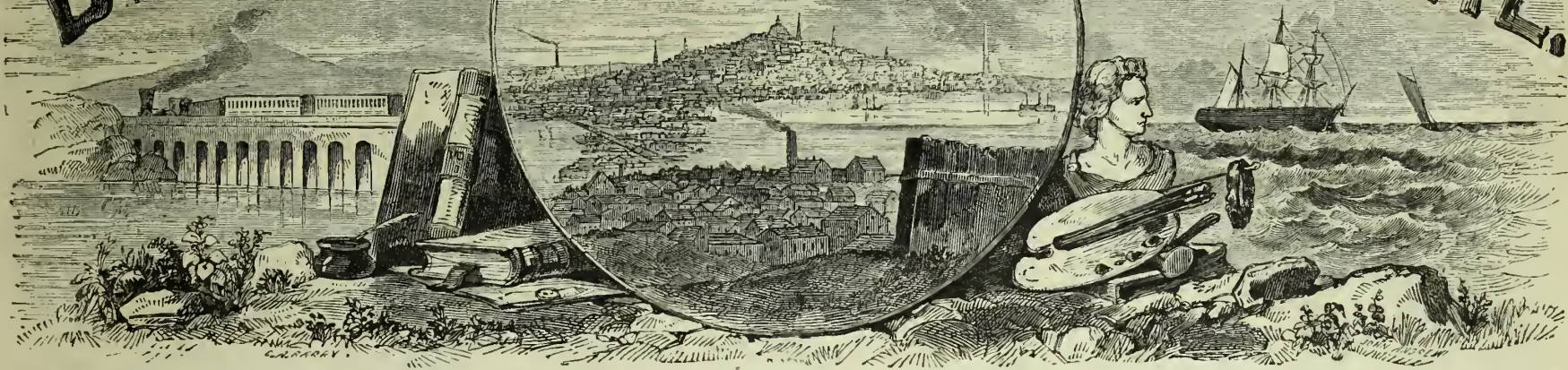
Gustavus was a youth of eighteen. "Gustavus, do you love me now as ever?" "My dear, do you doubt my affection? I would make any sacrifice for you!" "Then do, Gustavus, please cultivate a nice pair of whiskers. They would be so becoming." "Aw, love! for your sake I will try!"

"Miss Phillis has you heard de new wedding song made a propos for you and me when we is married and made two in one?" "No, Sambo, how duz it go?" "Why, dis heah way: "I see two cloud de zephyr move along Until dey meet and mingle into one."

WHOLESALE AGENTS.—S. French, 121 Nassau Street, New York; A. Winch, 116 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; Henry Taylor, 111 Baltimore Street, Baltimore; A. C. Bagley, corner of 4th and Sycamore Streets, Cincinnati; J. A. Roys, 43 Woodward Avenue, Detroit; E. K. Woodward, corner of 4th and Chesnut Streets, St. Louis; Mellen & Co., 75 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois; Samuel King, Louisville, Kentucky.



BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, {CORNER OF TREMONT
AND BROMFIELD STS.

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6 CENTS SINGLE.

NORTH CAROLINA.

The "old North State" embraces the spot where Raleigh's vessels first landed, as is narrated in the tale on page 295. The settlement was afterwards located in Virginia, but in a few years immense grants were made to emigrants, and in 1665, a constitution was framed for the colony by the illustrious Locke, which was intended to be a monument of human wisdom, but only served to show how unfit theorists are to legislate for the masses. In 1729, the lower portion of the colony was separated from it, but the "old North" continued to prosper, and bore a prominent part in the revolutionary struggle. In 1710, the Tuscarora tribe of Indians rose in arms, in accordance with a deep laid plan, and nearly succeeded in exterminating the whites, in a simultaneous night-attack upon nearly every house. A bloody war ensued, in which the savages were at length routed. They had

ought with deep ferocity and treachery, yet there seems room to suspect they had heavy wrongs to avenge. The sketch represents, in addition to the State arms, in the circle at the top of the engraving, a portion of one of the dense pine forests which cover a great part of the State and furnish a large source of its wealth. The yeoman with the axe has been engaged in "tapping" these pines to obtain the crude turpentine, which exudes in great abundance. The negro hands are busy in directing its flow into the bung-holes of the barrels rolled against the trees for the purpose. A negro in the middle distance is making an incision in the bole of a pine tree with an axe. In the distance we behold a loaded ox-team with its driver, and far off a vessel laden with the exports of the State, under full sail. The turpentine in the form of tar and pitch is exported in great quantities and gives employment to between two and three thousand men. The area of

North Carolina is 28,032,000 acres, and the principal agricultural productions are Indian corn, tobacco, wheat and cotton. Gold is found among the mountains, where there is a United States mint, which coins large quantities of the precious metal. Lumber is exported in considerable quantities. The population in 1840, was 869,039, of whom 228,548 were slaves. There has been a steady increase of the population at each successive census. The Methodists have 784 churches in North Carolina, the Baptists 615, the Presbyterians 151, the Episcopalians 50. These, with others of minor denominations, make a total of 1795, valued at \$290,930. There are 1288 clergymen. North Carolina has 5 colleges, 272 academies and 2657 common schools, all well endowed or liberally supported. There are thirty-eight public libraries, containing 29,592 volumes. The press of North Carolina bears marks of good sound sense and practical information.



NORTH CAROLINA.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE

KING AND THE COBBLER.

A ROMANCE OF ANCIENT PERSIA.

BY ALISTIN C. BURDICK.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER IV.—[CONTINUED.]

"I do not think the good astrologer would have been mistaken in his purpose," murmured Zillah. "When he first told me that he should send a youth to visit me, and bade me entertain him, I obeyed because it was my duty, but I could have wished that he would have chosen a female for my companion. So I dreaded the coming of the youth—and yet I ought not so to have done, for I should have known that Kobad would have done nothing concerning me but for my good. Yet was I in dread of your coming, and when I saw my father enter, and I knew that the youth was following him, my heart was pained. I dared not look up until you spoke. But when I heard your voice, and when I saw your face, there was but one pang left. I wondered if you had ever known woman and loved."

"And I should have told you that until that moment my eyes had never rested upon the face of a female with whom I had spoken. Strange as it may seem to you, it is a truth that since infancy, you are the first female with whom I have spoken."

"Then joy is mine," murmured the beautiful girl, and as she spoke, she pillowed her head on her lover's bosom and embraced him without fear of harm. She was happy now, and Feridoon was happy as she.

The hours passed away, but they heeded not their flight. Noon passed, but they knew it not. The afternoon crept slowly on, and all the while the lovers sat buried in the thoughts and feelings that had so suddenly and strangely sprung into life in their bosoms. It was not until the light of day began to grow dim that Feridoon thought of his home. He started up and gazed out upon the distant horizon, and he knew that night was at hand.

"By my life," he uttered, "I dreamed not of this. See, Zillah, the day is gone!"

"The first day of our love," answered the maiden, with beaming eyes. "O, how blessed!"

"Ay," responded Feridoon, "it is doubly blessed, for it has not only given us joy, but it has opened to us more treasures of the mind than we had before possessed. O, it is our first day of love, but not our last. It is but the commencement of a long life of sweeter, holier love than our hearts have before conceived of. Is it not so?"

"Most truly," answered Zillah.

The lovers embraced once more, and when they had pledged their loves and asked God to bless them, the youth turned away.

"I shall come again soon," he said, ere he reached the door. "I cannot remain long away."

Zillah smiled as he spoke, and then Feridoon went away. He went at once to the street by a shorter way than that by which he had come, and soon he was on his way towards his palace home.

CHAPTER V.

HOW SEVEN MEN PERFORMED A MISSION FOR THE KING.

For a long while after Feridoon had gone, did Zillah remain alone in her apartment. Her head was not turned, nor were her thoughts now very wild or strange. Her love for the youth with whom she had just parted was already of that deep, fervent character which takes the whole soul into its own mould, and reason and judgment were both hers still. There was no mock modesty in those long gone ages among the pure ones—none of that assumed distance which marks the movement of those who would appear what they are not, but truth and virtue went hand in hand, and right was never hidden. If a certain act was just and right, that was enough.

When the darkness fairly settled down upon the great city, Zillah went down to the lower sitting room, where the family usually spent their evenings, and there she found her father and mother. The latter asked her immediately what had passed between the youth and herself, and after a moment's reflection she related the substance of what had been said, leaving out all those sweet sentences which only lovers can understand. When she had concluded, the old lady looked very solemn, and Zak Turan laughed outright, while Zillah blushed and hung down her head.

"I hope Kobad has been wise in this," said Rudabah, "for I should grieve most sorely should evil fall upon our child."

"Evil?" uttered the cobbler, with a merry twinkle of the eye. "How can evil come of true love?"

"Look upon me and see," quickly answered his wife. "See to what the love for you has brought me."

"That was not love. It was hate that made you marry me. You hated me, and so you became my wife to spite me. But God knows I bear up well under the affliction."

"And why should you not, seeing that you have such afflicted company? If you are afflicted, what am I? My life! what a thing I have for a husband."

"The merriest man in all Persepolis."

"The most foolish."

"In marrying you I admit; but I have long since repented of that." And as Zak Turan thus spoke, he laughed so loud and long that they did not hear the rap which came upon the door.

"But tell me," said Zillah, "why the astrologer should have sent the youth hither?"

"I know not, unless it was that you might fall in love with each other," answered the cobbler.

"So it must have been," added the wife. "But what does he mean by that?"

"We have no business to question his motives," returned Zak Turan. And then moving nearer to his wife's side he whispered so that the maiden could not hear, "We must not speak of this before Zillah."

For once Rudabah acknowledged the justice of her husband's remark, and just as she gave an affirmative nod of the head, they heard a loud knock upon the door. The cobbler hastened to open it, and when he had done so three men entered. They seemed to be travellers, and their garments were very dusty.

"Good sir," spoke the eldest of the strangers, "we are travellers, and strangers in this great city. We saw your light shine through the chinks of your door, and hearing your loud laugh we thought there must be good cheer within."

"You are welcome to such as I have," returned Zak Turan: "but I fear me you will find my cheer anything but acceptable. I laugh because of my light heart and my angel wife—not from the quality of my wine."

Rudabah was still sitting by her husband's side, and in payment for the words he had just spoken, she pinched him severely upon the neck, so that he involuntarily cried out with pain; but he dared not resent it, for he knew that in a pitched battle he should come out second best. However, the affair passed off, and while his wife went to fetch the wine, the cobbler made a sign for his daughter to leave the room. Zillah accordingly arose and was proceeding towards the door, when one of the strangers called her back.

"Surely," said he, "you will not deprive us of the light of your dwelling?"

"If you allude to my child—"

"I allude to this lovely damsel who would flee from us," broke in the guest.

"She is not used to strangers," said Zak Turan, "and would be more easy in her own apartments, where she has work to do."

"I know not what may be your habits here," resumed the stranger, "but in my own land we deem it an insult for a female to retire from before visitors. Let her remain, I pray you, for thereby my pleasure will be much enhanced."

Now it had always been the custom of Zak Turan, since his daughter had grown up to womanhood, to have her withdraw before visitors entered, but now this had been prevented by the suddenness of their entrance. He had done this to protect his child from harm, for he knew she was very beautiful, and that many would wish to possess her charms. However, seeing that his present guests were strangers, he supposed no harm could ensue, so he bade Zillah be seated again.

"She is your own child, then?" said the spokesman of the travelling trio.

"She is," was the cobbler's answer.

"Surely God has blessed you."

"So I feel. But here is my wine. It is not the best, nor is it the worst. And here is bread and meat."

The strangers helped themselves to the wine and they praised it highly; and they did the same by the bread. But while they ate and drank, the one who had spoken so freely kept his eyes fixed upon Zillah nearly the whole of the time. She noticed it, and it made her uneasy. There was a strange power in the gleam of the stranger's eye that she could not define, but which yet moved her with dread. After a while the traveller moved away from the table and drew his seat nearer to the maiden and began to converse with her. He proved himself to be a man of much information, and he talked to her of foreign lands and foreign manners. Yet she could see that same light in his dark, gleaming eyes which she did not like. She had from the first felt a secret dread of the man, and all his fine talk could not banish it.

At length the strangers arose, and having thanked the host for his kindness, they departed. As soon as they were gone, Zillah told her father that she did not like the looks of them, and he admitted the truth of the impression, but apprehended no danger.

"Let the strangers pass," said Rudabah. "They may be as bad as man can be, and yet they would be gods compared with thee, thou hateful, abominable, wicked, spiteful, odious, repulsive, shocking, loathsome, disgusting Afrite!"

"Mercy on me, my dear wife, what can you mean?"

"Didn't you tell those men I was your angel wife?"

"Surely I did."

"And is not that enough?"

"No. I should have told them you were doubly my angel—that you were heaven itself."

"And why didn't you?"

"Because you were present, and while your face was here to give the lie to any such remark, I thought it not worth while to make it. Upon my life, I doubt me if they believed what I did say in your favor."

Rudabah gave in this time, but well did the cobbler know that he should have to pay dearly for his victory at some future time.

In the midst of this domestic squall Zillah retired to her own apartment, and there she lay down to dream of the events of the day; for surely it had been an eventful day for her. Her heart

had been opened for the first time with that pure and holy love which first burst upon Adam after his sleep, and she felt her whole soul warmed and lighted by the brightly burning torch. But all the dreams she had that night were not pleasant ones. She had some that were dark and frightful, and from which she awoke with a cry of terror. But she did not believe that they meant anything. She had often had bad dreams, and when the morning came and she tried to reason upon it, she concluded that those bad dreams—so much worse than any she had ever before had, were the result of the excitement to which her mind had been subjected. Of course, there could be no hidden truth in them.

The forenoon of the following day had passed half away. Zak Turan was at work in his stall, when suddenly he was aroused by the appearance of six of the royal slaves accompanied by an officer. The slaves bore a covered chair with them, and when they came in front of the stall they set it down.

"Is this the dwelling of Zak Turan, the cobbler?" asked the officer.

"It is," answered our friend.

"Then we have a message from the king."

"From the king!" uttered the cobbler, whose first thought was of the language he had used the day before, and of consequent imprisonment and whipping.

"Ay. You have a daughter?"

Now the old man trembled with a worse fear still. "I have a daughter," he said.

"So the king is aware, and we have been sent to bring her to him. So show us the way at once."

The poor fellow knew not what to say. His soul was torn by the most fearful doubts, and his knees shook beneath him.

"Are you going to obey?" cried the officer, in a rage.

It was a serious thing to disobey an officer from the king, and Zak Turan knew that disobedience would be of no avail, even should he persist in it, for seven stout men were more than he could cope with, even setting aside the thousands of soldiers who could be called upon to come down upon him. So he came out from his stall and led the way round to the gate that led through the little garden, that being the most direct way to the part of the dwelling the family usually occupied.

Now it so happened that just as the slaves were turning the angle of the garden wall, Feridoon came in sight of the stall, and when he came up he entered it, and not finding the cobbler there he passed in by the same way he had entered the day before and proceeded at once to the apartments of Zillah.

Meanwhile Zak Turan, followed by the officer and the slaves, had entered the lower part of the house, and there they found Zillah in company with her mother. The maiden started upon beholding the stout slaves, for so had commenced one of the frightful dreams she had had during the night.

"Ha!" uttered the officer, as his gaze rested upon Zillah, "it needs no great exercise of wit to tell that this is the girl which has so excited the love of our king. You may consider yourself one of the fortunate ones of the kingdom, fair lady, for the king loves you."

"Loves me! The king loves me!" gasped Zillah, seizing hold upon the edge of the table for support. "You speak in riddles."

"Not at all. His majesty—whom may God protect—has seen you, and loved you, and now he would have you for his own. He bade me tell you that you should be placed among his wives and be the most favored of them all."

"Impossible!" cried the frightened girl. "The king cannot have seen me. You are mistaken. It is some one else that he means. I have not been out for a long while."

"You mistake. Did not three travellers stop here last night?"

"Yes," whispered Zillah, through whose mind the truth now flashed at once.

"Ay—and one of them was the king himself. He saw you and conversed with you, and his heart is wholly yours."

"But he surely does not mean—"

Thus far the maiden spoke, but she could speak no more then. The memory of a terrible dream came crashing upon her, and her head became dizzy and her heart faint. She sunk down upon a seat and clasped her hands over her eyes.

"Surely," spoke Zak Turan, as he saw this, "you will not rob me of my child?"

"Out upon thee for a treasonable dog!" cried the officer, in high wrath. "Does not the king take whom he pleases to wife? And shall you be exempt from a royal right which is as old as the world itself? I have come from the king, and woe will be upon you if you give not up your child readily."

"I shall not resist," uttered the old man.

"I do not think you will," responded the officer, with a wicked smile. "But honestly, I am surprised at this. Why, I had thought that the child of a poor cobbler like yourself, would have been overjoyed to become the favorite of a powerful king."

"Hold, sir!" cried Zillah, finding her tongue now. "We are poor in the goods which merchants have, but we are rich in the gifts of Heaven. Rob me of my virtue and I am poor indeed! Rob these people of their child, and they, too, will know what poverty is."

"Do you talk of virtue?" cried the officer. "What more virtuous than a king's wife?"

"What more base than she who ministers solely to a king's base passions?" the maiden cried.

"'Tis not the king's passions which are so base—'tis his love that calls you."

"O, talk not to me of a king's love, when it changes as does

the wind that blows. The true love of the heart is not a thing that can be put off at every pretty face that one sees. I tell thee, officer, 'tis only a passion most base that moves the heart of the king towards me. Let him take me now, and in one short month he will tire of me, and find another."

"Very prettily spoken," returned the officer, "but you had better save your wit for the king. Come, we have not time to waste."

"You will not take me away?"

"I hope you will not force me to take you. The king will like you much better if he knows that you came of your own free will."

"As such I will never go!" cried Zillah, sinking once more into her seat and bowing her head upon the table.

"Then I must take you, that's all," answered the officer, somewhat angrily.

At this moment Zak Turan mustered up courage enough to beg that his child might be spared; but he was spurned by the officer as though he had been a dog.

"Out upon thee, thou clobbering toad," the lieutenant exclaimed. "By the host of Ahriman, I'll have thee tied to the post of thine own door, and send the very boys to whip you if you speak thus again."

The poor man shrank back, for he knew full well that he could do nothing for his fair child. He knew that the king could take for his wife whom he pleased, and that were he even to demand the daughters of all the satraps in the kingdom, he could have them all. How, then, should he, a poor cobbler, escape?

The officer went up and took hold of Zillah and lifted her to her feet, and then he called for the slaves to come and take her out. They had just lifted her from her feet when the inner door opened and Feridoon entered the apartment.

"Where is Zillah?" he asked.

"Feridoon! Feridoon!" cried the maiden. "O, save me! save me!"

As she thus cried she made one powerful effort and broke from the grasp of those who held her, and sprang to the side of her lover.

"What is it all?" the young man asked, in blank surprise, but not forgetting to wind his arm about the form of her he loved.

For a moment no one spoke. The officer had never seen Feridoon before, and he knew not who he was, though all six of the slaves knew him from having seen him at the royal palace with the satrap. The officer was the first to speak.

"Young sir," he said, "I hope you will not deem it prudent to interfere with our business."

"First let me know what your business is," retorted our hero.

"We come on business from the king."

"But what has this maiden to do with that business?"

"Everything. She is to be the king's wife, and we are now come to carry her to him."

"Zillah," said the youth, turning his gaze upon his beloved, "explain this to me."

"Last night, after you had gone," commenced the fair girl, seeming to place a strange confidence in the power of her lover to save her, "three men came here and spent the evening, and when I would have withdrawn from the room, one of them detained me, and afterwards he talked with me. It now seems that that man was the king in disguise. He fell in love with my face, and now he sends these men to fetch me to him."

"O—and is that all?" uttered the youth, after he had heard the story. And then turning to the officer, he said: "I am sorry the king should have bestowed his affection where it cannot be returned. But you will inform his majesty that Zillah is already beloved by another—by one who loved her ere the king saw her, and by one whom she loves in return. Of course when you explain this to the king, he will rest satisfied."

"He will be satisfied when he holds the maiden in his possession and not till then," returned the officer. He spoke quite moderately, for he was evidently charmed by the youth's beauty and melody of speech.

"But you see that such satisfaction cannot be his," promptly responded Feridoon.

"I hope you do not mean to resist the king's orders, sir?"

"Resist, say you? Let me rather hope that you will urge your suit no farther after the explanation I have made."

"This is fruitless talk. You know the royal will, and I am forced to obey it. You will resist it at your peril. Come, lady, your kingly lover waits for you."

As the officer thus spoke, he advanced and seized Zillah by the arm, but hardly had he done so when Feridoon laid his hand upon him and hurled him across the room. First, the officer was stunned—and second, he was amazed.

"Did you understand what I said?" asked Feridoon, as soon as he saw that the lieutenant was gazing upon him.

"It was you who must have misunderstood," gasped the officer.

"Nay—not so. I told thee this maiden was my affianced bride, for so she is—and so she was ere the king saw her. If, under those circumstances, the king persists in his will, then he does so against every law of right and justice, and with God for my hope and right and justice for my armor, I will face every dastard king in the world. So you may go and tell your royal master."

There was something so bold, so noble, so really gigantic and sublime in the look, the tone, and the bearing of the youth, that the officer shrank away. But he happened to remember that there was royal wrath at home, and he started forward once more, though not so far as he did before.

"Slaves!" he cried, turning to the six stout fellows who at-

tended him, "take that girl and bear her out to the chair. Be quick."

Those were men whose duty never called upon them to think. They only had to obey, and as their commander spoke they advanced in a body towards where the youth and maiden stood.

"Back!" uttered Feridoon. "Lay a hand upon this girl, and you—"

He did not finish the sentence, for the slaves had already advanced and were upon the point of putting their order into execution. By a simple movement Feridoon placed Zillah behind him, and then he seized the foremost slave by the girdle and the throat, and lifting him clear of the floor, he ordered Rudabah to open the outer door. The indignant wife and mother hesitated not an instant, and as soon as the door was opened the youth hurled the slave out into the garden. On the next instant he seized another and hurled him after the first, and it was not until three of them had been thus disposed of that the officer could recover his presence of mind sufficient to enable him to draw his sword; but now, when he had seen his third man thus hurled out of the house, and the prospect being apparent of himself soon following, he not only drew his own sword but he ordered his three remaining followers to do the same.

"Ha!" uttered Feridoon, as he saw the movement. "Fear not," he softly whispered to his beloved. "No blood shall be shed."

As he spoke, he drew his own sword, a weapon which he had selected from among more than three thousand which his foster-father had brought him, and moved towards the officer. The latter placed himself upon the most approved guard, but with one quick, resistless blow Feridoon severed his sword in twain. Then he seized the fellow by the neck and with one effort sent him headlong into the garden.

"Now prepare to die, dogs!" the hero shouted, at the same time raising his sword. The movement had just the effect he had anticipated, for the three remaining slaves sank down upon their knees and begged for mercy.

"Then get you gone!" our hero exclaimed.

The frightened slaves scrambled to their feet and with quick movements made their way into the garden, where their companions were just climbing to their feet and rubbing their bruises. Feridoon followed them out, and at another order from him they scampered into the street, one of them, however, crawling upon his hands and knees. As soon as they were gone the youth closed the gate, and then returned to the house.

"Now, sweet one, you are safe," he uttered, as he clasped the still trembling girl to his bosom. "By my life, no unholy king can gloat his passions upon the being of my love. O, I would slay every monarch on earth first, and then turn to God and the people for their approval."

"Holy angels!" ejaculated the poor cobbler, just beginning to recover himself, "what sort of arms have you got? My life of lives, how you did throw 'em about—just as I would flies, or spiders, or pebbles. Ormuzd protect us! How did you do it?"

"Just as you saw. But why do you tremble, Zillah?"

"Alas, I tremble now for you."

"For me?"

"Yes. Those men will return to the king, and they will tell him all that has transpired, and then he will send men enough to take you, and he will put you to death!"

"But he has not slaves enough to take me."

"But he will send his soldiers."

"Are they men?"

"Yes."

"Then I will tell them all the circumstances."

"My son," said the cobbler, "it would seem that you are not well acquainted with the people of our city."

"I must confess that I am not. Until yesterday and the day before, I never went among them."

"Then you know them not, nor do you know our king?"

"Yes, yes—I know Sohrab well. This single act, and the looks of his face, are enough. I know him."

"Then know that the people fear him, and that they will do his bidding let it be what it may. He has five thousand armed slaves in his own palace!"

"And yet I do not fear them," returned Feridoon, "so long as God is with me. But wait and see what shall come. Let us not fear until we shall have occasion. Come, Zillah, you must not fear more, for I am with thee. I have struck down thine enemies once, and I can do it again."

Then Feridoon sat down, and ere long his companions were so entranced by his conversation that they fairly forgot the danger that had threatened them, and which was threatening them still.

CHAPTER VI.

A KING IN TROUBLE.

SOHRAB was not upon his throne. He had hurried off the business of the day, leaving the local officers to carry out the details both of judgment and punishment, as they saw fit. He had hurried his satraps off to administer the governmental affairs as they might choose, and the great hall of audience was nearly empty. A few slaves remained behind to guard the place, and ever and anon some officer of the city guard would drop in to make his report, but finding the business closed for the day he would gaze about awhile upon the magnificence of the place and then depart. And this hall of judgment was worthy of being gazed upon, for every art known to man at the time was lavishly displayed there.

This royal audience chamber was over three hundred feet long and near one hundred wide. The sides were supported by

eighty marble pillars, each thirty-five feet high, the bases of which were formed by two recumbent lions to each column, and the capitals or chapiters, being four human forms placed at the angles of a square, facing outward and stooping over so that their heads formed volutes, while the roof rested upon their shoulders. These pillars were further adorned with all sorts of strange devices, and much matter was written upon them in what are now called the "arrow head" characters. The dome, or centre piece, was supported by eight more columns, seventy feet high, and in the centre of the circle of these columns stood the royal throne, covered with gold and precious stones. There was vast wealth collected here; and all for one man, or at the will of one. And the thousands who labored received for their work nothing but stripes and chains.

But the king was not now upon his throne. Twenty slaves guarded it from the hands of the profane while their royal master disposed of himself elsewhere. In another part of the palace, where the open windows looked out upon the broad garden and the artificial river, was the king, and only four trusty eunuchs attended him. He had gone there to await the coming of the peerless Zillah. He had donned his most sumptuous suit, and little dreamed he that the maiden would spurn all his offers. He knew nothing of that deep feeling which rests in the pure soul. Those of his satellites who understood it told it not to him, for they knew that he would not comprehend it. He imagined that his royal favor and love were more worth than all the other things earth or heaven can give for this life.

"Those slaves are tardy," he muttered to himself. "Have they not been gone long?"

This last remark was directed to his eunuchs, and they answered it in the affirmative, of course.

And yet time sped on and the officer and slaves did not return. Sohrab became vexed and impatient, for he was not used to having the execution of his orders so long delayed. And then the object for which he waited was one that gave him more than usual impatience. Never before had he seen so beautiful a being as the one he now waited for. He had many wives and many concubines, but not one in all his palace had beauty like the daughter of the poor cobbler.

At length, when the king could contain himself no longer, the sound of footsteps was heard upon the stairs leading from the garden, for by that way had Sohrab directed his officer to return. In a few moments more the door of the apartment was opened, and, throwing aside the heavy tapestry that covered it, one of the eunuchs who had been placed on watch entered. He reported to the king that the slaves were returning, and that they bore the chair upon their shoulders.

"Ha—well!" uttered the king. "And think you the chair contains anything?"

"It does, sire, for the slaves walked heavily under their burden."

"Good! The damsel took time to make herself presentable. I shall like her the better. What ho, here. Go help bear the fair burden up to our presence. Now by the gods, I shall revel in bliss such as mortals seldom find. Such wit—such beauty—such transcendent loveliness were never seen!" And the king paced to and fro across the broad apartment, as he thus spoke with himself. "Tis strange, though," he continued, "that she should have remained hidden so long. Her old father has been sly of her charms. But by my royal head, I found her. Zounds! what a simple thing will lead to great results. Had I not heard the cobbler laugh so loudly I should never have entered his place—and had I not entered I should not have seen the jewel of life I found. God kept her for me—surely!"

The king was stopped in his soliloquy by the entrance of the officer whom we have seen at Zak Turan's with the six slaves.

"Ha! Manto!" cried the king, "where is your charge? Bring her up at once."

"Sire," spoke the officer, bowing low and trembling, "she has not come."

"Not come! What mean you?"

"The lady we could not bring."

"Not bring? What had you in your chair but the damsel?"

"One of your own slaves was sprained his thigh so that he could not walk."

"Now by the gods, dog, you lie in my face!" cried the king, in a towering passion. "Why do ye tell me that you could not bring her?"

"Because we met with resistance we could not overcome."

"At human hands?"

"Yes, sire."

"Then why did ye not tell them that it was the king who had sent you?"

"I did."

"Mark me, Manto—speak no lie. Did ye speak to a living man, and tell him 'twas the order of the king, and then did that man resist?"

"Yes, sire."

"Was it the cobbler?"

"No. He resisted not at all. 'Twas a young man whom I never before saw; but one of the slaves knew him as the son of the satrap Rustem, named Feridoon."

"Ha! and has Rustem thus bred traitors for his king? But who helped this bold youth?"

"No one, sire. He is himself a tower of strength and daring. He seized your heaviest slaves and hurled them from the house as you would hurl a light javelin from you."

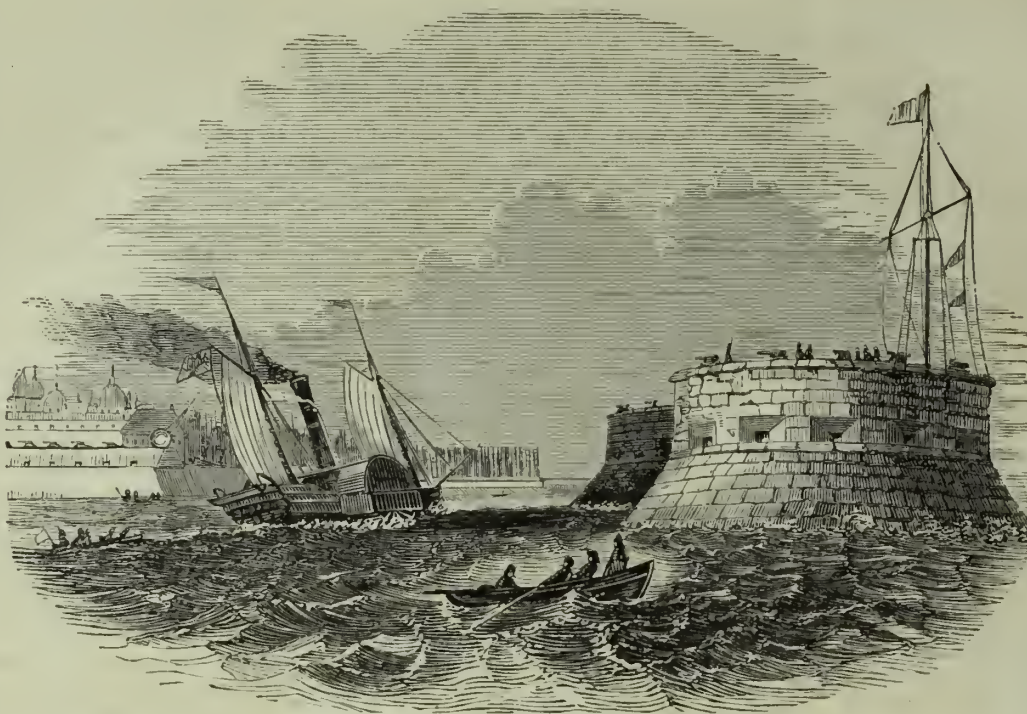
"You are lying, dog! No man could do that."

"You shall ask your slaves, sire."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EUROPEAN GRAIN PORTS.

Accompanying the following article we present our readers with accurate and spirited views of four of the principal grain ports of Europe—Cronstadt, Dantzic, Riga and Odessa. They derive an additional interest at the present time from the fact that Russia, the possessor of three of these European granaries, is now at war with her best customers, and constantly withholding their supplies, while the fourth, Dantzic (Danzig), belongs to a sovereign who has not yet defined his position, but rather leans to Russia in the present struggle. One of the last messages given by the late czar was to the king of Prussia, urging him to remember his father's friendship for Russia. The subject of our first illustration is Cronstadt—a place which we need not say that Sir Charles Napier with his "invincible armada" did not take last year—a town, fortress and port in the Russian government of St. Petersburg, and about thirty-one miles from that city. The word Cronstadt means the "Town of the Crown." It is built at the south-eastern extremity of Cotlin Ostrof, an island in that part of the Gulf of Finland called the Bay of Cronstadt, about sixteen miles above the mouth of the Neva. At the entrance of the harbor, on an island opposite the citadel, lies the fortress of Chronsehlott, built by Peter the Great, who termed it his window of Europe. Besides its importance as the great naval station of the Russian fleet, Cronstadt is the harbor of St. Petersburg. All vessels proceeding to that port are searched here, and their cargoes sealed; and such as are too large for the shallow waters of the Neva unload their cargoes at Cronstadt, and transport them in smaller craft. There are three harbors; but vessels are detained a great part of the year by ice in the Bay of Cronstadt, which usually prevents them from entering after the end of November, or leaving before the end of April, or sometimes even later. Peter the Great decreed an annual prize of 1000 roubles to the first vessel that should arrive at Cronstadt on the breaking up of the ice. The passage is a dangerous one; and in making it, some years ago, an English steamboat is stated to have been lost. The population of the town in summer exceeds 40,000 individuals, of various nations; of these, next to the Russians, the English are the most numerous. The breaking up of the ice of the Neva, and the white winter of St. Petersburg, are thus picturesquely described in the "Life of a Travelling Physician." "The river takes its rise from the Ladoga, thirty miles distant from the town, and as the stream is very rapid as it rises from the lake, so it is at this point that disintegration of the ice commences. This event is telegraphed from the fortress of Schlüsselberg, situated at the mouth of the river. The dissolution of the body is gradual; an isolated mass of ice loosened from its hold is carried down the stream, and, pressing against a resisting mass, forces it also to yield; as the floating particles increase from above, the pressure becomes greater and the resistance less, and a channel is formed in the centre of the stream, for there the current is strongest, and this becomes freed long before the sides of the river. An impediment to the speedy dissolution of the whole mass is frequently afforded by the roads which cross the river, and which, being covered by a mixture of sand and snow trodden down, do not feel the sun's influence like



CRONSTADT, RUSSIA.

the rest of the surface. Hence, a piece of ice half a verst long, will not force its way through them, so firm is the resistance which they offer, and it becomes necessary to saw the roads through. It is not uncommon to see people walking along these roads when all above and below them is a mass of floating ice. The whole of this process is often the source of great amusement. If the weather be warm and fine, the quays are crowded with people amusing themselves with the sight of this disintegration of the mass; all eyes are directed towards the bridge, where the people and carriages throng; many get out of their vehicles and walk over, hurry through their business on the opposite side, anxious to retrace their steps before the bridge was swung away. A trifling circumstance may hasten or retard this event. When least expected, away it swings, and gain and loss are counted. It is beautiful to witness the breaking up of a field of solid ice, which is in a semi state of decay. A large wedge comes down upon it, perhaps part of a road insinuates itself into it, and, breaking it through, throws up its fluted spiculae on each side in a thousand spangling forms. It is curious, also, to see the various things which float down with the large pieces of ice. Boats stranded in the ice, as they attempted to cross in the autumn; enclosures of rails made for the washerwomen; stacks of hay, suddenly carried away from the river's side; an unfortunate cow, and plenty of dogs, all travelling gratis down the stream. I have seen a flock of geese, standing upon a floating island, pass through the centre of the town before they took wing. A few hours suffice for the transit of the river ice into the gulf, for this takes place previous to the breaking up of the Ladoga. As soon as the river is clear, so that boats may cross, a cannon announces that the governor of the fortress has crossed—an ancient

able, may arrive at the edge of the ice in the gulf, and remain starving there with cold for a fortnight before they can come into port. When the ice does begin to move, they are often in great danger, for they must drift at the pleasure of the floating ice. The rudder is of no avail, and the sharp ice sometimes cuts them through and they founder. This may occur even more frequently in the autumn, when the ice is more hard and solid. Ships arrive within various distances of the port, when their progress is impeded by the discovery of a field of ice. Here they must remain until the following spring, unless some hurricane shall again break up the ice and allow them to proceed. It does occasionally happen that the first winter dissolves and a second commences. When fairly fixed at the edge of the ice, there they must remain, if no such extraordinary circumstance chance to free them. If ships are thus arrested within a mile of Cronstadt, a contract is formed with workmen to ent canals and tow them into port. The ship Archangel was caught and fixed in the ice seven versts below Cronstadt. A canal was sawed through at an expense of £150 sterling. She had a valuable cargo. A ship which had accompanied her on her voyage was ent through by the ice and foundered. Such are the inconveniences of navigating the Baltic early and late in the season. Dantzic (Danzig) is, next to St. Petersburg, the most important commercial city in the north of Europe. It lies on the left bank of the western arm of the Vistula, about three miles above its influx into the Baltic. It is a fortress of the first class, and the principal port of Prussia. It was anciently a leading member of the Hanseatic League, and a free city; it is still a place of great commerce, especially in wheat, brought down the Vistula from Poland and other grain-producing countries, and shipped from hence to all parts of

Europe. Indeed, the exports of wheat are greater than from any other port in the world. The granaries, of enormous dimensions, capable of holding as much as 500,000 quarters of corn, are situated on an island called Speicher Insel. To avoid the risk of fire, no one lives upon it, and lights are never admitted. The timber trade is also very considerable. There are four sorts of wheat distinguished here, viz.: white, high-mixed, mixed and red, according as the white or red predominates. The quality of Dantzic wheat is, for the most part, excellent; for, though small in the berry, and not so heavy as many other sorts, it is remarkably thin-skinned, and yields the finest flour. The white Polish wheat exported from here is the best in the Baltic. The wheat is conveyed by two modes; covered boats and open flats; some of the latter are 75 feet long and 20 broad, with a depth of 2 1/2 feet; they usually contain from 180 to 200



DANTZIC, PRUSSIA.

quarters of wheat; they draw only ten or twelve inches of water, yet they frequently, in descending the river, get aground. The town abounds in picturesque old buildings. The finest edifice is the cathedral built in the 14th century. The Long Market abounds in fine ancient architecture, the most striking of which is the Exchange. By means of gigantic sluice-gates, the country around three sides can be laid under water, and thus defended from an hostile attack. There are, besides, several external forts, which are very strongly built. The port of Dantzic is Neufahrwasser, at the mouth of the western arm of the Vistula. It is defended by a fort, has a light house and an extensive pier at the entrance of the channel. Dantzic was an important member of the Hanseatic League, and has frequently been called the granary of the North. After long contentions between the Danes, Swedes, Pomeranians and Teutonic knights for its possession, it fell into the hands of the latter in 1310. In 1454, it declared itself independent, and was recognized as such by the republic of Poland. May 28, 1793, it surrendered to the Prussians and acknowledged the Prussian government. In the war between France and Prussia, it was besieged by Marshal Lefevre from March 7, to May 27, 1807, when it surrendered, its reduction procuring for the French general the title of Duke of Dantzic. The treaty of Tilsit, however, established it as a free city, with a jurisdiction of ten miles under the joint protectorate of France, Prussia and Saxony, but a French garrison held possession of it and virtually annulled its independence. In 1813, it was blockaded, and capitulated after nearly a year's obstinate resistance, January 1, 1814. February 3, 1814, it again fell into the hands of Prussia, since which time its political position has been unchanged. Riga, the subject of the third engraving of our series, is a fortified city of the Russian government of the same name, lying on the Duna or Dwina, seven miles above its entrance into the Gulf of Riga. The inhabitants are chiefly Germans or of German origin, and its commerce was, prior to the war, carried on principally by English merchants. It was founded in the year 1200 by Bishop Albert, and, until the middle of the 17th century, belonged to the Teutonic knights. The Russian possession dates from 1710. Owing to its advantageous situation, it has a very extensive trade; being, of the Russian towns on the Baltic, in this respect second only to St. Petersburg. The exports consist of the great staple articles of Russian produce, corn, timber, flax, hemp, linseed, tallow, Russia leather and sailcloth. Riga wheat is inferior to that of Dantzic. Two descriptions are shipped—one the growth of Russia, the other of Courland; the last is the best, being larger bodied and of a brighter



RIGA, RUSSIA.

color than the Russian; still, it makes but indifferent flour. Oats are of good quality and are largely exported. The mast trade is extensive, and wainscot logs are much exported to England, and are very superior. The river is wide, the port very spacious and secure, and the merchantmen come up to the quays. In summer, a bridge of pontoons, loosely attached to piles, and rising and falling with the tide, is laid across the river; this bridge is 40 feet wide and 2600 feet long, and is a pleasant and fashionable promenade. The town is surrounded with ramparts and bastions; it has a strong citadel, and is otherwise well fortified, so that it is considered one of the most important bulwarks of the Russian empire. It has about four thousand houses, one thousand of which are of stone; there are fourteen churches and an imperial palace, arsenal and several other public buildings. It has suffered several times by fires and inundations; to the latter it is much exposed by the banks of the river being very low. Thus, at the breaking up of the ice in 1814, four hundred houses were swept away with their inhabitants, together with immense quantities of timber and eighty vessels laden with hemp. The numerous ships in the river, the bustle in the streets and the well-stocked warehouses and shops are indications of the extensive trade of which Riga is the centre. The population, including the troops of the garrison, is about 70,000, two-thirds of whom are Lutherans, the remainder are members of the Greek Church, Roman Catholics, etc. It is strongly fortified, and is divided into the town and the suburbs, the streets of the former being narrow and crooked, while in the latter they are straight, broad and commodious. Among the public buildings we may mention the cathedral, commenced in 1211 and rebuilt in 1547—St. Peter's church, which has a tower four hundred and forty feet high, the most elevated in the empire—the castle, etc. A

superb column, surmounted by a bronze statue of victory, of colossal size, was erected by the merchants in 1817, in honor of the Emperor Alexander and the Russian army. Among the curiosities of the public library, which is a free institution, are an arm-chair that once belonged to Charles XII. and some autograph letters of Luther. There is a bar at the mouth of the river which has usually from twelve to thirteen feet of water, and it is usual for vessels of a deeper draught to discharge their cargoes outside the bar at a place called Bolder-Aa. The entrance to the river at Dunamande is protected by a fort. The custom-house is also situated here. The city has increased and prospered very rapidly, notwithstanding the drawback of repeated and disastrous inundations. Our last illustration exhibits a place of unusual interest—Odessa, on the northwest coast of the Black Sea, between the rivers Dnieper and Bug. It is altogether a modern town, the foundations having been laid so recently as 1792, by order of the Empress Catharine, after the peace of Jassy. It was intended to serve as the entrepot for the commerce of the Russian dominions on the Black Sea, and has, in a great measure answered the expectations of its founders. It was declared a free port in 1817, and the inhabitants exempted from taxation for thirty years; since which period its increase has been extremely rapid. The site is, on the whole, well chosen. There is no river, but it has a fine bay, with sufficient depth of water, almost to the very shore, for the largest men of war. Among the articles of export from Odessa, corn, especially wheat, occupies, as is generally known, a very high rank; but tallow is, likewise, an important article. The Sabansky granary is of immense extent; the other granaries are also capacious and are all built of a stone found there. Murray says of Odessa, "it is surrounded on the land side by a dreary slope of so intractable a

soil, that trees and shrubs, with the exception of the acacia, rarely attain any size, and in many places, will not even live. The narrow slip along the seashore is the only oasis of vegetation in the neighborhood of the city. Artesian borings have been made to the depth of six hundred feet for water, but hitherto without success. Fuel is likewise very dear." The streets are mostly unpaved, and during wet weather are for the most part perfect quagmires, while the dust is equally annoying in the dry times. The present war has inflicted a severe blow on the prosperity of Odessa. It will be remembered that last year an Anglo-French fleet under Admiral Dundas, bombarded it, destroying a part of the fortifications and sinking several of the Russian ships of war, as a retaliation for the affair at Sinope.



ODESSA, RUSSIA.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

AN ANSWER TO LILY DALE.

BY ALONZO.

I stood by her grave when the night winds were sighing,
And the wild roses wept as they bent to its breath;
The voice of the streamlet was sadly replying:
"We weep for the maiden who sleeps here in death,
We weep for the smile that was sent as a ray
To light up our darkness, and then fade away;
We weep for the Lily that bloomed but to perish,
We weep for the angel we all loved to cherish.

"O lone is her grave 'neath the low-drooping willow,
And gone are the friends whom we saw round her bed;
But morning and eve we bend over her pillow,
And true in their grief are the tears that we shed.
We weep for the loss of her beauty and love,
We weep for the spirit that watches above,
We weep for the Lily that bloomed but to perish,
We weep for the angel we all loved to cherish.

"Neath the gleam of the starlight we sing our low numbers,
And drop our soft leaves o'er the turf where she slumbers,
And oft by the midnight we see the bright beam
Of the eyes of an angel who bends o'er the stream;
Then we weep for the maiden who loved us so well,
We weep for the light form that's gone from the dell,
We weep for the Lily that bloomed but to perish,
We weep for the angel we all loved to cherish.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE MAID OF ESKDALE MOOR.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

A MERRY company of equestrians, among whom were some of the first lords and ladies of the land, entered a path which wound through Ettrick forest, just as the brilliant hues which sunset had shed over the western sky began to yield to the softening shades of twilight. Anne of Raeburn—more generally known by the appellation of "The Maid of Eskdale Moor," and who was distinguished for her beauty where all were beautiful—was the first to enter the forest-path. Lord Thirlestane was soon at her side, but was soon obliged to fall back on account of the narrowness of the way. He had for some time been an unsuccessful suitor for the hand of the lovely Anne; and, indignant at the pertinacity with which he kept near her, when he well knew his company was not desired, she suddenly checked her spirited horse, which she reined round so as to face those who followed. Unfastening a silken scarf which she wore round her neck, and waving it so that its azure folds floated on the air, disclosing the rich embroidery with which her own hands had adorned it, she said:

"Whosoever of this gay and goodly company is the first to join me in the broad glade that lies in the heart of this forest, shall receive this as a guerdon—be it lady, lord or knight, or one of low degree."

As she pronounced these last words, her glance involuntarily, perchance, fell on Owen Ludlow, a young man who was distinguished only for his manly virtues, his manly courage and noble heart. Still, though without birth or title, he had dared to love the beautiful maid of Eskdale Moor.

"First," resumed the Lady Anne, "let me name one condition. Each of you must remain where you are long enough, in my own estimation, to give me a chance for a fair start, of which you shall thus be apprised." And raising to her lips a tiny silver bugle, or bird-call, which was appended to a golden chain she wore round her neck, she blew three notes so clear and musical as to elicit a soft response from the covert of many a green bough. One more wave of the azure scarf, and then turning, she was the next minute, by an abrupt turn of the path, concealed from view.

They all waited in breathless attention till one might have counted a hundred, when the silence was once more broken by three musical notes which, floating from a distance on the twilight air, sounded softer and more silvery than before. As they simultaneously started forward, most of the ladies said to each other, "Thirlestane will be the winner." And to those not well acquainted with the forest, this seemed inevitable; for he had the advantage of being foremost when he started, and the path was too narrow to pass him. Some, however, who were present knew that after a while the path would be much broader, so that three and even four horses could go abreast. Still, though they knew this, as the widening of the path was gradual, they could not tell the exact spot where an attempt to pass Thirlestane could first be made with safety, and he was as ignorant as the rest. Only one present knew that directly after passing a large oak which, having many years previous been struck with lightning, rose white and ghastly like a giant skeleton against the green foliage of the adjacent trees, the path suddenly expanded into a little circular glade scarce forty feet in diameter.

As has been said, only one was aware that the seathed onk designated the exact spot—and that one was Owen Ludlow. As they drew near the place, he made every necessary preparation to avail himself of the advantage which would there be presented. Not only Thirlestane, but two others preceded him. It was well that his landmark exhibited such a decided contrast to the surrounding trees, for the night-shadows began to brood darkly over the forest. Thirlestane had somewhat slackened his horse's speed, imagining that for the present no one, without resorting to unfair means, could pass him. This gave Ludlow the advantage. Partly owing to the darkness, and partly on account of not being familiar with the spot, by the time Thirlestane and the others who were ahead of him became aware that they had emerged from the narrow path they had for the last ten minutes been threading into

the small, circular glade, Owen Ludlow had darted past them with the speed of an arrow. Thirlestane, uttering a rude and angry exclamation, buried his spurs in the sides of his good steed, and rushed after him. But though the path which opened from the opposite side of the glade was smooth, the distance between him and Ludlow did not grow less.

A few minutes more, and Owen Ludlow had reached the glade, where Anne was to await the arrival of the party. As he entered it, there came to his ear a quick succession of wild, broken notes; yet wild and broken as they were, there was in them a silvery sweetness, which made him know that they proceeded from the tiny bugle worn by Anne. They appeared as if rapidly receding, and were soon suddenly broken off, as if by the rude interposition of a second person. Thirlestane and two or three others reached the place where Ludlow sat on his horse awaiting them.

"Anne of Raeburn is gone," said he; "carried off, as there is reason to fear, by some of the outlaws who have from time to time infested this forest." And then he told them of the wild, broken notes he had heard, which were suddenly hushed, and which, there could be no doubt, she had sounded in the hope that they would be heard by some of her late companions, and serve to indicate the direction which must be taken by those disposed to rescue her.

"Some two or three rods farther on," said Owen Ludlow, "there are three paths which diverge to the right. One of these was undoubtedly taken by whoever has carried off the Lady Anne. The paths are dark, narrow and intricate; but the full moon, which is already some distance above the horizon, will partially dispel the darkness. There's not a moment to be lost. When we reach the paths I have mentioned, let each one choose for himself."

"I, for one, give you my thanks for condescending to give us directions," said Thirlestane, "but I don't fancy being lured into a nest of robbers till better prepared to meet them. In my opinion, 'twould savor more of rashness than bravery. Besides, are these ladies to be left in the depths of the forest at this late hour, without either guide or protector?"

"I was thinking it might fall to my lot to be their escort," said an old, hardy-looking knight; "but if you, my Lord of Thirlestane, will undertake the task, I will gladly join Owen Ludlow and the rest of 'em, for the rescue of the fair Maid of Eskdale Moor."

"You may do as you like," said Thirlestane, sullenly.

The old knight made no reply, but when they arrived at the spot where the three paths branched off to the right, and he saw Owen Ludlow enter the middle one, his love of adventure got the better of every other consideration, and crying, "I'm with you, Ludlow of the Border," dashed on after him.

Some of them wondered why Owen without the least hesitation should enter the middle path, and hesitated to follow; but a glimpse of something hanging on the branch of a tree, which he took to be the silken scarf that was to have been the guerdon of whoever first joined the owner in the glade, was what had decided him. He found that he had not been mistaken. Snatching it from the bough, he waved it above his head; and then, as its azure folds floated back on the wind, they caught a shower of silvery radiance from the beams of the moon, which shone through an opening in the trees.

"'Tis her scarf!—'tis Anne of Raeburn's scarf! Let us on to the rescue!" was the cry that woke the echoes of the old forest, as they dashed on after their bold and youthful leader. When they at last emerged from the forest, they knew not what course to take.

"Let us go to the 'Fairies' Dell,'" said Sir Darcie Kerr, the stout old knight who so gladly transferred the right which age gave him to be the lady's escort to Lord Thirlestane, "for by my halidom, if the inhabitants, as some say, are such wee things that they can sleep in the blue heather bell, we have nothing to fear from them; while, as is more likely, it is infested with a band of robbers, we will give them a taste of our good Rippon blades, and show them that our arrows have a true aim and a keen barb."

"And that the eagle feathers that plume them have lost none of their swiftness from being plucked from the wings where they grew," said Owen Ludlow, who, like Sir Darcie, could think of no better course than to proceed to "Fairies' Dell."

All were willing to follow. It was about midnight when they came in sight of the craggy heights which rose on either side of the dell. Here, screened by some bushes and trees, it was decided that all should remain except Owen, who was to proceed to the edge of the dell, and cautiously reconnoitre. He found that although the moon was now high in the heavens, it failed to illumine its deeper recesses. But though dark, it was not silent. The slow tread of horses' feet could be distinctly heard, and now and then the jingle of spurs and harness, but not a word was spoken.

Owen began to grow impatient, when he was startled by a single note, sharp and shrill, such as more than once he had heard pierce the midnight silence, and was, as he well knew, the signal often used by the outlaws of the forest. It had not yet died away, when the red light of half a dozen torches was thrown over a scene of such surpassing wildness, that superstition might well imagine it to be peopled by the elfin race that gave to the dell its name. But Owen had neither time nor inclination to indulge in dreams of superstition, or romance, for, riding by the side of a noted robber chief, who had long had a price set on his head, was Anne of Raeburn. Four of his band followed at a little distance. Owen now regretted that his companions had not accompanied him; for what appeared to be a portion of the solid rock, which precipitately rose on one side of the dell, was slowly moved aside, and disclosed the entrance to a cavern. Once within their stronghold, they would at least for the present, be secure. He, however,

had short time for regret, for, hearing a slight noise, he looked round, and saw Sir Darcie and the others who had remained behind, stealthily approaching the spot. The old knight, when he heard the shrill sound of the outlaw's whistle, which had been the signal for the torches to be displayed, knew that they had been right in their conjecture, and that there was no time to lose.

They arrived at the right moment. The outlaws had just dismounted from their steeds, while the Lady Anne, refusing the proffered assistance of the chief, had also alighted from her palfrey. She was ordered to enter the cavern; but ere she had time to obey, the captain, who had turned to follow her, uttered a sharp cry, and fell to the ground. Three of the others were either slain or wounded; the remaining one escaped unharmed.

It so happened that the rest of the band were absent on some other expedition, only a few menials having been left behind, who, without delay, provided for their safety by securing the entrance of the cave. The fair Maid of Eskdale Moor was, therefore, soon again in the saddle riding in the moonlight by the side of Owen Ludlow.

As Lord Thirlestane, whose courage had somewhat revived in the cheering light of a bright, balmy morning, was debating in his own mind relative to the expediency of placing himself at the head of a hundred armed men and going in search of the Lady Anne, he saw in the distance a company of horsemen. As they drew nearer, he saw that Sir Darcie was at their head, and that next rode a lady whom he recognized as the Maid of Eskdale Moor. There was a youthful warrior at her side, conspicuous for his graceful and noble bearing. Lord Thirlestane knew it was Owen Ludlow, and, at another time, he would have chafed not a little; but now, the remembrance of the cowardice he had manifested, in suffering Sir Darcie to take his place in a dangerous enterprise, caused him to be so crest-fallen, that emotions of shame predominated over those of anger.

The Lady Anne was soon safe in her own home. Her father, who knew naught of the danger she had been in till he heard it from her own lips—imagining, as she had often done before, that she had concluded to spend the night with a fair cousin, who lived a mile distant—would take no denial from those who had so gallantly rescued her, but insisted they should all seat themselves at the board which was spread for the morning meal.

"On the whole," said Sir Darcie, "I think we may as well accept your hospitality, for in good sooth, our long ride and the fresh air, if I may judge by myself, has given us keen appetites."

"That is well," said the host, "for in a keen appetite lies the cook's commendation, even more than in the savoriness of the viands."

"A commendation in which the hostess is always entitled to a full share," said Sir Darcie, bowing with stately and respectful politeness to Lady Raeburn, who at this moment entered and took her place at the table.

Some of the younger gentlemen, particularly Owen Ludlow, entertained some faint hope that Anne would be present. It is probable that Lady Raeburn suspected something of the kind; for she remarked to them, that her daughter, now that all cause for alarm and excitement was past, found herself so languid and fatigued, as to be obliged to seek the repose of her own chamber.

While their masters were doing justice to the various and delicious articles of food which constituted then, as they continue to do now, a Scottish breakfast, the tired steeds, that had so faithfully performed their share of the hazardous undertaking, were entertained in a manner which suited them quite as well.

Ere Sir James Raeburn and his guests rose from the table, they formed a well-concerted plan to surprise and capture the rest of the robbers, as on their return from the expedition in which they were now engaged, they approached their stronghold. It is unnecessary to say more, than that they were successful, and that Owen Ludlow acquitted himself so bravely, that, as a reward for his valor, he received the honors of knighthood.

There was another reward received by Owen, which he valued far more highly than his gilded spurs. It was bestowed by Sir James Raeburn, and was the hand of "The Maid of Eskdale Moor."

From that time it was no longer attended with danger, for even ladies, to ride through the green aisles and flowery glades of Ettrick Forest—not only when leaf and spray were gemmed with morning dew, but when there was no other light, except what the moon shed in a silvery shower through the foliage, to guide them on their way.

ANECDOTE OF SWIFT.

In one of those lucid intervals which varied the course of Swift's unhappy lunacy, his guardians, or physicians, took him out to give him an airing. When they came to the Phoenix Park, Swift remarked a new building which he had never seen, and asked what it was designed for. Dr. Kingsbury answered, "That, Mr. Dean, is the magazine for arms and powder, for the security of the city." "O," said the dean, pulling out his pocket-book, "let me make an item of that. This is worth remarking. 'My tablets!' as Hamlet says, 'my tablets! memory, put down that.'" He then produced the following lines—the very last he ever wrote:

"Behold a proof of Irish sense!
Here Irish wit is seen:
When nothing's left that's worth defence,
We build a magazine."

Mr. Dean then put up his pocket-book, laughing heartily at the conceit, and clenching it with, "When the steed is stolen, shut the stable-door."—*Life of Swift.*

The pleasure of society among friends is cultivated by a similarity of taste in what regards manners, and by some difference of opinion on the sciences; hence we are strengthened in our sentiments, and instructed by discussion.—*La Bruyère.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

CHILDHOOD.

BY MARY H. LUCY.

Voices of sweet music
Echo in my ear;
Merry footsteps ringing,
Tell of light hearts here;
Peals of happy laughter
Float upon the air,
Tokens of bright childhood
All unlearned in care!

Like the winds and waters
Of the summer time,
When the wave and zephyr
Chant in flowing rhyme;
So, e'en as we listen
To thy glad some mirth,
Seems thy sinless spirit
All too pure for earth.

Like the meek Madonna,
Brows so purely fair;
But the years will linger
With their shadows there!
Gentle words of sympathy
After hours forget,
Thou wilt learn in living
Worldly wisdom yet!

Unto thee, O childhood,
Turn we in life's noon,
With a sad regretting
That it passed so soon,
Nearer far to heaven,
Than in later years;
Is it strange our greeting
Mingles with our tears?

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

RALEIGH'S GUEST.

BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.

It was a glorious afternoon in the middle of July, 1584, that the Roanoke Indians held their seaside festival on the island yet called "Nokokan," off the eastern coast of North Carolina. All that morning had canoes arrived, coming from the various inlets of what are now called Pamlico and Albemarle Sounds, and hundreds of warriors were assembled around the great council-fire. The young men were playing a game of ball, and the maidens amused themselves with a conchological game resembling dice, now known to the acute and verdant as "props." Savory raccoons smoked upon wooden spits, resting upon forked sticks driven into the ground before large fires, over which simmered clay vessels of okra soup, while in the ashes largo cakes of corn bread were being baked to a crisp. Everything betokened a high festival, but ere the culinary preparations were concluded, a novel spectacle at the inlet, of which the island is the southern boundary, called every one to the beach. Two strange objects, like gigantic canoes attached to white clouds, were moving over the smooth water. Nor was the wonder abated when Manteo, a young chief who had been on a fishing expedition, returned. The wonders he reported were filled with human beings, for he had seen them, but they were white, and had long beards. Perhaps the great Manitou had sent them!

The two vessels that were the cause of this wonder on the part of the savages, were those fitted out by Sir Walter Raleigh, under Amadas and Barlow, to take possession of some portion of the newly discovered continent, in the name of England. They had coasted along from Capo Fear, and now, entering the inlet, they cast anchor. A boat was manned from each vessel, to carry the two captains, with their armed escorts, and as the keels grated on the beach, Captain Armadas jumped out, waving the British flag, and exclaiming:

"We take possession of this land, in the name of the queen's most excellent majesty, as rightful queen and sovereign of the same, to be held in fief by her good knight, Sir Walter Raleigh, according to her royal majesty's grant and letters patent, under her highness's great seal."

This was the real christening of the American republic—the planting of those Anglo-Norman colonies which have carried from thence to the golden shores of the Pacific, the language and the independence of their forefathers. The seed planted on the island of "Nokokan," as a historian observes, has developed a new genius of men. The great principles of human government have been simplified; the liberty of the people, and their right to self-government, immovably established; a free, happy and powerful republic, under the constitution and laws of which the rights of individuals are as inviolably sustained as is the glory of the national faith, now covers the fairest portions of the New World; and, what is the proudest result of all, this new-born nation, in the purity of its government, and in the happiness of its people, is now sending back, across the sea, to regenerate and to reform the Old World, the sublime lessons of our own experience. Happy, proud America! She has given to the world the great principle of a free government. She has extended the provinces of liberty, civilization, and of law. The lightning of the heavens could not resist her philosophy, nor the temptation of a throne seduce her patriotism.

The affrighted Indians kept themselves concealed from the view of the new-comers, upon whom they looked with superstitious awe, while the English, fearing armed assailants, remained on board, or kept within sight of their ships. The goodly land before them, covered with luxurious vines, seemed to have

bloomed among its existence, unenjoyed by man; but on the third day they discovered that it was inhabited.

Manteo, who had first discovered the strange visitors, advised his fellow warriors not to flee from them.

"If they are sent by the Great Spirit on an errand of mercy," said he, "we should not avoid them: if sent as ministers of wrath, why seek to escape our doom? But if they are men, let us go to them with the calumet of peace. The Roanokes have never harmed any other tribe—why should we fear?"

These remarks were received with grunts of approbation, which became louder as the grand sachem appointed Manteo their ambassador. There was only one of the tribe who was not delighted, and this was Netawis, a daughter of the headman of what is now Albemarle. Already had Manteo brought rich gifts to her father, in order to conciliate his approval of the alliance; and if the customs of the Roanokes forbade any expression of preference on her part, she had nevertheless become deeply enamored with her tawny wooer. Nor had he ever looked nobler or braver than when he started on his mission, painted in bright war colors, and wearing the plumes of the gay scarlet flamingo in his raven locks.

No sooner did the English see Manteo approach in his canoe, than Captain Armadas ordered a boat to be manned, in which he went to meet him. There was an interchange of pantomime, during which Manteo signified his willingness to visit one of the vessels, and was accordingly taken on board. Examining everything in the ship with great curiosity, and accepting several presents after he had eaten dinner with his hosts, he returned to the island. There he was soon surrounded by an admiring circle, who listened for hours to his wonderful narrations about the pale-faces, and when he handed a string of gay glass beads to the father of Netawis, he was looked upon with that reverence with which the Romans gazed upon the young knight who made the famed leap for their welfare. The next day, a dozen canoes were alongside each vessel, and before night "trade" had commenced.

The English now landed, and whilst some opened a station for the barter of knives and toys, for furs, pearls and dye-woods, others explored the surrounding inlets in small boats. They saw, with curious gaze, plantations of Indian corn, of potatoes and of tobacco, all of which they tested with approval. Nor could they but admire the wigwams, neatly constructed of red cedar and bark, fortified by palisades without, and comfortably fitted up with fur couches. The sachems, on state occasions, wore short black fur cloaks, and had their heads shaven, with the exception of an erect crest of hair along the top of the skull, like what is called a "hogged" mane. The wife of one of them was also clad in a black fur cloak, with a branch of white coral on her forehead, and long strings of pearls hanging from her ears, or entwined with her long, flowing raven tresses.

On one occasion, this savage belle had prepared for her guests, in the words of Captain Barlowe, "a solemn banquet," wherewithal to refresh them; and as soon as they had dried themselves and re-assumed their outer garments, they were ushered into an inner room to enjoy the feast. The tables were set all around against the walls of the house, and on them were placed "some wheate like furmentie; venison, sodden and roasted; fish, sodden, boiled and roasted; mellons, rawe and sodden; roots of divers kinds, and divers fruites." Their drink was wine, made of the grapes of the island, and ginger-cinnamon and saffra-water. Captain Barlowe exclaims: "We were entertained with all love and kindness, and with as much bountie, after their manner, as they could possibly devise. We found the people most gentle, loving and faithful, and such as live after the manner of the golden age."

But this could not always last, and soon the vessels sailed for London, richly laden with furs and other valuable productions. Nor did they content themselves with these, for they persuaded Manteo to accompany them, that the queen might see one of her new subjects. He, unsuspecting and frank, willingly consented to go, although his heart beat high when he took leave of Netawis. Often, too, did he think of his love, as the small vessel on which he embarked staggered across the Atlantic, under small sails closely furled. Instead of cleaving the waves, the rude craft plunged her bows into them like a spaniel, but unlike that animal, never stopped to shake off the water, which kept her decks flooded even in a moderate breeze. Right glad was he when the chalky cliffs of Old England came in sight.

The palace at Windsor is justly pronounced peerless among palaces. Its gothic fane, its broad terraces, its silver belting river, its sylvan groves, and its massive circumference of towers, render it a fit home for England's majesty. Nor has it ever witnessed a more gallant court than that which attended the proud Elizabeth, that last and most vindictive of the Tudor race. One morning, about a year after the commencement of our story, there was an unusual stir in the courts, and at an early hour, the yeomen of the guard, in their gorgeous liveries, were grouped around the lower gate. Soon a cloud of dust was seen approaching, and a carriage passed the drawbridge, in which were two men—one was Sir Walter Raleigh, the other Manteo, lord of Roanoke. Behind them came other carriages, in which were the principal officers of the expedition just returned. Raleigh was then in the prime of life, and looked, in his magnificent attire, like a sovereign. His form was erect, his eye clear, his complexion fair, and his small white hand, studded with gems, peeped out from the lace ruffles of his velvet doublet. Brave in war, accomplished in literature, sagacious in council, he well merited the salute with which the culverins of the enfrew tower welcomed him, while the yeomen lowered their halberds as he passed the warden's lodge.

The queen was waiting her minister's coming in the great hall

of St. George, at one extremity of which her throne was placed upon a platform. Age had robbed her of what little beauty she had once possessed, but no art had been neglected to heighten her charms. She wore a dress of white brocade satin, embroidered with gold, and a girdle of precious stones encircled her waist. A small crown surmounted her bright red hair, and in her ears were costly diamond pendants. On either side of her were her maidens, all standing, and employed in embroidery or fancy needlework. At the other extremity of the hall were the high officers of state, richly attired, and bearing the symbols of their stations.

"The lord proprietor of Virginia and the lord of Roanoke crave an audience," said the usher of the gold rod, bending his knee before the throne.

"Admit the masquers," said the queen. "And you, my maidens, can sit upon your benches, after the sport commences." All eyes were turned towards the door, but instead of a troupe of masquers, Sir Walter Raleigh entered, with a slow and stately step, leading Manteo by the hand. A sailor who had been so fortunate as to master the Indian dialect during the voyage, followed at a respectful distance.

Advancing to the foot of the throne, Raleigh knelt, his companion following his example, and said, in a musical voice:

"Permit me to present to your majesty one on whom, by virtue of my charter, I have ennobled as England's ally—Lord of Roanoke."

"By my sceptre," exclaimed the queen, evidently pleased with the conceit, "I confirm the act. Rise my Lord of Roanoke, and you, my trusty Raleigh. But where is the proprietor of Virginia, who was just announced? That, to me, is an unknown land."

"It was, may it please your majesty," replied Raleigh; "but the vessels of your humble servant having discovered its excellencies, I have presumed to name it in honor of that virgin monarch, whose smile is the sunlight of her subjects."

"A quaint conceit, my lord proprietor—and so this is a Virginian. He is a goodly looking heathen, albeit of a copper hue."

"Which is more apparent when contrasted with the snowy neck of his queen. But will your majesty examine the productions of Virginia?"

Assent was graciously accorded, and the presents were brought forward for the curious examination of the queen and her attendants. Fragrant tobacco, golden ears of maize, the basket of potatoes, and a variety of articles of Indian apparel, curiously wrought with porcupine quills, were in turn handled. At times the queen propounded questions to Manteo, and his answers, as interpreted, were much to the point, but at last, while Raleigh was conversing apart with the lord chancellor, an unlucky question was put.

"Ask him," said the queen, with a conceited smile, "who is the most beautiful lady in this hall."

The honest sailor translated the question, and Manteo's reply:

"He says that he knows not which to prefer, of the two ladies in blue at your right."

"God's mercy!" exclaimed the vixen daughter of Henry the Eighth, with suppressed rage; "are these immodest wantons, with their shameless glances, to make a parade of their enticements before our court?"

"May it please your majesty," interrupted Raleigh, who had heard the unlucky remark, while the innocent maidens of honor shrunk away to conceal their shame.

"No apologies, my lord! Elizabeth asks no one to apologize; but you may take away this filthy savage. Fangh! his presence is insupportable."

To hear was to obey, and Raleigh left the hall, accompanied by Manteo, who was somewhat astonished at not having received a present, as he had been told he would. Ere Raleigh could caution the interpreter, however, the savage learned wherein he had offended, and for once a grim smile stole over his features.

"He wishes me to tell you," said the interpreter, "that he thought the mighty squaw told the truth, and that she had intended to offer him the choice of her attendants. But Manteo cannot lie. He cannot look upon the leafless tree, and say it is a vigorous sapling—the fruit of the wild apple is not a beautiful blossom."

"Say to him," replied Raleigh, "that the truth cannot always be spoken among us who are civilized. But he need not be discomforted. He shall yet be confirmed 'Lord of Roanoke.'"

Another year had passed, and again the Roanokes had assembled for their sea shore feast. But there was one sad heart among them. Netawis—the beautiful Netawis, was to be given as a wife to Mamoyeh, the chief of the Secotans. Her father, propitiated by gifts of an iron hatchet and a pack of furs, had forgotten his compact with Manteo.

The hour appointed for the nuptials had arrived, and the friends of the bride prepared to escort her to the wigwam which was to be her home. All at once a large canoe was seen approaching the inlet, and with a bound, a richly attired man landed on the shore. He wore a fanciful European costume, but his face was not pale, he had no beard, and as he approached the council-fire he gave the well known cry of the Roanokes. It was Manteo!

Netawis heard the cry in her wigwam, followed by the shout of welcome. A cold dew burst from her forehead at the sound of the well known voice, and she sank back upon her couch, motionless and gasping for breath. Soon a loved form darkened the doorway, and Manteo entered, exclaiming:

"I have come for my bride. Let her return with me to the wigwam where I left my mother, and enjoy the gifts I have brought her."

Nearly two centuries passed away, and the State in which the scene of our story has been laid, paid homage to the first European friend of America, by calling its capital "the city of Raleigh."

JONATHAN MASON WARREN, M. D.

Professional talent is hereditary in certain families, though the transmission of intellectual gifts is rather, we think, an exception than the rule. The Warren family is one of these exceptions, and the subject of the present sketch appears to have inherited the ability of his father and his grand-uncle. Jonathan Mason Warren is the third son and fourth child of Dr. John C. Warren, by his first wife, Susan Powell Mason, and was born on the 5th of February, 1811. He received his preparatory education in Boston, and was admitted to an advanced standing in Harvard College in 1827. He did not long remain a pupil of the university, however, for ill health compelled him to relinquish his studies and seek relief in a change of climate. He was absent for some time, and returning with completely renovated powers, commenced with ardor the study of medicine under the instruction of his father. After receiving the degree of Doctor of Medicine at Cambridge, he went to Europe to perfect himself in surgery. Much of his time was passed in Paris, in attending the lectures and hospitals; he also visited other cities of Europe, and studied with the best anatomists, lecturers and operators. On his return from Europe, he performed several operations, which gained him much credit, and brought him favorably before the public. For years, Dr. Warren has enjoyed a very extensive practice; and this, we think, he owes to his own skill, and not to the circumstance of his being the son of one of our most celebrated surgeons. In this country, there is little faith in hereditary talent. To be the son of a great man, instead of being an assistance with us, is to provoke a rigid scrutiny and constant criticism. This the subject of our sketch has sustained triumphantly, and has fairly earned the reputation he enjoys, and the prosperity that results from it. Among the difficult operations he performed on his return from Europe, was the rhinoplastic operation, by means of which he skillfully restored to one of his patients the most prominent feature of the face, of which he had been deprived. An operation like this is sure to tell. The surgeon's skill is as "plain as the nose on a man's face," or, on the man's face, perhaps we ought to say. In the course of his practice, he has performed many other tasks of equal or greater difficulty, which it is unnecessary to enumerate, and he is generally reputed a skilful operator. Surgical science, like all other sciences, is progressive; and it requires great industry on the part of a surgeon to keep pace with its advance, especially when burdened with an extensive practice. Dr. Warren, however, finds time for this, and is well read up in all the current literature of his profession. It is fortunate, in the declining years of his father, who now only officiates in consultations and exceptional cases, that his name is borne by one who so well sustains the family reputation for skill and professional zeal.

MRS. RUSH'S MANSION, PHILADELPHIA.

The new and splendid mansion-house represented in the accompanying sketch, drawn expressly for the Pictorial, stands in Chestnut Street, between Nineteenth and Twentieth Streets, Philadelphia, and is owned and tenanted by Mrs. Rush, a lady who occupies a distinguished position in the *beau monde* of the city of brotherly love, and whose wealth, taste and liberality have of late years given extensive publicity to her name. Her generous hospitality, and her liberal patronage of American arts, justify the interest felt in her surroundings, and warrant us in making her residence the subject of illustration and comment. The immense edifice we have sketched is of brick, and a double flight of marble steps conducts the visitor to the principal entrance. The exterior style of architecture is designedly old fashioned and quaint. The location is at the west end of Philadelphia, and in a neighborhood where elaborated and fanciful buildings of freestone and granite prevail; but it was Mrs. Rush's taste to go back to the olden time, and hence the peak, or gable end, fronting on the street. We by no means disapprove of the reproduction of the old style of domestic architecture in our city residences. Independently of the fact that many of the houses of one, two or three centuries back were intrinsically picturesque, the continuance of them invests them with the charm of association. As we look upon these quaint and solid structures, we are reminded of the hospitality, the gallantry, the courtesy of those gentlemen and ladies of the old school, of whose manners we have so few specimens extant. The interior of Mrs. Rush's house is divided into drawing-rooms, parlors, cabinets and suites of apartments, furnished at a cost that reminds us of dual expenditure and luxury. Mrs. Rush took possession of her residence in the spring of 1852, and made the circumstance memorable by a fete given on that occasion, the splendors of which formed the subject of comment and conversation far and near. With an income of more than \$100,000 a year, she dispenses a liberal hospitality, and lives in a style of splendor exceeding, we believe, that of any other citizen of the United States. Her parties are numerous, and always characterized by liberality and good taste. Her apartments accommodate eight hundred guests, and no pains are spared



J. MASON WARREN, M.D.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. A. WHIPPLE.

to contribute to their entertainment. Music by the best artists, and a *recherche* banquet, of course, figure among the *agremens*; while upon the scene of social gaiety six thousand wax lights shed a splendor that emulates the light of day. As soon as dancing commences, the large conservatory is thrown open, adding a vista of choice native and exotic plants in full bloom, and colored lamps increasing the effect, form a *coup d'œil*, according to a writer in the *Home Journal*, unequalled in display by anything of the kind he ever saw in the aristocratic palaces of England. An especial feature in the establishment of Mrs. Rush is her Saturday morning *leves*. On these occasions, her house is open to the visits of her friends; and those who have the "open sesame," speak of these *matinées* as extremely delightful. The hostess has a happy facility of making her visitors feel at ease; light refreshments are offered, the topics of the day are discussed pleasantly and cursorily, choice music regales the ear, and every visitor feels that an hour of the morning passed in her saloons is something to be looked back upon with pleasure. In spite of the external appearance of the mansion, it must be confessed that the style of the housekeeping resembles the old school in nothing but hospitality and courtesy. The ladies of the "republican court" would have been astounded and aghast at the splendor and lavish expenditure which illustrate the modern school of living. Luxury has kept pace with social movements in other directions, and our fashionables are hard upon the present style of those of England.

noble room, sixty-six feet long by about forty-three feet wide, with lofty and magnificent ceilings, from which spring three large lantern skylights, rising to a height of fifty-five feet from the floor. The counters are of massive iron, with richly designed, embossed and bronzed iron railings, not only in front, but in the divisions between departments. These counters are so constructed that not a joint, or a screw, or a rivet can be discovered. This iron work, as well as the massive door in the front building, is from the manufactory of Mr. Robert Wood, of Philadelphia. Mr. John Hammit, who has attained an enviable reputation as a manufacturer of desks and counting-house furniture, had the work in that department of the building entrusted to him, and the result of his skilful labor is most satisfactory. All the desks, pigeon-hole cases, drawers, book-racks and inside counters were manufactured specially for the purpose by Mr. Hammit. The material is oak, the surface of which is highly polished. In point of style, this furniture is neat, tasteful and durable. Some idea of the requirements of the business of the bank may be formed from the fact that no less than two hundred seventy-five feet of walnut desks and counters have been constructed for the use of the clerks. Each desk is so constructed that it can easily be altered to suit the height of the clerk who may occupy it. The foreign note desk is "a head and shoulders" higher than its neighbors, in order to suit the altitude of a lengthy gentleman for whose use it is designed. But it is unnecessary for us to enter into any further minute details of the interior,

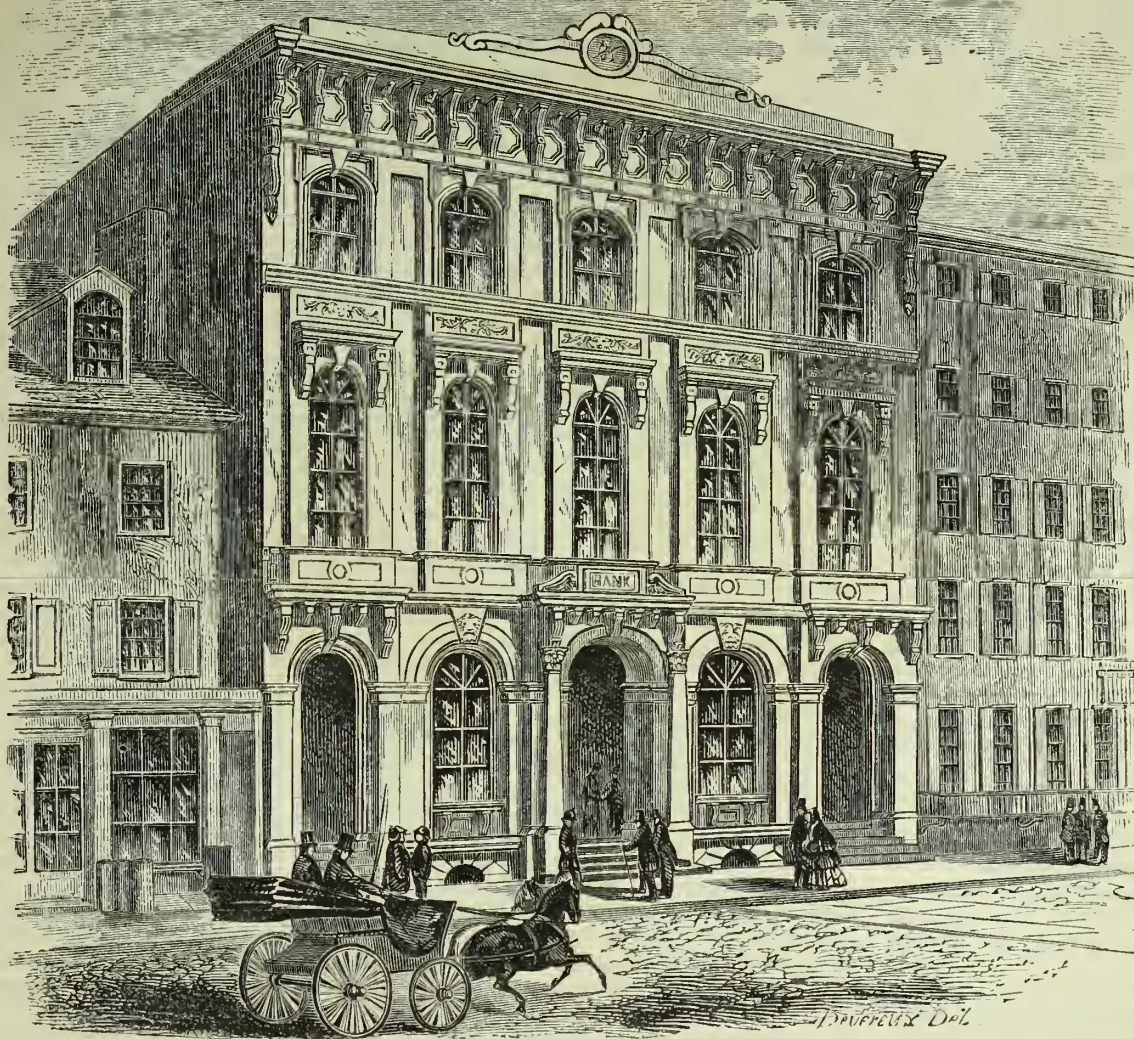
which should be seen to be appreciated, and which are monuments of the artistic and mechanical skill of Philadelphia. The private apartments of the president and cashier are in the rear end of the banking room. The vaults are on the first floor, and are fire and burglar proof. The building is an ornament to the city, a proof of the flourishing condition and liberality of the bank, and a monument of the skill of the artisans of the city of Brotherly Love. Architecture in this country is yet in its infancy, although of late years some noble efforts have been made to redeem our countrymen from the charge of a lack of ability to excel in this difficult art. There has been, in many of our buildings, a want of adaptedness; structures intrinsically beautiful have appeared absurd, because entirely unsuited to the purposes for which they were designed. Then, in attempting a composite style, we have frequently blundered into incongruity. A model of the Parthenon, with iron balconies, Venetian blinds and a cupola on top, is certainly not a pleasing object of contemplation. Convenience should first be consulted in building, architectural elegance afterwards. So also in the Gothic, a style eminently susceptible of wonderful grandeur and splendor, the want of congruity in adaptation to the object designed has made it ridiculous rather than pleasing.



RESIDENCE OF MRS. RUSH, AT PHILADELPHIA.

LEMON HILL, PHILA.

Our engraving of Lemon Hill, executed expressly for the Pictorial from an original drawing, accurately delineates the scene presented to the view of the spectator who stands within the temple that overlooks the dam at Fairmount, and commands a view up the Schuylkill. Lemon Hill is a prominent feature from that point, and on a bright summer's day, with its white and glistening walls contrasting with the dark green shrubbery, and the green lawn stretching to the water's edge, a picture of repose is presented that recalls to mind the time when this spot was the dwelling of domestic ease and elegance. Lemon Hill was then the country seat of Henry Pratt, Esq. He died about twenty years since, and the property appearing an eligible site for a public garden, his heirs were induced to part with it. Lemon Hill is now a lager-bier garden, a favorite resort of the German population of Philadelphia, where, on Sundays and holidays, they assemble in large numbers to consume quantities of lager-bier, cheese and other refreshments, and to amuse themselves with dancing, gymnastics, and the same exercises and sports that characterize similar gatherings in the father land. Here, once a year, is held the "Turner" festival, when thousands of young Germans, Kosuth hatted and uniformly dressed, march out of the city with bands of music. Rank after rank, company after company, they climb the ascent of Lemon Hill, and there, with speeches, music, plays, exercises and sports of various kinds, participated in by their wives and sweethearts, they make good use of the dancing platform and refreshment stands, and return at night in the order in which they marched from the city, rarely, if ever, overstepping the bounds of decorum. Now that the Sunday liquor law prohibits the sale of lager-bier on the Sabbath, Lemon Hill will not present so animated a scene on that day, but on any other day of the week, the stranger in Philadelphia who rides out to Fairmount, will not regret a walk thence to Lemon Hill, for he will there always meet a number of Germans with their wives and daughters, and will see more or less of the peculiar customs and manners of their out door life. The Germans are very famous for keeping up their national customs, both at home and abroad. At home they labor under the surveillance of a rigid police, the agents of despotism, so that there is a degree of restraint in even their convivial demonstrations. Here they give free vent to their impulses, and the holidays of the old father-land are kept up with even more spirit than on the banks of the Rhine. The tenacity with which the Teutons adhere to the usages of antiquity is remarkable in all they do. Most of the German and Dutch farmers of New York and Pennsylvania are proof against the Yankee innovations which the progressive spirit of migrating New Englanders brings with them. They farm well, it is true—but they farm in the old school style—thresh their grain with horses—adhere to barnyard manure, and scout the idea of guano and phosphates and the whole family of newly invented fertilizers. But they are hospitable, thrifty, and ardent lovers of liberty.



FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' BANK, PHILADELPHIA.

ILLUSTRATED LITERATURE.

The taste for a pictorial literature has greatly increased within a few years. So far as the readers of the English language are concerned, it is of recent origin. A half century ago, illustrated books were comparatively rare. Even so lately there were those who opposed them as of evil tendency. Within a few years there has been a great demand for an illustrated literature of all kinds, religious and secular, solid and light. We have our illustrated histories, geographies, travels, magazines and newspapers. Indeed, a good book that is not illustrated at all, stands a far less chance of being sold. The taste has so far advanced that a popular lecture is likely to be much more popular if illustrated. Probably no one who has not particularly examined this subject, has an idea what pictorial works produced in the finest style sometimes cost. Take a few examples. Pennant's Illustrated History of London, that Mr. Crowle gave to the British Museum, cost that gentleman \$35,000; and the Illustrated Clarendon and Burnet, formed by the late Mr. Sutherland, and continued by his widow, who gave it to the Bodleian Library, cost upwards of \$60,000. The work numbers 67 large volumes, and

But where do the scores of thousands of the Pictorial find a market and readers? As we might expect, New England demands it most, and then it finds many thousand readers in the Middle and Western States, while thirty thousand papers are sold weekly south of Mason and Dixon's line. California four thousand copies, Buenos Ayres seven hundred, Liverpool more than one thousand, Paris several hundred, while hundreds more are circulated along the shores of the Mediterranean. Perhaps there is not an American consul abroad that does not see a picture of home scenes every week, through Ballou's Pictorial. Such an illustrated journal is creditable to a country as young as our own. Its pictures are a solace to the invalid and to the aged. They make a hundred thousand children dance for joy every Saturday night. A volume of the Pictorial is one of the very best of geographies for a child, and the "children of larger growth" are about as much interested and pleased with the pictures, while their knowledge of men and places is greatly enlarged. That an illustrated weekly as good as this can be afforded for the small price at which it is offered is one of the wonders peculiar alone to the western world.—*Boston Courier*.



LEMON HILL.

contains 19,000 prints. Lord Kingsborough paid \$150,000 to have seven large folio volumes printed on the Indians of Mexico. He afterwards, sad to relate, died in debt and in a prison in Dublin. A copy of this magnificent work may be found in the Philadelphia Library. So easy is it to multiply plates, that a German lady illustrating the Bible, found the prints number seven hundred before she had reached the twenty-fifth verse of the first chapter of Genesis. We have been led to consider this subject by a recent examination of the seven complete volumes of Ballou's Pictorial newspaper, that have appeared since the issue of the first number in July, 1851. In these volumes there are we know not how many thousands of prints, executed upon wood, indeed, and yet many of them are so fine that we must be assured of it to believe it. This is now the only illustrated paper worthy the name published in this country; and, on the whole, it compares favorably with the best of the kind published on the other side. The journal carries sunshine into thousands of families over our broad land, and wherever Americans are found in all parts of the globe. A few words in reference to the modus operandi of carrying on the establishment from which the Pictorial is issued may not be uninteresting to the reader. To carry on the three periodicals issued by Mr. Ballou, at his publishing hall, some one hundred persons are employed directly, and sixty indirectly. The weekly expenses, including paper and rent, are about \$3000. Eleven of the Adams' power presses are in motion day and night. The boxwood on which the engravings are executed, is imported direct from the neighborhood of Smyrna, at a cost of one hundred dollars a ton. The designing and engraving is executed by native artists, such as Billings, Rouse, and others, who are mostly Bostonians. The writers for the publications are about equally divided between the sexes.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE RETURN OF THE FLOWERS.

BY WILLIAM R. LAWRENCE.

Bright flowers in beauty will ere long arise,
From out the earth, beneath far brighter skies,
And shed a fragrance over mead and lawn,
Which of their rescue have so long been shorn.

With what delight we welcome them again!
When, after snows and long protracted rain,
They burst their prison walls, more pure and fair
Than when the autumn saw them perish there.

The chilly wind assaults them with its breath,
They bow their heads and yield them up to death—
Or seeming death—from which they shall awake,
And of a brighter radiance partake.

And thus with man! though stricken in the dust,
If pure his heart, and all his dealings just,
He may attain to purer joys above,
Unfading beauty, and unceasing love.

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE RIVAL GODDESS.

BY ALLEN EUSTACE.

SOPHRONIMÈDE was born at Thebes; his father, of an ancient family of Corinth, had gone to establish himself in the capital of Bœotia. Here he died, and his wife soon following, Sophronimède, at twelve years, found himself without parents or friends.

One day, as the young orphan was wandering about in the streets of the city, he entered the studio of the famous Praxiteles. Seized with involuntary transports at the sight of his magnificent works of art, he looks, he admires; and addressing himself to Praxiteles, with the boldness and grace of childhood, he said:

"My father, give me a chisel, and teach me to become a great man like yourself."

Praxiteles looks at the beautiful boy. Struck with the fire and brilliancy of his eyes, he embraces him with tenderness.

"Yes, I will be thy master," replied he. "Remain with me, and I hope you will one day surpass even myself."

The young Sophronimède, happy and grateful, quitted not Praxiteles, and soon developing, by study, the talent nature had bestowed, at the age of eighteen his works would not have been disowned by his master himself.

At this period, Praxiteles died, and left by his will a considerable sum to his favorite pupil. Sophronimède was inconsolable; a residence at Thebes seemed odious to him; he left the country, and employed a part of the gift of his benefactor in travelling through Greece. With his love of the beautiful, and the desire to learn, which had so influenced his childhood, he chose for his residence the famed city of Miletus, where he built a mansion of marble, and worked therein at his chosen profession. Crowds flocked to his studio, and all praised his works; but Sophronimède was not elated by the adulation paid him; he consecrated the day to labor and the night to repose and the study of Homer. His pleasure elevated his soul, and gave to his genius new ideas for the morrow.

But tranquillity was not long to favor him. Love, the sole enemy which has power to break the repose of virtue, left him not in peace. Carite, daughter of Aristees, chief magistrate of Miletus, went with her father to visit the studio of the young Theban.

Carite outshone the fairest beauties of Miletus, and her soul was as lovely as her countenance. Aristees, her father, had consecrated all his wealth to the education of his daughter, so that at the age of sixteen, the young girl, with brilliant talent, a tender soul, and charming person, thought like Plato and sang like Orpheus.

Sophronimède, on beholding her, experienced an emotion wholly unknown to him. He cast down his eyes, he blushed. Aristees perceiving his embarrassment, attributed it to respect, and sought to reassure him by words full of kindness.

"Show us," said he, "your most beautiful statue. All the world applauds your talent."

"Alas," replied Sophronimède, "I have dared to sculpture a Venus, and have till now been contented with it. But I see it is to be wrought over again."

Thus saying, he unveiled the Venus, and cast a timid glance at Carite; but she had comprehended his words, and though seeming occupied with the statue, thought only of the young sculptor.

Aristees, after having admired the works of Sophronimède, left the studio, and Carite, in quitting, saluted him with a sweet and gracious smile. The poor artist, for the first time, felt alone, and content had fled from his mansion forever. That night he thought not of Homer—only Carite occupied him. The next day, instead of working, he traversed the streets of the city, in hope of meeting her, but in vain. At last he returned home; but no more repose, no more study for him. His unfinished statues stood around; Apollo, Diana, Jupiter, were nothing more to Sophronimède. Dreaming always of Carite, he passed his life at the circuses, the public exhibitions and the promenades.

At last, his reputation, his constancy and his address procured him admission at the house of Aristees. He sees Carite, he is more than ever in love. But how shall he dare to speak? He, a young sculptor, without fortune or friends, to pretend to the maiden of highest rank in the city! Every motive of delicacy forbade him to betray his passion. Carite was so rich, that a poor man had no right even to find her beautiful.

Sophronimède knew all this; he was lost if he dared himself, but he felt that he should die if he preserved silence. He wrote to Carite. His letter, so tender and ardent, yet respectful, he committed to the care of a slave of Aristees, and paid him with a sum of gold, which he had received as the price of a statue. But the unfaithful slave, in place of carrying the letter to Carite, delivered it to her father.

The old magistrate, indignant at this audacity, abused, for the first time, the rights of his office. He accused Sophronimède of false crimes, appeared against him before the council, and caused him to be banished from the city. The impatient lover tremblingly awaited a reply by the slave. He received, instead, an order to quit Miletus. He doubted not that Carite, offended, had herself solicited this vengeance.

"I have merited my fate," cried he, "but I shall never repent of having deserved it. I pray the gods to render her life happy, and to heap upon my head all the griefs and sorrows that belong to her lot." Without murmuring at the rigor of the judges, he walked sadly to the shore, and embarked in a vessel just sailing.

However, the father of Carite betrayed not to her the true motive for which he had banished the sculptor. Carite was in doubt: she had read in the eyes of the young Theban all that he had dared to speak in his letter, and gave tears and remembrances to the unhappy man who had loved her. But Carite was young; she would soon forget, and Aristees, tranquillized with this idea, thought only now of marrying his daughter elsewhere, when an event occurred which filled all Miletus with consternation. The pirates of Lemnos had surprised one portion of the city. Learning that the inhabitants of that part had gone out to the chase, the barbarians pillaged the temple of Venus, and took from thence the statue of the goddess. This statue was the protectress of Miletus, and on its possession depended the happiness of the Milesians. The people, in consternation, sent ambassadors to Delphos, to consult Apollo. The oracle replied that Miletus could only be saved by obtaining a new statue of Venus, as beautiful as the goddess herself, to replace that which had been stolen. Immediately the Milesians published to all Greece, that the most beautiful maiden of Miletus, with four talents of gold, would be the recompense of the sculptor who should fulfil the conditions of the oracle.

Numerous famous artists arrived with their works; they were placed in the public square; the magistrates—the people, admired; but when each statue was raised upon the altar, a supernatural power threw it down. The Milesians, in despair, regretted Sophronimède; they demanded, with loud cries, that some one should go in search of him. Aristees himself is obliged to inform them of the vessel in which the young artist embarked. They send messengers in pursuit, but learn that the vessel was shipwrecked, and all lost on the shores of a dangerous island. The Milesians, turning in their disappointment against their chief magistrate, accuse him of lack of vigilance, in allowing the invasion of the barbarians, and of the death of Sophronimède, in banishing him unjustly.

The people soon pass from murmurs to revolt. They run to the mansion of Aristees; they enter it by force. The tears of Carite, her cries and her prayers are not sufficient to save her father. Aristees is seized, loaded with irons, and thrown into a dungeon. The people decide that he shall remain there till the goddess is replaced.

Carite, in despair, goes herself to Athens, to Corinth, and to Thebes, seeking for an artist who shall deliver her father. She takes every measure to soften the rigors of his imprisonment, and tranquil and hopeful, she equips a vessel and departs. The first part of the voyage was prosperous—the winds seemed to protect her. Suddenly a storm arose which drove them out of their course, and forced the pilot to take refuge on an island they had approached. In a short time the winds lulled, and the sun appearing, Carite, invited by the beauty of the scene, descended from the vessel, and walked toward the interior of the island.

After entering a beautiful valley, she traversed a prairie, covered with delicate and perfumed flowers, and soon perceived a little hut, built of green boughs. The tones of a lyre, sweet and melodious, now broke the stillness; and Carite, gazing around with a timid glance, saw the musician, and recognized Sophronimède! With a cry of delight, she fell fainting to the earth.

At the sight of a maiden on this desolate spot, the sculptor ran towards her; he took her in his arms, recognized Carite, and could hardly believe in his good fortune. He carried her to the banks of a rivulet, sprinkled her lovely face with its clear drops, and the young girl soon revived. Sophronimède was at her feet.

"Is it thou, Carite, my beautiful divinity?" cried he.

"I am the daughter of Aristees," she replied, with sadness.

"My father is in danger, and you alone can save him."

"O, speak," replied Sophronimède. "What can I do? My life is devoted to you."

Carite then related the service which she wished him to render to her country and her father. While she spoke, joy sparkled in the eyes of Sophronimède.

"Reassure yourself," said he, with an air of pride. "I have in my cottage a work which will satisfy your goddess and the people. You will not be displeased, Carite, but I require that you should not behold it till it is in the temple at Miletus."

The daughter of Aristees consented, and her lover related to her how he had been saved from the wreck, with only his implements of labor. He had found in this desert isle fresh water, delicious fruits, and quarries of marble. Tranquil, in the home he had constructed, he had labored upon the image which was to deliver Aristees.

"Come," said he, "and I will show you the asylum where I have dwelt and thought of you."

Carite followed Sophronimède, and entered into the hut. Every-where her name was written, and all around she beheld her own cyphers and those of Sophronimède interlaced.

"Pardon me," said the young sculptor; "alone, on this desert isle, I have traced the sentiments of my heart. They could not exile me from thee."

Tears filled the eyes of the tender Carite, as she gazed on Sophronimède; but turning to where the veiled statue stood, upon a species of altar, she answered:

"Let us hasten to find my slaves. They shall carry this work to Miletus, where I may behold it for the first time. You will come with me, and I know that when it has been revealed, you will never leave us again."

Sophronimède, enraptured, kissed the hand of Carite, who reproved him not. They proceeded to the shore, where they met the slaves and sailors, who had searched the island, in vain, for their mistress.

The statue was placed on board the vessel, but Sophronimède quitted not the isle without thanking, with his tears, the woodland nymphs, who had protected him in his asylum. He threw upon the altar all his implements of art, and consecrated them to the god Pan. Then kissing the porch of his cottage, he said:

"I swear to return and die here, if I cannot win Carite."

After these adieus, he proceeded to the shore, and they embarked for Miletus.

Favorable gales soon wafted them to their destination, and the name of Sophronimède was hailed with unbounded joy throughout the city. The people assembled, and decided that the statue should not be examined by the citizens, but should be carried immediately to the temple, to be proved on the altar of Venus. They repaired to the shrine, before which an immense crowd had gathered. Carite timidly followed the sculptor, who advanced with the statue covered with a veil. He placed it on the altar, with an air of modest pride, and retired. The statue remained alone. Slowly the light drapery was removed from the beautiful goddess, by unseen hands, and all recognized Carite's features!

It was she: it was his mistress, whom the enamored sculptor had taken for a model for his Venus. The portrait of Carite was so engraved on his heart, that in his solitude he could think only of the lovely maiden, and in making it resemble her, he had fulfilled the conditions of the oracle, and produced a statue as charming as Venus herself!

The goddess, satisfied, and not jealous of her beautiful rival, accepted the offering, and manifested, by the lips of her grand priest, that the oracle was accomplished. The people, uttering cries of joy, surrounded Sophronimède, and demanded with eagerness that he should choose his recompense.

"Deliver Aristees," he replied, "and I am paid."

All rushed to the prison of the old man. Carite was first to unlock the fetters that bound him. They embraced; she informed him of their happiness, and lowered her eyes when she pronounced the name of Sophronimède.

Aristees gratefully thanked his liberator; he threw himself into his arms; he bathed him with his tears. "My friend," said he, "I have been culpable; but Carite shall repair my crime."

So saying, he joined the hands of the two lovers. All the people applauded: all were happy in their happiness. And Sophronimède and Carite went to swear eternal fidelity at the feet of that statue, that had proved to all the world the beauty of the Greek maiden and the constancy of her lover.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

TRI-COLORED SKETCHES OF PARIS DURING THE YEARS 1851-2-3. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 368.

The period treated of in this well-written and spirited book is crowded with events of the highest political interest, all of which the author has treated in a cursory but graphic and vigorous manner, interspersed with sketches of the Parisians, their manners, faults, follies and good qualities. The subjects handled are such as are "tabooed" to French writers, and hence our author has the field almost entirely to himself. Paris is such an inexhaustible theme, that every new book on it is read with avidity. The work before us will certainly be popular; the illustrations are excellent. For sale by Burnham Brothers, and by Redding & Co.

FOSTER'S FIRST PRINCIPLES OF CHEMISTRY. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. 12mo. pp. 133.

An excellent work for schools and academies. The principles of chemistry are clearly defined and illustrated by experiments that any one can perform with a very simple apparatus and few materials. For sale by Redding & Co., and Burnham Brothers.

NEW MUSIC.—Among the recent publications of Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington Street, are the "Philopœa Polka," by Charles F. Trehear (for the piano); "Parting Words," music by Oliver Shaw, poetry by Montgomery; "I sit beneath the Moonbeam's glow," music by Harrison Millard; "We never meet again," by Carl Maria von Weber.

THE COUNTRY NEIGHBORHOOD. By Miss E. A. DUPUY, author of the "Conspirator," "Florence," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers.

An intensely interesting story, managed with great dramatic power. For sale by Burnham Brothers, and Redding & Co.

We are indebted to Major J. H. Eastburn, late city printer, for a copy of the "List of Persons, copartnerships and corporations, who were taxed on six thousand dollars and upwards in the city of Boston, in the year 1854"—a pamphlet of great statistical value, and interesting to every citizen. It is printed in faultless style, and reflects the highest credit on the major.

FRANK WILDMAN'S ADVENTURES ON LAND AND WATER. Translated from Frederick Gerstaecker by L. WATKINS. London and New York: George Routledge & Co. 18mo. pp. 296.

A book crowded with thrilling adventures and dramatic interest, that will prove a perfect *bonnie bouche* to lovers of the wild and wonderful. It is splendidly illustrated. For sale by Redding & Co.

THE SERP SISTERS: OR, *Russia of To-day*. By JOHN HARWOOD. London and New York: Geo. Routledge & Co. 1855. 18mo. pp. 190.

Everything relating to Russia is now in demand. A spirited story like that before us, depicting the manners and conditions of the subjects of the czar, is sure of success. The book is eminently readable. For sale by Redding & Co.

PICTURES OF TOWN FROM MY MENTAL CAMERA. By WERDNER REYNOLDS, M. D. London and New York: Geo. Routledge & Co. 1855. 18mo. pp. 139.

Whoever wishes a vivid idea of the most striking features of the great modern Babel, London, should step into Redding & Co.'s, and buy a copy of this little work.

THE HUNDRED DIALOGUES. New and original, designed for reading and exhibition in Schools and Academies. By WILLIAM BENTLEY FOWLE. Boston: Morris Cotton. pp. 312.

Convinced of the excellence and intrinsic value of this work, we take pleasure in recommending it most heartily. It is not made up from the old hackneyed material, which has been so often rehashed for the public schools, but contains one hundred and seventeen original pieces of an amusing, entertaining and instructive character. See notice in advertising columns.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LITTLE CHARLIE.

BY FRANCES NORTON.

Running gaily through the meadow,
Where the grass was emerald green,
And beneath each small tuft's shadow,
Heaven-eyed violets were seen:

With his little feet so lightly
Stepping o'er the perfumed flowers,
That they sent up clouds of fragrance,
From their cool and shady bowers:

In his hand the but'r-cup
Seemed less golden than his hair,
And his blue eyes lighted up,
Never yet had known a care.

Down unto the river's bank,
Where the waters ever glide,
And among their leafy boats
Lilies float upon the tide.

"See!" he cried, with merry glee,
"Sunbeams blossom in the wave;
How they nod their heads at me,
From beneath each leafy cave!"

Then he bared each snowy foot,
Stood a moment half in doubt,
While the lilies seemed to say:
"Do not fear to venture out."

"Yes, I'm coming, don't you see?"
And he stretched his little hand
Towards them, full of childish glee,
As he left the pebbly strand.

"Yes, I'm coming!" and a smile
Lighted up his pure, sweet face;
In a moment he was clasped
In their treacherous embrace.

Flows the river calmly on,
Still each lily waves its head,
But the night wind wails a dirge,
For the darling boy is dead.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE LUCKY PILOT.

BY FREDERICK WARD.

AMONG the many small islands in the northern portion of the Gulf of Mexico, is one of not more than a mile in its greatest extent, and at a distance of about ten miles from the main land, known to the few persons who have occasion to visit it, by the somewhat euphonious title of Cuddyhulick.

Stretching out into the gulf is a long reef of rocks, interspersed with small banks of sand, thrown up by the waves, and protected from being washed away again by the rocks. The only inhabitant of the island was a sort of amphibious animal, half fisherman and half farmer, together with his family, consisting, as he himself would tell you, of his dog, his wife, a good boat and two bad boys.

Jim Smith, as our hero was called, had resided upon the island nearly fifteen years. For a few years after his marriage he had made his home in one of the southern cities; but he was one of those men who seem to be a target for the shafts of misfortune; everything turned against him, and all enterprises with which he was ever so remotely connected, were sure to fall through, and leave him in the lurch. He fought manfully for a time, but at last, tired of the unequal struggle, acknowledged himself beaten, and retired from the field. With the proceeds of the little property he possessed, a good staunch boat and other indispensable necessities were purchased, and placing his wife and all his worldly goods on board, he steered boldly out into the gulf, in search of some place where he might be independent.

After a long search, he decided to make his home on the island we have described, not because of the beauty of its situation or the fertility of its soil, but from its small size he rightly judged that he should not be troubled with neighbors. With the assistance of his wife, a comfortable cabin was soon constructed, and a piece of land, sufficiently large to produce what vegetables they would require, placed under cultivation. The sea supplied them with fish and his unerring rifle with sea fowl. His half-yearly visits to the main land, whither he carried a boat load of surplus produce to trade, procured for them those necessities which the island could not supply. Here they lived in peace and contentment for fifteen years; here their two sons were born, and here they might have continued to exist, in a state of happy, half-savage independence, but for the following circumstances:

On one of his semi-annual visits to the main land, he had become very much interested in an expedition at that time fitting out in search of the wreck of a Spanish treasure ship, which had been cast away somewhere on the coast of Yucatan about a hundred and twenty years ago. The locality of the wreck had been discovered, the amount of coin on board was known to exceed two millions, and the expeditionists were in high spirits and sanguine of success. He sought to induce the leaders of the party to take him along with them, but they were not disposed to share their good fortune with any more. From that time his mind was filled with visions of treasure-hunting; his farm was neglected, and, but for his wife and boys, everything would have gone to decay. His whole time, when not engaged in fishing or shooting waterfowl, was spent in sailing idly about among the islands,

without any definite purpose, building castles in the air—all based on the event of his discovering hidden treasure. All other efforts in pursuit of wealth having failed, this seemed likely to realize his darling ambition—to have a cotton plantation upon the banks of the Mississippi.

While living upon the island he had been contented with his undisputed sovereignty and independence; dreams of the cotton plantation coming less frequently than when, in his younger days, he was striving with his fellows in the weary race for gold. But now the idea that wealth was so easily to be acquired, brought back the old dream, and he had pondered upon it so long in the weeks and months of solitude, that he became persuaded that in some manner, he did not stop to consider how, but in some way he would discover the hiding place of uncounted gold. In this manner he dreamed away the next half year, and the time came round to make his periodical visit to the main land.

The boat being loaded with articles for barter, he once more put her head towards the shore, not without receiving many instructions from his wife, and cautions to "keep clear of them pesky money hunters." Arriving at the place of destination, he found the little town in a state of the greatest excitement; the expedition, from the Spanish main, had just returned, bringing unmistakable evidences of success—gold and silver coin imbedded in rust, pieces of fire arms, to which the coin were attached as firmly as if they had been soldered together. In short, the precious metals were found in every state which it would be possible to conceive—the action of the water for a hundred and twenty years having wrought curious changes.

The expedition had been only partially successful, the great bulk of the money had not yet been reached, but enough had been accomplished to show that much more might be expected. Our hero, as he gazed at and gloated over the piles of rusty doubloons and dollars, was almost wild with delight; he fancied he saw in their success an evidence of his own.

The whole town, of course, talked of nothing else but gold hunting; and many were the wild stories told of the pirates who formerly infested the gulf, and made the islands thereabouts their headquarters, where they had buried their treasures.

Much of it was supposed to be protected by evil spirits, but the excitement was too great for so slight a reason to deter the adventurous people in their eager search; every spot which old legends pointed out as the place where pirates had hidden money, was dug over. More than one tradition went to show that large sums had been buried on Cuddyhulick, and Smith lent a willing ear to all stories having anything to do with his island. Having learned all that was possible concerning it, he started for home, nervous with the idea that people would come and search his island and rob him of his treasure. But want of success on the mainland had the effect of cooling their ardor, and no one thought it was worth while to go so far to dig, without some more substantial reason than they then knew of. The excitement died away as rapidly as it had arisen, people began to feel somewhat ashamed of themselves, and the whole matter, with the exception of the raising of the wreck, was speedily forgotten.

Not so with our hero. He was sure there was treasure on the island somewhere; the only difficulty would be in finding the exact spot. Night and day, for months, he continued the search, hardly allowing himself time for necessary repose—he dug at high water mark and at low water mark, where the shadow of the only tree upon the island fell at noon, where it fell at sunrise and at sunset; in every possible place which could have been a mark for the pirates to designate the spot, but without success.

This incessant labor at last began to tell upon him, and the regular period of visiting the mainland found him stretched upon his bed, with a fever, severe and dangerous; but at length the crisis was past and he began to mend, though still too weak and exhausted to move. One morning, while in this situation, he suddenly called his wife and eldest son, a stout, hardy lad of fifteen, to his bedside.

"I have found it," said he. "I know where the gold is—if I was able to move I would have it before night; now if I get sicker and am going to die, I will tell you where to find it. Promise me if I should die that you will search in the spot I will describe."

They tried to reason him out of his foolish idea without effect, he was sure he knew the very spot, he had dreamed it all out and had the exact locality, even the very look of the coin and the vessel containing it, in his mind's eye.

His earnestness and confidence more than half convinced them there must be something in a dream that was repeated night after night, and which described the place so minutely. They all awaited his returning strength with impatience, but a month elapsed before he was sufficiently strong to go out. At length all was prepared, tools for digging and provisions were placed in the boat, and taking his two boys with him, he set sail for the outer part of the reef. The wind had been blowing from the southward and eastward some days, so that but a small portion of the reef was visible above water; all the rest and along the whole line of the island beach, the breakers were rushing in with tremendous violence, and with a roar which could be heard for miles.

Between this reef and the island was a passage of about three hundred yards in width and from six to eight fathoms in depth, forming an excellent channel for ships to pass through between the breakers to the smooth waters of the bay, but to a person unacquainted with the locality, the appearance was that of an uninterrupted line of breakers. Through this passage Smith and his sons had to pass to reach the lee side of the reef; their thorough knowledge of the locale enabled them to do this, and the point was soon reached where they were to commence opera-

tions. It was a bank of sand presenting about a quarter of an acre above water and protected on the seaward side by a high rock. The boat was drawn up to the beach, and trembling with expectation and anxiety, they sprang to the bank. Smith at once commenced pacing the sand from end to end, then from side to side, until the exact centre was found.

"This is the place, boys," said he. "We'll have to dig down five feet, then we shall find a flat stone; when we get that up we must dig another foot and we shall come to a big copper kettle full of the shiners."

They set to work digging with a will, but the sand being wet, it ran in again from the bottom almost as fast as they could throw it out; half the day was spent before the depth of five feet was reached, and there sure enough was the flat stone. Smith was wild with delight, crowing and dancing about like a crazy person. With great exertion the stone was raised, but no signs of the kettle; a crowbar was run into the sand for several feet, but nothing solid could be found. The reaction was too much for Smith; having been so sure of success, the disappointment was proportionately bitter, and he sat down upon the wet sand and wept like a child.

The day was fast drawing to a close, and the gale, increasing in violence since morning, now blew a perfect hurricane; the breakers were pitching over the reef and upon the beach with unexampled fury.

In coming from the island to the reef, it was an easy matter to come through the passage before described, having both the wind and current in their favor; but in returning, it was a very different affair, and as it would have been madness to attempt to beat through with such a wind and sea, the only way to return was to sail along the leeward side of the reef to its western extremity, and then to make at least a mile and a half to windward to clear the dash and recoil of the breakers. They had succeeded in getting to windward of the reef, and had accomplished nearly half the distance, when, as they rose from the trough of the sea on the crest of a tremendous swell, what was their consternation to behold a large ship within two cables length coming down upon them like a cannon-shot. To put the boat about was impossible; she would have been instantly swamped in the angry waves. There was but an instant for deliberation. "Try to get hold of the head rigging," shouted Smith. The next instant the huge bow of the ship rose upon a monstrous swell, looming high and black above them like a floating mountain. In its descent, it struck the boat amidships, crushing it to atoms, and scattering the fragments far and wide in the boiling surf. Fortunately, the bow of the ship was plunging instead of rising, when she struck the boat, bringing the martingale and head gear almost on a level with the water. This chance of escape was instantly seized by the brave boys and their father, and as the bow once more rose on the swell, it lifted them clear of the boat before she was struck. They were in on deck in an instant, but no one was to be seen; the ship had been abandoned. The scene ahead was appalling, the breakers running mountains high, and breaking over the reef with terrific violence. The ship, with close reefed maintopsail set, was running upon certain destruction. The distance from the reef was scarcely a mile; five minutes more and she must inevitably strike. Smith took a hasty glance around. Then flying to the wheel, quick as thought he put the helm hard down. The ship slowly obeyed the helm, and came up to the wind.

"Is there any chance, father?" asked the boys, who had followed him aft to the wheel.

"I don't know; if I can bring her into the passage, there is. But ten feet either way will bring her on to the rocks, and she won't hold together five minutes. Go for'ard and see if the starboard bow is clear for running."

"Yes, father, it's all clear—only hangs by the ring stopper."

"Then jump for'ard with your knife, and stand by to cut it away the instant I sing out to you. Your life depends on its being done at the right time."

As the ship came plunging nearer and nearer to the reef, her fate seemed sealed; one unbroken line of foam stretched for miles on either side of her, with no appearance of any passage whatever; even Smith, experienced as he was, began to feel some doubt as to whether the passage was before him or not. On, on she came like a race horse! She was only her own length from the rocks; one more plunge would decide her fate—she was fairly among the breakers. Smith clenched his teeth firmly together, as he jammed the helm hard down. A heavy sea broke over the quarter, deluging the deck. A tremendous crash on the starboard bow as she grazed the end of the reef, and she was through the passage. Another minute, and the ship lay as quietly as a boat in the smooth water of the bay; while but three cables' length astern foamed and raged the frightful breakers. The anchor was dropped, and the ship was in safety.

The absence of the ship's boats accounted for the disappearance of the crew. Seeing the breakers ahead, and the apparent impossibility of saving the vessel, they had taken to the boats, and made the best of their way to the smooth water at the other extremity of the island, into which it would have been impossible to bring the ship, as sufficient sail could not have been put upon her to accomplish it.

The next morning brought fine weather, and with it a revenue cutter, to see what brought the ship into such an unusual position.

"Well, Smith," said the revenue officer, after he had heard the particulars, "you've made a good thing of it this time. This is better than digging gold. Your claim for salvage isn't worth a copper less than sixty thousand dollars."

Smith got his salvage, and now boasts that he raises more bales of cotton, in proportion to the size of his plantation, than any other planter on the Mississippi.

M^{LE} DOLORES NAU.

The accompanying portrait of this celebrated prima donna, who lately performed at Niblo's, New York, and is now making a professional tour of the United States, is from a daguerreotype taken by Messrs. Mead Brothers of New York. Mlle. Dolores Nau, notwithstanding her foreign name, is an American lady, and was born in the city of New York. Her parents were natives of St. Domingo, and fled to this country to escape the tragic horrors of the slave insurrection. Her musical talent early developed itself, and when a mere child, her performance on the piano-forte and harp afforded great gratification to her family and friends. She was taken to Paris and placed in the world-renowned Conservatory, for the development and training of her voice. Among her teachers was Madame Cinti Damoreau, who bestowed great attention on her young and promising pupil. At the end of nine months passed at the *Conservatoire*, she obtained the first prize for singing, and the same honor was again awarded her at the close of her second year. Under the direction of the great maestro, Rossini, she prepared herself for the lyric stage of Italy; but her debut was at Paris, where, during an engagement at the Royal Academy of Music, she acquitted herself to the acceptance of the critical French public. At the Princess's Theatre, London, she created quite a *fièvre* on her first appearance in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and the favorable opinion then formed of her talent was confirmed by her subsequent efforts in French and Italian opera. The London Sun said of her: "Never have we witnessed a more successful debut than that of Mlle. Nau. Her person is fine and commanding, and features well formed and expressive. Her voice is high soprano, of the Persian character; it has great power, and is cultivated to the highest pitch of excellence. Her opening cavatina, '*Au cor non quinge*,' was a perfect triumph of art, and at once stamped her as the *prima donna assoluta*. Expression, power of voice, taste, cultivation, musical knowledge, and immense power of execution, all these were exhibited by Mlle. Nau. It was quite equal to Persiani, in her best days. The '*Perche non ho*' was given with sound judgment and taste, and exhibited the same marvellous powers of execution. The audience was in raptures, and the applause was most enthusiastic. The concluding scene was also magnificently given, both as a musical and a histrionic effect; it was of the very highest order. The powers of execution she had exhibited were marvellous. Her *fioritura* was brilliant in the extreme, but introduced with the most exquisite taste." Another of her London triumphs was in Auber's opera, *La Syrene*, of which the Age remarked: "This accomplished vocalist has achieved a great triumph in her Syren, her execution being perfectly astonishing. Her runs and other feats, which have little to do with serious delivery, come admirably into use in this character, and the profusion of effects with which she delighted the house was actually bewildering. The manager talks of a limit to her engagements; but unless he desires a 'Nau row,' which will utterly blot out the memory of the celebrated Tamburini demonstration, he will abstain from all such tampering with the affections of the public. The following couplet, entitled 'One Negative equal to an Affirmative,' was on everybody's lips:

"If to the Princess's it is one's wish to go,
Is there a prima donna? Maddox thunders "Nau!"

A correspondent of Dwight's Journal of Music, writing from Paris, on the eve of this lady's embarkation for America, remarked as follows: "Dress, that indispensable accessory of feminine attractions, both on and off the stage, has attained the highest dignity of art at Paris. But the ladies of New York have won the reputation of seizing intuitively and improving upon the secret of that ineffable charm which the ladies of Paris impart to silks, velvets, laces and other 'dry goods fixings' that mysteriously compose the female wardrobe. The exquisite taste in dress displayed by Mlle. Nau, while attesting her American origin, has



M^{LE}. NAU, PRIMA DONNA OF ENGLISH OPERA, LATE OF NIBLO'S, NEW YORK.

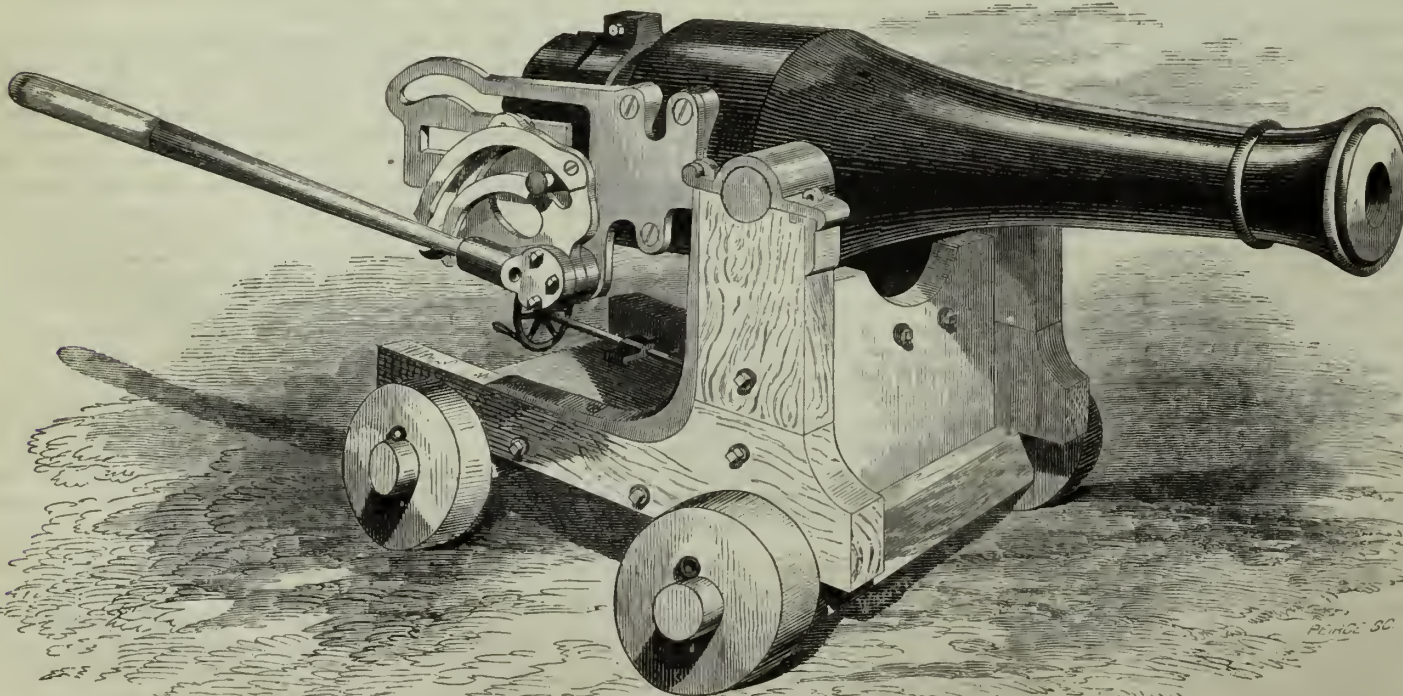
contributed not a little to her success as an artist. Nor has her peculiar style of beauty been ineffectual to the same end. Her French adorers have exhausted the complimentary terms of their language in celebrating her raven tresses and the double arch of her Spanish eyebrows. They swear that she must have stepped forth into life from the canvass of Murillo or of Ribeira. We are glad to learn that before she steps back into any picture-frame of either of these Spanish masters, Dolores Nau intends to revisit her native shores. In musical circles we have heard regrets expressed that Paris must ere long resign, at least for a season, its adopted favorite to her mother city, New York. 'A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country,' saith the proverb. But Americans have never been chary of sympathy even with native talent, when it has been stamped with the seal of transatlantic success. It may be confidently predicted, then, that in September next they will give a generous welcome to Mlle. Nau. The New World must be proud of the cordial recognition of this child of song in the Old World." The reception of Mlle. Nau in this country has shown that the letter-writer was no false prophet. Her debut at Niblo's was entirely successful, and her performances have fully justified the encomiums of the European press. We are anxious, however, to judge her for ourselves, and we trust that before long we shall have an opportunity of hearing her in Boston. America has lately asserted her claim to the possession of musical talent of the first order by representatives that cannot be gainsaid. We have had one New York and two Boston prima donnas on the boards of Italy.

NEW BREECH LOADING CANNON.

The engraving below is an accurate representation of the new breech-loading cannon, invented and patented by Mr. Schenkl, one of the best gun-makers in the United States. It is claimed for it by the inventor that it is the best and safest breech-loading cannon ever invented, possessing numerous advantages over those at present in use. It requires only one fourth the number of men necessary to load and serve an ordinary cannon, and can be handled with much greater rapidity, accuracy and facility. On ship-board and in fortified cities it will be invaluable, as it can be loaded and fired in a stationary position with perfect ease. By raising the lever to an angle of forty-five degrees and reversing it, the breech is brought to a loading position: by raising and reversing the lever again, the breech is thrown into a position ready for firing. A trial of this gun, with ball cartridge, was made recently at South Boston Point, in the presence of Major General Edmonds, Adj. General Stone, Lieutenants Dudley and Grover, U. S. A., and other military gentlemen, all of whom expressed their surprise and pleasure at the performance of the piece. Twelve discharges were made under the direction of Lieutenants Wise, Rogers and Boggs, of the ordnance department, who are engaged in superintending the casting of cannon for the government at Alger's foundry. The time of loading averaged from seven and a half to nineteen and a half seconds, according to the elevation, though the test was a matter of power rather than time. The strength of the gun was put to the following proof: three charges were fired with about three times the powder required in actual service, with two six-pound balls thoroughly rammed down, but the severity of the test did not strain the gun in the least or disturb its machinery. It is quite simple in its construction, as will be seen by an examination of the engraving, and from its very simplicity is likely to fulfil the condition of endurance. We believe that in service a gun is abandoned as unsafe after one thousand discharges, and that Mr. Schenkl claims that his gun will be found uninjured after the firing that number of times. If it stand a test like this, it will prove indeed an invaluable arm. We consider that its strength has been triumphantly demonstrated. Its ability to receive a load without being moved from position is an advantage that cannot be too much insisted upon. In a trial at the Navy Yard it worked as well as at South Boston, and those who witnessed its performance were delighted with the rapidity with which it could be loaded. We have no doubt that its trial at Washington will lead to its adoption by our government.

MIDNIGHT.

Hufeland, in his treatise on sleep, has some curious, as well as forcible, ideas on the necessity of devoting midnight to rest and sleep. He considers that the period of twenty-four hours, which is produced by the regular revolution of the earth on its axis, marks its influence most definitely on the physical economy of man. Diseases show the regular influence in their daily rise and fall. Settled, regular fever exhibits a twenty-four hours' flux and reflux. In the healthful state there is manifest the same regular influence, and the more habitual our meals, our hours of exercise or employment, and our hours of sleep, the more power is there in the system to resist disease. In the morning the pulse is slow and the nerves calmer, and the mind and the body better fitted for labor. As we advance towards the evening of the day, the pulse becomes accelerated, and an almost feverish state is produced, which, in excitable persons, becomes an absolute evening fever. Rest carries off this fever by its sleep, and the refreshing opening of its pores which sleep produces. In this nightly respiration, there is an absolute crisis of this evening fever, and this periodical crisis is necessary for every individual, as it carries off whatever useless or pernicious particles our bodies may have imbibed. This evening fever, Hufeland thinks, is not entirely owing to the accession of new chyle to the system, but to the departure of the sun and of the light. The crisis of this fever, to be most effective by its regularity, ought to take place at midnight, when the sun is in its nadir, and then the body will become refreshed for the early morning labor. Those who neglect this period either push the diurnal crisis into the morning, and thus undermine the importance of its regularity, or lose it entirely, and arise to their labors unrefreshed by sleep. Their bodies will not have been purified by the nightly crisis, and the seeds of disease will have thus been planted. Nervous people are peculiarly subject to the influence of this evening fever, and they think they cannot labor without its excitement. Hence their mental efforts are performed in the night alone; the important time for the crisis of their nervous excitement passes over in wakefulness, and no refreshing perspiration cleanses the body or strengthens the nerves. Such people will wear out soon, unless they change their habits and seek rest when nature and the human constitution dictate. These considerations ought to be deeply studied and regarded by all who are in the ruinous habit of turning night into day, and of changing the functions of both. A failure of health will soon manifest the truth of these remarks.



NEW BREECH LOADING CANNON

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.
LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

THE APRIL SHOWER.

This is the title of a painting by an American artist, Mr. George H. Hall, which attracted much attention during its recent exhibition at Mr. Frederick Parker's, Cornhill. It represents three exquisitely beautiful young girls, sheltering themselves under an umbrella during a passing shower. The brunette in the centre is faultless, but the beauties to the right and left of her are so attractive that one knows not to which to give the palm. Brilliance of color is the most striking characteristic of this painting, but careful drawing and finish are also merits that belong to it, while the sentiment is pure and pleasing. Innocence, youth and beauty are most happily expressed. Mr. Hall's earliest efforts were remarkable for color, his European studies have made him a skilful draughtsman, and he is certainly rapidly advancing in his art. He is working in the right way and with the right spirit, and is destined to establish a permanent reputation.

NEW MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE.—It is said that an African Exploration Society has been formed in England, designed to promote the exploration and evangelization of Africa. The plan of the founders of the society is to establish an African school at Tunis, and thence to gradually extend their influence southward, endeavoring, by the circulation of Bibles, and by the co-operation of native agents and missionaries, to establish the religion of the Gospel in the stead of the Mohammedan religion.

THE RESOURCES OF RUSSIA.—Money is the one thing needful to carry on a war successfully. Now Russia has often been represented as "hard up;" but such is not the fact—her revenue, three hundred millions per annum—and her immensely wealthy church is perfectly willing to advance funds to carry on the Christian (?) war against the allies.

MILITARY PREPARATIONS IN CUBA.—The Captain General of Cuba has issued orders for the formation of sixteen companies of colored troops, each company to be composed of one hundred and twenty-five men, and to be commanded by experienced Spanish officers.

THE MAINE LAW.—A serious riot, growing out of the Maine law and license question, lately occurred at Chicago. One man was killed and several others were wounded. The military were called out, and the riotous demonstrations were suppressed.

FROM THE CRIMEA.—Late advices from the seat of war say there have been some serious conflicts at Sebastopol, with great loss in men on the part of the Russians, and of the works on the part of the French.

SPLINTERS.

.... The Spanish government are getting frightened, and don't mean to fire any more guns at our ships.

.... A sea monster, weighing 3000 pounds, large enough to swallow a canoe, was lately taken near Punta Rosa, Florida.

.... We expect before long to have a telegraph line connecting New York, Newfoundland and London. It is in progress.

.... Hugh Harris, a soldier of the Revolution, died lately at Jonesboro', Tennessee, aged one hundred and ten years.

.... The Omahas settle the estate of a deceased person, by giving it to the swiftest runner among them.

.... The Journal proposes to ruin Sebastopol, by draining the Mediterranean and Black Seas into the Dead Sea.

.... The city government do not mean to allow any more coal holes to be opened in sidewalks.

.... The district attorney of New York has decided that liquors may be sold freely there until July 4th.

.... The pre-payment of postage stops anonymous letters. Men mean enough to write them are too mean to pay.

.... There are a million barrels of flour to come from ports on the lakes before harvest-time. Hunger, avaunt!

.... The rumor of a quarrel between the great Mellen and the great Pratt is a "weak invention of the enemy."

.... In 1780, the "Friendly Sons of St. Patrick," in Philadelphia, contributed \$270,000 to supply Washington's troops.

.... Four of the Quebec police have been arrested for robbing a Mr. Shaw. They stole pistols and coffin mountings!

.... In Cincinnati, the peach-trees are in full blow. We make no show this way this year.

.... In the same place, good firkin butter is selling for sixteen cents a pound. What a place to live in!

.... Punch says you must wind up your conduct, like your watch, once a day, to see if you are "fast" or "slow."

.... The other day a truckman killed a horse by striking him with a whip-stock. The truckman still lives.

.... The Pyne opera troupe were remarkably successful at the Boston Theatre, during their late engagement.

.... A lady writes in the Worcester Palladium, that the present style of bonnets is ruinous to the eyesight. True!

.... The steamboat Commonwealth, built for the Boston, Norwich and New York line, is a splendid boat.

.... For more than a fortnight they have been having green peas in New York brought from Savannah. Tantalizing!

EUROPE AND AMERICA.

While we pen these words, the struggle is still going on in the Old World, between its Eastern and Western powers, for supremacy. Christian cannon are thundering against each other in the Crimea, and Christian statesmen are seeking to outwit each other in Vienna. But however the dispute may be temporarily settled, the future of Europe is dark and menacing. Whether constitutional governments hold their own, or a gigantic northern despotism sweeps westward from the banks of the Neva to overshadow and absorb the despotism that now holds usurped power on the banks of the Seine; whether the strange vitality of Russian blood be infused into the enfeebled veins of Western Europe, imparting a spasmodic energy for a time, we cannot close our eyes to the fact that the Old World is full of disturbing elements and trembling with the spasms of old age and decay. We cannot but fear that it has seen its best days, and that even republicanism, could it enjoy a legitimate triumph over despotism, could hardly, for a very great space of time, arrest the inexorable hand of Destiny. The "mene, mene, tekel" seems written on the crumbling walls of the old palaces and towers. The whole southern tier of states and kingdoms seem tottering to their fall. Even the glorious trophies of revived art are fading on the walls of the Vatican; Venice rots piecemeal by the brink of her canals; Spain lies exhausted beside those waters over which she once sent forth her conquering armadas. The more northerly states and kingdoms possess yet more energy; but exhausted soils, impoverished populations, fading strength, afford but little, even there, of happy augury.

If the star of empire move westward—ruin follows in its path. It seems that nations, like lands, must have their periods of fall—long ages of abandonment and non-production, to be followed by renovation and fertility. Strange and new forms of society, of which we do not now dream, may in time usurp the places of the present populations of Europe. But in the long interval, what dreary scenes of desolation must intervene!

On the other hand, our own country is still the land of promise—promise to the lover of liberty, promise to him who pursues wealth, promise to the tiller of the soil, promise to all who cultivate the mind, the heart or the material interests of humanity. The contest of political parties, the agitation of exciting topics, dire symptoms to the timid and unlearned, have nothing menacing to the stability of our institutions, and are only tokens of an exuberant vitality. Every sign that a wise man can discern in our horizon betokens a brilliant future of many centuries. The republic of the New World sprang forth "consummate in its birth." A European poet (Barthelemy), from a stand-point three thousand miles away from us, takes exactly the same view of our destiny which the most hopeful of our citizens embrace.

"While other nations immature are born,
Columbia, perfect, blessed her natal morn.

No narrow bounds her fiery heart can hold;
Her foot already treads the land of gold.

What would she more? One glorious jewel yet
Gleams in Hispania's starry coronet;
Pearl of the sea—no brighter gem embraced
In the fair gulf wherein it lies enshrouded.

She hopes to win that priceless gem to-day—
The prize so near, the lord so far away!

She hopes to win the gem; but let her wait—
That pearl, perhaps, will be the gift of Fate;

For every western star that shines, in turn
May on her banner in conjunction burn.

Since wonders have been wrought, may it not be
That the far-soaring eagle of the free

Will wing his daring flight from south to north.
Pass the St. Lawrence, ever pouring forth

His mighty stream, then southward wing his flight,
Pass Chimborazo's ever-burning height,

Sending his thrilling cry from sea to sea,
And soaring on in unbecked majesty,

And pausing only at that southern gate
Where bold Magellan pierced the stormy strait?"

The poet, it will be seen, has accorded to the "bird of our banner" a flight wider than that ever swept by the eagles of old Rome; but Uncle Sam's bird is no dunghill fowl, and his go-ahead-iveness may surpass in time the license of the bard.

FROM NEW YORK TO HAVRE.—Commodore Vanderbilt has commenced his steam line from New York to Havre, with his celebrated "North Star" and the "Ariel," two fine boats, and has placed the fare at one hundred and ten dollars, which is ten dollars less than the other Atlantic lines. He is determined to succeed, and we think he will. The California line which he established in the teeth of competition, yielded him a million dollars profit the first year. The rush of visitors to the great Paris Exhibition will give the new line a grand start, and we should think the steamers never need be without a largely remunerative freight on their home voyages. At any rate, the commodore can make it pay if any one can.

THACKERAY THE LECTURER.—This very popular writer and lecturer is again coming to America. He lately delivered a lecture for the benefit of Mr. Angus Reach, the author of that very clever book, "Claret and Olives," who has been affected by paralysis.

DEATH OF THE AUTHORESS OF "JANE EYRE"—The English papers announce the death of Mrs. Nicol, formerly Miss Bronte, who, under the name of "Currer Bell," wrote Jane Eyre, Shirley, and Vilette. She died at Haworth, in Yorkshire.

A NEW FEATURE.—The Williams Hall, Boston, has been leased as a place of popular resort for musical entertainments, and the display of paintings and the fine arts.

HINT TO LITIGANTS.—A suit at law means rags.

ANOTHER NEW TERRITORY.

A letter from New Mexico to the New Orleans Picayune states that the legislature of that territory have some thoughts of memorializing Congress to erect a new territory out of the southern portion of New Mexico. The present territory is eight hundred miles long, six hundred and fifty broad, and is inhabited by one hundred thousand people. The tract of country newly acquired from Mexico has given it a comparatively large population in its southern part, and that section is now so far removed from Santa Fe, the seat of government, and the country is so dangerous and difficult for travellers, that communication is for all ordinary purposes impracticable. The proposed territory is to be called Pimeria; it is said to possess vast agricultural and mineral resources, and to be capable of supporting a large population. The letter to the Picayune states that it already contains a larger population than either Oregon, Washington, Minnesota, Kansas or Nebraska contained when they were erected into territories.

A CURIOUS ORRERY.

Mr. Phoenix, of San Francisco, illustrates his lectures by an orrery, during the exhibition of which a number of choice airs are executed upon a hand organ. His plan for an "economical orrery" is thus described: "An economical orrery may be constructed by attaching eighteen wires of graduated lengths to the shaft of a candlestick, apples of different sizes being placed at their extremities to represent the planets, and a central orange resting on the candlestick, representing the sun. An orrery of this description is, however, liable to the objection, that, if handed around among the audience for examination, it is seldom returned uninjured. The author has known an instance in which a child, four years of age, on an occasion of this kind, devoured in succession the planets Jupiter and Herschel, and bit a large spot out of the sun before he could be arrested."

THE CLAY MONUMENT.—The committee of gentlemen from Kentucky and other States, appointed to select a plan for a monument to Henry Clay, assembled at Lexington, Ky., recently, and examined upwards of one hundred different plans and models, exhibited by different architects. Among them were some fine specimens of art, and after much hesitation their choice fell upon a splendid gothic structure, designed by Mr. Hamilton of Cincinnati.

CARRYING WEAPONS.—The Louisiana Legislature lately passed a law against carrying concealed weapons, under a penalty of from \$250 to \$500, or imprisonment for one month; for a second offence the penalty is doubled.

JUST SO.—There is no difference between buried treasure and concealed knowledge.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. Benjamin Doughty to Miss Dorothy Blackboro; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. James Libbey to Miss Elizabeth R. Farnsworth; by Rev. Mr. Huntington, Mr. Daniel Perkins, Jr. to Miss Mary Slade; by Rev. Mr. Stone, Mr. Joseph Robinson, of Utica, N. Y., to Miss Amelia Robinson; by Rev. Mr. Damon, Mr. Edmund A. Matson, of Charlestown, to Miss Ellen M. Wetherbee; by Rev. Mr. Hoppin, John Codman, Esq., to Miss Isabella Parker.—At Brookline, by Rev. Mr. Burlingham, Mr. Samuel Spear to Miss Eliza Barker, both of Boston.—At Winchester, by Rev. Mr. Robinson, Rev. Payson Tyler, of Barre, Mass., to Miss Anna E. Scott.—At Lancaster, by Rev. Mr. Bartol, Mr. Andrew Fogg, of East Cambridge, to Miss Jennie L. Carey.—At Taunton, by Rev. Mr. Pollard, Daniel F. Randall, M. D., of Rehoboth, to Miss Amelia C. French.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Reed, Mr. Thaddeus Houston to Miss Lydia Haines.—At Wenham, by Rev. Mr. Reding, Mr. William Ward, of Danvers, to Miss Matilda H. Batchelder.—At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Wayland, Mr. Ellis Thayer to Miss Mary E. Smith.—At North Middleboro, by Rev. Mr. Richmond, of Boston, Mr. J. Newton Loomis, of Granby, Conn., to Miss Katie Pratt.

DEATHS.

In this city, Capt. Reuben Salisbury, formerly of Eden, Me., 73; Mrs. Mary Brown, 79; Mrs. Lydia Smith, 63; Widow Sarah Nichols, 83; Rev. William Willey, late of St. Nicholas Church, East Boston.—At Roxbury, Mr. William A. Viles, 34.—At Chelsea, Miss Harriet Elizabeth Boon, 23.—At Cambridge, Mrs. Mary, wife of Mr. True Blake, 25.—At Newton, Mrs. Lucy P. Bowers, 22.—At Milton, Mr. Thomas Hunt, 43.—At South Malden, Dea. Eliphalet Kimball, 70.—At Lexington, Mr. Jonathan Cary, formerly of Boston, 86.—At Holliston, suddenly, Hon. Elihu Cutler, Jr.—At Salem, Miss Ellen Berran, 30.—At Gloucester, Mrs. Elizabeth Davis, 86; Capt. Nathaniel Whittemore, 70.—At Newbury, Mr. Sabine F. Fairbank, 47.—At Worcester, Mrs. Anna M. Barber, 23; Mrs. Sally S. Warren, of Grafton, 54.—At New Bedford, Mr. Daniel Edison, 60; Mr. Thomas C. Ark, 80.—At Pittsfield, Mr. Eldad Francis, 87; Dea. Josiah Francis, 90.—At Southampton, Mr. Phineas Strong, 84; Widow Dorcas Pomeroy, 81.—At Northampton, Mr. Spencer Clark, 63; Mr. Joel Hurlburt, 74.—At Goffstown, N. H., Mr. James Shirley, 96.—At Hampden, Me., Mrs. Sarah J., wife of Senator Hamlin.—At Bradford, Vt., Mr. James Wilson, 92.—At Sharon, Conn., Rev. Grigor L. Brownell, 65.

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EDITORIAL MELANGE.

A deep religious interest is prevalent in many of the Boston churches at the present time. — Liverpool, it is said, is so called from the fact that in former times there was a pool on the spot where the old city now stands, which the liver, a bird shaped like a stork, frequented. There are none of these birds in England now, and some think the story a fable; but the municipal crest of the city is a liver to the present day—which is embroidered on every policeman's coat, and worn on the left arm of every cabman. — Children are raised in Japan with a pulley. Some of the grown folks are occasionally raised with a rope—around the neck. For children and grown folks, Japan holds out inducements that are not to be slighted. — Sebastopol is distant from St. Petersburg about 1392 miles. Couriers convey the mails to Moscow, about 950 miles, from whence they go by railway to the capital. From five days to a week is occupied in the entire journey; so that the czar has his dispatches three or four days earlier than either of his crowned opponents (unless it be the Sultan) can possibly obtain theirs. — Thomas F. Meagher, to whom was offered the commission of colonel of the sixty-ninth regiment, has declined to accept it, for the reason that he is not yet a citizen of the United States. — A society has been discovered and broken up in the town of Northbridge, consisting of about a dozen boys, the oldest of whom was only about 14 years, formed for the purpose of petty thefts. The boys belonged to some of the most respectable families in the place. — Mrs. Sarah Gregor, of Norwalk, has bequeathed to Trinity College of Hartford, the sum of \$15,000. — Governor Johnson, of Tennessee, has extended his executive clemency in behalf of Thomas Greig, a convict, who signally distinguished himself at the fire which destroyed a portion of the penitentiary, a few days ago. Greig, it is said, worked most heroically, and battled with the flames in a manner that won the admiration of all present. — The corner stone of a new exchange was laid at Toronto, Canada, a few days ago. — An instance of the rapid growth of towns in America, is exhibited in the city of Lawrence, Mass. It was founded in 1845. It contains 15,000 inhabitants, has 14 churches, 14 public schools, with 2000 pupils, 15 industrial establishments, large and small, employing a capital of \$6,500,000, and 7000 operatives—producing an annual amount of \$7,500,000 in value. — A railroad company in California obtains money enough from the earth thrown up to pay for the excavation. So say the San Francisco papers. — The Cambridge Athenæum have accepted the legacy of the late James Brown, Esq., and have taken immediate measures to carry the same into effect, by furnishing library rooms, and carrying out, to the fullest extent, the benevolent designs of the donor. — A public common is talked of in Chelsea, by converting the Marine Hospital grounds to that object. — Large quantities of produce and lumber are constantly arriving at Oswego from Canada, exhibiting the effects of the reciprocity treaty. Since the opening of navigation, the arrivals foot up 60,000 barrels of wheat, and nearly half a million feet of lumber. — The United States troops have had a fight with the Indians in New Mexico, in which Captain Stanton, of the first dragoons, was killed. — The Postmaster General has decided that the abstract logs kept by navigators who are co operating with Lient. Maury, in collecting observations for his wind and current charts, come under the new postage law in the category of ship letters, and will therefore be permitted to pass through the mails without prepayment. — The residents of the Southern States are enjoying delightful, summer-like weather. Strawberries are abundant in New Orleans. — The venerable church at Smithfield, in Virginia, of which so much has lately been said, is now but a mere ruin, though the brick work is so firm that it will probably stand a century longer. It is a Gothic structure, and the tower has three points. The whole building is covered with moss. The whole of the interior is gone, except a portion of the gallery, and the walls are covered with the names of visitors. — Printing, in Cambridge, is unusually brisk this season. A large number of first-class book printers are employed at the various offices, and there is a demand for more.

LEGALITY OF GREYNA GREEN MARRIAGES.—Everybody has heard of Greytna Green, the English refuge for persecuted lovers. A marriage contract between a Prussian nobleman and a danseuse, entered into at Greytna Green in times when such marriages were legal, has given rise to a trial in the Prussian courts of justice, which has been going on for a long time, and is just concluded. The husband claimed that the marriage was not binding; the wife resisted. The Supreme Court of Appeals have decided that the marriage is perfectly legal and binding on the parties.

TRAVEL.—A large increase of travel is noticed on some of the Western railroads. The travel on the Lake Shore Railroad has been immense; the number of passengers daily carried is estimated at two thousand. Of these, three fourths are literally winging their way to the western prairies. The emigration promises to exceed that of any former year.

PARKER FOWLE & SONS.—To those in want of carpetings, we would recommend a call on this enterprising firm, who have constantly on hand an extensive assortment of their own importation, and at prices which cannot fail to suit the purchaser. This, we believe, is one of the oldest houses in their line in the city.

TO GET UP A HOLIDAY.—Find some destitute family to whom you can secretly send a barrel of flour. Let your right hand pay for it without allowing the left to know of the deed. Try it, and your heart will have a holiday.

Wayside Gatherings.

Potatoes are selling in Boston at \$4 a barrel, and apples at \$3 50.

The deep artesian well at Charleston, S. C., after affording a transient supply of water, refuses to yield any more.

The corner stone of the Park Street Church, Boston, was laid forty six years ago from the 1st inst.

Murray Hill house, on the Fifth Avenue, New York, has been sold by Mr. Waddle to Mr. Delaplaine, for \$100,000.

The New York Mirror says: "It is estimated that twenty-five millions of passages are made annually across the Brooklyn ferries."

The Boston Herald says: "That community is most prosperous and intelligent, which gives the most liberal support to the local press."

It was a pertinent and forcible saying of the Emperor Napoleon, that "a handsome woman pleases the eye, but a good woman pleases the heart; the one is a jewel, the other a treasure."

The amount of duties paid for French artificial flowers for the first quarter of the current fiscal year, was almost double the amount of duties paid on railroad iron.

The whole amount paid by New York city in 1854-5, for educational purposes, was \$776,973 38; of which sum, \$232,359 12 was for school-house accommodations.

In the expedition to search for Dr. Kane, the missing Arctic explorer, a young brother of the doctor, who has just graduated at a medical school, is to go as surgeon. They sail the 1st of June.

A light boat, to be stationed near Minot's Ledge, is to be built immediately at the Portsmouth Navy Yard. She will be one hundred feet long, and about three hundred tons burthen.

Three jails in Vermont are empty, two have but one inmate each, two others have four each, and one has six and another seven. The average is but three to each jail in the State.

The number of admissions last year into the U. S. Marine Hospital, including every description of patients, was 2219. During the same period, 127 deaths occurred among the inmates.

Rev. Dun Blodgett, an aged and eloquent clergyman, of Randolph, Vt., died very suddenly, lately. A few weeks ago he had a call to New York city, with a salary of \$4000 offered, which he declined.

During the first three months of the present year, 15,677 emigrants arrived at New York from foreign parts, against 23,718 for the same period of the previous year, and 26,544 for a like period of 1853.

The new Appleton cabinet of Amherst College is to be placed on the fine plot of ground south of the south college, and Luke Sweetser, of Amherst, has given \$4000 for the erection of a lecture room to be attached to the present cabinet.

A negro at Norfolk was struck on the top of the head by a barrel of oats, which fell from the third story. The negro was knocked down by the concussion, but was more frightened than hurt.

It is stated that a company has been formed, who offer about three quarters of a millions of dollars more for the Pennsylvania public improvements than has been offered by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

Omens are multiplying in the West. It is said that a hen's egg was found, lately, at Chillicothe, Ohio, in a huckster's lot, with protuberant letters in the shell, containing these words: "Consuming fire in 1856."

Mr. John Balcom, of Pepperell, killed twenty-six black snakes in the south part of the town, lately. They were taken from one den. Their average length was four feet and a half—making one hundred and seventeen feet of snakes!

Under the bounty land act of March 3, 1855, the first claim was presented to the Pension Office about the 10th of March, and up to this date, eighty-one thousand seven hundred applications have been received.

Dutch salt is prepared from several kinds of marine solar evaporated salt, which are re-dissolved in sea water and carefully boiled down again. Before it begins to crystallize, they throw in a lump of butter and a small quantity of sour milk.

Jacob Miller, who was confined in the jail at Patterson, N. J., on suspicion of his being a horse thief, the Guardian says, actually died of grief, lately. He had been very much depressed ever since his arrest. It is a melancholy case.

Captain Breese, the present commandment of the Norfolk Yard, has been detached from his command, to take effect on the 10th of May, and has received preparatory orders for the command of the Mediterranean squadron.

The Blue Ridge Tunnel has progressed through all its difficulties 3050 feet. The remaining 1200 feet will probably offer no further difficulty than the hardness of the rock; and the progress at about seventy feet per month will complete it short of eighteen months.

The plant called Alfula, or Peruvian clover, is beginning to be appreciated in California. It can be cut several times a year, and affords a heavy crop. In deep soil the roots penetrate so far, that drought does not prevent its growth, like ordinary grass or English clover.

The Bishop of Chartres, in France, writes to the Pope: "A mournful evil is thrown over the church of France—the clergy are divided, and its members begin to manifest different opinions, which may endanger the consistency and perpetuity of the principles which France has professed some 1500 years."

According to the Journal of Commerce, a shrewd observer, who has paid much attention to the subject, and has recently returned from a European tour, calculates that during the whole of the present year, the German emigration will be about 175,000, and the British, 75,000; making a total of 250,000.

The statement that the French minister has notified our government that, in the case of war between the United States and Spain, in any attempt by the United States to seize Cuba, the government of France will take part in defence of the rights of Spain, is by no means confirmed.

The Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows of Virginia has adopted the Murtha Washington Female College at Abingdon, and will take measures to insure its completion. It is contemplated to make such arrangements as will insure to the indigent daughters of every deceased odd fellow the benefit of a good education.

The lot of land recently purchased for the custom house, at Gloucester, is one of the most eligibly situated that could be found in that place. It is located in the very centre of the port, convenient to all the wharves and shipping, and the fine building to be erected on the site, from its commanding position, will be a great ornament to the town.

Foreign Items.

M. Montefiore and Dr. Levy were to leave Paris on the 15th of April, with a bevy of workmen, and a million of francs, to found a hospital at Jerusalem for the Jews. One quarter of the sum collected was contributed in London.

A young soldier, belonging to Glasgow, has sent home from the Crimea a pistol bullet firmly imbedded in a tetotal medal. He carried in his waistcoat pocket this medal, which arrested the bullet, and, it is to be presumed, saved his life.

Lord Dundonald has announced his intention to communicate to the Emperor of the French, not only to spare the remnant of the French army, but to ensure that of France, by the speedy destruction of the defences of Sebastopol.

The works for the embellishment of the Bois de Boulogne are nearly completed; but extensive plantations of shrubs are now being made in the southern island, and in the avenue which leads from Mount Liban to the village of Bonlogne.

The Earl of Carlisle has issued instructions to the Comptroller of his Household, to see that every sick and wounded soldier arriving in Dublin from the Crimea, shall be provided with a bed, breakfast, dinner and tea at his excellency's expense.

A new ballet has been lately produced at La Scala, Milan, entitled "Shakspeare." One scene exhibits the poet as inebriated in a low pot-house at Greenwich, and having a pugilistic encounter with another drunken man. Queen Elizabeth, disguised, appears also in the same public-house.

The priests of the Greek Church are preaching a new crusade—the crusade of the nineteenth century—not only to recover Christ's sepulchre, but to take from the Mohammedans all the countries which they have ruled for one thousand years. This is the great idea among both priests and people.

Sands of Gold.

.... The experience of a man ceases only with his life.—Kozlay.

.... We are so desirous of vengeance, that people often offend us by not giving offence.—Deluzy.

.... Borrowed thoughts, like borrowed money, only show the poverty of the borrower.—Lady Blessington.

.... Graves are but the prints of the footsteps of the angel of eternal life.—Jean Paul.

.... Poetry, painting, sculpture and music, are the natural offspring of the heart of man.—Cunningham.

.... Love is a science, rather than a sentiment. It is taught and learned. One is never master of it at the first step.—Deluzy.

.... Imitations please, not because they are mistaken for realities, but because they bring realities to mind.—Johnson.

.... Society seldom forgives those who discovered the emptiness of its pleasures, and who can live independent of it and them.—Lady Blessington.

.... Artists err in the confounding of poetic with pictorial subjects. In the latter, the exterior accidents are nearly everything, the unseen qualities as nothing.—Lamb.

.... Painting and sculpture, next to poetry, constitute the grand medium by which the sublimest ideas, and the most exquisite sensations, are conveyed to the human mind.—Ellis.

.... The loss of friends is a wholesome grief, and the tears of sympathy are like balm to the sufferer; but the loss of property is a wound that festers.—Goethe.

.... Pedagogues seem to imagine that their rods have the virtue of that of Moses, and that by its exercise they can start a fountain of genius in the flintiest rock.—Jean Paul.

Joker's Budget.

Why is a weathercock like a loafer? Because it is constantly going round doing nothing.

The five great evils of life are said to be standing collars, stove-pipe hats, tight boots, bad whiskey and cross women. The last not the least.

Beef must come down. A manatee, or sea-cow, has been killed near the head of Indian River, Florida, weight 1000 pounds; flesh considered a delicacy.

Two foreign sailors examining the cupola of the Boston State House, one of them remarked to the other, "Arrah, my honey, this is the first time I ever saw them copper bottom the top of a house."

An Irishman and an Englishman falling out, the former threatened his opponent, that if he did not hold his tongue, he would "break his impenetrable skull, and let the brains out of his empty head."

Blivins says, whatever may be the charms and social endearments of the breakfast table, they are entirely destroyed by making it the arena for "feats of strength" between the butter and the codfish balls.

"Come, Bill, it's ten o'clock, and I think we had better be going, for it's time honest men were at home."—"Well, yes," was the answer, "I must be off, but you needn't hurry on my account."

A young gentleman paid his addresses to a young lady, by whose mother he was unfavorably received. "How hard," said he to the young lady, "to separate those whom love has united." "Very hard, indeed," replied she, with great innocence, at the same time throwing her arms around his neck, "and so mother will find it."

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

An elegant, moral and refined *Miscellaneous Family Journal*, devoted to polite literature, wit and humor, prose and poetic gems, and original tales, written expressly for the paper. In politics, and on all sectarian questions, it is strictly neutral; therefore making it emphatically a PAPER FOR THE MILLION, and a welcome visitor to the home circle.

It contains the foreign and domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of intelligence. No advertisements are admitted to the paper, thus offering the entire sheet, which is of the MAMMOTH SIZE, for the instruction and amusement of the general reader. An unrivalled corps of contributors are regularly engaged, and every department is under the most finished and perfect system that experience can suggest, forming an original paper, the present circulation of which far exceeds that of any other weekly paper in the Union, with the exception of "BALLOU'S PICTORIAL."

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One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, \$4 per annum. Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU, Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS—One page only of this paper is devoted to advertisements. The immense circulation of the PICTORIAL (being over one hundred thousand copies weekly), forms a vehicle of advertisement that is rarely offered to the public. Another fact which greatly enhances the value of the PICTORIAL as an advertising medium is, that it is preserved, and not destroyed after being read, being regularly bound up every six months, so that each advertisement (all being placed on the inside of the paper) becomes a permanent card of the advertiser's business for years to come.

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[LATE CROOME, HIXON & CO.] may 12

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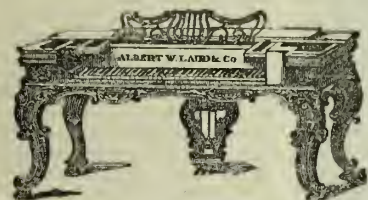
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PIANO FORTES.



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THESE MELODEONS are recommended as superior to all others by the best musicians and organists in the country. Prices—\$60, \$75, \$100, \$120, \$135, \$150 and \$175

Extracts from a letter of Mr. John C. Andrews to Mason & Hamlin, manufacturers of the "Model Melodeons," in Boston, Mass.

CANNON, Ala., Feb. 10, 1855.
Messrs. MASON & HAMLIN—GENTS: The double reed melodeon is received, and has taken its place in the First Presbyterian Church, where, as Hamlet says, it "discourses eloquent music." It is a very fine instrument, and gives great satisfaction. I am surprised at the perfection to which you have brought these instruments; the beautiful evenness of tone, and the excellent effectiveness of the swell. To me it is ten times preferable to a small organ. . . . You cannot think what a feeling the introduction of your melodeon has made in our community; but I am pleased to say the effect is different from that produced on the old Scotchman. When the leader of the choir introduced a pitch-pipe to sound the key-note, after making the sound, the old Scotchman arose and cried with a loud voice, "Tak awa that whusle frae the Lord's huse." Our minister, Dr. Melton, said to me to day, "Your singing and the beautiful tones of that instrument inspired me." But I will not trouble you more with our little matters. Suffice it to say that the melodeon you have sent gives us the most perfect satisfaction.

Respectfully yours, JOHN C. ANDREWS.
Circulars containing a full description of the "MODEL MELODEONS," will be sent to any post-office, on addressing the undersigned, manufacturers,
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mar 24 tf Cambridge St., corner Charles, Boston.

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THE GREAT
AMERICAN ROMANCE.

"THE LAMPLIGHTER."
A COMPANION TO

THE WATCHMAN is written with an earnest object in view. The purpose of the author has been to illustrate the eventual triumph of virtue over evil influences; to picture the various trials to which poverty subjects its victims, and the temptations to which innocence is exposed in a large city; to develop the secret benevolence, which, scant though it be, is still active among us; to warn against the evil of intemperance, and to teach that unceasing, earnest, honest endeavor generally meets with its reward, even in this world. The demand for the book is already very great, and the publishers have just reason to anticipate that its success will equal that of any book that has been recently issued.

The following Commendatory Notices have been received from those editors who have already read the book:

This is a good book; one of that class calculated to enchain the interest, and to leave a wholesome impression behind; one that we would willingly place in the hands of our wife, sister, or any dear female relative, confident that they would benefit by its perusal. Can we award it any higher praise?—*Daily Journal*.

The Watchman merits the praise it has received from all who have read it. It abounds in incident and adventure, and while it interests the reader, it points to a wholesome moral. The author possesses a brilliant imagination, and has devoted his or her talents to a good purpose.—*Atlas*.

FIVE HUNDRED LAND WARRANTS WANTED.—ED. of the Mexican and Florida War, and the War of 1812, and also Illinois, Missouri and Arkansas. Patents located in 1812, long since sold for taxes; also, Patents located since 1827, in Illinois, Wisconsin and Iowa. For the highest cash price will be given. Apply to G. G. SHUFELDT, 2 Nassau St., two doors from Wall St. It may 12

PALMER'S PATENT LEG received the Prize Medal at the WORLD'S GREAT EXHIBITION, in London, in 1851, and New York, in 1853, as the best in Europe or America—and is now manufactured at 378 Broadway, New York. 376 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, and Springfield, Mass., by PALMER & Co. tf may 12

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By addressing a line, post paid, to the publisher, and enclosing one dollar, the book, containing an accurate likeness of the subject, will be sent, free of postage, to any part of the United States. For sale, wholesale and retail by the publisher,
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FOR the prevention and cure of INTERMITTENT and REMITTENT FEVERS, FEVER AND AGUE, CHILLS and FEVER, DUMB AGUE, GENERAL DEBILITY, NIGHT SWEATS, and all other forms of disease which have a common origin in Malaria or Miasma. This subtle atmospheric poison, which at certain seasons is inhaled at every breath, is the same in character wherever it exists—North, South, East or West—and will everywhere yield to this newly discovered antidote, which is claimed to be the greatest discovery in medicine ever made. Please observe that the principle upon which this medicine acts is entirely different from general remedies. It treats Malaria, or Miasma, just as common sense teaches us to treat all other poisons when they are taken into the human system; it neutralizes the poison, and by removing all cause for disease, acts either as a preventive or a cure, and will suit everybody's case. This specific is so harmless that it may be taken by persons of every age, sex, or condition, and it will not substitute for one disease others still worse, as is too often the result in the treatment by Quinine, Mercury, Arsenic, and other poisonous or deleterious drugs, not a particle of any of which is admitted into this preparation. The proprietor distinctly claims these extraordinary results from the use of this

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It will entirely protect any resident or traveller, even in the most sickly or swampy localities, from any ague or bilious disease whatever, or any injury from constantly inhaling Malaria or Miasma. It will instantly check the ague in persons who have suffered for any length of time, from one day to twenty years, so that they need never have another chill, by continuing it according to directions. It will immediately relieve all the distressing results of bilious or ague diseases—such as General Debility, Night Sweats, etc. The patient at once begins to recover appetite and strength, and continues until a permanent and radical cure is effected. Finally, its use will banish Fever and Ague from families and all classes. Farmers and all laboring men, by adopting it as a preventive, will be free from ague or bilious attacks in that season of the year which, while it is the most sickly, is the most valuable one to them. One or two bottles will answer for ordinary cases; some may require more. Directions printed in German, French and Spanish, accompany each bottle. Price, ONE DOLLAR. Liberal discounts made to the trade. Trade circulars forwarded on application, and the article will be consigned on liberal terms to responsible parties in every section of the country.

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Any person enclosing the price of the book will receive the same by return of mail, free of postage. Price, in paper, 60 cents; in cloth, 75 cents. Illustrated. PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & CO., Publishers, Boston, Mass.

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FOR writing two or more letters at once, without the use of pen and ink, working embroideries, marking clothing, etc., has been used in thousands of families the past year, and gives entire satisfaction. Every child and scholar should have it, as it is useful, ornamental and amusing; every botanist should have it, as with it he can take the exact impression of any leaf or plant; every traveller should have it, as it makes a nice, neat and clean pocket inkstand that cannot be broken, and is free from blotting. In fact, all should have it, as when once used, it is considered indispensable. One package of three colors, viz., black, blue and green, sent to any address for 25 cents. Five packages for \$1, or \$2 per dozen; in all cases, free of postage. Address, postpaid, E. BOWMAN, apr 14 tf 117 Hanover St., Boston, Mass.

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A MIRACLE OF CHEAPNESS, containing one hundred pages of reading matter in each number, being more than any of the \$3 magazines, and forming two volumes a year of six hundred pages each, or twelve hundred pages of reading matter per annum, for

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TALES,
POEMS,
SKETCHES,
MISCELLANY,
ADVENTURES,
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WIT AND HUMOR,

from the best and most popular writers of the country. It is also spiced with a record of the notable events of the times, of peace and war, of discoveries and improvements occurring in either hemisphere, forming an agreeable companion for a leisure moment or hour, anywhere, at home or abroad, each number being complete in itself.

Any person enclosing one dollar to the proprietor, as below, shall receive the Magazine for one year; or any person sending us sixteen subscribers shall receive the seventeenth copy gratis.

M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor, Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Streets, Boston.

PORTRAIT OF DU CORNET.

We present herewith a portrait of one of the most extraordinary characters which the history of the fine arts has yet recorded; a gentleman who, though the perversity of nature seemed to have designed him for a helpless existence, to have deprived him of the physical capacity to labor in any way, has yet acquired skill and reputation in the exercise of one of the most difficult of the fine arts. The subject of the sketch was born without arms, and with mis-formed legs, but with head and trunk fully developed. The countenance shows more than an ordinary share of intelligence and talent, joined with an amiability scarcely ever found in a person so utterly crippled. Thrown upon his own resources for occupation, Du Cornet in early life began to use his feet where others use the hands. Gradually acquiring dexterity in so doing, he advanced from one thing to another, until drawing and painting became his chosen art. In this he was warily supported and encouraged by his friends, and by that portion of the public who became acquainted with his unfortunate condition. They preferred to bestow patronage upon one who was completely shut out from all other occupations in life, rather than upon those who could avail themselves of other modes of sustenance. In this manner Du Cornet soon received more than his hands—or rather his feet—could accomplish, and his studio was frequently crowded with the curious, who desired some specimen of his art to preserve as mementoes of the man. The patronage and kindness showered upon him were profited by Du Cornet in every effort at improvement, and he soon ranked among the most noted artists of the French capital. It must not be imagined that Du Cornet's productions are good comparatively, and considered in relation to his infirmities—they are positively and intrinsically meritorious. The composition is good—they are effective—the color is admirable, and what is indeed a marvel, the touch is firm, graceful and expressive. One of his pictures, called "Spring," has been very much admired. A beautiful peasant girl, who has been gathering flowers, has just picked up an unfledged bird that has fallen from its nest—the parent birds sit on an adjacent twig, awaiting confidently the restoration of the little one. We are told that the drawing and coloring of the peasant girl's figure are exquisite—that the foliage and lights and shades are worthy of a master-hand.



PORTRAIT OF DU CORNET.

BATON ROUGE.

Baton Rouge, the capital of Louisiana since 1849, is situated on the east bank of the Mississippi, 217 miles above New Orleans. Its principal street is built on a slope of land at a considerable elevation above high water mark. It contains several churches, a court-house, jail, penitentiary, and barracks for the United States troops, which last are on elevated ground, and a conspicuous feature as the traveler approaches the town. Our view of it is taken from the west bank of the river, directly opposite the town. The scenery of the place has long been noted for its beauty, of which our engraving gives a very good idea. There is a literary institution here, styled Baton Rouge College, which was founded in 1838. There are at present some fifty students here, and the college possesses a small but well-selected library.

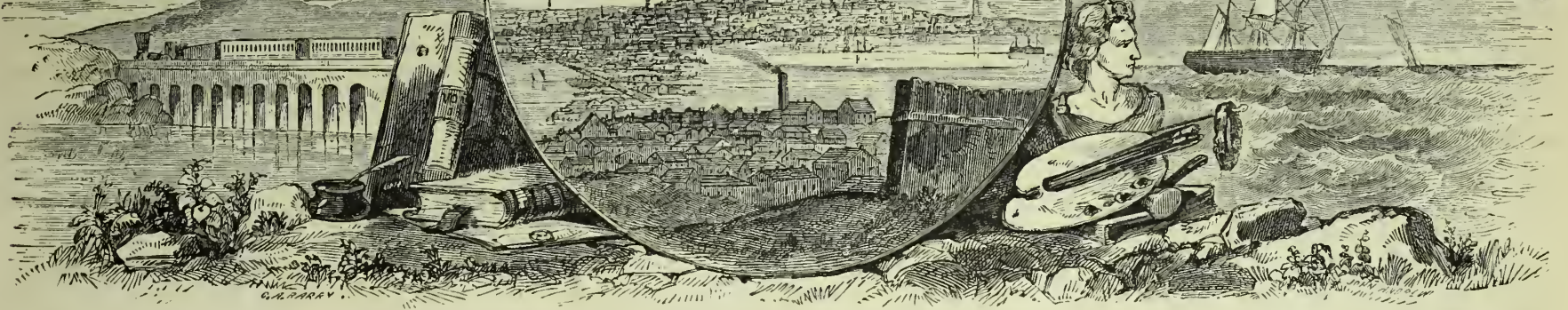
THE FLOWER GARDEN.

The sun reminds us of the renewal of vegetation, the bursting of buds, the springing of flowers in our paths, the adornment of the fields and forests. Spring brings renewed life and youth to the vegetable creation, to be perfected in bud and blossom and seed as the season advances to maturity. The flower garden is a source of infinite delight to many persons, and to ladies in particular, whose finer sense of the beautiful leads them to appreciate the elegant forms and brilliant hues with which nature embellishes it. It is a taste which may be indulged with very little expense or exposure—is healthful exercise, pleasantly stimulating to the mind, and attractive to the senses. Every lady nearly may find time to cultivate a small patch of ground and embellish it with floral beauties. It is amusement which is both pleasant and profitable, for few can watch the development of life in nature, without learning something of nature's laws and operations. The gardener and seedsman have made it easy to gratify this taste. They put up small packages of seeds, containing some thirty varieties of flowers, which cost about a dollar, and will furnish seeds enough to make beds, and cover the borders of a piece of ground twenty feet square. They have also very neat little implements and tools necessary for the garden work, so that a lady may supply herself at any of our nursery and seed stores with everything that she may require for the gratification of this innocent and refined taste.—*Dollar Newspaper.*



VIEW OF BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT
AND BROMFIELD STS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1855.

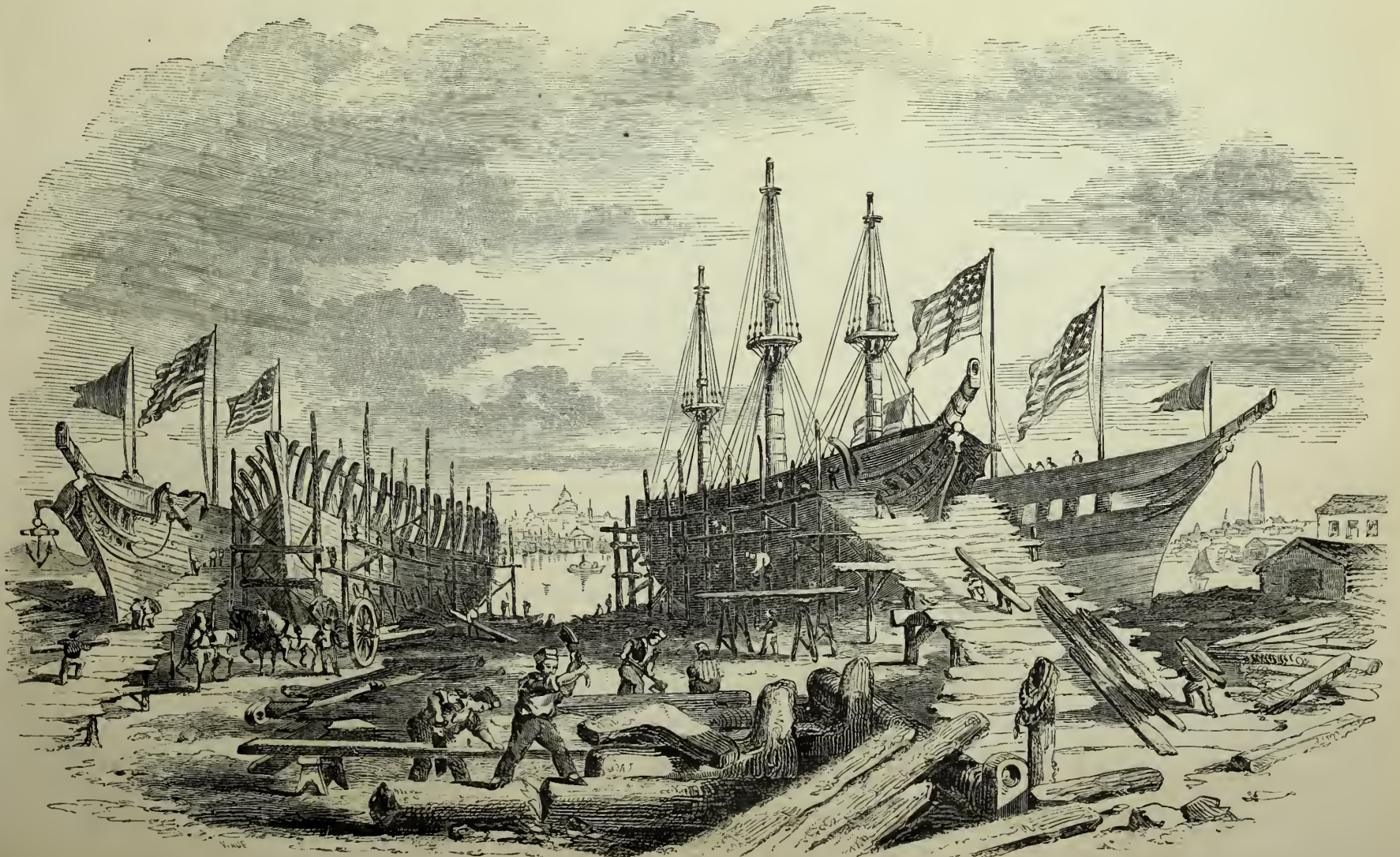
\$3.00 PER ANNUM. { VOL. VIII., No. 20.—WHOLE No. 202.
6 CENTS SINGLE.

SHIP-BUILDING AT EAST BOSTON.

Mr. Wade has here given us one of his spirited illustrative designs, that cannot fail to be interesting not only to those who go down to the sea in ships, but to all who realize the commercial prosperity and glory of our country. We have heretofore given various naval pictures—have shown the white-winged messengers of peace and wealth pursuing their path upon the trackless waters, the gallant armed vessels that uphold the honor of our flag, engaged in deadly conflict with the enemy, our tide and wind-defying steamships, and have also presented launches, showing the first plunge in the water of the leviathans of the deep. But here we have gone back to the beginning. The spectator beholds that busy and interesting scene—an East Boston shipyard, with the huge skeletons of two large vessels in the process of receiving their planking, decks and finishing. Even the framework of the hull is symmetrical, the giant strength of the knees showing the solidity of the fabric. To the landsman it would appear that these frames are made unnecessarily weighty and strong, but the sailor well knows the fury of the elements with which the good

ship has to contend, and how the mightiest line-of-battle is tossed like a feather in the wild strife of the ocean. He can tell of waves tumbling down on a doomed ship from an awful height, and crushing the whole interior of the fabric as if it were an egg shell. He can tell of wild whirling currents of air that twist all the sticks out of a craft in an instant of time. These are calamities against which no strength of naval architecture can contend, but these vessels successfully meet all the ordinary and many of the extraordinary chances of navigation. The best material is selected from the forest and the mine—the most exact science is employed in planning the hull—the most skilful workmanship in putting the materials together, while the vigilant eye of the master carpenter superintends the work as it progresses. Day by day, and week by week, the work assumes consistency and form, till at last, after the mast maker, the rigger, the caulker, and graver and painter have performed their share of the task, the complete ship moves upon the face of the great deep, one of the most beautiful objects of contemplation that the eye can rest upon. Of late years East Boston has been one of the most noted places for ship building in

the United States. It would require a volume to describe the achievements of her mechanics. We recall just now the names of a few of the shipbuilders, and of the vessels which have established their fame. Donald McKay has built the largest ship in the world there, the Great Republic (3555 tons); the Lightning, the Sovereign of the Seas, Champion of the Seas, James Baines, and many others; Hugh McKay has built several fine vessels. From the yard of Samuel Hall were launched the Romance of the Seas, Queen of the Clippers, and Bald Eagle, among others; Mr. Robert E. Jackson is known as the builder of the Lightfoot and Winged Racer; Mr. Daniel D. Kelley turned out, among a host of others, the Bostonian, the Zephyr, and the Edwin Forrest—fine ships; while Messrs. A. & G. T. Sampson built the Indianman and Miranda Brothers. There are other skilful builders at East Boston, which affords great facilities in the way of location to the business of ship building. The East Boston built craft carry the fame of their artificers to every part of the world—and there is a glorious rivalry among the builders, which warrants the belief that even yet greater maritime wonders are in store for us.



SHIP-BUILDING AT EAST BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE

KING AND THE COBBLER.

A ROMANCE OF ANCIENT PERSIA.

BY AUSTIN C. RUDICK.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VI.—[CONTINUED.]

Accordingly the slaves were called in, and they not only corroborated the statement of Manto, but they went on and described the youth's prowess in such terms that for a while rank wonder took the place of anger in the royal mind.

"Did the youth give any reason for his act?" the king at length asked.

"Ay. He said he loved the maiden himself."

"Now, by the throne I hold," cried the monarch, striding across the apartment, "I'll have that rebel's head even were he thrice the son of a satrap! Ay—I'd have his life if he were my own child. Shall I—the king—the monarch of Persia—the ruler before whom all people bow, be thus trampled upon by a boy? What ho, there! Slaves! Dogs! Up, up—and haste my will. Call up the captains, Manto, and take a hundred soldiers. See them well armed and then go bring me the damsel and the youth. Bring the latter alive if you can, for by my royal crown, I would look upon him ere he dies. But harm not the damsel. Let harm come to her, and I'll have the life of every man I send! Ere the sun goes down I must possess the beautiful Zillah, for my heart is turned with love of her. Haste thee, Manto, and let my bidding be done. I'll await thee here."

"They may have fled."

"Then find them."

"We hasten to do your bidding."

"And your lives shall answer for your success."

As the king thus spoke, his lieutenant left the apartment, and ere long a hundred soldiers were ready to set out, and with them went six more slaves to bear the chair. People gazed upon them as they passed, and wondered what plan the king had on foot now.

As soon as Sohrab was left alone with his eunuchs, he began to pace the apartment more moderately than he had been doing, for his thoughts were deep and interesting. Feridoon was his subject, and he gave it much weight. He remembered the youth, and he remembered how fair and beautiful he was. As the reader knows, the king had seen him but once, and that was only two days previous to the present time.

"Slave," he said, stopping suddenly in his walk, and addressing one of his eunuchs, "go and find Kanah, and bid him attend me here."

"By my soul, there's something strange about this youth," he muttered, after the eunuch had gone. "I noticed when he sat by my side in the great hall, that he behaved not as other people behave in the presence of the king. He did not cower nor shrink before me, and his obeisance was only in outward form. I'll know him well ere long—and he shall know me!"

Soon afterwards one of the inner doors of the apartment was opened and an old man entered. He was older than the king, for he had surely seen more than the threescore-and-ten years of allotted life. Yet he was firm and upright, with a face of great shrewdness and intelligence. His name was Kanah, and he was the king's chief counsellor and adviser.

"Ah, good Kanah, I have sent for you to help me in a curious matter. Do you remember the youth whom Rustem brought hither with him on the day before yesterday?"

"Ay, sire, I remember him well."

"Then sit thee down here. Now listen." And thereupon the king went on and related all that had happened at the house of the cobbler. "Now, Kanah," the monarch resumed, "whom do you think this youth to be?"

"Surely, sire, I know not."

"But do you think him really the son of the satrap?"

"No."

"Ha—I thought so."

"I will tell you my reasons, sire. In the first place, Rustem told us that this youth was just one and twenty years of age on the day he brought him here, and that he had kept him thus far secluded so that he might not become contaminated by the vices of other youths. Now if you will take the trouble to refer to the records in the archives of the kingdom, you will find that twenty-three years ago this very month, Rustem went into Arabia with a part of Kei Khosrou's army, and was gone three years. This is the first evidence of contradiction. But later than that I have one from his own lips. It is not ten years since Rustem used to pray that God would bestow a son upon him, and I remember well, that within these nine years, last past, he has offered sacrifices of goats and incense to God for the same favor. And more do I remember. About five years ago, Rustem was approaching old age with sedate and sorrowful looks, and I think that at that time he told me, when I rallied him upon his dejection, that God had cursed him with barren wives. Then it was that he went off to the Hetzendarras to hunt, and when he returned I could see that he came with smiles and good humor, and so he has been ever since."

"By my life, Kanah, you have a wonderful memory," said the monarch.

"I have looked up these things, sire, since the satrap brought his son here. When I first saw that youth, and heard Rustem

tell that it was his son, I began to doubt it. Out of curiosity I hunted over the proof, and now you know it as well as I do."

For some moments the king remained silent; but at length he said, while a sudden light shot athwart his countenance:

"Good Kanah, I believe I am ahead of thee. Dost thou not remember the mighty man of war—Kei Khosrou's great general—Gushtasp?"

"Ay, well," returned the counsellor.

"You remember he was the most comely man of his time, and the most mighty in strength?"

"Ay—most truly, sire."

"And is not this youth Feridoon his counterpart?"

"Now, by the gods, my noble king, you have lifted the veil!" cried the counsellor, with enthusiasm. "This youth is the very self of Gushtasp in form and feature; and well do I remember me that the mighty general had an infant son when he was—was—"

"Killed by the robbers of the desert," suggested the king, seeing his companion hesitate.

"Ay—that is it," added Kanah, with a strange smile upon his face. "But I remember well that he had an infant son, whom he took with him when he went away upon his last mission."

"Rustem shall be questioned upon this," resumed the king.

"Yet, sire," quickly added Kanah, "you may be sure Rustem meant no harm. Whatever may have been his purpose in claiming the youth as his own son, you may rest assured that he meant no harm to you or to the kingdom."

"I hope not."

"O, I know he did not, for I know Rustem well, and he is one of your most loyal subjects. Get the truth from him, but do not accuse him of wrong."

And here the subject of Feridoon's nativity rested for the present. The king and his counsellor conversed a long while upon the curious circumstance, but they arrived at no further points, merely dwelling upon the various surmises which such a matter would be likely to bring up—the main point being whether Rustem had brought Feridoon up from infancy, or whether he had found him more recently.

CHAPTER VII.

A MOST STRANGE BATTLE.

THE wife of Zak Turan prepared dinner in her best style, for she had conceived a love for Feridoon such as she would have felt for her own child, and she wished to do him homage. The dinner was eaten, and then Feridoon went away and sat down with Zillah, while Rudabah cleared off the table, and shortly afterwards Zak Turan went out to his stall to work, for he had a pair of sandals to stitch before night. It was about half an hour after this, while the youth and maiden were conversing ardently together, that the cobbler came rushing in all pale and trembling.

"The Lord save us now!" he ejaculated. "An hundred soldiers are coming this way, and the same officer leads them who was here this morning. Ormuzd be with us now!"

Zillah uttered a sharp cry upon this intelligence, and she would have fallen to the floor in a swoon had not her lover caught her in his arms.

"Fly, good Feridoon—fly!" cried Zak Turan.

"Not so, father," calmly replied the youth. "I shall not do myself the injustice, for only the guilty flee when any man approacheth. Yet I would have thee conduct Zillah away from here, for she may be moved with too much fear. Mother, you will take her to her own apartments."

No sooner had Feridoon thus spoken, than Rudabah took Zillah by the hand to lead her away; but the maiden revived upon the moment she found herself about to be taken from her lover, and it was not until Feridoon laid his express command upon her, that she could be induced to leave. Hardly had she gone and left our hero and the cobbler together, when the heavy footfalls of the soldiers were heard without. The youth sprang to the door, and he reached it just as the soldiers were entering at the gate.

"Hold there, hirelings!" shouted Feridoon. "Now what seek ye?"

"Both you and the damsel Zillah," returned Manto, for he it was who led the band.

"And wherefore me?"

"The king will punish you for your deed this morning."

"And wherefore the damsel?"

"That our king may take her to wife."

"And if she were once within the king's grasp he would make her his wife in spite of all reason and persuasion?"

"He would do his own will most surely, for kings are not prone to ask advice upon such matters."

"Then you may go and tell the king that Zillah he cannot have, and tell him also that I will come to him on the morrow."

"But we have orders to take you both now."

"And if I refuse?"

"Then you must go by force. The king bade me fetch you to him either dead or alive."

"Then he is angry because I resisted you before?"

"He is."

"You did not tell him that the maiden was already beloved by another?"

"I did."

"And does he still persist in having the maiden for his own?"

"Most resolutely."

"Then what a tyrant have we for a ruler! Go tell him that I

will come to him to-morrow, and that then we will argue our respective claims face to face."

For a few moments Manto seemed undecided how to act; but he quickly remembered the order of his royal master, and his mind was as quickly made up.

"Young sir," he said, "you have heard the orders we have from the king. Both you and the damsel must go with us now. If you will submit quietly, all will be well; but if you choose to resist, the result be upon your own head."

"Be it where it will, I shall not submit, because if I do, Zillah will most assuredly be carried to the king, and then no one can protect her. Methinks you, being a man, can judge somewhat of my feelings. You know how you would feel were the king to send a guard of slaves to seize your own loved wife, for the God above us knows that I love the beautiful Zillah as though she were already mine in marriage. Now I have said all. I hope you will not put me to another test."

Manto knew that he should fail in argument, and as time was precious, he resolved to do his work at once. So he beckoned to his followers and bade them seize the youth immediately.

"Remember!" cried Feridoon, "this is right against wrong. I shall defend the maiden that I love against any power that shall set itself up in open violation of the laws of justice. And remember one other thing. You are many, and I must therefore fight to the death if you force me!"

But the soldiers heeded not his words. They knew nothing of him but what they now saw, and with a confident movement some dozen of those in advance moved towards him. It so happened that a stout lever of olive wood stood against the door post—a lever which Zak Turan had used for prying his door stone into place—and this the youth seized at once. It was some six feet long and very stout and heavy. This repeated wrong had roused his indignation to its highest pitch, and as he saw the movement of the soldiers towards him, seeing some of them draw their swords, and knowing that they were ready to kill him rather than let him escape, he became angry beyond self-control; it was the first time within his memory that his passions had been so thoroughly aroused. He swung the huge club over his head, and at the first sweep four men were laid prostrate. Higher and higher rose his wrath as he saw the whole phalanx draw their swords, and with his whole might he rushed upon them.

Manto had at first wondered if the youth could sway that huge club with skill enough to effect anything, but his wonder changed to deadly fear, for he not only saw the ponderous lever flash through the air like a lightning-bolt, but he saw the youth's face, and he knew that the savage had supplanted the philosopher. He shrank behind his followers, as he had a right to do, and when he saw them falling like grain before the reaper's hook, he resolved to make one last effort.

"What ho! my men!" he cried, "now move together! rush in upon him at once—all of you—in a body!"

But the rushing part of the work was upon the other hand. No man, nor no body of men could stand before the enraged youth. He had his enemies all before him, and not one of them could reach him, for that stout club performed its circuits instantly, and its force was such that a whole section was swept down at once. Swords were of no more use than so many chips would have been. Those of the soldiers who had been without the gate rushed in when they heard the sound of conflict, and as they saw their comrades falling before them they pressed blindly forward, shouting and pushing and brandishing their swords. But soon the current set against them—those in advance began to fall back. Yet they braced themselves up, little dreaming at the moment that they were only forcing their brethren into useless destruction.

Thus went the work on. Feridoon was not only yet untouched, but at every stroke he seemed to gain new strength. The truth was, he was losing his humanity—he was forgetting that he was a man. He seemed only to realize that he was a beast defending his young from a merciless foe. He swept his enormous club over his head, and the royal soldiers fell before him like chaff.

But such a combat could not last long. One stout man will make quick work with a hundred puny boys, and Feridoon did the same with the hundred soldiers. The garden was literally strewn with prostrate bodies, and when at length the youth passed the gate and entered the street, only six men were left to flee before him, and one of those was Manto. He had had the judgment to keep out of the way. As soon as Feridoon found that there were no more to oppose him he let the point of his club fall, and having gazed until the six fugitives had disappeared he returned into the garden. Some of the men were just crawling to their feet, but they fell back as they saw their terrible enemy returning. The youth did not molest them, however, but pursued his way at once to the house, where he found the poor cobbler trembling like an aspen.

"Now, mine excellent host, what is the matter?" asked Feridoon, as he noticed the old man's perturbation.

"The Lord preserve us!" uttered Zak Turan, in trembling accents. "You have slain the king's soldiers, and most surely will he have vengeance. You will not always be here to protect us, and ere long they will come down upon me."

"Fear not, my kind father," returned the youth, persuasively. "You have had no hand in any of these doings, and so I will inform the king."

"Will you tell him that?"

"Most assuredly."

"But will you see him?"

"I shall see him to-morrow."

"He will kill you!"

"I think not. I shall go armed, and if he issues orders against my life, I shall make him a hostage for my safety. Fear not for me."

At this moment, when the cobbler was upon the point of speaking, the door was opened, and Feridoon instinctively raised the terrible club which he still held in his hand; but it was quickly dropped, for he saw that the new comer was none other than Kobad, the astrologer. He gazed eagerly about him as he entered, and the tremulousness of his flowing white beard showed that he was moved by some strange fear, but when his eye rested upon Feridoon, his face brightened, and he hastened forward.

"My son," said he, "what strange thing is this which has happened?"

"'Tis the result of the doings of a wicked king," returned the youth.

Kobad sat down and Feridoon took a seat by his side, and then the latter related all that had happened, commencing with the first coming of the three disguised men, and ending with the conflict that had just transpired. When he had closed his startling narrative, the astrologer was for some moments lost in deep wonder, but a sense of the real situation of things about him came soon to his mind, and he started from his seat.

"Noble, generous, brave boy," he cried, embracing the youth as he spoke. "How rightly did the satrap judge when he called thee the LION HEART. And you love the gentle Zillah?"

"O, with every thought and feeling of my life!" quickly answered Feridoon.

"God be praised for that!" fervently ejaculated the venerable man. "I knew you would love her, for she is worthy of it. But alas that the foul king should have seen her, seeing that she has no rank to protect her loveliness. And yet rank or wealth is nothing to him. Sohrab takes whom he pleases, from the parents of his court to those of the very beggars. But Zillah must be removed now, for she will be no longer safe here."

"I will protect her," said Feridoon.

"But you cannot always be with her."

"I will marry her."

"Not yet," said the old man, with something like a smile upon his face. "And even if you did, it would not save her, for you must remember that the king will not give up his purpose. You can see that in the very thing he has done to-day—first sending his slaves and then his soldiers. His next movement will be to send a body of lancers and archers, and against javelins and arrows your strength will not avail you."

Feridoon saw the justice of these remarks, and after he had pondered awhile, he asked Kobad what he would do for Zillah's safety.

"I will take her with me and place her where the king will not find her," answered the sage. "I know of a place he will not easily find, and thither I will take her at once—and not only her, but her parents also, for Sohrab will surely take them in his rage. The influence of the satrap may protect you, but you can go with me if you like."

"I would go and be with Zillah, but not to flee from the king, for on the morrow I shall go to the royal palace. But promise me one thing—when Zillah is hidden away I may sometimes go and see her."

"Most assuredly—only there must be a condition. You shall go only when I can go with you."

"And why so?"

"Do you not see that if the king allows you to go at large, you will be watched? He knows that you love the beautiful damsel, and that you would be likely to visit her. Your steps would be followed accordingly, and Zillah's place of concealment thus traced out."

"I see," quickly returned the youth, frankly, "and I will obey. But there is yet one other thing. How long must Zillah remain thus concealed? For I see not how the power or will of the king is to be overcome, but by perpetual concealment."

The astrologer bowed his head, and at the expiration of a few moments he said:

"We will speak of that at some other time. I can save her for the present, and for the future I can see things which may not be explained now. But we must move quick, for in all probability the king will send a host here as soon as his discomfited messengers return with their tidings of failure."

Accordingly Zillah and her mother were called down, and they both readily embraced the astrologer's offer, for they saw that it was the only real means of safety. So they set about preparing themselves at once. Zak Turan packed up what little money and small articles of value he had; Rudabah took such articles of clothing as she thought she should need; while Zillah only thought of spending her present moments with her lover; but her mother worked for her, and ere long they were ready to start.

"Let us wait no longer," said Kobad, when he saw that all was ready.

"But I may see her soon," urged Feridoon, still clinging fondly to the being he so deeply loved.

"Yes. I will come for you as soon as is proper. But if you delay us now, ruin may fall upon all. Be wise, and you shall be the happier for it."

The youth understood the meaning of the sage, and with one more fond embrace and one more sweet kiss, he handed Zillah over to her mother, and prayed that God would protect her. Then Kobad led the way out through the back passage into the narrow, tiled covert behind the house, and from thence he proceeded on through a low, vaulted corridor that connected with the bathing houses belonging to dwellings upon another street. Ere long, he came out into a narrow, dark lane which seemed to wind about on purpose for intricacy, and as the way was here clear he pushed on with quick steps.

Feridoon watched the party till they had passed from sight, and then he turned his steps towards the front yard. Here he found some sixty men either dead or so far gone that they had no life to show, but he could not help the matter now. He supposed the servants of the king would come and take care of them in good time. There may have been a momentary pang—a sensation of pain—as the youth looked upon the work of death he had done; but he quickly remembered that those he had slain were men let out to do evil for another—men who were ready to stake their lives in an event of ever so great a crime, and that their death had been necessary to secure the safety of one who was worth more to earth and to God than all the hireling soldiers a tyrant can muster. These thoughts calmed his mind, and with a soul satisfied with this, its first great essay of life, he moved on.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE KING STILL IN TROUBLE.

LONG and impatiently did the king await the coming of those whom he had sent for Zillah, and often did deep curses fall from his lips as moment after moment sped away. His old counsellor had left him, and he had called his four most trusty eunuchs to bear him company. At length the sound of feet came upon the stairs, and a slave who had been set upon the watch entered.

"Now, slave, what news bring you? Speak it out, and stand not trembling there. By the heavens and all the gods that dwell therein, you'd better not crush my hopes. What have ye seen?"

"Some of your men are returning, sire."

"Some, say ye? How many?"

"Perhaps a score."

"They come as messengers, or mayhap they bear the young rebel, while those with the maiden come more slowly."

"But those who come now bear the litter with them."

"Ha—then they bring the maiden. Go conduct them here at once!"

The slave had seen that the litter was borne with its crimson canopy silding, and he knew that no maiden could be in it, but he dared not tell his thoughts to his king; so he withdrew, and shortly afterwards Manto entered alone. He was pale and trembling, and as he met the inquiring gaze of his monarch his eyes fell to the floor.

"Now, Manto, speak!" uttered the king, in a harsh, forced tone. "Where is the maiden—and where the youth?"

"We could not take them, sire," answered the lieutenant, mustering all his courage.

"Beware, Manto! Do not tell me a lie. Do not tell me you could not."

"I speak the truth, sire."

"Did you not take one hundred men with you?"

"Yes, sire."

"And what did they?"

"As God is my Maker and my Hope, they fell like chaff before the wind, beneath the single arm of him whom you call Feridoon, or the Lion Heart."

The king sank down upon a seat and gazed his lieutenant in the face. Thus he remained for a full minute, and then he sprang to his feet.

"Manto!" he said, in a hoarse, husky voice, "I do not think you would lie to me."

"I could not, if I would."

"Then tell me truly—did this youth, all alone, do as you have said?"

"Of a verity did he, sire."

"With what manner of weapon?"

"With an enormous club—a ponderous beam of wood."

"Then he must have slain some of my guard."

"Full threescore, at least."

"There is more than human work in that. The youth has some powerful afrite* under his control. It must be so. But tell me all, Manto."

The lieutenant was much relieved when he found that the king did not kill him nor swear vengeance against him, and he related all the circumstances just as they occurred, save that he gave a little extra coloring to the appearance of Feridoon. When he had concluded, the king remained for some moments in deep thought. He was naturally superstitious, and hence his mind had something to dwell upon besides the disappointment he suffered. But his energies were not by any means gone, and ere long his next proceeding was planned.

"Now mark me, Manto," he said, arising, and speaking slowly, and with energy. "Go and call up a hundred more men. Take the stoutest of our archers, and see that each man has his javelin—for by all the powers of darkness he cannot withstand the finely tempered points of our arrow and javelin heads. Go you with these, and bring him to me. Order him to surrender, and if he does not, then kill him at once. Haste, now, and when he is despatched or secured, the maiden may be easily taken. Do you understand?"

This presented something tangible and sure to the lieutenant's mind, for now his men could fight at a distance, and he did not think the flesh of the wonderful youth would be impervious to the best and surest arrow heads in the kingdom. So he told the king he would obey, and then set at once about his mission.

"I'll have the damsel yet," the monarch muttered, as soon as he was left alone with his eunuchs. "And when I do have her, I shall have well earned my right to the possession. By my royal

* Afrite—a species of genie held in much dread by the ancients as being of the demon stamp.

diadem, I'd possess her now if it took every man in my kingdom to pay the price!"

An hour passed away, and during that time Sohrab had been part of the time in the outer porch with his pet birds, and part of the time with his eunuchs in the great hall where he meant to receive his beautiful prize.

But the end of that hour again brought disappointment. Manto returned and reported that neither the youth, the maiden, the cobbler nor his wife could be found; but he said he had set his hundred men upon the search, with directions not to give up until some of them had been found.

The king listened until his lieutenant had finished, and then sat down again and bent his brow upon his hand. Had he been only half as much moved as he really was, he would probably have struck Manto dead at his feet at once, but his emotions were so deep that they literally operated as a weight upon his passions. Reason came to him, as comes the last iron touch of will to the dying man when all hope is gone. He sat thus for full five minutes, but those minutes seemed hours to Manto, for he now expected nothing else so much as instant death.

"Manto," he at length said, in a hoarse whisper, "go and send Kanah to me, and then send at once for the satrap Rustem."

With a step quicker by far than usual did the lieutenant obey this mandate, for he felt as though he were escaping death.

Soon the counsellor made his appearance, and to him the king related what had happened. At first, the old minister could scarcely credit the story, but when his royal master had told all, he was forced to give it credit.

"Has not the youth an afrite to obey his will?" Sohrab asked.

Kanah started.

"'Tis a long while," he answered, "since I have seen reason to believe in the existence of those powerful spirits, but I will not take it upon myself to say that they do not exist. But I would like to see Rustem."

"I have sent for him."

"Then we shall know something from him."

They did not have to wait long for the satrap, as he was already on his way to the royal palace when he met the messenger. He was very pale when he entered the apartment, and his countenance showed plainly that he labored under much fear. The king looked up as his satrap entered, and for a moment he seemed undecided how to receive him, but his first words were very moderate.

"Rustem, we have been anxious to see you. A most wondrous thing has happened—a thing almost passing belief, and we want your assistance in digging up the mystery."

"Sire!" spoke the satrap, trying to compose himself, "I know to what you allude. You speak of deeds which my son has this day done."

"Ay—that I do!" replied the king, quickly and vehemently.

"Do you then know of them?"

"Yes, sire. My son reached home before I came away, and he told me all that had happened. I was not only angry, but I would have punished him had I been able. However, my anger will be some punishment."

"And he told you all? How he refused to comply with my orders? how he attacked my own slaves? how he killed my own guard? and how he hurled defiance at me?—at me—his king and lawful sovereign?"

"Yes, sire—he told me all."

"And what was his reason?"

"He loved the girl himself."

"But how could he have seen her, since he has been all the while confined?"

"He never saw her until yesterday."

"Ha! And that is the amount of priority of love he claims! Why did you not strike him dead when these awful confessions fell from his own lips?"

"For two reasons, sire. First, I am not strong enough; and second, he is my own child, and my father's—"

"Stop! stop! good Rustem, you forget yourself," uttered the king, interrupting him. "Are you sure he is your own child?"

The satrap started as though an arrow had pierced his heart. He gazed first into the face of the king, and then into that of the counsellor.

"What mean you, sire?" he at length asked, hesitatingly.

"Do you not know what I mean?" asked Sohrab in reply, eyeing the satrap sharply. "I asked you if you were sure that youth was your own child. Now speak no falsehood, for I would have the truth."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE HUMAN VOICE.

The most beautiful and touching instrument, which man has received from the hands of his benevolent Maker, is the voice. Through words he can impart life and signification to his melodies; he can call forth the most secret feelings of the heart, awaken every passion into living reality, and powerfully vibrate all the chords of the soul. What joyful sensations cannot the simple song of the shepherdess of the Alps inspire! If such be the case, how much greater must be the effect produced by a cultivated singer, if his song be enlivened by art and a regulated fancy; we say a regulated fancy, for how often do even experienced singers, betrayed by vanity or affectation, overstep the limits marked out by nature. And yet how much more frequently are the most excellent gifts, instead of being consecrated to the service of the art, perverted to a mere mechanical and unintellectual means of making a livelihood.—Bentley.

La Fontaine was one of the most absent-minded of men. We are told that he once attended the funeral of a friend, and shortly afterwards called to visit him, when the servant informed him his master was dead. La Fontaine was at first very much shocked, but recovering from his surprise, observed, "It is true enough, for now I recollect I was out to his burial."

BRIDGE OF COBOSAC, FRANCE.

This curious structure, represented below, is not altogether a suspension bridge, and is only made so by the length between the piers. Their lightness is accounted for by the strain being taken off from them by the suspension cables. This bridge is thrown over the Dordogne, and is one of the largest of the kind in France. It is so elevated that vessels of very large tonnage can

pass under it without striking their topmasts. The elevated viaduct at one side of the bridge has a slight ascent on one side, but is level on the other. The bridge has undergone the test of severe storms and the passage of the heaviest loads, without giving the slightest evidence of yielding. Bridges of this description, uniting the pier and suspension principles, find great favor with engineers, from the facility with which they are constructed, their

lightness and the saving of cost. There is also a great saving of time in the construction. The piers are sunk in the usual way, without the heavy expense and delay of a coffer dam. When the foundation is secured, two iron towers are run up, separated from each other, but connected with the bridge by a span. At the top these towers run up twenty-five feet higher than the bridge, and support the suspension cables. These cables pass through stone pedestals and are fastened to the stone turrets. The French government are exceedingly careful in the erection of their bridges. A few years ago the suspension bridge at Angers gave way during the passage of a body of troops, precipitating an entire regiment into the water, and occasioning the loss of many lives. Since then suspension bridges have lost ground.

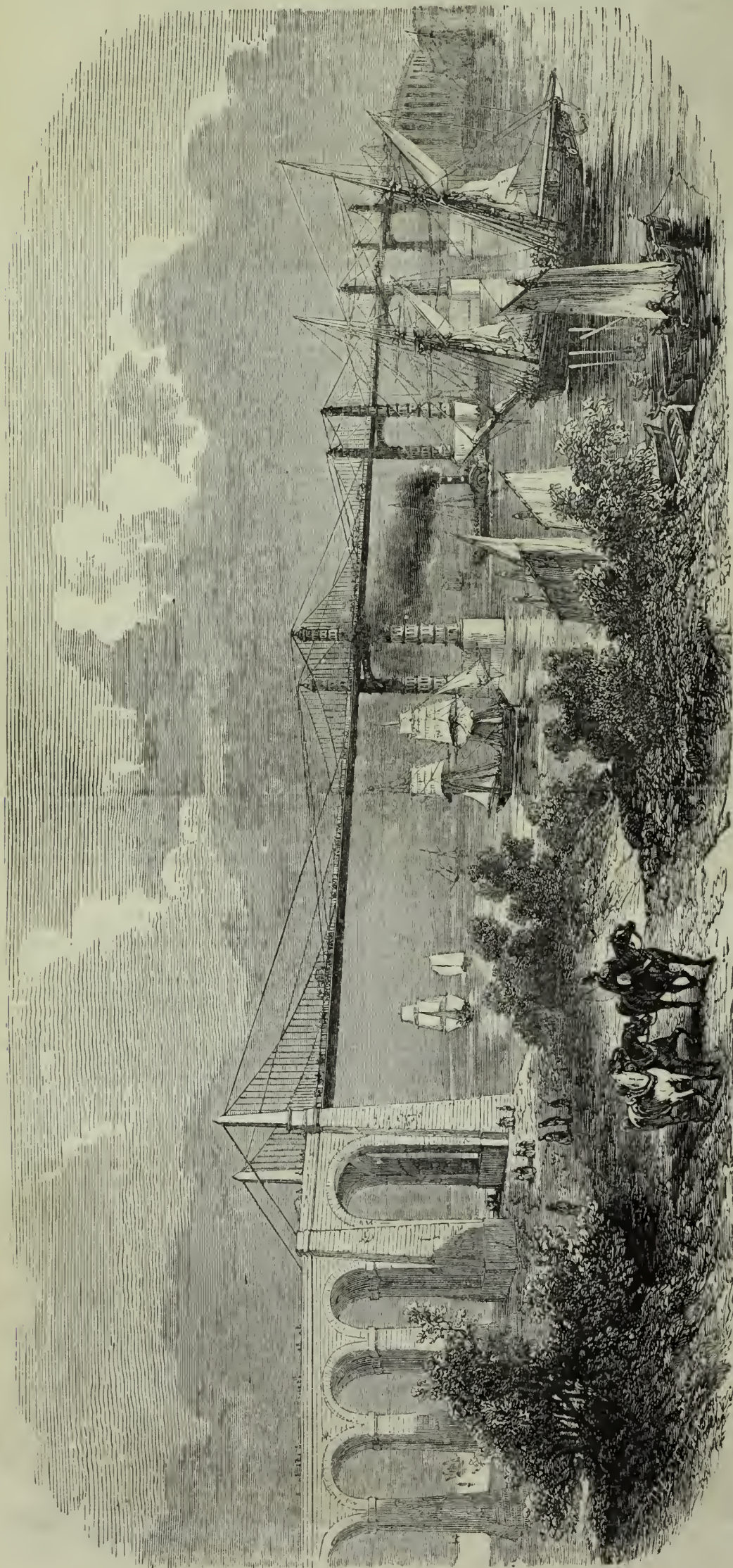
THE TAME THRUSH.

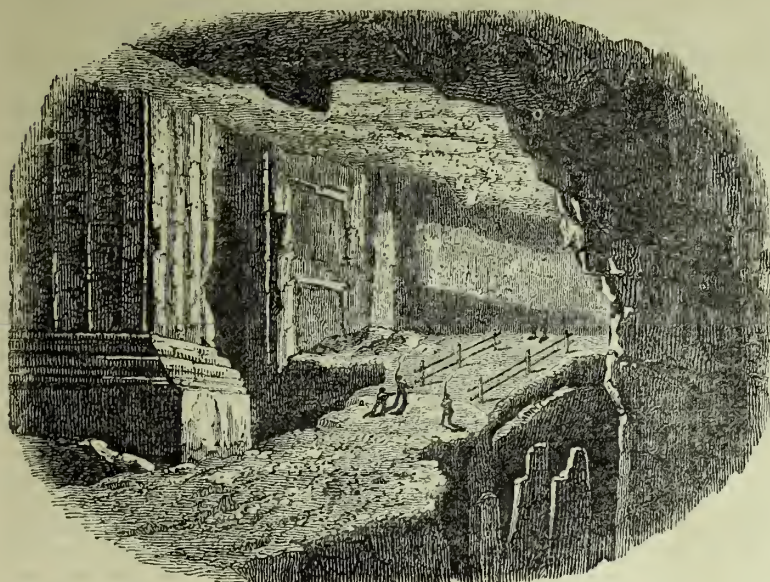
I will give you an account of a little bird, which was the delight of a whole year in my childhood, and which I can never speak or think of without a tender regret. I found the bird in the hands of a little ragged boy, who was so cruel as to rob nests whenever he could find any. It was a brown thrush, a beautiful kind of bird, with spotted breast and chestnut-colored back and wings. But this poor little thing was scarcely fledged, and as the boy thought it would soon die, I succeeded in getting it from him without difficulty. I carried it home and tried to feed it, but it was too young to pick up food, so I was obliged to open its bill and drop in a few crumbs and a little water. It was almost starved, and my care was soon rewarded by its recovery and rapid growth. It usually sat perched upon a corner of the mantel-piece in my room, and at night would roost upon the bed-post, though I often found it close beside me when I awakened. But I was afraid it would leave me, for the summer was advancing, and the doors and windows were open all day. Once it flew into the garden, while I stood at the window, watching its little brown wings flutter among the bushes, and crying as though my heart would break, for fear it would never return. At last I called to it, as I had often talked when stroking its glossy feathers, and to my joyful surprise it came flying back as if glad to find me again. After that I had no fears, and it grew tamer every day. It learned to follow every member of the family, though it knew me as its mistress, and would always fly to my shoulder when I left the house, and sit balancing its little weight as I walked over uneven ground, and pushing its soft head against my cheek. Whenever I visited my playmates, my thrush went too; and if we wished to leave it in safety while we engaged in a game of romps, I had only to make a house for it of my sun-bonnet and it would never come out. We lived a little out of the town, in the quiet enclosures of a university, so that I had nothing to fear from the cruelty of boys in the streets, and my favorite was soon known and loved by all within the college grounds. At last it learned to follow my uncle when he went to his college recitations; and it was a wonderful and pleasing sight indeed to see the grave and learned doctor walking slowly along the path, absorbed in thought, with the little brown bird hopping gayly behind him. When he reached the recitation-room, the bird would fly upon the edge of the desk, and sit there as grave as an owl until the class was dismissed, to the great amusement of the students. In the house he was equally tame and gentle. My little cousin—a baby just able to sit alone—was delighted whenever it would alight near her, and with the indulgence always shown by animals toward the advances of children, it would allow her to draw it after her by its tail, hopping backward without any apparent inconvenience. Whenever I sat down to my task of sewing, it always seated itself upon the window-sill beside me, or else hid in my lap, and no movement of mine ever seemed to disturb its content. Do you wish to know what became of this dear little pet? My uncle caught another thrush, which had seen more of life in the woods, and would not stay with us unless it was put in a cage; so the two birds were placed together until winter was over, and then we opened the cage door and let them fly out. They each took a mate from the many thrushes that visited the garden, and went away to build their nests. But several times during the summer I saw one bird linger on the garden fence after the other had flown, and I always knew it was my own little friend come back to visit his young mistress. It would allow me to come very near, and often flew to the well to drink, while I stood beside the curb and talked in the gentle voice it had loved so well, and still seemed to recall with tenderness. I suppose my bird, as the story-books say, "lived happy ever afterward," and I am glad it found a mate, and went away to build a home, instead of living with me till its death, which must have happened before long.—*Cor. N. Y. Churchman.*

THE MEXICAN SNAKE BIRD.

Having read a brief description of the snake-bird in a number of the Scientific American (1854) sent me by my brother, I thought that a more extended description of its nature and habits would be interesting to your readers, especially as I have been a resident in this country for more than ten years. This bird inhabits not only the southern coasts of Lower California, but all the hot climates of the republic, and both Central and South America. It goes by the name of *hico*—pronounced *soaco*. Its color is almost black, and mottled. Its tail is composed of four or five dark mottled feathers, about ten inches long. Its beak is two and a half inches long, slim, hard and very sharp. Its length is about twenty-two inches from the tip of the tail to the point of the beak. Its weight is about one pound. It has four toes on each foot; its claws are sharp and slender. Its food is grain of all kinds, seeds and fruit, and particularly the fruit of the cactus, which is abundant in all the hot climates. This fruit is about the size of a small lemon, and is covered with prickles like a chestnut bur. When fully ripe, however, these are easily removed, and it is very fine. The bird has plenty of these, consequently he has abundance of spare time on hand to make war against all the snake species. With such zeal does he prosecute the warfare, that he seems to have been ordained to keep within certain limits this species of reptile, so dangerous to the human family. No sooner does he see a rattle-snake than he proceeds to gather in his beak and claws the leaves and vines of a certain plant (the *hico*) and drops them cautiously upon his sleeping foe, at the same time diving down upon him, and screeching in a most threatening manner. This puts the snake upon his guard, not seeing his most mortal enemy—the plant. If he should get away, the bird again catches it in his beak and drops it upon him as before. In about three minutes the snake becomes so stupefied as to fall an easy prey to the enraged bird, which is so strong, although not large, that he will take a snake four feet long by the tail, and fly up with him into the air to the height of six hundred feet, and let him drop down to be dashed in pieces. An infusion of this plant (the *hico*, from which the bird gets its name) in brandy, taken into the stomach immediately after a person has been bitten by a snake, stung by a scorpion, or any poisonous reptile, etc., has been stated to be a most powerful antidote to the poison. It is in general use in all the hot climates, where poisonous reptiles abound. The common way of treating snake-bites is, to cut out the wounded piece at once, suck out as much of the poison as possible, and take a dose of the *hico*, sufficient to produce partial intoxication.—*Correspondent N. Y. Scientific American.*

COBOSAC BRIDGE OVER THE DORDOGNE, FRANCE.





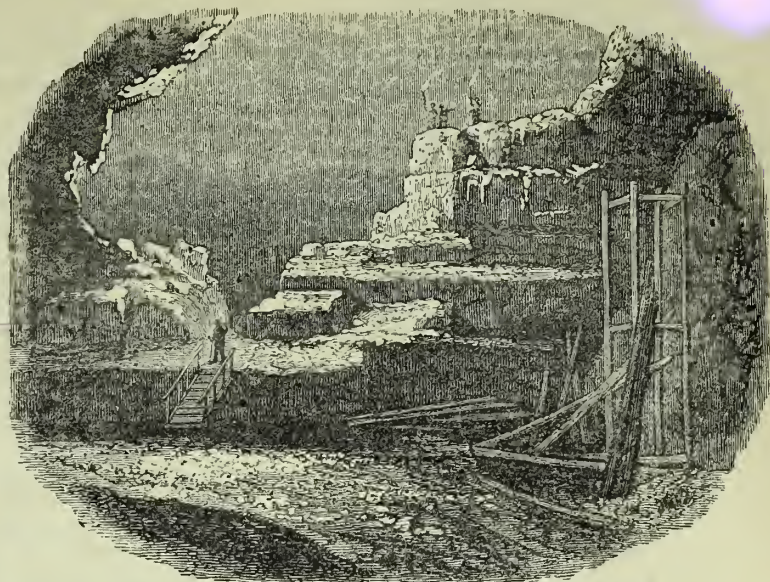
ENTRANCE OF GOTHIC AVENUE.

MAMMOTH CAVE, KENTUCKY.

North America, the primitive country in which nature assumes forms that belong at once to the sublime and the impossible, had no marvel which could be compared to the cataract of Niagara till 1820, when some miners, who were employed in extracting saltpetre from one of the numerous caverns in the State of Kentucky, lost their way in the midst of its then unexplored meanderings, and remained thus separated from the world, hurried far from the light of day, and sequestered from the rest of living beings for the space of seventy hours. Thanks to the search of their comrades, these unfortunate persons were found; and, once recovered from the terror this terrible interment had occasioned, described the astonishing discoveries they had made during their sojourn in the bowels of the rock, and stimulated the desire of their auditors to explore with them the interior of the cavern, provided with an Ariadne's thread, by means of which they escaped the troubles and terrors of an unknown research. To these hardy pioneers in the subterranean regions of the Mammoth Cave, we are indebted for a knowledge of this peerless marvel. The Mammoth Cave is situated in Edmonson county, Kentucky, not far from the banks of Green River, on which steamboats are constantly plying, and land passengers a few hundred feet from their place of destination. The country in the midst of which the entrance to the cavern is found, is traversed by a range of gray, hard, calcareous rocks, which suddenly sink into a valley filled with oaks, nut trees and elms, as regularly ranged as if planted by the hand of man. Here you find a splendid hotel, furnished with taste, and excellently kept, where the traveller in going or returning from his expedition, is sure to find comfort and elegance. The opening of the cavern is at two hundred paces from the hotel, at the extremity of a glen shaded by pines and larches, interlaced with the tendrils of the wild vine and flexible convolvulus. There rise heaps of ashes on the right; at the turn of a rock, a current of fresh air announces that the opening is before you, dark and silent as the cave of Delphos, though it utter no oracular warnings. A rivulet runs noiselessly at the base of a hundred steps, hewn in the rock by the hand of man, and its waters disappear in an abyss dug by the Great Architect of the world. Then begins for travellers that series of emotions which will continue for three days and nights, if they choose to remain that length of time in the cavern. The three guides who are to direct their steps through the subterranean labyrinth, light and distribute their resinous torches. The first place to which they conduct you is the hall, where, in 1823, the miners discovered the skeleton of a giant, who must have been a remarkable person when in the flesh, for his bones measured eight and a half feet long. They remained for a long time exposed, but at last the superstitious fears of the workmen induced their foreman to bury these curious relics, which time has now reduced to dust. A few paces further, you perceive a worm eaten, but still solid door, which, turning on its hinges, gives passage to so strong a current

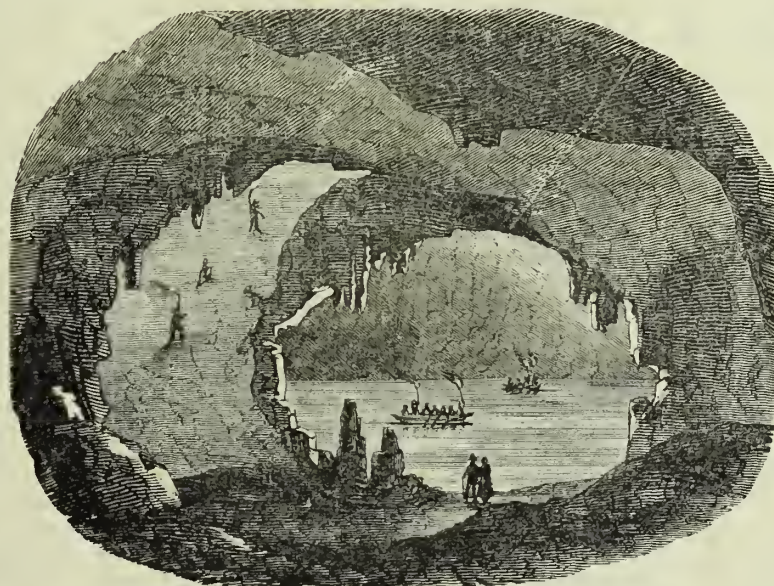
of air, that the torches are immediately extinguished; this is the true opening of the cave. We cannot in this article attempt to follow the guide and those he precedes through the multiplied windings of the Mammoth Cave, as the details of the journey would fill an entire volume, and we must confine ourselves principally to those scenes we have selected for pictorial illustration. It is enough to state that this subterranean region, which the hand of man has never sought to change or modify, which presents itself to tourists with the virgin purity of a flower half-opened to the freshness of breeze, contains 226 passages, 47 chambers or halls, 8 wa-

terfalls and 23 rivers or lakes. You pass through walls of polished stone to Audubon Avenue, at the end of which is a crystal well, 25 feet deep. On the right is the Bat's Chamber, where these winged rats take refuge in winter. The Great Gallery is a vast tunnel which leads to the Kentucky Cliffs. Descending thence, you find yourself in a vast hall, like the interior of a cathedral in appearance, capable of holding five thousand persons. A single torch is enough to illuminate the whole interior; for the flame, striking the points of the stalagmites and stalactites, is reflected and multiplied by the diamond faces of the crystal till the whole scene is dazzling in splendor. An inexhaustible salt-



THE BOTTOMLESS WELL.

of this hall. On seeing this regularly ranged and uniform stalactites, one might fancy himself beneath the roof of Notre Dame, when it had just come from the hands of the architect. Further on, the guide makes you take a seat in the "Devil's Chair," at the top of a massive column. Afterwards you visit "Napoleon's Fortresses," the "Elephant's Head," the deep abyss called the "Lovers' Leap," the "Crystal Pillar," the "Salt Cave," and a beautiful cascade, whose waters are lost in a bottomless well. From the Great Gallery, the visitor enters the "Ball-Room," a vast dome of elliptical form, in the centre of which rises a rotunda with colonnades, which nature seems to have formed to contain an orchestra. At the right is the "Great Sepulchre," a monumental rock resembling a sarcophagus. The "Sick Rooms" are so called from their curative properties in pulmonary complaints. Sometimes fifteen or twenty patients are assembled here. Nurses and a physician live with them, and minister to their wants. The Star Chamber offers to the eye a most wonderful optical effect; the ceiling, very lofty at this place, seems starred with all the diamonds of heaven, and when the flame of the torches irradiates their crystal faces, the eyes close involuntarily before their incandescent splendors. At the foot of the "cataract," a vast sheet of water lost in a terrific yawning gulf, the tourist commonly rests and eats his dinner. The Bottomless Well is of a horseshoe form, in the midst of which a rocky point juts out; the guide here lights pieces of paper and throws them down the abyss, but they are soon lost to the eye in the obscure and terrific depths of the chasm. The Dead Sea is a sheet of water which seems to have no current. Here the guide catches a number of small fish, the peculiarity of which is that they have no eyes. Boats tied to the shore, and holding four persons each, allow adventurers to embark on this infernal lake. You fancy, as you look at them, that mythology is no fable, and that you see Charon ferrying over the Styx the passengers who have paid him the indispensable obolus. To the right, on a cornice which extends above the Dead Sea, the glare of torches imparts a lurid effect to this thoroughly Satanic scene. Another scene of interest is the "Holy Sepulchre," a perfect imitation of the tomb of Christ in Judea. There the stalactites have assumed the form of long draperies, arranged with elegance, while from the roof depend natural chandeliers like the lamps suspended in the Holy Chapel.

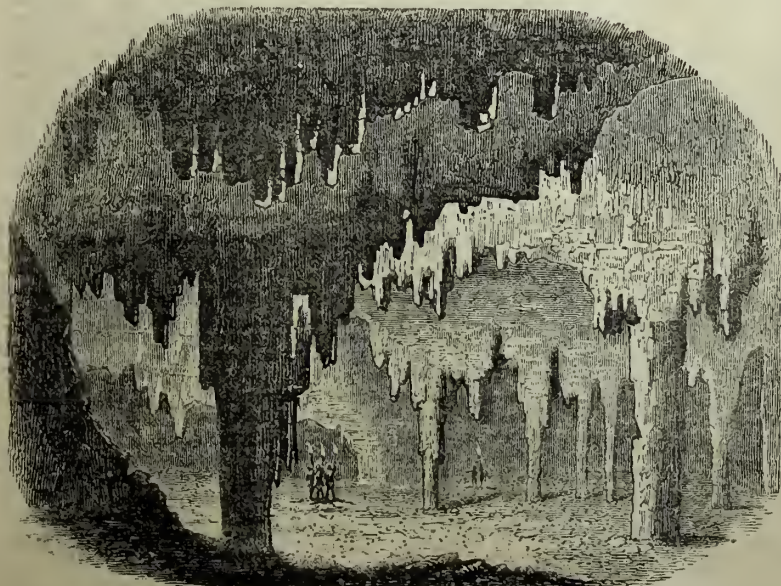


THE DEAD SEA.

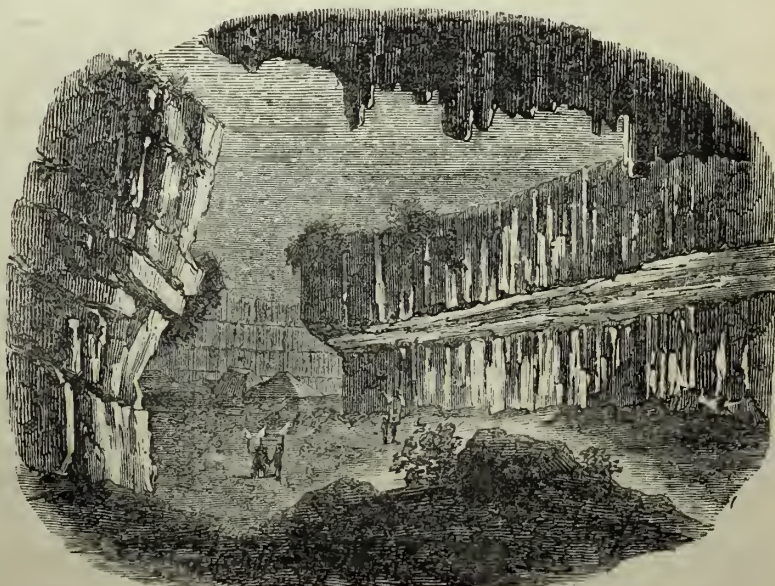
petre mine is found in the neighborhood of this chapel. Gothic Avenue, so named from its resemblance to the architecture of the Middle Ages, strikes the eye by its grandeur of arrangement. There, five years ago, were found two mummies, wrapped in deer-skins, tattooed and painted white. One of them, belonging to the feminine sex, was of lofty stature and elegantly formed. An examination of the objects found near these human remains, such as four pair of mocassins, two sacks of different sizes, five ornaments for the head made of high colored feathers, seven bone needles, whistles, and a variety of household utensils, proved that the skeletons deposited here belonged to the Indian race. One of

them was placed in the Cincinnati Museum, and destroyed by fire with the rest of that collection, and the other is still to be seen in the British Museum. The Hall of Stalagmites is one of the most remarkable monuments of the Mammoth Cave. The imagination cannot form an idea of the beauties which nature has created three hundred feet below the surface of the earth. Heaps of diamonds, brilliant pearls, resplendent emeralds (seemingly), all the marvels of a jeweller's workshop, are encrusted in the ceiling, the walls, and the slender columns

Cleveland's Cabinet is another splendid hall in this noted cave, a perfect arch of about fifty feet span, of an average height of ten feet, extending in a direct line at least a mile and a half, the whole of this long ceiling glittering like diamonds in the light. Such is a rapid sketch of some of the thousand wonders of the Mammoth Cave, of Kentucky. We will remark, in conclusion, that it contains no reptiles or noxious animals, that the air is so pure that no decomposition or putrefaction of bodies ever takes place, and that a fire is always easily kept up there. The temperature is equal the whole year round—the mercury, winter and summer, indicating fifty-nine degrees Fahrenheit.



HALL OF STALAGMITES.



THE STAR CHAMBER.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LIFE.

In gorgeous beauty o'er the hills,
The light of morning broke,
While woodland birds, with joyous trills,
Their matin song awoke.
Bright o'er the earth the sunlight fell,
And tipped with gold the wave,
While flowerets fair through wood and dell
Their breath of incense gave.

O, darkly lowered the angry sky,
As noontide hours drew near,
The wailing wind swept madly by,
With calence wild and drear.
No song of birds swelled full and free,
But deep the thunder's tone,
And where the sunlight danced in glee,
The lightning flashed alone.

And evening came—as calm, as still,
As once in Eden fair,
Ere sorrow's blight or aught of ill
Had darkly entered there.
A sound of waters, sweet and low,
Came on the passing gale,
And earth, forgetting all her woe,
Slept in the starlight pale.

O, weary ones! whose morning bright
Hath changed to storm at noon,
Sink not beneath the tempest's might,
The evening cometh soon.
The evening comes, with quiet stars,
Of hope, and peace, and love—
No breath of earthly sorrow mars
“Our Father's house above.”

8.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE ROSE AT THE SILL.

BY HENRY L. OSGOOD.

“Helen,” said Mr. Randolph, addressing his daughter, “you must be aware that the matrimonial engagement between you and Francis Norman must be broken off.”

“Broken off?” said Helen, repeating the words, with a look and accent of surprise.

“Yes; and I had hoped that your good sense would point out the necessity of it, when it was found that the eccentric old gentleman, who for so many years had treated him as if he had been his own son, died without giving him a shilling.”

“Mr. Fairfax might think that after defraying his college expenses, and those incurred while acquiring a profession, he had done enough.”

“He thought wrong, then. He would have done better had he left him to gain a livelihood by the labor of his hands. It is no easy matter, these days, for a young lawyer to obtain practice enough to maintain himself—much more a wife.”

“I can wait,” said Helen.

“Not for Frank Norman to get into business: I've other views for you. Mr. Redwick is willing to forget that you rejected him for young Norman, and is ready to marry you any day that you will name.”

“I can never marry Mr. Redwick.”

“Could there be no inducement?”

“I can think of none.”

“Not even if it would save your father from bankruptcy?”

“Surely, father, you are in no danger of that.”

“I have liabilities, amounting to twenty thousand dollars, which must be met in thirty days from now, or I shall be, what I have ever dreaded above all things, a broken merchant, or in other words—for so it has come to be regarded by many—a dishonorable man. Yet I am not to blame. I am brought to this by heavy losses, which I could neither foresee nor avoid.”

“And you have no means of meeting the demands you speak of?”

“None. My fate is in your hands. I have pointed out the way by which you can save me from ruin, and now, do as you please.”

“Am I to understand that my marrying Mr. Redwick will save you?”

“Yes. As my son-in-law, he will place the sum needed at my disposal, which, I doubt not, in the course of two or three years I shall be able to refund.”

“Thirty days! The time is very short.”

“Not so short but that everything can be suitably arranged for the marriage. The necessary preparations can be commenced at once.”

“O, no—let there be a little delay. The sacrifice shall be made, if it must be so, but do not insist on it till there is no possibility of escape.”

“What possibility can there be?”

“Those who were best acquainted with Mr. Fairfax think that he left a will in favor of Francis Norman.”

“One thing is certain—no such will can be found, though search has been made in every probable and improbable place.”

“It is, at least, very strange that Mr. Fairfax should have given his property to Jason Redwick, whom he always disliked, and who, as he had enough of his own, did not need it.”

“He didn't give it to him: Mr. Redwick was the nearest relation he had living, and is, as he tells me, in default of a will, the rightful heir.”

“I don't wonder that Mr. Fairfax disliked him, if he was his nearest relation.”

“I can neither see reason for his dislike nor for yours. Mr. Redwick is sufficiently well educated, of easy and conciliatory manners, and not remarkably ill looking.”

“To me his manners seem like those of a parasite. He fawns on the rich, and treads the poor beneath his feet.”

At this moment there was a ring at the door, and Helen, thinking that it might be Redwick, precipitately left the room. It proved to be Francis Norman. Mr. Randolph received him with marked coldness.

“I thought,” said he, “that after what passed between us this morning, you must know that your presence here is wholly undesired.”

“I am aware that it is not desired by you, yet I have ventured to come for the purpose of asking a favor. I wish to mention to you what passed between Mr. Fairfax and myself the day before he died.”

“Very well; I am ready to listen to you.”

“No one was in the room but ourselves, and after having remained silent some ten or fifteen minutes, he requested me to take from the upper shelf of a book-case, a blank book, which had the appearance of a small sized ledger. He was sitting in a large arm-chair, and told me to open the book at a place marked by a bit of red tape, and place it on a small table that stood near him. The leaves of the book were ruled a little by opening it, which enabled me to see that there could be nothing inscribed on many of the pages, except at the place he had designated. There, on the right-hand page, were written some ten or a dozen words, while at the place where the pages of a book are numbered, was the figure 7. Having examined what was written, he said, in a low voice, as if speaking to himself rather than to me:

“It must be as I left it: no one would think of finding anything there.”

“He then closed the volume and desired me to return it to the place whence I took it.

“‘You will remember where to find that book?’ he said, when I had resumed my seat.

“I answered that I should.

“‘I have been looking at something,’ said he, ‘which needs some explanation to enable you to comprehend it. It refers to something of great moment to yourself, and as a better opportunity than the present may not present itself, we may as well attend to it now. My father,’ he went on to say, ‘was a wealthy English gentleman of good family. I was not yet twenty-one when I became attached to a young girl, whose position in society was such that I knew my father would never consent to our union. I was, therefore, so indiscreet as to propose a private marriage, to which, after much persuasion, she consented. Though I was an only son, I knew that my father would disinherit me if it came to his knowledge, and the measures I took to prevent it, proved successful.

“‘Unfortunately, about three years afterward, a lady of wealth and distinction came to visit a family residing near us, who my father thought would make me a suitable wife, although she was, at least, seven years my senior. He was much incensed when I resolutely refused to accede to his wishes, and immediately made such a disposition of his estate, that it would, at my decease, pass into the hands of the heirs-at-law of his brother, instead of mine, should I, without his free and full consent, marry any one except the lady in question. This, under existing circumstances, I considered a fortunate arrangement; but after a while, certain incidents took place which made it so troublesome and difficult to longer guard the secret of my marriage, that at times I was almost tempted to confess what I had done. I was prevented by the thought of my son, a bright, handsome boy of three years old. At last, having made arrangements for my wife and child to follow me in a few months, I came to this country. They arrived at the time anticipated, and for a short time we lived happily, when my wife, after an illness of a few days, died, and my son—’

“When he had proceeded thus far, he was interrupted by the entrance of his nephew, Mr. Jason Redwick. The next morning he was suddenly taken much worse, and died in a few hours.”

“And have you examined what was written in the book you have alluded to?”

“I have.”

“And what did you find?”

“What of itself appears trivial, though the solemn earnestness of Mr. Fairfax makes me certain that it refers to something of importance, or, to speak more plainly, that it is the key to what he spoke of as being of moment to myself. The difficulty is, I don't know how to use it.”

“But you have not yet told me what you found written on the page, to which you attach so much importance.”

“I transcribed it: here it is on this slip of paper.”

Mr. Randolph took the paper, and read aloud:

“From the centre of the rose at the corner of the sill, seven inches.”

“Well, sir, what can you make of it?” Mr. Randolph inquired.

“As yet, I have not been able to make anything of it.”

“But you think you shall?”

“I hope so.”

“Let me advise you, as a friend, to indulge in no such vain expectation. It appears evident to me that Mr. Fairfax was not in his right mind during your last interview with him.”

“He appeared to be.”

“Now, to me, the bare circumstance of his making a memorandum so foolish and absurd, is a proof that at the time he made it his mind was unsound, while his grave allusion to it showed that it still remained so.”

“I think if you had seen Mr. Fairfax at the time he alluded to it, you would have thought him to be in his right mind.”

“And even if he was—what then?”

“Why, sir, as he hinted there was something of great moment which concerned me, after reflecting on what you told me this morning, I thought that you might be willing that the engagement between your daughter and me might remain uncancelled, till I had made some attempt to ascertain what he referred to.”

“I have, at Helen's own solicitation, agreed to have her marriage with Mr. Redwick deferred three weeks. You may turn the interval to your own account, the best way you can. I wish you to understand that I entertain no personal animosity against you. The embarrassed state of my financial concerns makes it inexpedient for my daughter to marry a penniless and briefless lawyer. Undoubtedly, having thus far had every wish gratified, she has certain bright dreams of ‘love in a cottage,’ but she would find the reality very different from what she imagines.”

“Will you not permit me to see Helen a few minutes?”

“It will be productive of more pain than pleasure to both of you.”

Though Francis thought differently, he was obliged to submit. After taking leave of Mr. Randolph, he proceeded to the house which had been the residence of the late Mr. Fairfax. The housekeeper and one favorite servant, according to a wish he had expressed—having, to insure their compliance, paid them their wages in advance—were to remain where they were a few weeks, unless the heir should express a wish to the contrary. Francis, who had always been a favorite with the housekeeper, was very cordially received. After he had been there a few minutes, he saw that she was much excited. He soon ascertained the cause, without asking any questions.

“Mr. Redwick has been here,” said she, “ordering me round as if I was a child. He says that the China, and the silver teapot and spoons, and forks, which Mr. Fairfax always wished me to use for my own comfort, must be packed away till he takes possession here himself. One thing is certain, the day he does take possession here, I shall quit. I did hope that after all a will would be found in your favor. Why Mr. Fairfax neglected to make one, I can't imagine, for he never liked Redwick, if he was his sister's child.”

“I've no reason to complain,” said Francis, “he gave me what he considered better than money.”

Having chatted a few minutes longer, he remarked that there was a hook in the room recently occupied by Mr. Fairfax, he should like to look at.

“Go and look at it as long as you like,” said the housekeeper.

When in the chamber by himself, he once more took the book from the shelf, and opened it at the place marked by the piece of red tape. He thought that possibly there might be some word or hieroglyphic which had previously escaped his notice; but though there were a few lines faintly traced in pencil on the same page, there was not a single word or phrase, which, by any possible construction, could contain a hidden meaning, except what he had transcribed to show to Mr. Randolph. He then carefully examined the book, but found all the rest of the leaves were blank, except the two first, where were entered a few articles of account and other memoranda.

“From the centre of the rose at the corner of the sill, seven inches,” he repeated to himself.

It must be a window-sill, he concluded, and there were four windows in the room where he then was. Nothing that bore a resemblance to a flower of any description was near the corner of either of them. The wainscot was perfectly smooth and plain, and the figures which ornamented the wall-paper were of a fantastic, nondescript kind, bearing as much resemblance to bundles of peacock feathers as flowers. It would have been easier to square the circle than to find the centre of either of them.

The carpet—it could not be that, either. The decorations had no prototype in nature, being, like those on the paper, of a style usually called arabesque. It was evident that the rose at the corner of the sill must be sought for in some other room. There were two doors besides the one by which he entered. He opened one of them, which disclosed a small, dark closet. The walls were white and bare. The other door opened into a small room, handsomely furnished, the inside of which he had never before seen. His heart gave a sudden throb when he saw that the walls, which were not wainscoted, were covered with paper adorned with bunches of roses, the central one of each being a full-blown rose. These were distributed at regular intervals, a delicate tracery of vines filling the intermediate spaces. There was only one window in the room, and at the right-hand corner of the sill, was one of the large, full-blown roses, which formed the centre of each group of flowers. The centre of this central rose was no doubt the spot whence to commence the admeasurement of the seven inches, but whether in a direction horizontal, perpendicular or oblique, remained to be ascertained. He had previously provided himself with a piece of card-board of the requisite length, and kneeling on the carpet, he measured the required distance in every possible direction. Nothing came of it. There was not an interstice where the blade of a penknife could have been introduced within the range of seven inches, or more than twice that distance.

Even then he was not satisfied, till by the most careful scrutiny he found there was no place in the window-frame or the sill, within seven inches of the centre of the vase, which could possibly afford a place of concealment for a bit of paper the size of his finger-nail. His heart sank within him. He had fully believed that there were papers concealed, which, if they could be found, would place at his disposal a handsome fortune. His belief was not entirely founded on what Mr. Fairfax said to him the day before

he died. He had previously thrown out hints that he would not be dependent upon his profession for a livelihood. Yet for himself, though he knew that at first it would be a hard struggle, he did not care. It was the thought of Helen which made him despondent and miserable.

Time went on. The three weeks, at the termination of which Helen was to become the wife of Redwick, were fast drawing to a close. During this time young Norman had found means to write to Helen, entreating her to try and induce her father to give her one more day of grace, if she did not hear from him again, the day previous to that appointed for the marriage. What Mr. Fairfax had said to him was constantly in his mind, and not a day passed that he did not call on Mrs. Milburn, the housekeeper. One day when he called, she said to him:

"Don't call to-morrow till after dark. Redwick will be in and out during the day, and I know that you don't want to meet him. He is going to have several rooms newly papered."

"What ones?" said Francis.

"The drawing-room, and the chamber Mr. Fairfax used to call his, and the small one adjoining. He says that the paper isn't fashionable; but I don't believe that he'll find any that's handsomer. I asked him if I might take off some of that in the little chamber, that's all covered with roses, and after snarling at me for asking, he told me I might have the whole of it, for all he cared."

"If you are at leisure, why not begin to take it off now? If you will, I'll assist you."

Mrs. Milburn was quite at leisure, and readily assented. Fortunately, the paper did not adhere very tenaciously, and by the help of a little warm sponging at edges, was easily removed. Francis had commenced working by the window, and the wall at the right hand, and under the sill, was speedily denuded. What appeared to be a piece of tin, about four inches square, at the same moment attracted the attention of him and the housekeeper. It had been so carefully inserted as to be perfectly even with the wall.

Mrs. Milburn was surprised, and a little frightened, when she saw Francis seize a case-knife which had been used in loosening the edges of the paper, and without any regard to the preservation of the plastering, proceed to dislodge the tin plate, or whatever it might prove to be. He soon found that it was a box, which, without much trouble, he succeeded in removing from its carefully prepared receptacle.

"Well," said Mrs. Milburn, "I've found out at last what Mr. Fairfax kept himself locked up here a whole day for, a month or two ago. I shouldn't wonder if, after all, he made a will in your favor, and hid it away in that box, so that it might not fall into the hands of Redwick, for he had no confidence in either his honor or his honesty."

During this speech Francis had succeeded in removing the lid of the box. There were papers within, compactly folded. He was about to remove them, for on the upper one, in the handwriting of the late Mr. Fairfax, was written: "For Francis Norman," when was heard the sound of approaching footsteps. Mrs. Milburn turned pale.

"It is Redwick," said she. "What will he say when he sees the shattered wall? Here, Mr. Norman, go out at this door. You will see stairs, by which you will find your way to the kitchen."

Francis, who was not in the least desirous of encountering his disagreeable rival, acted upon the hint of the housekeeper, and had made good his exit by the time Redwick entered the room. Mrs. Milburn, in the meantime had so arranged the ample folds of the window-curtain as to conceal the excavation in the wall.

Inpatient as Francis was to examine the papers contained in the tin box, he thought it prudent to first make good his retreat to his office. He went out by the back door, and as he turned the corner of the house, he saw lying near the steps of the front entrance what appeared to be a letter. He took it up, and seeing that it was directed to the late Mr. Fairfax, concluded that it was some old letter which had accidentally fallen from an open window, or perhaps had been heedlessly swept out at the door. He therefore put it into his pocket, and proceeded to his office. When arrived there, he locked the door, to secure himself from sudden interruption. Taking the papers from the box, he proceeded to examine them. Glancing over the first page of the sheet he had unfolded, he found the contents substantially the same as what Mr. Fairfax had told him, relative to himself, the day before he died; but when he turned to the opposite page, something so unexpected met his eye, that uttering an exclamation of surprise, he involuntarily rose to his feet. The sentence which caused this sudden emotion was this:

"My son still lives, and is known by the name of Francis Norman."

Many particulars respecting the Fairfax family were related, interesting to those concerned, though without any particular bearing on this sketch. The next paper he took from the box was in the form of a letter. It said:

"Be careful, my son, to guard the secret of your parentage till you hear from England. About three months since, I heard, indirectly, that my cousin, Rupert Fairfax, had died without heirs. I immediately wrote to my friend and correspondent, in order to learn the truth of this report, but have not yet received an answer. If, after my decease, a letter should arrive from England, directed to me, I wish you to read it and be guided by its contents. If the rumor with regard to my cousin Rupert be correct, you can at once have recourse to the necessary measures to take possession of the valuable estate left by my father, concerning which, as you will see, I have given you full and minute directions. But even if the rumor referred to prove false, you will not be destitute of this world's goods. You will find by my will that I have given

you property amounting to forty thousand dollars, which I have myself accumulated."

Enclosed in this letter was the writer's marriage certificate. The attention of Francis had been so absorbed in the perusal of these and the other papers contained in the box, that he never once thought of the letter he found by the door-step, till he saw it on the table, where he had thrown it at his entrance into the office. On examining it, he found that it must be the letter Mr. Fairfax had been expecting, in answer to the one he wrote his friend in England. It had been intercepted without doubt, and as Francis believed, by Redwick, as he was the only person whose interest would prompt to the perpetration of a deed so mean and base. This suspicion was so far confirmed as to amount almost to a certainty, when, in the evening, he called on Mrs. Milburn, who told him that Redwick had been in great trouble about the loss of a letter, which he was certain was in his pocket when he left home.

The same evening, about eight o'clock, Francis called at Mr. Randolph's. One of the curtains having been left undrawn, he saw that Redwick was in the drawing room, and therefore requested the servant to tell Mr. Randolph that there was some one at the door who wished to see him.

"I have something important to communicate to you," said he, when Mr. Randolph made his appearance.

"Step this way, then," said Mr. Randolph, opening the door of a back parlor.

Francis having placed the papers upon a table, and explained how he had found them, requested Mr. Randolph to examine them.

"You will see, sir," said Francis, when he had finished the examination, "that I shall find no difficulty in raising the sum which will save you from bankruptcy. Permit me to place what you need at your disposal, and then let your daughter choose between Redwick and me."

"We both know that you will run no risk of being repulsed," said Mr. Randolph. "But who could have thought that Redwick would have condescended to intercept a letter?"

"The temptation was strong," replied Francis. "He had heard of the rumor that was afloat, and though he did not know that Mr. Fairfax was my father, he had reason to believe that he intended making me his heir."

Nothing was said to Redwick that evening, though after his departure all was disclosed to Helen.

When, on the following day, Redwick was told that Francis Norman, or, as he should now be called, Francis Fairfax, was the son of the late Mr. Fairfax, a fact so well proved by papers left by him as to be beyond cavil, the remarks which he indulged in were not remarkable either for moderation or politeness.

The change wrought in the appearance of Helen was almost magical. Her bridal garments, which were in preparation, and which her dress-maker had said one would imagine were funeral weeds by the tears Miss Helen shed over them, were finished in the midst of melody and smiles, which made one think of the bird-music that floats on the bright and balmy air of spring. And when, a few days after, she stood by the side of Fairfax at the altar, if there were neither smiles nor melody on their lips, what was far better, there was music and joy in their hearts.

THE FAMILY OF NICHOLAS.

The Emperor Nicholas left behind him the following family: His wife, the Empress Alexandra Fedorowna, formerly Frederica Louisa Charlotte Wilhelmina, daughter of the late Frederick William III., king of Prussia, and born July 13th, 1798. The issue of this marriage are:

1. Alexander Nicolaievitch, Csesarevitch, and hereditary grand-duke, born April 29th, 1818; married, on the 28th of April, 1841, Maria Alexandrovna, formerly Maximilienne Wilhelmina Augusta Sophia Maria, daughter of the late Louis II., grand-duke of Hesse, born May 8th, 1824. Issue of this marriage—Nicholas Alexandrovitch, born Sept. 20th, 1843; Vladimir Alexandrovitch, born April 22d, 1847; Alexis Alexandrovitch, born January 14th, 1850.

2. Maria Nicolaievna, born August 8, 1819; married July 14th, 1839, to Maximilian, duke of Leuchtenberg and prince of Eichstedt; became a widow November 1st, 1852.

3. Olga Nicolaievna, born September 11, 1822; married to Charles, prince royal of Wurtemberg, July 13th, 1846.

4. Constantine Nicolaievitch, grand-duke, born September 21st, 1827; married September 12th, 1848, to Alexandra-Josefowna, formerly Alexandra, daughter of Joseph, duke of Saxe-Altenburg, born July 20th, 1830. Issue—a prince and princess.

5. Nicholas Nicolaievitch, grand-duke, born August 8th, 1831.

6. Michael Nicolaievitch, grand-duke, born Oct. 25th, 1832.

The emperor leaves, besides, two sisters—Maria Paulovna, dowager grand-duchess of Saxe-Weimar; Anne Paulovna, widow of William II., king of Holland; a sister-in-law, Helen Paulovna, widow of the grand duke Michael, and daughter of the late Prince Paul of Wurtemberg. This lady's daughter, the Grand-Duchess Catherine Michaelovna, is married to the Duke George of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.—*London News*.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

About the interior of the dome of St. Paul's, London, are a series of pictures, illustrating the life of St. Paul. An incident occurred during the painting of these, which affords a remarkable instance of presence of mind. The artist, Sir James Thornhill, painted, standing on a scaffold at a great height from the ground. This scaffold was securely built, but not protected by any railing. One day, while, fortunately, a friend was with him, watching him at his work, having just finished the head of one of the apostles, he forgot where he was, and, with his hand over his eyes, stepped hastily backward, to see how the picture would look from a distance. In a moment he stood on the edge of the platform, another step backward were certain death. His friend dared not speak for fear of startling him, but catching up a large brush, he dashed it over the face of the apostle, smearing the picture shockingly. Sir James sprang forward, instantly crying out, "Bless my soul! what have you done?" "I have saved your life," replied his friend, calmly. The next moment they stood face to face, thanking God in their full, loud-beating hearts.—*Grace Greenwood*.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE HEART'S UNBURIED DEAD.

BY A. ALPHONSO CLOYES.

The world is not so fair,
So bright as it used to be,
The birds have lost their olden tone
Of wildwood melody.

The grass seems not so green,
Though the showers of springtime fall,
An awful gloom as from the tomb,
Has fallen over all.

I dwell within the past,
In memory's halls I tread,
And wander with the "loved and lost,"
"The heart's unburied dead."

The meadow gales of spring
Sweep where the violets hide,
The robin's song floats soft upon
The breeze of eventide.

The blue, unclouded sky,
Neath which 'tis joy to tread,
No more can call from bower or hall
"The heart's unburied dead."

They breathe the air we breathe,
And they love the flowers we love;
They roam beside the dancing tide,
With the same sky above.

No more with us shall they
The paths of the forest tread,
We meet no more on time's dark shore
"The heart's unburied dead."

FUNCTIONS OF THE ATMOSPHERE.

The miracles of life attract no attention, because habit has dulled our sensibilities; but they are none the less extraordinary, none the less cogent as arguments in behalf of a great First Cause. For an illustration, take the atmosphere. In this subtle fluid, which overflows land and deep, like another ocean, all breathing creatures live and move, as fish in the sea. Without the atmosphere, the lungs would cease to play, the blood to keep pure, pulsation to go on, existence to continue. If, by any strange alchemy of nature, the atmosphere could be suddenly extirpated, all created animals would die, like mice under the exhausted receiver of an air-pump. To the atmosphere we are indebted for the vital principle that feeds our fires. We cook our food, warm our dwellings, and drive our locomotives through the direct aid of the atmosphere. It is the atmosphere in motion that propels ships across the deep, or brings us cooling gales in the heats of summer. Sight is reflected by the atmosphere, so that we owe to it the painted clouds of sunset and the refulgent tints of dawn.

The atmosphere is the principal agent in modifying climate. The rains of spring, the snows of winter, the gentle dew, the pelting shower, all owe their origin to the atmosphere. Lieutenant Manry has felicitously described it as the mighty pumping machine, drawing water up from the ocean, carrying it in the form of vapor to the land, and precipitating it over the thirsty fields and dry brooks in the guise of rain. The heats of our Southern Pacific tropics, during the winter of our northern hemisphere, evaporate immense quantities of water from the ocean, which, ascending to the high strata of the atmosphere, are borne on aerial currents to the northeast, till striking the Rocky Mountains, they are condensed by the greater cold of those enormous elevations, and copious falls of hail, snow, or rain are the result. It is the atmosphere, bringing us the warm vapors of the southern summer, which are, on their arrival here in winter, converted into snow or rain, which fills our rivers, irrigates our fields, and secures to us our harvests. Without the atmosphere, the Mississippi would soon run out, and even the great lakes dry up into deserts.

To the atmosphere the entire vegetable world is indebted for its food. Plants live on carbon as men on oxygen, and it is the atmosphere which distributes both. An eloquent writer has said, that the gas which we breathe to-day was distilled for us, yesterday perhaps, of the rhododendrons of Carolina, or the palms of the Orient. Animals can go and seek their food, but vegetables must have it brought to them; and therefore without the atmosphere, which serves as their carrier, they would perish at once. It is the atmosphere which softens the glaring light of day, and thus protects the eyesight. It is the atmosphere which purifies pestilential regions, by sending its currents, scavenger-like, to sweep away foul gases. Yet how little is this all-pervading influence of the atmosphere realized! Were any new agent to appear, whose power was but a tithe as extensive, the whole civilized world would be lost in anxiety and wonder; but because men have become habituated to the functions of the atmosphere, its daily miracles pass without awakening a thought.—*Dr. Gregory*.

RUSSIAN BAPTISM.

It is a curious thing that, among the Russians, the father and mother of an infant not only cannot stand as sponsors to it, but they are not allowed to be present at the baptism. The godfather and godmother, by answering for the child, become related to it, and to each other; and a lady and gentleman who have stood as sponsors to the same child are not allowed to marry each other. The form of christening differs materially from that of the Protestant Church. The priest takes the child, which is quite naked, and holding it by the head, so that his thumb and finger stop the orifices of the ears, he dips it thrice into the water; he cuts off a portion of the hair, which he twists up with a little wax from the tapers, and throws it into the font; then anointing the baby's breast, hands and feet with the holy oil, and making the sign of the cross with the same on the forehead, he concludes by a prayer and a benediction.—*Russian Travels*.

PLEASANT CRITICISM.

General Burgoyne, himself a dramatic author, formed one of a numerous circle, who were once assembled to hear a tragedy read, which it was proposed to bring out on the stage. At the end of the first act, in which no less than thirty characters were introduced, the author, anxious to have the opinion of so able a dramatic critic as the general, asked him what he thought of it. "Sir," replied Burgoyne, "what rank have you in the army?" The poet looked amazed. "Because," continued Burgoyne, "if you are not a lieutenant-general at least, you will never be able to conduct so numerous an army to the end of the piece."

NEW HAMPSHIRE SCENERY.

As soon as winter, which lingers so long in our stern northern latitudes, has fairly taken his departure, and our nominal spring has given place to genial summer, tourists begin to flock to the north in pursuit of health, or to study for themselves those marvels of natural scenery, which, reproduced upon the canvass of the painter or the page of the poet, possess the power to enchant the world. Some are content to loiter in sequestered valleys, by the margin of placid streams that meander through green meadows enamelled by flowers, and reflecting quiet villages and slumberous woods. Others, rather more aspiring, seek the hill country, while the more adventurous are not satisfied till they have climbed the towering peaks, that diversify nature in the northerly part of New England. If there be no danger, there is still excitement in climbing mile after mile into the regions of alternate sunshine and cloud, and looking down upon vast reaches of land, with hundreds of villages and hamlets, streams, plains and forests mapped out upon the grandest topographical scale. To the summer tourist, no State in the Union presents greater attractions than New Hampshire. It is the Switzerland of America. It has its quiet valleys, its romantic and pastoral glens, it has its lakes and streams and water-courses, it has its hills, and it has its mountains—the latter hold, sublime, enduring monuments of the Creative Power. One of the most travelled routes to the White Mountains of New Hampshire, is from this city, by railroad to Concord, and thence to Lake Winnipiseogee (pronounced by the Indians Win-ne-pe-sock-e, with the accent on the penultima), an excellent point of departure for the mountain region. The Indian name we have just quoted signifies the "Smile of the Great Spirit," and shows the poetical feeling of the aborigines, and their appreciation of the beauties of nature. No one who has lingered by the enchanted shores of this magnificent sheet of water, who has gazed upon its broad expanse dotted with numerous islands, and gleaming in the rays of the rising and setting sun, will deny the appropriateness of the Indian name. The lake lies in Belknap and Carroll counties, and is irregular in its form. It stretches into seven large bays, three on the west, three on the east, and one on the north. It is about twenty-five miles in length, and its breadth varies from one to ten miles. Like Lake George, its waters are of crys-



ASCENT OF RED HILL.

taline purity, also in Carroll County, with the lake on its southwest side, is noted for its beautiful scenery. The charter of this town was granted to Governor John Wentworth and others in 1770, and it was settled by B. Blake, J. Lucas, James Lary, J. Fullerton and others. The soil of the town is very rocky, but fertile and productive. Noble oak wood lands diversify its surface. Smith's Pond, a large sheet of water, gives rise to a river of the same name. There is a mineral spring here—and a very fine hotel for the accommodation of travellers. The town of Centre Harbor lies between Winnipiseogee and Squam lakes. Meredith is in Belknap county, and is bounded by Winnipiseogee lake and river. There is a very large pond in this town adjoining Centre Harbor, about two miles long and a mile broad, which empties into the lake. There are also other sheets of water in the town. Its situation is admirable, its soil fertile. The upper part of the town is well worth visiting for the sake of the view which it presents. On the east and southeast expands the beautiful lake with its delicious reaches of water, and its island gems; the bold brow of Ossipee mountain rises on the northeast, and on the north, Red Hill. Meredith Bridge is a handsome and flourishing village. The water power of Meredith is prodigious. The Montreal and Concord Railroad passes through the town. Guilford is in Belknap county, and is connected with Meredith by four bridges over the Winnipiseogee. Two islands in the lake belong to Guilford, and one of them is connected with it by a bridge thirty rods in length. Little and Chattleboro' Ponds, in this township, are considerable sheets of water. Gunstock and Mile's Rivers, which rise in the Suncook Mountains and flow north into the lake, are the principal streams. The town of Alton is on Merrymeeting Bay. Mount Major and Prospect Hill are the principal elevations in the town. There are also other towns and villages overlooking the lake. Lake Winnipiseogee is four hundred and seventy-two feet above the level of the sea. After the opening of navigation, its surface presents an animated spectacle—steamboats, sloops and boats constantly plying on its waters. The lake is certainly the gem of the region in the heart of which it lies, and besides being an inappreciable ornament, it is the great reservoir and fountain head of the vast power which drives the machinery of Manchester and Lowell, its descent



VILLAGE OF CENTRE HARBOR, LAKE WINNIPISEOGEE, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

talline purity, and at a great distance from the shore objects on the bottom are plainly discernible. Its depth is very great and in some places it is said to be unfathomable. The islets that gem its bosom are said to be three hundred and sixty-five in number, and they are of various sizes, the largest of them containing five hundred acres of fertile soil, yielding heavy crops of corn and grain. It is fed principally by its own springs—and it abounds in fish. It is surrounded by several pleasant villages, which deserve a passing notice in this connection. Moultonboro', in Carroll county, lies on the northwestern shore of the lake, and comprises a highly diversified tract of country. Red Hill, which has an elevation of 2000 feet above the level of the sea, lies wholly within this town. Squam Lake and Long Pond, both lovely sheets of water, are partially within its precincts, and Red River, flowing through it, empties into Lake Winnipiseogee. Tuftonboro', in the same county, and overlooking the lake, was settled in 1780. It is indented by bays of the lake, of which its elevated points command charming views. It has several ponds and small streams which empty into the lake and contribute to swell its vast vol-



VIEW FROM THE SUMMIT OF RED HILL.

though the Merrimack placing a vast volume of water at the disposal of manufacturers. The views which we present in illustration of the lake scenery were drawn expressly for us by an artist of ability. In our view of the lake, the spectator is looking towards the southeast. In the foreground is a part of the village of Centre Harbor, while the town of Guilford is seen in the distance. Our first view is a scene sketched near a spring beside a path by which you ascend Red Hill. It is a picturesque spot, and one which an artist loves to delineate. Another view is that from the summit of Red Hill, which commands a fine view of the lake and the surrounding country. We now descend the hill and obtain another view of striking beauty—Red Hill from the lake. Yet another view is presented by a change of position—Centre Harbor as seen from the lake. In this view a part of Red Hill is presented. The remaining scene is an old mill located on Artist's Brook, in North Conway, fifty-five miles from Lake Winnipiseogee. This brook abounds in picturesque views and is much frequented by artists making studies from nature. Conway is a picturesque town, and is a great resort of travellers to the White

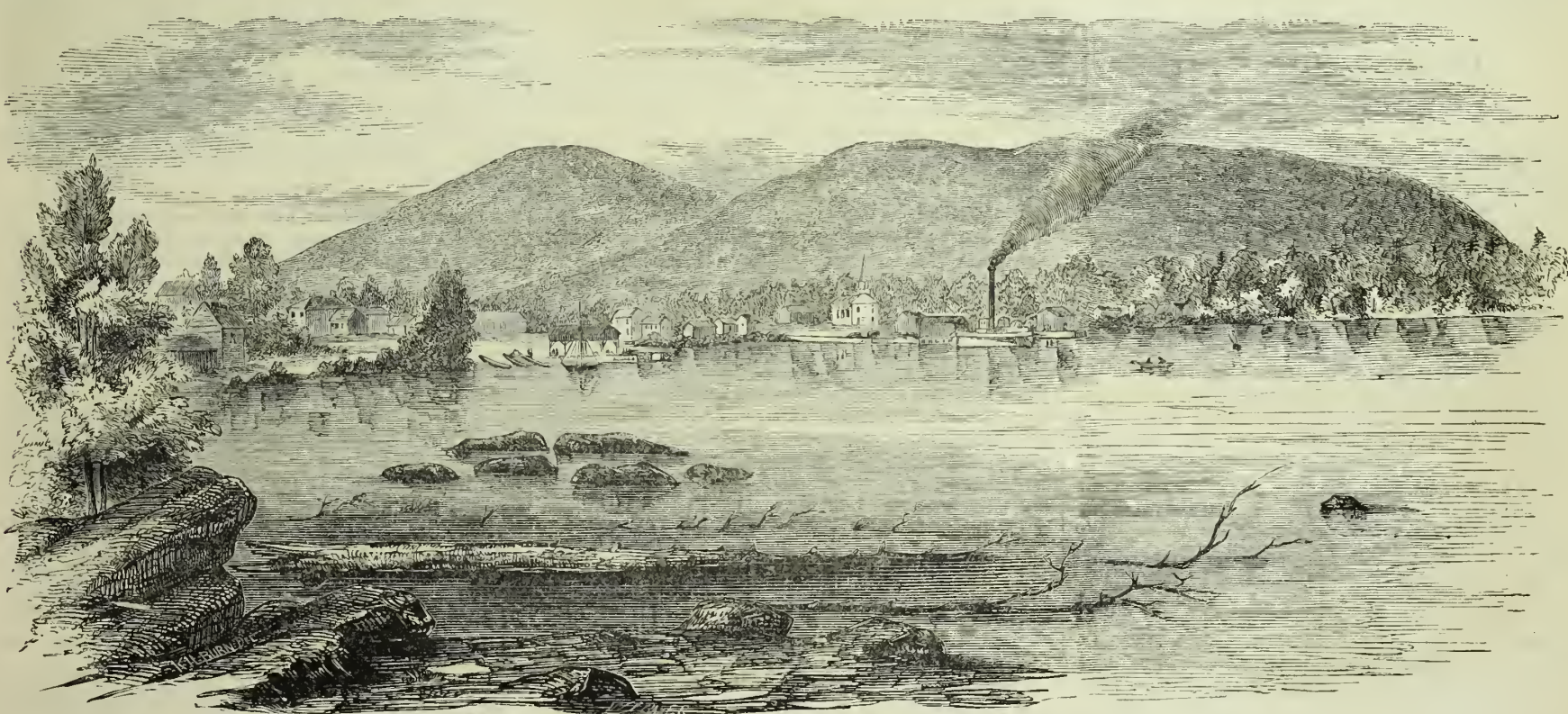
Mountains. It lies in Carroll county. Swift and Pequawket Rivers here pour into the Saco, the rapid current of which is broken by numerous falls. On Pine Hill there is quite a curiosity in the shape of a huge detached granite boulder of prodigious dimensions. On the shore of Cole Brook there is a sulphur spring. We have thus indicated and illustrated some of the most beautiful, though not the boldest scenery in New Hampshire. Summer travellers are very apt to hurry by or overlook Lake Winnipiseogee in their haste to the mountains—but the lake is well worthy of a prolonged sojourn on its banks. It is not enough to see it under a single atmospheric phase—it has a thousand kaleidoscopic changes. Mr. Gerry has painted several views of this lake, with all the grace and fidelity which he ever brings to the delineation of nature. We recall one with a storm clearing away and a rainbow spanning the water. Winnipiseogee should be seen at sunrise—when the light is flashing through the mists and glancing over the islands—or again, sparkling in the noontide rays—or reflecting the huge, piled-up mellow clouds of a midsummer afternoon. Also, like Melrose Abbey, it should be visited by the “pale moonlight.” In the silent watches of the night—and when obscurity has veiled the surrounding villages from view, fancy can recall the past, and restore the wilderness and the reign of the red men to these beautiful localities. In fancy we can again behold the light canoe sweeping noiselessly across the lake, or the smoke of the council fire creeping upward and veiling with its



VIEW OF RED HILL FROM LAKE WINNIPISEOGEE.

SCANDINAVIAN SUPERSTITIONS.

All the various races and creeds upon earth possess a different idea of the blissful abodes of Paradise which are to be the residence of the good and brave hereafter. The Mahometan dreams that his Paradise is one of perpetual indolence, wherein he will be attended by beautiful hours and retain perpetual youth. The Indian hunter believes his paradise to consist of hunting grounds, wherein the game will never fail and where, with his faithful dog to bear him company, he will pass his days amidst the delights of the chase, unmolested by the extirpating and hated “pale face.” The Hindoo fancies that he will be resolved into the spiritual essence of his Deity, and can conceive no higher happiness than that of utter annihilation. Every race of man trusts that their paradise will be in accordance with their peculiar idiosyncrasies, but among all the strange ideas upon this subject we know of none more singular than that formerly believed in by the warlike Scandinavians—the sea-kings—the ancestors of the Norwegians and Swedes of the present day, and it is credibly asserted that in the northern and still almost savage portions of Norway, and amongst the Laplanders, a similar belief, although modified in some degree by a faint glimmering of Christianity, still prevails. They believed—these worshippers of Thor and Odin—that there was a great hall appointed for the reception of the spirits of the brave, when they left the earth for the seat of the gods, which was called Valhalla. There they were attended upon by twelve beautiful, yet terrible maidens, named



SCENE ON LAKE WINNIPISEOGEE, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

gauzy wreaths the glimmer of the stars. At such times it seems as if we were in an enchanted region. As we remarked in the outset, New Hampshire embraces a great variety of scenery, and offers attractions adapted to a variety of tastes. Almost every mood of feeling can meet within its limits something harmonious. To the lovers of the grand and energetic, the stern and barren solitudes of the rude mountains present ample specimens of the bold and majestic. Quiet natures may seek enjoyment by the banks of the secluded lakes and pools set like mirrors here and there in verdurous frames of grass and flowers. There are wild and naked wastes—and there are deep and glorious woods, and tracts susceptible of the highest cultivation. In the old-fashioned days of stage coach and horseback travelling, very few of the citizens of the seaboard could spare time to penetrate to the heart of New Hampshire. New Hampshire can now be reached by daylight, and with ease and at a cost that renders the journey itself agreeable. Artists have of late availed themselves of these advantages, and during the summer months it is impossible to walk a mile in any direction in the mountains without encountering groups of them sketching the magnificent scenery.



OLD MILL, NORTH CONWAY, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Valkyries (choosers of the slain), and these were their guides from earth to the halls of Valhalla. Their office was to supply them with mead. The occupation of drinking this northern nectar and of eating the fat of the wild boar (which, after serving as the daily food of thousands, becomes whole again every night), filled up all those intervals of time in the Valhalla that were not passed in fighting. None but those who had shown surpassing bravery upon the earth were admitted into this Scandinavian paradise; and when there, their daily amusement was to fight with each other till all, or nearly all, were cut in pieces. But little harm, however, was done in this way, for the spiritual bodies soon re-united, and enabled the warriors to re-appear entire, in lithe and limber, at the feasts which followed these extraordinary engagements. The skulls of enemies were the drinking-cups used at the entertainments of Valhalla, and the guests are described as being almost perpetually in a state of drunkenness. It was only when the cock announced the arrival of morning that these terrible heroes arose from the table, and, issuing to the field of battle through the five hundred gates of Valhalla, hacked and slashed each other to pieces again, and such was the never ending round.—*Legend.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE CEMETERY.

BY MARY DELL.

The sun is passing to the distant west,
And sweetly on us now he smiles good-night,
And all around is eloquent of rest—
The shaded earth—the mellow evening light;
There is no voice of strife upon the air,
Peace dwells within this memory-hallowed ground,
The mourner's grief is calm, the quiet tear
Falls tenderly upon the lowly mound.

The stately monuments, so still and calm,
Have not a voice to tell of joy or pain,
Their flattering lines for true grief have no balm,
Praise cannot wake the sleepers up again;
How vain the sculptured marble to the dead,
How vain the praise the living can bestow,
The seeing eye, the hearing ear has fled,
And less than vanity is all below.

But there are eloquent memorials here—
"Our Father," or, "Our Mother"—tender thought
Is in these words, "Our Mother," who so dear?
Can there be home or love where she is not?
And here are graves without the marble stone
To call the attention of the passer-by;
But all is well—God notes each narrow tomb,
And guards the precious dust that there doth lie.

Here Love, and Faith, and Hope, and Memory meet,
To call the mind from earth to heaven away,
And grief becomes a feeling all replete
With power to free the soul from earthly sway.
The sun is set, and darker is the gloom
That gathers o'er the monuments around;
But ah! no night greets those who through the tomb
The presence of a God of love have found.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE CULPRIT FAY.

BY EVA MILFORD.

Mrs. Morton's elegant drawing-rooms were brilliantly illuminated, and the air was laden with the perfume of the rarest and most exquisite exotics, but the gas-jets were not so brilliant as the eyes that flashed in their light, nor the breath of the flowers so sweet as the living breath which mingled with their odors, for Mrs. Morton's party was a collection of the aristocratic beauty of one of our largest cities.

"No, I never have seen in any European drawing-room, a collection of fairer women," said Walter Sanger to a young brother lawyer who stood with him in a door-way.

"Shall I introduce you to Miss Leland, who, amid all this array of loveliness, still holds indisputably the position of belle? You see her at the head of the room, just replying to the pretty speech Sturgis has been making to her. Will you come, Sanger?"

"No, I believe not, thank you, Gray. Somehow I don't care for belles; they're monstrous in their ring. But can you tell me the name of that young lady sitting alone by that *jardiniere*, and trifling with its flowers? I should like an introduction to her, if you have the ability and inclination to give it me."

Mr. Gray glanced at the spot designated, where sat a slender, graceful girl, clad simply in white muslin, and with a wreath of delicate flowers placed lightly upon her classically moulded head, which was also adorned with a vast amount of soft, silky, golden brown hair; her complexion was pale and clear, and her large, hazel eyes had a liquid, dreamy look, like one whose mind held continually sweet converse with itself independently of the small amount of intellect necessary to carry on a ball-room conversation.

"Why, that's my cousin, Lucy Lee. She is a sweet girl; but I rather wonder at your preferring her to Miss Leland."

"Why, my mind is somewhat fatigued with going over my argument for to-morrow—that villain Fay, you know—and I fancy that queenly Juno would demand a man's whole attention and wit directed to making her the compliments and pretty speeches to which she has been accustomed. Now you sweet maiden, with a name as sweet, carries repose in her every look and attitude—she looks refreshing."

Charles Gray laughed a little, but he was accustomed to what he called his friend's oddities, and so, taking his arm, led him up and introduced him to Miss Lee. The young lady bowed her graceful head, smiled faintly, and by a half look intimated to the young gentleman that he might place himself on the sofa on which she sat. Charles Gray having thus disposed of his friend, hastened to mingle his tribute of admiration with those already offered before the goddess of the evening—the queenly, imperious Maria Leland.

As a cotillon was just forming, Mr. Sanger invited Miss Lee to join it, and was delighted to find that her slender form was as graceful in motion as in repose. At the end of the dance they seated themselves in a small recess where stood a marble table covered with beautiful engravings. Miss Lee, without interrupting the conversation, began to turn them over carelessly. One in particular seemed to attract her attention, she turned to the young lawyer, who had been meantime inwardly admiring her straight and delicate eyebrows, and said, gaily:

"What an interesting creature that culprit Fay is."

"The culprit Fay! Is it possible, Miss Lee, that I understand you to speak admiringly of him?"

"Why, certainly. I am quite in love with him myself, and do

not wonder in the least that the maiden whom he loved permitted his caresses."

"Really, Miss Lee, I must beg leave to wonder equally at your taste and your morality. If I comprehend your meaning, you consider that neither the culprit, nor the—young person who admitted his attentions, was to blame."

Miss Lee glanced with a half smile at the somewhat flushed face of the speaker, but the look of surprise and contempt which she encountered aroused her pride, and she merely replied in a cold and somewhat haughty manner:

"May I request you to conduct me to my mother, who is in the next room?"

Walter Sanger presented his arm, without a word, and when Lucy had seated herself by the side of a handsome and elegant woman, whom she called mama, the young couple parted with merely a formal bow.

"Who is that, my love?" asked Mrs. Lee. "He is very handsome."

"An escaped lunatic, I suspect," answered her daughter, quietly; but at this moment Charles Gray brought up his friend Sturgis, who triumphantly led away the fair girl to join a waltz quadrille.

As the gay company were leaving the scene of their festivities, Charles Gray put his arm into that of his friend Sanger, and said:

"Come, Sanger, we'll walk home together, and you may unburden your mind, either of the Fay question or of your admiration for my cousin Lucy."

"Unhappily, the two subjects are too nearly connected for either of them to be very agreeable at present. Don't be offended, Gray, but how is it possible for so modest and sweet-looking a girl as your cousin to have such loose views of morality?"

"What do you mean, Sanger? You did well to bespeak my patience, for this is an insult both to my cousin and myself. I am sure that you cannot find, among all the women you ever saw, one more pure in feeling, or rigid in moral sense, than Lucy Lee."

"So I could have sworn, from her face; but what do you think of her calling Dick Fay an interesting creature, and saying she did not wonder at Susan Marsh accepting his addresses, and that she was half in love with him herself?"

"Impossible!"

"I give you my word as a gentleman, Gray, that she said those very words. I never was so shocked in all my life as to hear that sweet voice and those classic lips defend so vile a wretch."

"There is some mistake here, my friend, which I will unravel, for I cannot allow such charges to be made against my almost sister, without either demanding an apology, or being satisfied of their truth."

They had now reached the Hotel, and with a somewhat formal "good night," they parted. The next day Walter Sanger made a brilliant and able plea before the Supreme Court, in a divorce case then pending between one Richard, or more commonly called Dick Fay, who had crowned a life of dehauchery and wickedness by deceiving and running off with a young girl named Susan Marsh. Sanger was retained for the plaintiff, a much abused and excellent woman. It was his first important case, and was regarded by all who heard him speak as a triumph of which the oldest lawyer at the bar might well be proud.

In the evening the young lawyer sat alone in his office, his head leaning upon his hand and his thoughts dwelling not on his late brilliant success, but upon the deep hazel eyes and rose-tinted cheek of the fair Lucy Lee. His reverie was interrupted by the entrance of Charles Gray, who greeted him with an expression between vexation and merriment.

"Do you know, Sanger," said he, "that you have made a precious laughing-stock of yourself? Why, man, don't attempt again to go into company without a little page to incessantly tread upon your toes and remind you that you are not in a court of justice, and that young ladies are not usually thinking of divorce cases, or at least do not make them subjects of conversation."

"What do you mean, Gray?"

"Why, my dear epitome of Blackstone, did you never hear of an American poet, Drake's, beautiful ballad of the culprit Fay, who loved an earthly maiden, and was tried before the fairy king, and—"

"O, what a fool I have made of myself—and how insulted Miss Lee must feel." And poor Sanger jumped up and began striding up and down his office.

"To be sure you have, my dear fellow," chuckled Charley Gray; "and as for Lucy, when I explained the case to her as well as I could (for she had never heard of Dick Fay, and I didn't like to say much about him to her), she didn't know whether to laugh or cry, and so she did both."

"O, what a blundering idiot she must think me—poor girl!—to be so insulted! Will you—can you, Gray, get her consent for me to come and make my apology?"

"Why," said Charley, with a gleam of fun in his eye, "I asked her to let you come, and at first she said no, very flatly, but then I told her you were a very innocent, quiet sort of man, very little used to ladies' society, and probably did not know that such matters were not common topics of conversation at evening parties—"

"Why you made me out a perfect fool!"

"Well, you called yourself one a minute ago; but Lucy said finally that if you were such a modest, harmless sort of person—why, I might come to-night and bring you to make a call upon Mrs. Lee: so come along to your hotel and change your coat, and then I will take you to expiate your offence by being as agreeable as you know how."

"Lucy, dear," said Mr. Sanger to his wife one evening, when

their marriage was some three months old, "will you go to the theatre, or shall I read you 'The Newcomes?'"

"We'll stay at home, love," said Lucy, with the archest and most bewitching of smiles, "and you shall read me, not the Newcomes, but—*The Culprit Fay*."

FLOWERS.

The love of flowers seems a naturally implanted passion, without any alloy or debasing object as a motive. The cottage has its pink, its rose, its polyanthus; the villa its geranium, its dahlia, and its clematis. We cherish them in youth, we admire them in declining days; but, perhaps, it is the early flowers of spring that always bring with them the greatest degree of pleasure, and our affections seem immediately to expand at the sight of the first opening blossom under the sunny wall or sheltered bank, however humble its race may be. In the long and sombre months of winter, our love of nature, like the buds of vegetation, seems closed and torpid; but, like them, it unfolds and reanimates with the opening year, and we welcome our long-lost associates with a cordiality that no other season can excite, as friends in a foreign clime. The violet of autumn is greeted with none of the love with which we hail the violet of spring. It is unreasonable—perhaps it brings with it rather a thought of melancholy than of joy; we view it with curiosity—not affection, and thus the late is not like the early rose. It is not intrinsic beauty or splendor that so charms us, for the fair maids of spring cannot compete with the grander matrons of the advanced year; they would be unheeded, perhaps lost in the rosy bowers of summer and of autumn; no, it is our first meeting with a long lost friend, the reviving glow of a natural affection, that so warms us at this season: to maturity they give pleasure, as a harbinger of the renewal of life, a signal of awakening nature, or of a higher promise; to youth they are the expanding being, opening years, hilarity and joy.

With summer flowers we seem to live as with our neighbors, in harmony and good-will; but spring flowers are cherished as private friendships. The cultivation of flowers is, of all the diversions of mankind, the one to be selected and approved as the one most innocent in itself, and most perfectly devoid of injury to others; the employment is not only conducive to health and peace of mind, but probably more good-will has arisen, and friendships been founded, by the intercourse and communication connected with this pursuit, than from any other whatsoever; the pleasures, the ecstasies, of the horticulturist, are harmless and pure—a streak, a tint, a shade, becomes his triumph, which, though often obtained by chance, are secured alone by morning care, by evening caution, and the vigilance of days: an employ which, in its various grades, excludes neither the opulent nor the indigent, and, teeming with boundless variety, affords an unceasing excitement to emulation, without contention or ill-will.—*Home Journal*.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SPENCER'S BOSTON THEATRE.—W. V. Spencer, No. 128 Washington Street, has just added to his published plays, "My Aunt," and the "Dumb Belle," with popular fares.

THE CRIMEA, WITH A VISIT TO ODESSA. By CHARLES W. KOCH. Illustrated. Loudon and New York: Geo. Routledge & Co. 1855. 18mo. pp. 183.

A capital sketch of a part of the world on which all eyes are now fixed, and which will be an interesting region for many years to come. For sale by Redding & Co.

LOUIS XIV. AND THE WRITERS OF HIS AGE. By Rev. J. F. ASHIE. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 413.

A course of French lectures on the brilliant age of Louis XIV. has been translated and laid before the reader, with an ably-written introduction by Rev. E. N. Kirk. It is enough to remind the readers of the great names that figured in this era—Pascal, Corneille, Racine, Fenelon, La Fontaine, Boileau, Moliere—to induce them to purchase this valuable book. France never before—never since, witnessed such a literary galaxy in her intellectual firmament; and the age that produced them is well worth the deepest study.

SABBATH EVENING READINGS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By Rev. JOHN CUMMING. St. Luke. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 476.

The publishers are conferring a very great benefit on the Christian world by re-publishing the works of so distinguished a divine as the Rev. John Cumming. Those who dissent from his peculiar doctrines cannot fail to be impressed with his earnestness, sincerity and learning, nor fail to admire the directness and force with which he writes. No one can fail to be benefited by a perusal of this book.

THE SAINTS' INHERITANCE: OR, *The World to Come*. By HENRY F. HILL. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 264.

The purpose of this work is to awaken a lively and more devout interest in the study of the Bible, and to insist upon certain truths which are not sufficiently pondered and studied. It speculates on the destruction of the earth, and its final restoration to the blissful condition of Eden.

MAMMON: OR, *The Hardships of an Heiress*. By Mrs. GOVE. New York: Buncce & Brother. 1855. 12mo. pp. 373.

A first rate novel—we are almost inclined to pronounce it Mrs. Gove's best. In this age of gold—not golden age—the fatal effects of an intense devotion to mammon cannot be delineated in too startling colors. Mrs. Gove has finely illustrated the results of avarice in her masterly portrait of John Woolston, of Newbury. If the character be drawn from an individual, still that individual is a type, and his effigy deserves to be hanged for a warning example. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 128 Washington Street.

MEN OF CHARACTER. By DOUGLAS JERROLD. Illustrated. New York: Buncce & Brother. 1855.

This volume contains four complete stories—Titus Trumpe, the man of many hopes; Jack Runnymede, the man of many thanks; Job Pippins, the man who couldn't help it; and Isaac Cheek, the man of wax; all of which are written in Douglas Jerrold's happiest vein. The stories are spicy, satirical, humorous and lively, and form the very best antidote that can possibly be prescribed for dullness, ennui and ill humor. For sale by W. V. Spencer, 128 Washington Street.

THE HISTORY OF SWITZERLAND FOR THE SWISS PEOPLE. By HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE. With a continuation to the year 1848, by Emil Zschokke. Translated by Francis George Shaw. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 405.

The history of this gallant little European republic, which has maintained its independence for centuries, though surrounded by the enemies of constitutional liberty—the land of Tell, and the refuge of the persecuted for conscience' sake in Europe—ought to be familiar to every American. The work before us is admirably written, and embraces every event of importance in the history of the Swiss people. The author, Heinrich Zschokke, is known to the majority of American readers only as a writer of brilliant romantic tales; they are not aware that other and more serious labors filled up the greater part of his useful life—that he was a teacher of youth, a legislator, a philosopher, in short, a hard worker in every way that could benefit his fellow citizens and the world. Mr. Shaw's translation is admirably executed.

HISTORY OF TURKEY. By A. DE LAMARTINE. Translated from the French. In 3 vols. Vol. I. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 408.

Lamartine, who has established his reputation as a poet, is the most brilliant of prose writers. He has now chosen a theme admirably adapted to his mind and style, full of hints to the imagination, of which he has liberally availed himself. The reader will find much of that character painting for which he is noted, and cannot fail to close this volume, the first of a series, with the impression that the author of the "Girondists" and "A Pilgrimage to the Holy Land" has done himself and his subject ample justice. For sale by Redding & Co.

THE PRACTICAL AMERICAN COOK-BOOK: OR, *Practical and Scientific Cooking*. By a HOUSEKEEPER. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 267.

Culinary literature is all the rage now-a-days, in defiance of the adage that "two many cooks spoil the broth." The work before us seems to be a useful and comprehensive one—not inter-larded with too many details, and not too scientific to daunt incipient housekeepers. For sale by Redding & Co.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.
LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

EARLY RISING.

The refrain of an old Scotch song is:

"I'd rather gang supperless intil my bed,
Than rise in the morning early."

We will not say how many thousands there are of the same tastes as the writer of that song—who are willing to forget in the arms of "Murphy" the sage distich inculcated in their nursery days—

"Early to bed and early to rise
Is the way to be healthy and wealthy and wise."

To some people the morning nap is sweeter than any other, though physicians tell us that one ounce of sleep before midnight is worth a pound after it. Some years ago we induced a very slumberous friend to indulge in the luxury of seeing the sun rise at Nahant. He had never seen the sun rise anywhere. To rouse him up was almost as formidable a task as to dispel the lethargy of the seven sleepers. It was in the frosty but kindly autumn; so we muffled him up as if he were about to encounter the rigors of a Canadian winter. We marched by starlight to the brow of the hill beyond the Nahant Hotel and took post upon a bench. The stars faded, the eastern sky grew brighter; bars of crimson brightening into gold lay parallel to the horizon, beneath which spread the leaden sea. The focus of light deepened in intensity—the edge of the sun's disc appeared—and then, like a shell from a mortar, the entire luminary bounded into view, lighting up creation with a flash. We turned to see the effect of this magnificent display upon our friend—he was fast asleep! We happened to sit behind him, when he was unconscious of our presence, at Kimball's Museum, during the representation of "Peter Wilkins." He was with a lady. When the sunrise was exhibited in the first scene, we heard him say to his companion: "Very fair—very fair indeed. I remember once, at Nahant, being on the rocks at sunrise—" At this moment his eye caught ours, and the mortal pallor of guilt overspread his countenance, his voice failed him, and the falsehood he was about to utter died upon his lips. Poor fellow! he is satisfied with an oiled paper sun lighted by camphene. Nature "puts him out."

A NEW AUTHOR.—There is some talk in literary circles of a work of fiction, said to be of extraordinary merit, which is shortly to pass through the press. It is by a new candidate for public favor in the line of authorship. Several critics who have seen the manuscript are enthusiastic in its praise, and confidently pronounce its author "the coming man," in the literary world. The work bears the odd title of "CONE CUT CORNERS," and is said to be as original in contents as in name.

NIAGARA BRIDGE.—The new railroad suspension bridge over the Niagara River, stood a late gale like a Trojan, though some of the workmen who were employed upon it came near being wafted into the outrageous flood beneath.

SIGNS OF SUMMER.—White hats and white vests are no longer noticeable. A person may wear both without any danger of creating a disturbance.

SPLINTERS.

.... Faneuil Hall was rebuilt, after its destruction by fire, by the proceeds of a lottery authorized by the legislature.

.... The Rev. Theodore Parker has been complimenting the court reporters of the Boston press for their truthfulness.

.... The Russian minister visited the United States steamship Mississippi at Rio, when she saluted the Russian flag.

.... They are devising means in California to raise a large fund for the relief of Gen. Sutter—a praiseworthy object.

.... The Mexican boundary survey is progressing very slowly. The Colorado country presents great difficulties to engineers.

.... Punch is now allowed a free circulation in Russia, to exasperate the Russians by its attacks.

.... General Williams, of the British army, created a pacha by the sultan, is well known in New York.

.... Governor Medill thinks all the women in Ohio are in love with the mayor of New York. Was ever mayor so woo'd?

.... Madame Augusta lately had a benefit at Niblo's, New York. She made her reputation in that city.

.... The New York Picayune thinks the arrest of Dr. Peck will prove a peck of trouble to Governor Concha.

.... Several of the Kansas emigrants from Newburyport have returned to that good old town, homesick.

.... The captain-general of Cuba, notwithstanding his name is an un-concha-nable fellow.

.... It is rumored that Mr. B. P. Shillaber (Mrs. Partington) is writing a local farce for the Boston Theatre.

.... New York papers show that convicted burglars have received pay as policemen in that city, while under sentence.

.... A wicked grocer has been caught in New York selling 2 1-2 pounds of coffee for three pounds.

.... The great moral drama of Bunyan's Pilgrim Progress is now being performed at the theatre in Philadelphia.

.... The prices of the leading New York Hotels are to be raised to \$3 per day.

.... John Hudson, a young Englishman, was thrown from a carriage at Millbury, Mass., recently, and killed.

LETTER WRITING.

We have almost made up our mind that the ability to write a good letter is a gift of nature and cannot be acquired. Schools may teach orthography, punctuation, syntax and prosody, but neither schools nor colleges, with all their drilling, can enable a student to write an easy, flowing, agreeable letter. There have been "Complete Letter-Writers" published, but whoever trusts to them for communicating with friend or foe, finds himself going lamentably astray—for circumstances alter cases. When the unlettered refer to one of these manuals, they generally copy bodily the forms they see before them, simply filling up the blanks left for the proper names. Still, an indifferent epistolary style may be amended by the study of good models. There are many such in the French language—of course it is needless to refer to the world-famed epistles of Madame de Sevigne. Lord Byron's correspondence is among the most easy and agreeable in English. Burns, on the contrary, wrote shockingly stiff and stilted letters. Horace Walpole's letters are very agreeable, gossiping, fluent and well spiced.

Many people succeed in letters who fail in almost every other species of composition. One does not naturally and inevitably write a good letter because he can write a good poem or a good essay. Illiterate or inexperienced correspondents have certain stereotyped forms with which they always open their communications—"These few lines come hopping to meet you in good health." There is a certain sunny cheerfulness in the idea of the Terpsichorean alacrity with which these "few lines" perform their part. There are certain letters that it is impossible to find fault with, no matter how cramped and crabbed the penmanship may be, or how curt the document. For instance—"Please find enclosed a draft for \$5000 payable to your order." The most capacious critic in the world could hardly have the heart to criticize this. We find some capital hints on letter writing in the works of St. Gregory.

"If you have many things to say," says he, "you will do wrong to confine yourself to too narrow a space. If a word will express your thought, spare me tedious details, not very agreeable. You should measure the length or brevity of a letter by its subject. It is not enough to be precise, you must be clear in all things; a letter is not a sign; it would be better to be somewhat gossiping than to be obscure in aiming at brevity. In a word, a letter written with suitable clearness, a well written letter, is that, which, understood by the ignorant as well as by the cultivated man, pleases both equally. A third quality is grace; without it, a letter is dry, sad, monotonous; with it, on the contrary, the style is lively and flows pleasantly and currently. Piquant maxims, proverbs applicably quoted, rallying pauses, ingenious sallies—a letter admits everything which can excite the mind, but still without affectation. Purple is only admitted as a trimming; and a letter only allows of an unexaggerated elegance. The figurative style is only admissible on this condition—that it shows itself rarely and modestly. We will leave to rhetoricians, apostrophes, antitheses and members of phrases symmetrically arranged: or, if sometimes we borrow the apparel from them, let it always be in sport. I cannot better conclude than in the following trait of apologue: Once upon a time, when the birds were disputing for the throne, and each eagerly adorning himself, the eagle judged that his finest adornment was to be without any. (Beauty when unadorned, adorned the most.) The finest letter, in my opinion, is that which derives all its ornament from the simple, easy and natural manner in which it is written. Such, I think, are the qualities of the epistolary style. What I may have omitted, will be suggested to you by your own reflections."

The above is not only a sound treatise on letter writing, but a happy example of its best style.

PAUPERS' BODIES.—The bill for abandoning the bodies of paupers to the surgeons for dissection has been lost in our legislature. The thought that his worn out body was not allowed to rest in the grave, would have been an additional pang to the dying pauper. To

"Rattle his bones over the stones.
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns,"

is bad enough. Besides, dissection has always been associated with punishment; the bodies of criminals have been always surrendered to the knife. There is a vulgar prejudice against dissection, which, in the case of the destitute and friendless, ought to be respected.

LECTURES BY PARK BENJAMIN.—It is, we learn, the design of Mr. Benjamin to continue his popular lectures during the summer. He has just completed a highly successful course at Philadelphia. In July he delivers a poem, by invitation of the literary societies of Dartmouth College. Mr. Benjamin has, after a year's absence, resumed his residence in New York, where his address, we understand, is No. 8 West Fourteenth Street.

MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.—A correspondent of the New York "Life Illustrated," in speaking of the members of our legislature, says: "Of Ballou's Pictorial, four hundred and fifteen copies are taken by the members. This indicates that they are fond of pictures and information—a certain degree of refinement at least."

NO FAMINE.—It is stated that there is grain enough to feed the hungry, and that prices will soon come down. The potatoes have concluded to suspend decay and discount liberally to cultivators.

GRAPES AND WINE.—Two millions of persons are employed in the grape culture and wine manufacture in France alone.

NEW YORK STREET FIGURES.

The design for the fine large engraving that occupies the *windows* of our last page, was drawn expressly for the Pictorial, by Mr. Rowse, and typifies a portion of the outdoor life of that great metropolis. It is a spirited and faithful representation. The omnibus driver, at the head of the ent, almost seems to be shouting above the folds of his neckcloth—the "7th Avenue, ride up!" that hastens the steps of the pedestrians from the side streets, who are anxious to make the ascent of that renowned and populous thoroughfare. The dingy mortal to the right of him appears suited (*suited?*) to his arduous and useful business, that of cleaning chimneys. Of course, he must be the son of wealthy parents, stolen away by gipsies, and some day or other will come down his father's flue, be recognized by a "strawberry mark on his right arm," and the day thereafter trot his fliers on the Avenue. On the other side of the page is honest John Chinaman vending his cigars, true to his national pigtail and Flower-land costume. Another Chinaman, a mendicant, is seen at the foot of a flight of steps, the placard on his hat setting forth the justice of his appeal to the charitable. In the centre is a group, consisting of a woman and girl, who are dealers in old glass, rags, and all sorts of miscellaneous wares they ferret out of old barrels, kennels and by-places. Next to her we see a staid old applewoman with her wares, and a gentleman who deals in buttermilk. The pyramid supported on the back of the sturdy youth, is composed of kindling stuff, which yields a very handsome per centage of profit to the vender. On the other hand, a street sweeper—an innovation the Gothamites have borrowed from London—holds out her hand for the recompense of her unenviable occupation. Many a dainty white kid glove drops a small coin into the palm in gratitude for the unsoiled French boots that have just achieved the formidable passage of Broadway. Below we have a picker-up of "unconsidered trifles," with his bell-furnished handcart and his canine assistant. Such are some of the features of out-door life in New York—at once the London and Paris of America; a perfect microcosm, a real live city, where the wheels of vitality never rest; where there is scarce one silent hour in the twenty-four, where all nations are represented, and every imaginable occupation followed.

A CONTENTED PRISONER.—An old gentleman, who has recently been an inmate of Cambridge Street jail, was so pleased with Mr. Bartlett's treatment that on being discharged he lingered about the gateway supplicating to be re-admitted. This reminds us of Dickens's story of the Fleet Prisoner, who was allowed to pass his evenings at the public house opposite, but who, getting into a habit of late hours, was restored to punctuality by a threat of the jailor to lock him out, if he did not come back earlier.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.—In renewing subscriptions, let all remember that we send the Pictorial and Flag together for four dollars. The matter in both papers is wholly original, and distinct from each other. The one is a first class literary weekly, the other an illumined or pictorial record of the times, both together forming a rare and valuable acquisition to any home circle, imparting ever varied delight and a boundless fund of information.

DECEASED.—We have inadvertently omitted to mention the death of Captain Henry Dearborn Grafton, late of the 1st Regiment U. S. Artillery, and son of Major Joseph Grafton of this city. Capt. Grafton graduated with distinguished honors at West Point, and was an officer and a gentleman who numbered many warm personal friends.

BURGLARS.—Our Roxbury friends have lately suffered a great deal from the predatory incursions of burglars into their territories. Vigilance and Colt's revolvers are sovereign remedies.

TASTE.—Horseflesh is much relished in South America, a fact which will account for the hospitality of the South Americans.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Gardiner Adams, of Somerville, to Miss Frances M. Leeds; by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. William A. Conant to Miss Euseba F. Vinton, of Woburn; by Rev. Mr. Judd, Mr. George H. Cook to Miss Augusta S. Martin; by Rev. Mr. Kirk, Mr. Frederick C. Weston, of Keeseville, N. Y., to Miss Julia M. Elmore; by Rev. Mr. Richards, Mr. Edward S. Haskins, to Miss Josephine Fuller; by Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. John O. Rogers to Miss Caroline R. Wildes.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Mudge, Mr. John M. Sawyer to Miss Phebe R. Hodgdon.—At Roxbury, by Rev. Mr. Ryder, Mr. Roswell D. Tucker, of Boston, to Miss Anna M. Briggs.—At West Newton, by Rev. Dr. Gilbert, Mr. Joseph L. Whitney to Miss Martha J. Richards.—At Lynn, by Rev. Mr. Driver, Mr. William A. Rose to Miss Hannah Clough.—At Salem, by Rev. Bishop Southgate, of Boston, Mr. George H. Mair, of Boston, to Miss Sarah W. Copeland, of Salem.—At Marblehead, by Rev. Mr. Adams, of Boston, Mr. Samuel C. Wormstead, of Lawrence, to Miss Elizabeth S. Nutting, of Marblehead.—At Exeter, N. H., by Rev. Dr. Leonard, Mr. William T. Clarke, of Boston, to Miss Hannah J. Lovering, of Exeter.—At Littleton, Pa., Mr. Patrick Donahoe, of the Boston Pilot, to Miss Annie E., daughter of the late Dr. Davis.—At Baltimore, Daniel Byrns, Esq., of New York, to Miss Jane Anna Darton, of Charlestown, Mass.—At Lawrence, Kansas Territory, Mr. Charles W. Smith to Miss Lucretia B. Cook, of Lowell, Mass.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. John Brigham, 63; Mrs. Clara B., wife of Mr. Charles S. Jones, 28; Miss Sarah M. Capen, 35; Mr. Michael Riley, 39; Mrs. Lucy J. Nibley; Mrs. Mary Fogg, 27; Mr. James A. Pierce, formerly of Limerick, Me., 21; Calvin S. Fifield, Esq., 48; James Johnson, Esq., 72; Mr. Charles Moore, 59; Mrs. Abigail Cunningham, 67; Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas, 83; Mr. John T. Swiny, 20; Mrs. Mary S. Trundy; Mrs. Fanny Ingalls, 82; Mrs. Catherine Davenport, 88; in South Boston, Mr. George W. R. Chadwick, 30.—At Charlestown, Mr. Samuel T. Packard, 39; Miss Mary Snow, 74.—At Roxbury, Mrs. Sarah Fiske, 80.—At Malden, Mr. Bernard Newhall, 74.—At Brookline, Mrs. Mary W. Hallett, 40.—At Lynn, Mrs. Hannah Smith, 65.—At Salem, Mr. Eliphalet Southwick, 48.—At Danvers, Capt. Ebenezer Sprague, 94.—At Marblehead, Mr. Richard Goldsmith, 78.—At Gloucester, Mrs. Sarah E. Bray, 22.—At Portland, Me., Mrs. Elizabeth A. H. Poor, 48.—At Bangor, Me., Mrs. Deborah Soule, 92.—At Piscataway, N. J., Rev. Isaac Smith, of St. James's Church, 53.—At Trenton, N. J., Mrs. Anna B. Ryerson, 37.—At Northampton, Md., Hon. Samuel Sprigg, for many years governor of that State, 73.—At Wilmington, Del., Mr. Benjamin Lovett, of Boston.—At Peaufort District, S. C., Ex-Gov. Whitmarsh B. Seabrook.—At New Orleans, Mr. Leonard D. Merrill, formerly of Falmouth, Me.—At Lawrence, Kansas Territory, Mrs. Harriet S. Litchfield, 42, relict of Mr. Lewis S. Litchfield, of Boston.—At Constantinople, O. H. Underwood, of this city.

GEORGE WASHINGTON MATSELL,

CHIEF OF THE POLICE, NEW YORK CITY.

George Washington Matsell, the present chief of police, was born of English parents in the city of New York, Oct. 25, 1811. At the age of nine years he went to work on the farm of his brother-in-law in New Jersey, where he continued for two years, at the expiration of which period he indulged his boyish fondness for a seafaring life by shipping, with the consent of his parents, on board the brig Catherine Rodgers, bound for Mobile and Blakely, Alabama. His cruise was not a halcyon one, however, the young adventurer being destined, in his very first voyage, to see the darker side of a nautical career. When fifteen days out, the brig was wrecked on Crab Key, and our hero just managed to save his life. After passing several months among the rough wreckers of the Bahama and Florida reefs, he succeeded in obtaining a passage to his native city, and received a warm welcome from his parents, to whom he appeared like an apparition from the other world, for, by a strange fatality, no news of his escape had reached them, and they had mourned him as one lost to them for this world. But he was of too adventurous a spirit to abandon his predilections on account of a single adverse stroke of fortune, and he accordingly shipped again. Two or three more voyages having given him a complete view of the sea-elephant, he accepted an offer to engage in the employ of Messrs. Barrett & Tileston, extensive silk dyers and printers, on Staten Island. His business was designing, drawing and carving the pattern blocks used in printing handkerchiefs and other silk goods, an art at that time but little known and practised in this country. In 1834 he married Miss Ellen M. Barrett, daughter of Mr. George M. Barrett, the leading partner of the firm, and the three removed to New York city. Mr. Matsell here evinced an interest in politics, and became an active democratic partizan. He was a seceder from the Tammany Hall party with others, who formed what was called the equal rights or locofoco party, and with his associates was welcomed back to the old wigwam from which he had been ejected in 1837, when a reconciliation took place. In 1840 he was appointed a police justice, and has not, we are informed, acted as a partizan since that period. The honesty of purpose and energy with which he discharged the duties of his new office, created for him many warm friends, and, as a matter of course, many bitter enemies—enmity being the compliment always paid to decision of character in an official position. Mr. Matsell, however, pursued the even tenor of his way, undazzled by the warm eulogies of friends, and unintimidated by the active hostility of foes. It was enough for him that a majority of his fellow citizens supported him in his course, and that he enjoyed the approval of his own conscience. While a police justice, he made it his business to acquire a thorough knowledge of the city, its wants, its sanitary condition, and the evils under which all great centres of population labor, with a view to applying effective regulations and remedies. He made it a point, also, to study thoroughly the police regulations of London, Paris, and other great European capitals, to obtain data in assisting to frame a project for the improvement of the police system of New York. Hence, when, in 1843—44 a radical reformation was attempted in New York, with a view to affording efficient protection to liberty and life, and an act passed the legislature establishing a day and night police, Mr. Matsell was deemed the most efficient person to receive the appointment he now holds of chief of police. He entered upon the duties of his office in 1845, at which date the law referred to took effect. The task of effecting a complete reorganization of the police was a critical and difficult one, but Mr. Matsell was ad-



GEORGE W. MATSELL, CHIEF OF NEW YORK POLICE.

equate to the task, and Mr. Havermayer, mayor of the city, under whose administration it was effected, was possessed of that firmness, intelligence and decision necessary to secure the success of the experiment. The difficulties attending the organization were finally happily surmounted, and thenceforward Mr. Matsell steadily pursued his plans of improvement, until the system has attained its present efficient and energetic state. The numerical force of the police—nine hundred men—presents in itself a difficulty of management only to be overcome by great tact and perseverance. That it is effective without the features of arms and espionage which characterize the European police system, is certainly a great triumph and a subject of congratulation. New York, like London and Paris, has its powerful, dangerous classes, its bands of lawless spirits constantly plotting mischief, constantly receiving accessions, and it is consolatory to know that they can be held in check without a resort to bayonets and sabres. It is a great thing for nine hundred men, distributed over so vast a space as the area of New York, to be able to secure the property and lives of its citizens, and to inspire so great a degree of confidence that citizens may walk unarmed in any quarter at any hour, and that unprotected females are safe from insult and injury. The New York system has sufficient inherent elements of power and stability to answer the purposes for which it was intended. As an evidence of the favor with which it is regarded, it may be men-

tioned that applications are constantly made from all parts of the United States and Canada, for copies of the police law, and the rules, regulations and forms employed, and that many of the systems in operation in other parts of the country are copied from, or based upon, that of New York. Chief Matsell has from time to time been reappointed, and now holds his office during good behaviour. He enjoys to a high degree the confidence of men of all parties. On a recent occasion, in consequence of strenuous efforts to displace him, a very large meeting of the citizens was held, and his character and conduct emphatically endorsed. In private life Mr. Matsell enjoys an enviable reputation. He is happy in his domestic relation, and finds at his fireside that solace for his cares which is the dearest reward of a good, kind husband and father. Mr. Matsell is in the prime of life, enjoys robust health, and will doubtless for many years do good service to his native city.

RESIDENCE OF THE LATE DANIEL WEBSTER,

AT MARSHFIELD.

We have before presented views of the Webster mansion at Marshfield, but the engraving which we give below represents it from a new point, showing conspicuously the addition which Mr. Webster made to the old house. This wing contains the library, the scene of some of the great statesman's most important labors. In the foreground is seen the lawn on which he bestowed so much care, with the trees and shrubbery, many of which the farmer planted with his own hand. A piece of water, the haunt of Mr. Webster's aquatic pets, is also shown. The Marshfield mansion and its grounds have now become classic, and through all future time pilgrims will come hither from the remotest parts of our country to view the scene hallowed by the memory of one of the greatest statesmen and orators America has ever produced. It was here that Webster gave free scope to that love of rural life which he imbibed in his earliest years, and that fondness for agricultural experiment which grew out of his liberal views, and which has distinguished many great men and great patriots and statesmen. George Washington was as zealous in the character of a Virginia planter as he was when leading the armies of the republic and presiding over the destinies of the nation. Frederick the Great was never so happy as when cultivating melons with his own hands at Sans Souci. Sir Walter Scott was as proud of the trees he had planted as he was of the authorship of the Waverley novels. Mr. Webster was a farmer on a grand scale—at once scientific and practical. The teeming lands of Marshfield estate, the thriftiness of his trees, the excellent character and condition of his blood stock, were the admiration of old experienced farmers. The pleasantest written memorials of this good man are his one or two familiar letters to the farmer who had the care of his New Hampshire estate. We see in them with what eagerness and zest he turned for a moment from the cares of state and the troubles of political life to the peaceful labors of the agriculturalist, and how he followed the plough in fancy over the granite hills, as it turned up the broad furrow-slice in the spring-time. In one of his speeches he remarked that "the agricultural interest was the sleeping lion of the country." The trees at Marshfield are monuments of his love for agriculture. And here, on the memorable 24th of October, 1852, between two and three o'clock of a Sabbath morning, while the yellow leaves that had fulfilled their mission were falling from the trees he loved to rear, the great man breathed his last. The date and the scene can never be forgotten. He himself will long stand forth foremost in our country's history, as one of the giant minds which have ennobled her annals.



WEBSTER'S FARM HOUSE, ETC., AT MARSHFIELD, MASS.



THE BALTIC FLEET LEAVING SPITHEAD.

SAILING OF THE BALTIC FLEET.

We present our readers with a fine sketch of the second great naval expedition which England has fitted out against her great northern enemy. The armada weighed anchor at Portsmouth at 1 o'clock, April 4th, consisting of the *Magicienne*, *Blenheim*, *Colossus*, *Duke of Wellington*, *Gorgon*, *Cressy*, *Bulldog*, *Majestic*, *Basilisk*, *James Watt*, *Hague*, *Edinburgh*, *Cæsar*, *Ajax*, *Nile*, *Exmouth*, and *Royal George*, mounting in all more than a thousand guns. The fleet is under the command of Rear-Admiral Dundas, who entered the service in 1817. The second officer in command is Rear-Admiral Seymour, who has been in action. Next in rank is Rear-Admiral Baynes, who behaved with great gallantry at Navarino. The captain of the fleet is the Hon. Frederick Thomas Pelham, a daring man, and a good officer and sailor. The fleet sailed in two divisions, the *Blenheim* leading off under courses, topsails and top-gallant-sails, the *James Watt* following

in her wake. The *Duke of Wellington*, besides the flag of the commander-in-chief at the mizzen, carried the broad blue pennant of the captain of the fleet at the main. Thousands watched the departure of this gallant armada—bidding them God speed with their voices, and waving adieux when their voices could be no longer heard. An aching void is left behind in many an English home by the departure of this squadron—friends and relatives are severed who perhaps may never meet again on earth.

GREEK TOMBS AT CANOSA.

The accompanying engraving exhibits some of the results of recent excavations made at Canosa, which have brought to light many triumphs of ancient art. The illustration shows some tombs just discovered in three several compartments. The doors have an oriental character, narrowing as they rise, like the monuments of Assyria and Egypt. The interior of these tombs presented to

the excavators a singular spectacle. Human skeletons were found extended on beds of bronze decorated with statues and ornaments of ivory—the flooring was strewn with gold threads, which had evidently belonged to splendid carpeting—a female skeleton, adorned with magnificent jewelry, was discovered, with a gorgeous diadem on her head, and a splendid ring on her finger, formed of two clubs of Hercules, completing a circle, and terminating beneath in what is called the knot of Hercules, in the middle of which is a ruby. The whole body of the ring is adorned with beautiful designs in filigree, which are the admiration of all the goldsmiths in Naples. Many other ornaments were discovered in this chamber of death. In one chamber was discovered the remains of a war-horse, with the bronze harness, bridle, etc., and a quantity of arms, evidently the property of a deceased warrior. The excavations are pursued with vigor, and the results will throw much light on some of the customs of the ancient people of Italy.



GREEK TOMBS AT CANOSA.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The New York Tribune notices the instance of a daring burglary in that city, and mentions as an amusing fact, that while the villains were robbing the house, two private watchmen were sitting quietly upon the steps of the adjoining building. — Cyrus Smith's house, in Brandon, Vt., was burned on the 16th ult. It was the first dwelling-house that has been burned in that place for fifty years. — Mr. Eli Humiston, of Derby, aged 67, came to his death in a singular manner, a few nights since. His son was gurgling pepper tea for a sore throat, when his father wanted some to drink. He took a swallow, which strangled him so much that his friends gave him some tea, which apparently relieved him; but in a few moments he complained of feeling bad, and shortly after died. He had ruptured a blood vessel in his lungs. — A monument is to be erected to Barnabas Bates, in the cemetery of Mount Auburn, because of his services to the postal reforms of the country. — While Mr. Seth Glass and two other persons were out on a sailing excursion on Sunday, 22d ult., in Duxbury harbor, the boat was upset, and before aid could be rendered, Mr. Glass was drowned. The others were saved. The deceased was about 40 years old, and leaves a wife and two children. — A New York journal states that a lady in that city has made a quarter of a million of dollars by keeping school. — The strength of the Episcopal Church in Maine is 12 clergy and 867 members; in New Hampshire, 10 clergy and 577 members; in Vermont, 25 clergy and 1450 members. In New Brunswick, the clergy number 54, and the members 2941, or one to every 150 of the inhabitants—a number which is only exceeded by seven dioceses in the United States. — Nearly the whole of the township of Vienna, between Hamburg and Benford, Canada West, has been laid in ruins by an extensive fire. — One of our western villages passed an ordinance forbidding taverns to sell liquor on the Sabbath to any person except travellers. The next Sunday every other man in town was seen walking around with a valise in one hand, and two saddle bags in the other. — The New York Times intimates that the city railroads are not making money. Their receipts have fallen off very materially within a few months. — A woman complained to Mayor Wood, of New York, that a neighbor annoyed her very much by scolding violently. The mayor quietly remarked that he knew of no remedy for that evil but a surgical operation. — A Mrs. Lydia Smith has been appointed assistant keeper of the lighthouse at Manton Island, Michigan, at two hundred and fifty dollars per annum. — A gentleman residing at St. Helena has presented to the Rev. Dr. Sprague, of Albany, the chair in which the exiled Emperor Napoleon was wont to sit, in his garden. The chair, though defaced by time, was evidently once an elegant specimen of the cabinet maker's art, and is still in a good state of preservation. — It is said that sixty-five thousand bales of cotton, valued at over three millions of dollars, have been destroyed by fire in this country during the last three months. — A "long-shore" whale was captured at Southampton, L. I., on the 16th ult., by one of the whaling companies, who, without letters of marque and reprisal, make prizes of all such visitors. The honor of killing the leviathan belongs to Captains Green and Howell, who, with their crews, succeeded in landing him safely on shore. — There are now in the United States thirty-two insane hospitals in active operation, and nine others are in course of construction. — A memorial is before the Legislature of North Carolina praying for a law that husbands and wives (slaves) should not be separated, and that children under twelve or fourteen years of age shall not leave their parents. — Edgar M. Smith, of New Haven, took two sea fowls that are rarely caught alive, a loon and a water-witch, in a net, recently. — A portion of the crew of the packet-ship *Cynosure*, revolted while on her last passage from Liverpool, and two of them were shot by the captain and surgeon of the ship. One of them was in all probability wounded fatally.

"MARRIED FOR MONEY."—What an odious comment this on the union of a man and woman for life! Cupid speculating in stocks! How degrading. The Egyptians held dowries in such horror, that he who had received one from his wife, was adjudged to her as a slave. Solon and Lycurgus also sought to deprive men of the possibility of making a wealthy marriage; and the Spartan who sought to repair his fortune by a marriage, was severely punished. How very fastidious those old fogies were.

DANCING WATERS.—The Geneva Gazette of the 21st ult., says that for several previous days the citizens of Geneva had been much interested in watching the curious and inexplicable capers of the waters of Seneca Lake. The lake would continually rise and fall, from five inches to two feet, in spaces of time varying from ten minutes to half an hour. One exact measurement showed that it fell seventeen inches in fifteen minutes, and then commenced rising again.

PARIS EXHIBITION.—The precise number of exhibitors for the Exhibition is not at present known; but it is calculated that it will be between 17,000 and 18,000—rather more than in London. Of them, 7000 to 8000 are French; from England, 3000 to 3600; from the Zollverein, upwards of 2000; from Austria, 1800; Belgium, 600 to 700; Switzerland, 400 to 500; and Spain, 300 to 400.

☞ We speak with candor when we say, that, as Americans, we are and should be proud of *Ballou's Pictorial*. It is decidedly superior to the London *Illustrated News*, and an honor to this country.—*Boston Daily Times*.

A COSTLY DRESS.—The Empress of the French has presented to the Empress of Austria a dress valued at 200,000 francs, or about \$40,000.

Wayside Gatherings.

Mr. Green, the "reformed gambler," is speaking in Iowa, upon his favorite subject.

The American Theatre, at New Orleans, was destroyed by fire the 19th ult. One man perished in the flames.

The bank fishing in Marblehead has doubled since 1847. This year seven new vessels are added to the fleet.

A resident of Chicopee, in this State, caught, among other fish, a few days since, a little pickerel weighing fourteen pounds.

By the annual report of the chief engineer, it appears that property to the amount of \$2,000,000 was destroyed by fire during the past year in Jersey City.

A manufacturer informs the editor of the Providence Tribune, that calico enough is manufactured daily in Rhode Island to make each female in the State a dress.

Henry A. Wise says, Virginia "has an iron chain of mountains running through her centre, which God has placed there to milk the clouds and be the source of her silver rivers."

The anthracite coal trade of Pennsylvania is now in active operation. With the free supply of coal coming forward thus early, there is no reason for the present high price of coal by retail.

The Masonic fraternity of Massachusetts are to celebrate the anniversary of the birth day of St. John the Baptist, at Milford, on the 24th of June. The ceremony will be grand and imposing.

At Acadia, Madison county, Mo., on the 17th ult., during a severe storm, the lightning struck the Acadia High School, and four boys, pupils, who were asleep in the building, were burned to death.

Liszt, says an intense admirer of this great pianist, can in a quiet circle of friends and artists like himself, with a few simple notes drawn from the very soul of the piano, wring tears from the eyes.

The agricultural department of the late patent office has made arrangements with Norway, Sweden, and points as far as Ningpo, China, for interchange of choice seeds, suitable to the United States.

Mrs. Eliza Wilson, of East Lyme, Ct., aged about 70, while burning some rubbish in her garden, recently, caught her clothes on fire, and was so dreadfully burned that she died at midnight the same day.

The Scientific American cautions its readers against the use of painted paints, and says the oxide of lead, with which paints are painted, is a dangerous poison, and has been known to be productive of evil in many cases.

It is stated in one of our exchanges that during the present year there will probably be raised a grape crop sufficient to make 600,000 gallons of Catawba wine. The demand for the article far exceeds the product.

The ship *Siddons*, which arrived at Philadelphia on the 20th ult., from Liverpool, had on board 426 Mormon emigrants, destined for Salt Lake city. They were English families, healthy, well dressed and intelligent.

The long-continued hard times seems to have a tendency to decrease the number of marriages. In Boston since the 1st of January last, nine hundred and thirty-two marriage certificates have been issued, which is below the average of previous years.

An extensive fire has been raging in the Dismal Swamp, in Virginia, a few miles south of Norfolk. A large amount of property has been destroyed. One colored man was burned to death, and it is feared many buildings will be consumed before it is extinguished.

The steamer *Wm. Knox*, from Cincinnati for St. Louis, was destroyed on the morning of April 23d, by fire, near Flint Island, below Louisville. The boat was full of passengers for Kansas, but it is probable no lives were lost, as a steamer came alongside at the time of the conflagration.

A St. Petersburg letter-writer relates as a remarkable fact that since the commencement of the existing war, all the French and English journals, which in former times were forbidden to be circulated unless first examined by the censors, have been allowed to lie freely upon the tables in the *cafés* of the city.

Among the victims of the cholera in Ceylon, is the venerable and devoted missionary of the American Board, Daniel Poor, whose name is familiar to every one of the present generation who is at all interested in the missionary work. Dr. Poor was attacked on the morning of the 2d of February last, and died on the succeeding Saturday morning.

The New York Courier chronicles a beautiful act of delicate munificence; it says that a few Suburbs since, among the contributions at the Church of the Holy Communion to the funds of St. Luke's Hospital, was a roll of five one thousand dollar bills. They were dropped so quietly into the plate that not even the gentleman who received them knew from whom they came.

According to the late English census there are two institutions near Dublin for the deaf and dumb, and one in Belfast, for the blind. The number of deaf mutes reported in Ireland is 3534—5030 males and 1504 females that are born such, to which are to be added 1213 who have become so from other causes—in all 4747, or one in every 1300 of the whole population of the country.

Under the yard of the Washington House, Philadelphia, a lead pipe has been found, five inches in diameter, with a mouth piece in the cellar of the hotel, leading to a vault of masonry fourteen feet distant, in which were a dilapidated desk, a crucible and a finger ring; but the strangest discovery of all was a ringbolt secured to the wall, and upon the ground around it a number of human bones.

A rough diamond, picked up near Manchester, Va., a small town opposite Richmond, has been received in New York. The stone is about the size of a hazel-nut, and weighs forty-three carats. It has a flaw in the centre, but it is otherwise quite promising. The Richmond jewellers estimate its value at four thousand dollars, and claim that it is the largest diamond ever found in North America.

Mayor Wood has issued instructions to the police force of New York, directing them that the prescribed uniform must be worn at all times and on all occasions, unless special leave is granted to appear in plain clothes. Policemen are forbidden to converse with their friends when on duty, or lounge against corner groceries, or other comfortable resting-places, and are enjoined to cultivate a soldier-like deportment in every respect.

Nineteen steamships of war, being a portion of the Baltic fleet, sailed from Spithead on the evening of the 4th ult. Among the number was the steamer *Duke of Wellington*, the flag ship of Admiral Dundas. The departure of the fleet was attended with all the demonstration of enthusiasm which was witnessed last year at the departure of Sir Charles Napier. There are eleven ships yet at Spithead, which will be despatched at an early day.

Foreign Items.

The pedestal is now being put up in the Parliament House for the statue of the late Lord Jeffrey. The corresponding niche is to be filled by the statue of the late Lord President Boyle.

According to the *Novelliste* of Marseilles, the Russian prisoners confined at Toulon have volunteered to serve in the Foreign Legion. The Poles are to be incorporated in the Turkish Cossacks.

Trials for breach of promise of marriage have hitherto been almost unknown in France, but the Imperial Court of Nismes has just declared that the non-execution of a promise gives a right to damages.

A member of Parliament testified before Roebuck's Committee that he found only two persons, in some weeks' stay at the Crimea, who seemed possessed of common sense, and those were Miss Nightingale and Omar Pacha.

It is said by some that the French industrial exhibition will not have received anything like the whole amount of the objects to be exhibited before the end of May or beginning of June, but that it will, nevertheless, open on the day appointed.

An American surgeon in the Russian service writes: "At Yassy, at Odessa, and here at Sebastopol even, have I heard 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' spoken of. One of the aids of Gen. Osten Sacken was asking, this evening, if the book was a true one."

The "rush from Ireland" has already re-set in at the southern ports, and crowds of the peasantry are daily leaving their native shore for the far west beyond the Atlantic. The steamers from Waterford leave each week, carrying with them their full complement of emigrants.

A letter from Rome, in the *Piemonte* of Turin, states that the Bank of Rome is in so precarious a condition that it is preparing to wind up its affairs. It is to be succeeded by another bank, to be established by Prince Torlonia and Messrs. de Rothschild.

Private letters from St. Petersburg state confidently that the fanatical war party has completely got the upper hand, and that Alexander II.'s throne would not be worth a week's purchase if he were to attempt to thwart the current of national feeling.

Sands of Gold.

.... When a piece of good fortune befalls me, I instantly look for the reverse of the medal.—*Delucy*.

.... Religion converts despair, which destroys, into resignation, which submits.—*Lady Blessington*.

.... Believe one half the ill one woman speaks of another; but credit twice the good she reports of her.—*Delucy*.

.... Memory seldom fails when its office is to show us the tombs of our buried hopes.—*Lady Blessington*.

.... A rapid mind continually struggles; the feeble one limps, but a great mind selects the surest points, and upon these it stands.—*Koslay*.

.... We should be better acquainted with many things if we did not seek to know them too thoroughly. We should remember that objects, to be seen well, require to be viewed at an angle of forty-five degrees.—*Goethe*.

.... The past is disclosed, the future concealed in doubt. And yet human nature is heedless of the past, and fearful of the future—regarding not the science and experience that past ages have unveiled.—*Koslay*.

.... Superstition is the poetry of life. It is inherent in man's nature; and when we think it is wholly eradicated, it takes refuge in the strangest holes and corners, whence it peeps out all at once, as soon as it can do it with safety.—*Goethe*.

.... There are some men who imagine that wisdom must always be rude and forbidding, and who deem that what is beautiful is, of necessity, superficial. I think these gentlemen have mistaken the owl of Minerva for the goddess.—*Jean Paul*.

.... Metaphysical science has suffered more from physical comparisons than from any other cause. The link of resemblance has often been a fetter of slavery; the illustration of an idea has been mistaken for the proof of a system. The world has sometimes been, for ages, in thralldom to a simile.—*Schiller*.

.... When generosity, friendship or fraternal affection is represented on the stage, well or ill, every one sympathizes with it; but when a fond pair are making love, we laugh at them, or at best are wholly unmoved. What is the reason of it? Because love is essentially selfish, and we cannot sympathize with selfishness.—*Jean Paul*.

Joker's Budget.

"Bob, did you go to the gold mines?" "Yes." "What did you dig?" "I dug home as soon as possible."

"How do you keep your books?" "By double entry. I make one entry and father makes another."

A rascally old bachelor asks—"What is the most difficult operation a surgeon can perform?" To take the jaw out of a woman."

An Irishman being asked which was the oldest, he or his brother, said, I am the eldest; but if Teddy lives three years longer, we shall then be both of an age."

"Boys," said Admiral Trunton, as his fleet closed in combat with the Dutch, under Admiral de Winter, "you see a severe Winter approaching—I advise you to keep a good fire."

A most interesting sight to see, is that of a young lady with "lips like rubies," and with "teeth of pearly whiteness," and with cheeks that have stolen the "deep carnation of the deathless rose," with her mouth full of gingerbread!

One sometimes reads a great deal in a few lines. There is philosophy enough in the following to set up an A. I. "professor" in business. "Fast horses soon tire, and fast young men are a good deal like them. The youth that goes it strong at twenty will find himself at forty-five with a tombstone growing out of his head."

Charles Fox, and his friend, Mr. Hare, both much incommoded by duns, were together in a house, when, seeing some shabby men about the door, they were afraid they were bailiffs in search of one of them. Not knowing which was in danger, Fox opened the window, and calling to them said, "Pray, gentlemen, are you for hunting, or hare-hunting?"

"Of all the absent men I ever knew in Sweden," says Count Tessein in his Memoirs, "was the late Chancellor Baron Nolkin. Once, when he went to read to his royal highness Prince Adolphus Frederick (afterwards king) a report of the privy council, he very gravely took out of his pocket the lease of his house, which he had nearly read to an end, when the remarks of the prince at last made him sensible of his mistake."

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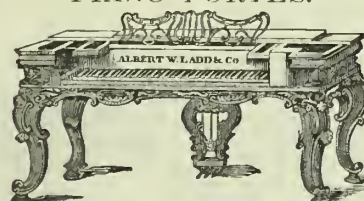
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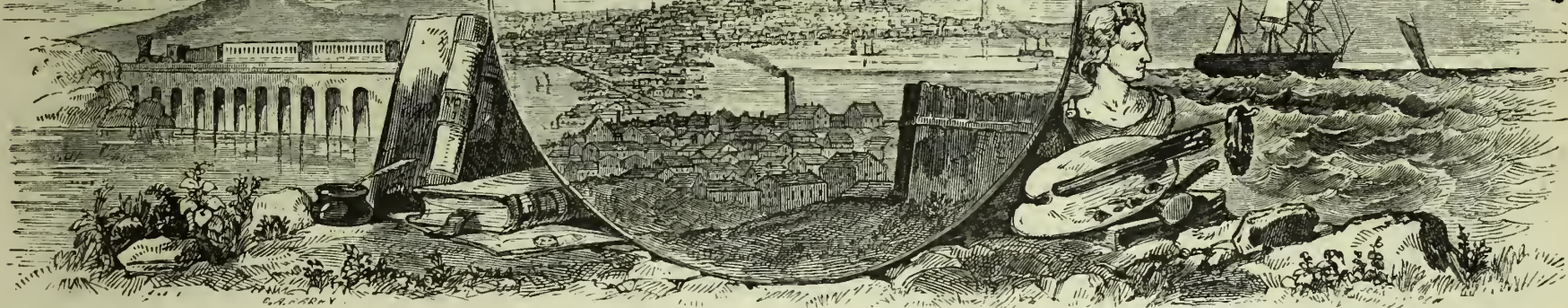
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BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1855.

\$3.00 PER ANNUM. { VOL. VIII., No. 21.—WHOLE No. 213.
6 CENTS SINGLE.

CLUB HOUSE, CORNER OF BEACON AND PARK STREETS, BOSTON.

The design below, drawn for our paper on the spot, represents the large block on the corner of Beacon and Park Streets, familiarly known as the "Club House," originally one large mansion, but now divided, Professor Ticknor, the scholar and author, now residing in one part of it. Next below Mr. Ticknor's, on Park Street, is the elegant but unostentatious residence of Hon. Abbott Lawrence. The mansion that forms the subject of our illustration, is interesting from the fact that it was fitted up for the accommodation of General Lafayette and his suite, when the illustrious friend of Washington was the guest of the city. We remember seeing the adjacent streets filled with crowds of well-dressed people of all ages and of both sexes—while the trees on the Common were populous with boys, and all the windows and

balconies of the State House and of all the private residences in the neighborhood were filled with ladies, all inspired with the same enthusiastic feeling, all offering a heartfelt welcome to the nation's guest. What a change did he behold from the scene which greeted his eyes when he first came, a boy in years, but every inch a patriot and a hero, abandoning the attractions of the domestic and the elegancies of the court circle, to offer his sword and stake his life on the doubtful issue of the struggle between the colonies and the mother country! At the period of the revolution the alms-house stood upon this site, extending on Beacon Street beyond the westerly boundary of the Athenæum estate. Next to it, on Park Street, was the work-house, then came the town-pound; on the site of Park Street Church stood the granary, whence the name of the adjacent burying-ground. In the enclosure, in the work-house yard, we believe, the bodies of the British

soldiers killed at Bunker Hill, were laid out, in the order of their regiments and companies, previous to interment. Beacon Hill then presented a very different appearance. The Beacon from which its name was derived, stood somewhere about the place where Governor Gardner's residence now stands, and its base was higher than the eaves of the present State House. The old alms-house was pulled down in the year 1800, and in the early part of the century the large building shown in the engraving was erected for and occupied by Jonathan Amory. Many a splendid ball and party have been given in that aristocratic mansion—many a belle there devastated the hearts of young Bostonians—many of whom, victors and vanquished, have long since passed away from this earthly stage. For many years the building was occupied as a club house, and we think it was of the club that it was engaged by the authorities during the visit of Lafayette.



CLUB HOUSE, CORNER OF BEACON AND PARK STREETS, BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE

KING AND THE COBBLER.

A ROMANCE OF ANCIENT PERSIA.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VIII.—[CONTINUED.]

Rustem did not hesitate long, for he saw that his monarch had some clue to the truth, and he resolved to speak it.

"Sire," he said, "I have never meant to deceive you, or to deceive others, any more than he deceives who tries to hide his faults of form by change and taste of dress. You know how long I prayed for a son, and how fruitless were my prayers. Five years ago I went to the mountains of the Hetzendarra on a hunting expedition. An old hunter told me of a strange animal he had seen in the mountains. On the next day I went in search of it, taking the hunter for my guide. I found the strange thing the fellow had seen, and gave it chase, and when I found that I should lose it at that rate, I drew my javelin and threw it with a quick, strong aim; it struck the animal upon the hip, and stopped him. Now, sire, this strange animal was nothing less than a wild youth, habited in a garb of leaves. In every particular was he like the wild beasts about him, save that he seemed to take a deep interest in hearing me converse. He could neither speak a single word of any language nor understand a word of mine. But I took him home, and he conceived an affection for me. I soon found that he had some faint recollections of language, and I employed two of the best scholars I could find to educate him. In one year's time he could speak plainly and read, and at the end of five years he stood before me the most polished man I knew, for during all the time of his studies his mind had not once been distracted by extraneous affairs. And now, sire, do you wonder that I should have called him my son? that I should have loved him as such?"

"Kanah, what think you?" asked the king, turning to his counsellor.

"I think Rustem's story one of deep interest, and one of truth, as well. And now we have some clue to the youth's prodigious strength. I remember a wild man who was found in the Caucasus, and it was almost impossible to capture him. I would not believe that the human frame could give room for such strength, if I had not seen it. And then remember one other thing, sire: remember the tree from which this scion probably sprung. Gushtasp was the mightiest man in the kingdom. You remember that no six men in the army could beat him from the arena."

"Gushtasp!" uttered Rustem, in surprise. "What mean you?"

"Simply," answered the king, "that this youth, Feridoon, must be the son of that general. His every look shows it."

The satrap began to see now what the others had seen. He reflected a while, and he remembered how Gushtasp had looked, and then he knew Feridoon was his counterpart.

"Upon my life," he replied, "you do recall now my own memory of the great general. It must be as you have said."

"And even Gushtasp himself was tinged with rebellion," remarked the king.

"Rebellion! Gushtasp!" uttered Rustem.

"Ay; but we will not speak of the dead. Let me know what you mean to do with your adopted child."

"It is against you, sire, that his deeds have been done; but I pray you that his ignorance of government and the rights of kings may be set down in his favor. I am sure he meant no disrespect to his royal master, but only thought of the love he bore the damsel."

"Well," answered the king, after some moments of thought, "I will do thus: to-morrow the youth shall come before me, and if he will confess where the maiden, Zillah, is hidden, and give her quietly up to me, then shall this first grievous offence be forgiven. What say you?"

"Most assuredly shall he do so, sire," quickly answered the satrap. "I suppose the damsel is beautiful—"

"As lovely as the full moon at midnight, in the open heavens. As beautiful as the lily of the vale and the rose of the hillside," rapturously apostrophized the king.

"But yet," resumed Rustem, "he should not grasp her from the king. He will attend me here to-morrow, and you shall speak with him as you see proper."

"We will," answered Sohrab. "But you had better prepare the youth ere he comes hither. Let him understand himself thoroughly, so that I shall not have to induct him into the first principles of obedience."

"I will prepare him for the interview, sire."

"But you must not tell him of his parentage."

"Of course not," returned Rustem; "for we are not sure."

"O, as for that matter, we are sure enough," interrupted Kanah. "If you should lose an article to-day, and in twenty years hence I should find one looking exactly like it, and at the same time knowing that none other ever existed like it, I should feel sure that I had found that which you had lost. Gushtasp was killed close by those mountains, and his wife and infant boy were with him. The wife fled into the mountains, and was afterwards found dead. To be sure, her features were not recognized, for the wild beasts had made horrid work there; but her jewels were found and recognized. The infant was not found. If you re-

member how Gushtasp looked, you must know that Feridoon is his very self."

The satrap admitted the truth of appearances, and shortly afterwards he was dismissed. He took his way towards his own palace, but it was not without many misgivings, for he knew that he had truly a lion heart to deal with.

CHAPTER IX.

AN EXTRAORDINARY SCENE.

It was dark when Rustem reached his palace, and he found that Feridoon had already retired, so he let his business be until the morning. When morning came, he repaired to the youth's apartments, and found his charge engaged in reading. His first aim was to examine more particularly Feridoon's features with regard to his nativity. He was surprised to find how true a copy were those features of the features of him to whom allusion had been made. Rustem had known Gushtasp well, and they had been firm friends while the latter had lived. He now knew that Feridoon must have been the infant which had been lost; but his thoughts did not stop here.

After Rustem had passed the wishes of the morning with his protegee, he sat down and pondered upon a new subject that had forced itself upon his mind. He remembered that when the former king died, Gushtasp had been murdered upon the desert, and he wondered if Sohrab had not had something to do with that affair, for both he and Gushtasp were popular generals, though the latter was the favorite of both soldiers and people. Had Gushtasp lived, Sohrab might not have been king. These thoughts led Rustem into a chain of dark surmises; and some modes of expression which he had heard Sohrab use served to strengthen his fears—for he did fear that his king had been guilty of a great crime. He felt sure that no foul measures had been used with Kei Khosrou, for he had seen the corpse lying in state, and there were no marks of violence upon it; but he could not feel so sure in the case of poor Gushtasp, for he had been met upon the desert, while travelling home with his wife and child, and only three attendants, and murdered. The circumstances were these:

The general, Gushtasp, was away when he heard of his king's death, and feeling that he had something to do with government, he left his army and hastened towards home; but in the desert, close by the base of the Hetzendarras, he was met by assassins and brutally put to death. It passed at the time as the doing of robbers. The corpse of the murdered general was brought to the city, and when the people wept and mourned over it, all knew how much he had been beloved. The assassins had spared his noble features, and even in death the bold general looked the hero the people had loved to worship. But Sohrab was now king of Persia, and he had always treated Rustem with favor; but even in this there was policy, for the satrap was influential, and his influence was worth keeping.

Thus did Rustem arrive at two points. He believed Feridoon to be the son of his old friend, and he feared that that friend had fallen by the device of him who now ruled Persia; but this latter point he resolved to keep most sacredly to himself.

"Feridoon," he said, at length, "very soon you will go with me to the royal palace."

"I am ready, for I promised the officer yesterday that I would see the king to-day."

"But do you realize, my son, how great has been your offence?"

"That I have made the king very wroth I am aware."

"But you have trampled upon his authority."

"Let the king point out to me how, for I would have no contention with my protector."

"But you have broken our laws, and are hence liable to most severe punishment. Yet on one condition will the king pardon you."

"Ah! and what is that?"

"That you will tell him where the damsel is concealed, and relinquish all claim upon her."

"I shall think of this."

"And I hope you will think well of it, and remember how much trouble you will save yourself by simply complying with our king's wishes. Surely you have not become so overpowered by the charms of the poor cobbler's daughter that you cannot give her up."

"There are two sides to that proposition," returned Feridoon, with a smile. "I am young and ardent, while the king is old and satiated. Is he so overpowered by the charms of a cobbler's daughter that he cannot give her up?"

"But he is a king, and his will is law."

"Perhaps it is so. But wait until I see the king, and then my mind will be made up."

"But you understand the premises, do you not?"

"Perfectly."

And there the matter rested, for Feridoon was unwilling to argue with his father, and the latter did not wish to chafe the youth before they went to the royal palace. He hoped that the presence and authority of the king would awe the offender into submission.

It was near the middle of the forenoon when Rustem and his protegee set out, and when they reached the audience-chamber of the royal palace, they found that most of the business of the day had been transacted. There were some few cases for judgment still left, but the king saw the youth when he entered, and the remaining business was quickly despatched. This being done, the king dismissed all save his own officers and attendants, among

whom were Kanah and Manto, and then, at a sign from his majesty, Rustem and Feridoon advanced to the marble platform in front of the throne.

The king gazed long and earnestly into the face of the youth, and he showed by his countenance that he was deeply moved. At length he spoke.

"You are called Feridoon?"

"I am, king."

Sohrab started when he heard that answer, for not before in a long time had he been answered so boldly, and with such perfect freedom from all restraint. And then the phraseology was unusual. He was never before addressed by the mere term, *king*.

"You were at the house of the cobbler, Zak Turan, yesterday?"

"I was."

"You resisted my orders and killed my messengers."

"I opposed a body of ruffians who would have dragged a poor female from her home against her will."

"Beware how you speak," uttered the king, growing angry.

"If you would have the truth from me you must not cramp my tongue. I speak as I have learned to do—with freedom and boldness when I speak the truth."

"Did not these men whom you opposed inform you that they came from the king?"

"They did."

"Then you knew whom you were resisting?"

"But you forget, king, that men who will stoop to such work might also lie."

"They did not lie. But enough of this. You saw their badges and you knew they came from me. Now why did you resist them?"

"Because they would have dragged one whom I loved to ruin and misery."

"Ha! You insult me now."

"I mean no insult: I speak but the truth. If you sent for that maiden, then what would you with her?"

"Make her my wife."

"But she refused to come to you, and told your messengers that she could not, and when they would have dragged her away by force, she shrieked aloud for mercy. Would you have dragged one of the daughters of your people ruthlessly to her own woe, simply to gratify a momentary passion, which would have been transferred to another in one short month at the farthest?"

"I would have made the damsel my wife. Kings are not wont to ask favors; they command, and the people obey."

"So I have learned you look upon the kingly office," returned Feridoon, gazing boldly and searchingly into the king's face, "but not so can I look upon it. You derived your power from the people, for by their will alone were you placed upon the throne you now occupy. A true king rules for the people's good, and his account is kept by God. The happiness of a single subject is worth a king's utmost care; but O, who shall believe that a true king would blindly follow out the craving of depraved passions, even when sorrow and woe must fall upon his subjects in consequence?"

There was consternation in the audience-chamber. The attendants were astounded to hear a simple youth speak thus to the king, but their looks also showed that they deeply sympathized with every word that had been uttered. The king himself was at first moved by rage and passion, and twice did his hand fall upon his sword-hilt, but there was something in the countenance of the youth that stayed his hand. Perhaps his thoughts ran back to the time when a noble general fell dead on the hot sands of the distant desert, and mayhap he saw so much of that ill-fated man in the features before him, that his heart was moved in fear and remove.

"Let this folly pass," the monarch at length said. "Your youth is some extenuation of your tongue's range. But now we come to another point, and you will do well to consider carefully upon the subject ere you answer, for I see that you have a habit of speaking hastily. Of course you know where the damsel, Zillah, is concealed."

"I do not, sire."

"Speak no falsehoods."

"I have not yet learned to speak falsehood, king. I know not where the maiden is."

"Do you know which way she went?"

"I do not."

"But you will know."

"I have had the promise of knowing."

"Ah, that will answer. Now listen to me. Your crime has been one which richly merits death, and it has been but the most unusual element on my part that has kept the stroke of the executioner from you, and on these conditions will I extend to you a full pardon: you shall inform me where Zillah is as soon as you shall have learned, and you shall relinquish all claim to her hand and love."

"And is that all?" asked the youth, with a bitter smile breaking the calmness that had rested upon his face.

"Upon those conditions shall a full pardon be granted."

"King of Persia," spoke the youth, in a firm, direct tone, "I saw the beautiful Zillah before you did, and I loved her, and in return did she love me, and before God were our loves made binding upon us by holy vows. Thus my right is in the love of Zillah, and you have no claim upon her."

"Beware, or I shall yet teach thee to thy cost that kings do not bow to the caprices of such as you."

"And thou shalt know, mighty king, that such as I cannot be trampled upon even by him whom people call sire. Neither will I tell thee of the maiden's abiding-place, nor will I give over my claim. She is mine; and before my God and these witnesses

here assembled, I do accuse you of the most gross cruelty and injustice. I shall not bow."

Sohrab sprang from his seat and clapped his hands. His face was very pale, and his teeth were set. At the signal thus given a dozen stout slaves appeared, and as they gathered about the king, he cried:

"Seize the traitor and bind him!"

"Hold!" cried Feridoon, starting back a pace, and drawing his sword; "let me first know why I am to be bound."

"O, my child," implored Rustem, clasping his hands and springing towards the youth, "make no resistance here. It cannot avail you, for the archers will shoot you."

"I mean not to resist," returned Feridoon; "but I would know why I am thus to be bound. Speak, king, and tell me."

"Bind him, I say!"

Feridoon hesitated an instant, and then, dashing aside those who had gathered about him, he sprang upon the throne and seized the king by the arm, and forced him back upon his seat. Then he placed the point of his sword against the monarch's breast. The people started back aghast, and a cry of horror went up from every lip.

"Back, back!" pronounced the youth. "I mean the king no harm; but if one person places his foot upon the lower step of this throne, my sword shall sink to this man's heart. Keep back, and no harm shall be done; but forward, and you shall lose your king!"

Those people who saw this strange movement knew that the bold youth meant what he said, and they dared not move. The king himself was sore afraid, but he could not move; he was held down by a grip of iron. He had turned deadly pale, and his limbs shook with terror.

"Now, king," spoke Feridoon, "answer my question. I do not mean to resist you, but I wish to know why I am to be seized, and also to have these witnesses now present know it."

"Have you not resisted the royal authority?" gasped the king.

"Yes; but that is not the direct cause. Is it not because I refuse to give up to you one whom I love?"

The king did not answer.

"Answer me!" pronounced the youth, with a glance that thrilled the monarch to the very soul. "Do you not mean to imprison me, or to punish me, because I will not give up to you a virgin who has begged of me to protect her from your embrace? Answer me."

"It is so. I gave the order for the bringing hither of the maiden, and you resisted it."

"Ay," resumed Feridoon, in a bitter tone; "that is the cause. Now listen, ye who stand around this throne, and mark what justice is done in Persia. Let the people know how stands the law of eternal justice in our country. Your king made his way in disguise to the home of a poor cobbler, and there his eye rested upon a beautiful maiden, who was the joy and light of that lowly household. He—beware, king. If you move you shall die, as sure as God is!—He went in there, and when he saw that lovely damsel, his passions were fired, and he resolved to possess her. I was there. The girl turned her prayers to me, and begged of me to save her. I did so, for I loved her, and she was my own beloved. The rest you know. Tell this to the world, and then men shall know what kind of a king they have. I have spoken, and now I shall make no more resistance, unless my life is attempted."

As Feridoon thus spoke, he let go his hold upon the king, and stepped down from the throne. For a while not a word was spoken. Those who stood around looked furtively at the monarch, and then they gazed upon each other. The daring youth had placed his sword in its scabbard, and now stood with his arms folded across his breast. But the king soon came to himself. He started up again, and in a hoarse, rattling tone, he said:

"Bind him, now!"

Thus he spoke, and then sank back again upon his throne. The stout slaves moved up, and Feridoon offered no resistance. Heavy chains were placed upon his wrists, and these were again secured about his waist.

"Now lead him to one of the strongest of our dungeons. Off with him, and when this cloud has rolled from our mind, we will give him sentence. Rustem, you will remain, and you, Kanah, I would speak with you."

The youth was led away, and shortly afterwards the attendants left the audience-chamber, only the king's eunuchs and the satrap and counsellor remaining. With the latter Sohrab wished to confer respecting the extraordinary scene that had just transpired.

CHAPTER X.

PLOT AND COUNTERPLOT.

FERIDOON was plunged into a deep, dark dungeon, and there he was told he should remain until he had promised to reveal the hiding-place of Zillah, and also to relinquish all claims to her hand. After what had happened, Rustem did not dare to interfere in any way, for he well knew that the king would brook nothing of the kind. He was grieved to know that his protegee was thus imprisoned, but all he dared to ask was to be admitted to see him. The king informed him if he would use his influence to bring the youth to terms, he might have passage to the dungeon. The satrap readily promised this, for it had been his own purpose to do that same thing.

"But he shall wait awhile first," said the king. "He shall first taste of the prison, and then he may be more pliant."

So the satrap had to wait a week, and at the end of that time he went to see the youth. He found him in good health, with his

spirit broken not at all. After embracing him, and explaining how things were going on in the world without, he came to the principal object of his visit. He did not at first state what the king had said, but upon his own responsibility did he urge the youth to give up all ideas of claiming Zillah's love, to give her up to the king, and promise to make known her place of concealment as soon as he should discover it. But all was of no avail. Feridoon would not give up one point of the position he had taken. Rustem urged and argued, begged and entreated, but the youth was firm.

"But," said the satrap, "you may be sure that the king will keep you here until you comply with his wishes, even though you spend your life here. Now, once more, listen to me. Under no circumstances can you hope to enjoy this damsel. If you relinquish your right to her love, you will lose her, I know—and so you will if you remain here. And now see the reason to obey the wishes of our monarch. By so doing you will go forth to liberty, and then you will soon find some other maiden who will make you happy with her love. Be guided by me."

"Ah, my friend," replied Feridoon, with a smile, "I can take my liberty whenever I wish. They think I am stoutly chained; so I am. But see." And as he spoke, he slipped the irons easily over his hands. "You see my hand is no bigger than my wrist. Now, with these irons off, how easily can I overcome my keeper when he comes with provision, and then make my escape. But I do not wish to do so now. Yet do not urge me any more on this point, for I will not tear out the very joy and life of my soul to please a wicked king. I am firm."

Rustem spent much more time in arguing the point, but he at length turned away in despair. He did not go as he came, however. From argument and persuasion he passed to the authority of a parent. He commanded the youth to obey, and when, after much such commanding, Feridoon remained still firm, he became angry. He spoke hotly to the young man, but he received only cool, calm words in reply. At length the satrap went away, and his soul was angry when he turned from the dungeon. One of the most ancient and binding customs of the times was the obedience of children to the commands of parents, and Rustem now became nearly as wroth as the king had been, and he told Feridoon that he was a wicked, ungrateful child, and that no punishment could be more severe than he deserved.

The youthful prisoner had cared but little for the anger of the king, but he was deeply grieved when he found that his protector was also angry, and when he was left once more alone, he wept. But when he came to reflect that right and justice were on his side, he soon forgot his pain, and contented himself with knowing that he had done nothing which his inmost soul told him was wrong.

And now how moved matters in the world without the prison?

The news of the imprisonment of Feridoon soon spread throughout the great city, and people had the whole story by heart. The scene that had transpired in the audience-chamber had been all made known, and painted in its most thrilling colors, and the people had learned all the circumstances which had led to it. Zak Turan was a man generally known in the place, and he was as generally beloved, and of course the sympathies of the populace were with him, his fair daughter and Feridoon. Sohrab was feared, but never loved, and some of the bolder of the people took up the matter and made speech upon it at the street corners and in the market-place. And then there was one other source of excitement—a source of which the king little dreamed, and of which the reader shall soon know.

One day (it was eight days after Feridoon had been thrown into prison) the king sat all alone in one of his own apartments. He had been sitting thus for half an hour, and during that time his lips had been moving with incoherent, half-uttered sentences. Thus he sat, when an attendant announced that Kanah was in waiting. The old counsellor was at once admitted, and there was trouble upon his countenance when he entered, which the king at once saw.

"How now, good Kanah? No tidings of evil, I hope."

The counsellor seemed to have had his course all marked out before he entered the royal presence, for he at once said:

"Sire, are you determined to prosecute your claim to the daughter of Zak Turan?"

"Of a verity I am, good Kanah," quickly answered the king. "By my very life, that girl's beauty haunts me night and day. I must have her. And then, again, I have another reason. I will not be threatened in my first purpose. By the heavens, Kanah, I should not survive the chagrin of being overcome in so simple a plan."

"And yet, sire, the youth, Feridoon, must be liberated."

"Not until he does my bidding."

"But your throne is not safe now. All through the city the thing is making noise, and the people are angry at what you have done."

"Then lash them into quiet!"

"That may not be so easily done. The people have now become like a man suffering under some delicate malady which must be ministered to with care and caution. They sympathize with Feridoon, and as openly do they denounce your majesty."

"Ha! do they dare?"

"Yes; and they even threaten."

"Not me—the king?"

"Ay—yourself, sire. But this is not all. They have a most strange and powerful ally in the person of Kobad, the astrologer. You have heard of him?"

"Ay, I have," returned the king; "yet I never saw him. But what does he?"

"He has preached to the people, and shown them how you

oppress them; and in the present case he has told them that Feridoon is one raised up of God on purpose to save his people."

"Ha! And does the arch-traitor sow rebellion so boldly?"

"He does, sire; and the people swallow it most readily. At the street-corners and in the market-place he makes much speech."

"Then why did ye not stay the rebel?"

"I have had no chance."

"And my officers—why have they not brought him before me?"

"For fear of arousing the people. It is true, sire, that they are already chafed and sore, and many of your officers are with them."

The king started from his chair, and would have launched forth into a furious strain had not the counsellor interrupted him.

"Sire," he resumed, in a persuasive, but yet firm tone, "I have been planning for you. In the first place a rebellion of this sort may be quelled more easily by removing the cause than in any other way. Now if you release Feridoon from prison you will gain two points. First, you will remove much of the cause of ill feeling among the people; and, second, you may thus find the damsel you seek."

"Ah," uttered the king, stopping in his walk and seating himself again; "how can that be?"

"Set the youth at liberty, and then watch him. In all probability he will soon make his way to the place where the damsel is concealed, and if he is watched, as he may be, of course you will thus—"

"I see, I see," exclaimed the king. "By my life, it shall be done. The youth shall go—and the lovely Zillah shall be mine. But mark me, Kanah, I'll brook no more of this sedition. My soldiers shall be set upon the guard over these unruly tongues, and death shall most surely fall upon him who dares speak thoughts of rebellion. But your plan shall be followed, and you shall have more work yet. Take eight of my most trusty eunuchs, and set them upon the watch over the youth's movements. They are keen, quick-witted fellows, and they will know how to work. Just give them their cue, and the rest may devolve upon them without fear."

"I will do your bidding, sire."

"And fetch me this astrologer, too, Kanah. By heavens! bring him to me and I will put him upon the speech of his life."

"It must be as you say, sire; and still I would recommend that he be not molested yet. The people love him, for he is kind to them, and has taught them much; and I have heard that to him is this same Zillah indebted for her superior attainments. He has been her constant tutor for several years."

"And shall I, a king, submit to such things?"

"Nay, sire, by no means. But wait and see what effect the liberation of the young prisoner has."

The king consented, after a while, so to do; but he saw that his counsellor had more yet to say, and he urged him to speak.

"You must bear with me, sire, and know that I simply speak for your good," said Kanah, with evident reluctance.

"Speak on."

"Then, my king, why not give over this pursuit after the damsel?"

"How, Kanah? Give up Zillah, do you mean?"

"Yes."

"By my life, no! Sooner shall half my kingdom sink to everlasting ruin! She must be mine, for I love her; and I will not be turned from my purpose by the rabble. Now urge this point no more."

Kanah knew that urging would be useless, and he let the matter drop, and shortly afterwards he went away with the order for Feridoon's release. He went himself to the dungeon, and he found the prisoner just eating his supper. He told the youth that he was free, and when the latter asked to know why he was thus liberated, he was told that the king had resolved to let the matter drop.

"And," continued Kanah, "I trust you will be wise in future, and, for the sake of peace, sacrifice a little of your own personal desire."

"But the king has not found Zillah—the damsel of whom such mention has been made?" uttered Feridoon in tones of sudden fear.

"No; he is making no search for her."

With this assurance Feridoon left the prison, and made his way at once to his protector's dwelling. Rustem was of course much surprised at seeing the youth, and it was some time before he could be made to believe that he had been set at liberty by order of the king, but when he did realize that his protegee had been really set free by royal will, he did not exhibit that deep joy which Feridoon had anticipated. Our hero was not long in arriving at the conclusion that his father was yet angry with him, and without further remark he went at once to his own apartments.

The youth's servants had learned of their master's arrival, and they crowded about him with wild, unfeigned joy. This made our hero happy, for he had found friends, and he stopped not to inquire in his heart how stood their rank. He enjoyed their truth and devotion, and he balanced them in the scale of his own judgment, and they proved to be better men than many who might buy and sell them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"Friend Franklin," said Myers Fisher, a celebrated lawyer of Philadelphia, one day, to our immortal philosopher and statesman, "thou knows almost everything, can thee tell me how I am to preserve my small beer in the back yard? My neighbors are often tapping it of nights." "Put a barrel of old Madeira by the side of it," replied the doctor, "let the rogues but get a taste of that, and I warrant they'll never touch your small beer any more."

SCENES IN NEW ZEALAND.

The establishment of the first European colony in the archipelago of New Zealand dates from the year 1815. A society of English missionaries at that epoch founded a station in the Bay of Islands, to the northeast of Ikana Mawi, or North Island, with the view of propagating and planting the germs of civilization among these still savage hordes. The company experienced continual vexation from the avidity, jealousy or policy of the native chiefs, and the infant colony would have been extinguished, had not the missionaries found the means of securing toleration for their enterprise by adding traffic to propagandism. Their preaching was not very successful; but the commercial operations of the society prospered wonderfully well. They succeeded finally, by a liberal policy, in gaining a complete ascendancy over the chiefs, and their colony became a central authority, of which the native rulers were only instruments and agents. The success of the missionaries directed public attention to New Zealand, emigrants flocked thither, and finally the British government established its sovereignty, obtaining grants of territory from the native chiefs. The prosperity of the establishments already formed cannot fail now to encourage emigration on a large scale. The activity of the early colonists has impressed on the two principal islands an en-



TOWN OF PORT COOPER, NEW ZEALAND.

and of the level country. The interior of the two great islands, traversed longitudinally from north to south by a chain of mountains, forming a spiral ridge, presents a rough intermediate region and land less favorable for agricultural purposes. To compensate

situated at the northeast of Banks's Peninsula. It presents a bay about seven miles deep, the edge of which is indented by a number of little creeks, affording anchorage for small craft. The company which built it owns about two millions of acres, and

greater part of the houses are built of brick. A preference for modes of building with which they are familiar, and the slow process of developing the mineral products of the country, induced the hurried colonists to adopt this material. The activity of the colonists has achieved miracles in the construction of towns and the clearing of the land. It has attracted all the interest of that part of the colony to that part of the Archipelago, and there founded establishments which in future will probably represent the strength and wealth of New Zealand. Such is the town of New Plymouth, on the bay of Taranaka, near the beautiful and fertile valley of that name, and near Mount Egmont, the most elevated peak of the Archipelago, after Tongoriro, in the centre of the northern island. The height of Mount Egmont, of which we present an accurate representation, is nearly equal to that of the Peak of Teneriffe and Mt. Perdu, the highest mountain of the chain of the Pyrénées.—Wellington, or Port Nicholson, situated on Cook's Strait, at the southern extremity of the northern island, is the focus of a very great activity. Port Cooper is



BANKS'S PENINSULA, AKAROA BAY, NEW ZEALAND.

tirely new stamp. Whole towns have sprung from the earth as if by enchantment, magnificent ports are opened to commerce; agriculture has already seized upon the best portions of the soil, and transformed by an intelligent and varied culture the entire shore of these fortunate islands. Let us remark, also, that few countries are so favorably situated as to borrow so little from the industry of man. Not only is the fertility of the soil so admirable, but all the sources of natural wealth which can conduce to the prosperity of an industrious people are there united. All these advances, joined to the mildness of the climate, assign an extraordinary development to the colonization of New Zealand. The number of European residents is already estimated at 30,000. Order and tranquillity are making daily progress. The fusion of the natives with European population goes on slowly, but without violence, and the chiefs themselves have set the example by adopting the necessary European costume, and associating themselves with all those demonstrations, the object of which is to obtain from the metropolitan government an extension of rights and representative institutions similar to those which have been granted to Canada. Up to this time colonization has only occupied the principal points of the shore. It has taken possession of the best bays

or this it abounds in natural wealth. Here are found a great number of water courses, suitable for the supply of various manufactures. Stone, lime, slate, marble, and some metallic strata form the principal metallic species of these islands. Still, the

there are now some four hundred settlers. The shore north of the bay is of a wild character, and only visited by whalers. Still there are a few huts belonging to natives, who seek the independence they regret in these savage solitudes. Our engravings give a correct idea of one of the native chieftains and his lady. The port of Akaroa, Canterbury settlement (see engraving), at the southeast of Banks's Peninsula, is unquestionably the finest harbor in New Zealand. It is nine miles deep from north to south, about a half mile wide at the entrance. Its circumference is pierced by a large number of creeks, among which that of Paka-Arike is the most remarkable. This was the seat of the French colony formed in 1837. The condition of this colony is highly prosperous, and its efforts deserve to be ranked among those which have most advanced the colonization of New Zealand. The clearings made by this colony have completely changed the aspect of the country. Valleys cultivated with much care, and covered with the principal productions of Europe, extend in the face of wild nature. The building of Akaroa is the work of these colonists. At the point which the colonization of New Zealand has now reached, we may consider this fine country as completely conquered by civilization, and a brilliant destiny is before her.



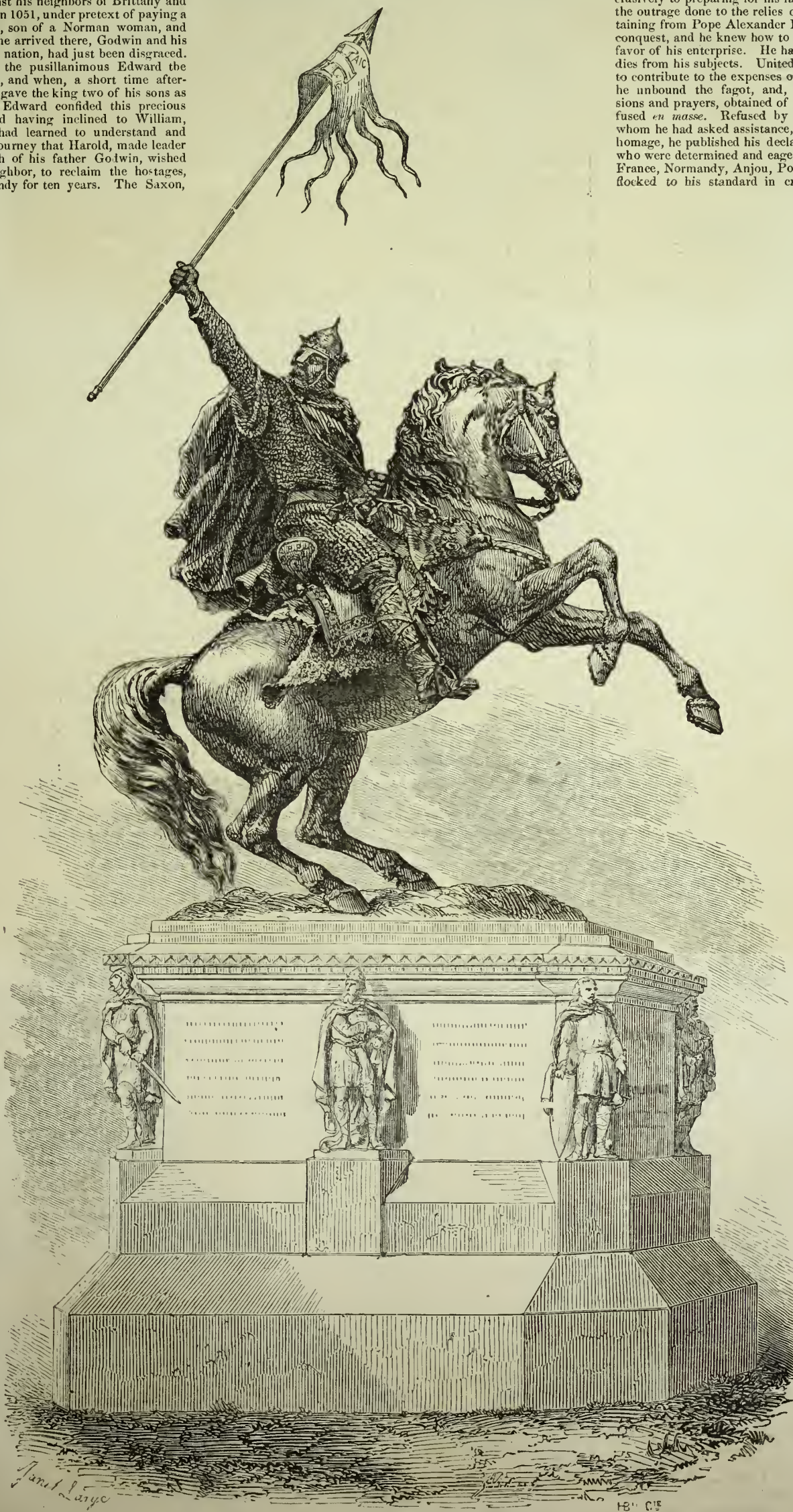
MOUNT EGMONT, NEW ZEALAND.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

The engraving represents the bronze statue of William the Conqueror, by Louis Rochet, recently erected at Falaise, in Normandy, the birth-place of the hero. William was the son of Robert, duke of Normandy, and Arlette, a peasant girl of Falaise. When Robert went on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, he presented the child, then seven years of age, to his subjects, as his presumptive heir. William grew up, and succeeded his father without serious opposition. He manifested an early taste for horses and arms, made war against his neighbors of Brittany and Anjou, and passed into England in 1051, under pretext of paying a visit to his cousin, King Edward, son of a Norman woman, and educated in Normandy. When he arrived there, Godwin and his son Harold, so dear to the Saxon nation, had just been disgraced. He succeeded in extorting from the pusillanimous Edward the promise of inheriting the throne, and when, a short time afterward, Godwin, restored to favor, gave the king two of his sons as hostages, it was to William that Edward confided this precious deposit. Edward soon repented having inclined to William, whose cupidity and cunning he had learned to understand and fear. He strongly opposed the journey that Harold, made leader of the national party by the death of his father Godwin, wished to make to their formidable neighbor, to reclaim the hostages, who had been captives in Normandy for ten years. The Saxon, brave and full of confidence, listened not to the terrors or remonstrances of Edward. He embarked, and was wrecked near the mouth of the Somme, on the territory of Count de Ponthieu, who, making use of the maritime right in force in those barbarous days, took him prisoner, plundered and held him to ransom. This was near the end of 1065, less than a year before the conquest. Now all the skillful and cautious policy of William began to be revealed. He hastened to secure the liberty of the captive by the payment of a heavy sum of money; he brought him to Rouen, loaded him with gifts, feasted him and his friends, and treated him as a brother, and made him his tent and table companion. Then, one day while they were amicably riding side by side, he turned the conversation to his early relations with King Edward. "When Edward and I," said he, "lived together like two brothers, under the same roof, he promised me, if ever he became king of England, to make me heir to his kingdom. Harold, you must aid me to realize this pledge, and whatever you ask of me in return, I will grant." And as the Saxon, thunderstruck, and taken in the snare, hid his embarrassment by a few vague words of adhesion, William asked him to seal his engagement by giving up to him the castle of Dover, bestowing his sister in marriage on one of the high Norman barons, and marrying his daughter Adele, leaving William one of the hostages he had come to reclaim. Harold, perceiving, but too late, the wisdom of the advice and the justice of the predictions of King Edward, could only give a verbal assent to these unworthy engagements, with a mental resolution to break them all. But William, who had read his heart too clearly, summoned him, a short time afterwards, in Avranches, before all the assembled Norman chiefs, to consecrate his promises by a religious oath. In the hall of council rose a great trough or tub which was covered with cloth of gold. The missal was laid upon this drapery, open at a chapter of the gospel. Harold, with a trembling voice, stretched forth his hand upon the book, and swore to execute his agreement with the duke, he living and God helping. Then all the assembly shouted, "God helps thee!" and, on a sign from William, the cloth being raised, the vessel was seen to be filled to the brim with relics and bones, which William had secretly collected from all the holy places round about, and on which Harold had unconsciously pledged himself. When, on his return to England, he related this to Edward, the latter cried: "Did I not tell thee I knew this William, and that thy voyage would call down the greatest woes upon our nation and thyself?" Still, Edward had the courage to declare on his death-bed to the Saxon chiefs, that Harold was the worthiest to succeed him, and Harold was proclaimed and crowned the very morning after the funeral ceremonies of Edward.

Hardly had he assumed the reins of power when a Norman messenger came from William to remind him of the oath he had taken, "with lip and hand on the good and holy relics." Harold alleged the surprise and the force under constraint of which he had taken this oath. He added that he could neither resign the throne nor take a foreign wife without the will of the country. "As for my sister," said he, "whom the duke claims to marry to one of his chiefs, she has died within the year. Would he have me send him her body?" William replied by a

second message, couched in mild and moderate terms, begging the Saxon king, if he did not consent to fulfil all his promises, to perform at least one, and marry the young girl he had sworn to espouse. But Harold, yielding to his resentment, and that boiling ardor which made him risk the battle of Hastings against the advice of his wisest counsellors, with half an army, haughtily refused to marry William's daughter; and joining acts to words, took a Saxon wife. Hereupon William swore to exact his whole debt within the year, and devoted himself with ardor and skill exclusively to preparing for his famous expedition. Making use of the outrage done to the relics of the saints, he succeeded in obtaining from Pope Alexander II. a brief approving his project of conquest, and he knew how to awaken the Christian feeling in favor of his enterprise. He had more difficulty in raising subsidies from his subjects. United in assembly, the Normans refused to contribute to the expenses of this adventurous expedition; but he unbound the fagot, and, by promises, flatteries, condescensions and prayers, obtained of each individual what they had refused *en masse*. Refused by the king of France, Philip I., of whom he had asked assistance, under the form of vassalage and homage, he published his declaration of war, and appealed to all who were determined and eager to enrich themselves, whether of France, Normandy, Anjou, Poitou, Flanders or Brittany. They flocked to his standard in crowds, from Aquitaine, Burgundy, Piedmont and even from beyond the Rhine. He finally set forth with a powerful force. The landing took place without resistance, at Pervensey near Hastings, on the 28th of September, 1066. The duke, who was the last to land, made a false step as he touched the sand, and fell with his face to the ground. "Heaven preserve us! that is an unlucky sign!" cried numerous voices. But he, without being disconcerted, rose and said: "What surprises you? I have seized this land with my hands, and, by the splendor of God, so far as it may extend, it is mine and yours." This ready reply cut short the effect of the ill omen. The army marched on the town of Hastings, and the soldiers scattered through the country, plundering all they encountered, without even respecting the sanctuaries, where the people took refuge, for gain was the principal object of the Normans, as one of their old chroniclers avows. Harold, three days before, on the 25th of September, had, in the northern part of his kingdom, completely defeated and compelled to re-embark a Norwegian army, guided by his unworthy brother Tostig, and commanded by another Harold, a Scandinavian king. He was at York, wounded, when he heard of William's landing. Without giving himself time to wait for the reinforcement of a great national levy, he instantly commenced his march for Hastings, with only a fifth of William's numbers, hoping by a stroke of fortune to rid himself of this terrible visitor. But William was on the watch; his camp was already entrenched and fortified. Harold had been advised to avoid battle, and to retreat on London, ravaging the whole country to starve the marauders; but he would do nothing of the kind. Still William sent to summon him, by a monk named Hugh Maigrot, either to abdicate in his favor, to refer to the arbitration of the pope, or, finally (and this last proposition shows that William joined bravery to cunning), to rest their chances on the issue of a duel fought at the head of their armies. Harold rejected the triple alternative. He did not deem that he possessed the right to risk the royalty of the English nation on a duel. William again offered to leave him all the country beyond the Humber, if he would keep his oath; and, on another refusal from Harold, the monk menaced him and his with the bull of excommunication which William had obtained from Alexander. Harold remained inflexible. Preparations for a battle were now necessary. The memorable and bloody battle of Hastings was fought on the 14th of October, 1066. It lasted from morning till evening. The result is well known. William marched on London, after founding Battle Abbey on the field of Hastings. He was crowned December 25th. He reigned twenty years in England. A great soldier and politician, a man with no heart for soul, he required, humanity and justice to make him a true hero.



STATUE OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FROM HER HOME.

BY ELLEN ALICE MORRITT.

We would not have you come back, Mary,
For O there's a sorrowful change
O'er all that you loved in your dear young life,
E'en the face of a friend looks strange;
The grass and the thistle grow rank and wild
Where the fire on the hearth blazed free,
And we, whom you cherished the best of all,
O we are not as we used to be!

They tore the thatch from our home, Mary,
When the withering famine was there,
And they mocked at the anguish that cried aloud;
They scoffed at our mother's prayer.
Then over the bright morning light, Mary,
The wings of the tempest swept,
Sure! little Mike said, 'twas the frown of God,
And the rain, 'twas the angels that wept.

The burden of care is hard to bear,
Since we laid our mother low—
You wouldn't know your poor father at all,
His looks have bleached white as the snow;
There's a wandering look in his age-dimmed eye,
That seems to be seeking the way
She entered, when suffering severed her soul
From the folds of the perishing clay.

Heaven smiles on the home you have found, Mary,
Where a tyrant's decree is unknown,
Yet you wend, in that beautiful land, forget
The poor bleeding heart of your own.
And O, when you love and are loved, Mary,
You'll teach him to pity its pain,
And together you'll mourn for the glory that's lost—
Will it ever arise again!

[Translated from the French for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE PRETENDED NEPHEW.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

THE city of Rouen, to those who see it only in descending the river, or passing along the quays, has the aspect of a new and regularly built city. Its quays are bordered with a row of lofty houses, square and yellow, most of the inhabitants of which are very proud; this serves to conceal the city which is full of narrow, tortuous, muddy streets, it is true, but also of valuable monuments and picturesque dwellings, with cornices and friezes curiously sculptured. The inhabitants will be eager to show you the cathedral, St. Owen's, St. Patrick's, magnificent churches, but they are ashamed to lead you through the streets, past houses of the same age, in harmony with these *chefs d'œuvre*; they hope one day to see these monuments surrounded by a new city, regular, square and yellow, like the quays.

At one of the old houses of the real Rouen—a house whose ceilings, windows and doors were richly carved—was one morning knocking a young man of twenty-three or four, simply but becomingly dressed. A sort of rude domestic came to open to him, a man of fifty, whose black locks, slightly grayish, were so tangled and matted, that if it had been desired to improve them, one would have thought of carding rather than combing. His eyes, of a pale blue, did not look you in the face, his voice was drawing and nasal. The stranger asked for M. Hamel, giving his card, to which the domestic replied:

"I will go and see if he is in."

He left the stranger at the door, which he half closed, and re-entered the house. He soon returned and said:

"M. Hamel is not yet up, but you are expected, and you will find Mademoiselle Anastasia ready to receive you."

In fact, on entering the drawing room, the stranger found a fresh and plump girl who appeared about twenty-five. She was evidently *en toilette*—as appeared by a cap trimmed with lace, a handkerchief pinned around her neck, and a silk apron. She had the blue, almond-shaped eyes of the Normans; but these clear, transparent, deep, spotless eyes looked at once with the whole extent of the pupil, a broad but pointless glance, which one could neither meet nor arrest by another glance, because that of Anastasia would have encircled and enveloped it.

"You are," said she to the stranger, "M. Ernest Giraud?"

"Yes, mademoiselle."

"Very well—you come to be the secretary of M. Hamel?"

"Yes, mademoiselle—if I have the good fortune to please you first and him afterwards."

"Very well. You know that M. Hamel is old and sick?"

"Yes, mademoiselle, and that he knows how to appreciate the care you take of him by giving you his entire confidence."

"Very well. Papa, go away," said she to the domestic who had introduced Ernest Giraud.

The domestic withdrew.

"We have to converse, Monsieur Giraud, on the interests of M. Hamel, whom I love like a father. M. Hamel is too good, too generous—these are his only defects, which I have not been able wholly to correct. I must see all the letters that come, not from curiosity, but to keep from him everything which could disturb him or increase his illness. I will show you especially a certain handwriting which must be the object of particular surveillance."

Mademoiselle Anastasia rang—the old domestic appeared.

"Papa," said she to him, "go and seek in my chamber for a black box which is on the commode."

"But," said Ernest Giraud, while Pere Virneux was executing his commission, "why does M. Hamel take a secretary?"

"To read to him a part of the day, and sometimes at night, when he cannot sleep. I have long hesitated to yield to this fantasy—I have feared that a new face would displease M. Hamel, and disturb the state of sweet tranquillity in which I have taken so much pains to keep him. But M. Guichard has spoken so favorably of you, has so earnestly assured me that you would oppose me in nothing which I do to ensure the happiness of M. Hamel's last days, that I have consented to have you fulfil these functions. I at first attempted to fulfil them myself, so devoted am I to my respectable master. I learned to read at twenty-four—but it was too late; I know how to read, thank God, but I cannot read aloud, my tone is drawing, monotonous, and fatigues him."

Pere Virneux re-entered with the box.

"Ah, papa, it has taken you a long while to get a black box from a commode, in a chamber where there is but one commode and one black box. Try to be a little more lively. Now go and light the fire in the kitchen, and when it is kindled put on the milk to warm."

Mademoiselle Anastasia opened the box with a little key taken from a bunch of keys fastened to her girdle, and drew from it a letter which she presented to Giraud. This letter commenced thus: "How does it happen, my dear uncle, that all my letters remain without a reply?" etc.

"This writing is that of the nephew of M. Hamel," said Mademoiselle Anastasia, "a worthless fellow, who must not be allowed on any pretext to enter here, since he would ruin his uncle, and embitter the few remaining years of his life. You understand that it would be much pleasanter for me to be relieved of a part of the cares to which my affection for M. Hamel subjects me. But this nephew, whom he has not seen since his childhood, whose father, the brother of M. Hamel, died at variance with him, this nephew thinks only of the heritage of his uncle and would make a bad use of it. He has at last ceased to write, except once or twice a year, and then the letters do not reach M. Hamel, who thinks his nephew has forgotten him. Do you think you would readily recognize this handwriting?"

"I think so; but to make sure, I will not read nor unseal a letter for M. Hamel without having previously submitted it to you; by this means I shall do my best to aid you in the cares which you have undertaken with so much zeal and perseverance."

"Your salary is small, but I can insure its being raised, if you succeed in giving satisfaction to M. Hamel and myself."

Ernest Giraud was therefore installed in the house of M. Hamel. The old man was very decrepit: the slavery and solitude in which Anastasia had kept him had almost led to his becoming imbecile. For some time Ernest was subjected to a constant espionage; while he was alone with M. Hamel the partitions had ears and even eyes. Pere Virneux, who exercised the functions of father and domestic to Mademoiselle Anastasia, ever found some pretext to enter the chamber of M. Hamel.

The latter soon became attached to Ernest. Ernest read well and willingly listened to the stories of the old man, who never spoke of his present existence, and lived entirely in the past.

Mademoiselle Anastasia did not leave even to her father the cares which concerned the person of M. Hamel; she hesitated at nothing which could afford him relief or solace, and as she had declared to Ernest, it was only after long and heroic efforts that she had suffered any one to relieve her of a part of her duties. Ernest came out triumphantly from the ordeals of Mademoiselle Anastasia, and made in her confidence a progress only to be compared with that made in the affection of M. Hamel. Much more, for the heart of Mademoiselle Anastasia admitted sentiments which she had never before experienced, and Ernest acquired an influence over her which she was long reluctant to confess.

One day Pere Virneux came to tell her what he had overheard, after being concealed three quarters of an hour in an *armoire* to listen.

"The old man spoke of his nephew," said he. "I do not know what book M. Ernest was reading, but he suddenly stopped him, saying: 'This book makes me sad; it reminds me of a dear brother.'"

"Had you a brother?" asked M. Ernest.

"Yes," said M. Hamel, "and a brother with whom I was at variance when he died. This is a source of regret, of remorse even, which I can never forget. My brother died cursing me."

"Be sure it was not so," said M. Ernest.

"How do you know?"

"Men do not curse their brothers."

"It seems that M. Ernest said some very fine things, for the old man wept."

"He wept?" said Anastasia, "his physician shall forbid his weeping—and I will prohibit M. Ernest from making him weep, it is very dangerous—for me. Afterwards?"

"Afterwards he spoke of his nephew. He said: 'He is a worthless fellow—he has entirely forgotten his uncle.'"

"Did M. Ernest reply?"

"Yes; he said, 'that is perhaps not true.'"

"Very well. You will go and send M. Ernest to me, and remain with the old man."

Pere Virneux hastened to obey. Ernest appeared, not in the least disturbed.

"Monsieur Ernest," said Anastasia, "has M. Hamel spoken to you of his nephew?"

Ernest reddened and said: "Yes, mademoiselle; I should have told you all the particulars of our conversation this evening."

"I know them already," said Anastasia, smiling. "What is the result of this conversation? In what disposition of mind has it left M. Hamel?"

"He is about to send for his nephew."

"It is impossible—I will not have it so; that shall not be. This fellow will be the death of him. You are to write, I suppose?"

"I have already written."

"The letter must be burned."

"That depends neither on you nor on me; he has taken it and put it in his pocket. I do not know what has inspired him with this suspicion, but he intends to give it himself to the postman."

"It must be prevented; prepare a letter similar to the one you have written. Put in it the most discouraging things; give it to me and I will contrive to exchange it for the one M. Hamel intends sending. I must have a private conversation with you. This evening, while the old man is asleep, at eleven o'clock, meet me here. If he awakes, I can hear his bell and even his voice. Be sure to give me the letter before dinner. Did he put the first one in the side pocket of his coat?"

"Yes."

"Very well. I shall expect you at eleven o'clock."

During dinner, Pere Virneux, who waited at table, dropped the gray on M. Hamel's coat; Anastasia screamed, hastened to him, asked with terror whether he was not burned, and sending her father for his dressing gown, herself took off the coat and carried it into an adjoining room to clean. Suddenly M. Hamel turned pale.

"Anastasia!" exclaimed he, "bring me my coat," and he rose to get it. But Anastasia brought it back. He drew from the pocket the letter he had placed there in the morning—then he said, "Leave the coat and come to dinner."

But Anastasia did not return till she had repaired the awkwardness of her father. The bell rang; it was the postman. M. Hamel ordered him to be called up, and himself confided to him his letter. Anastasia smiled.

In the evening, Ernest, after having waited for Anastasia a long time in the room where she had appointed an interview, at last fell asleep in an arm chair. About half past twelve she arrived. She was disturbed and her voice trembled.

"Monsieur Ernest," said she, when she had seated herself beside him, "you have acquired great influence over M. Hamel; an influence which almost counterbalances mine and makes me uneasy; an influence which I should deem it my duty to destroy by every means in my power, if I had not yielded to it myself, and if you had not inspired me with as much esteem as that with which you have inspired my master. Meanwhile, it is time to come to an explanation with you. You have hitherto kept the promises you have made me; you have aided me in my projects without knowing them, and without any interest but a paltry increase of your paltry salary. You can no longer be my subordinate—you must be my ally, my associate. We must unite our efforts, but for a common object. Monsieur Ernest, if no misfortune happens, at the death of M. Hamel I shall be rich; he has made a will in my favor, which, with the exception of a few legacies, leaves me all his fortune. Meanwhile one danger threatens my projects. But before telling you what this danger is, and what I have imagined to avert it, you must reply favorably to one question: shall these projects which are to be defended, be *ours*? Shall this fortune which is to be assured, be shared by both?"

"Ah! mademoiselle!" said Ernest, "how have I deserved so much goodness? I am confused by it; expressions fail me."

"Endeavor to find enough of them not to leave me in the dark," said Anastasia, drily. "Will you, yes or no?"

"Mademoiselle, need I assure you that I shall be too happy?"

"Are you the only one?"

Ernest kissed her hand. Anastasia's hand had never before been kissed; she was delighted and confused. Meanwhile she quickly recovered herself, and said:

"Let us now work together. This nephew must be set aside. As long as M. Hamel does not see him, he will picture him as charming; he must be brought hither and rid us of himself. M. Hamel has not seen his nephew since his childhood; seven or eight years. You, who are about the same age, must personate the nephew."

"But he knows me as Ernest Giraud."

"No matter—we will play a little comedy, of which he shall be the dupe. You have come hither under the name of Ernest Giraud, but it is a fictitious name; you are in reality Oliver Hamel, the nephew of M. Hamel—in despair at your uncle's estrangement, repenting of your past neglect, desirous of executing the last wishes of your father, who, dying unreconciled with your uncle, said to you on his death-bed, 'Love and respect your uncle; you learned that he had need of a secretary—you introduced yourself by this title and under a fictitious name, and reserved the avowal of your real one until the time when the secretary should have, by means of care and tenderness, re-conquered the affection which the nephew had lost.'"

"What an imagination!"

"It is very probable!"

"But how will it be of service to you? The natural sequel of the comedy will be this—M. Hamel will embrace his nephew tenderly, will repent having so long banished from his heart his brother's son, destroy the will he has made in your favor, declare his nephew his heir, and leave you only an annuity, which you generously offer to share with me."

"Hear me, Monsieur Ernest. You do not look far enough. Suffer yourself to be guided by me, and aid me to obtain this fortune."

"I will do whatever you please, mademoiselle."

And they separated.

From this moment, Ernest Giraud and Anastasia were occupied in preparing the *coup de theatre* agreed upon. Ernest lavished upon the old man the tender and assiduous cares of a son.

Anastasia suffered nothing to be lost, and was constantly pointing out to M. Hamel the most minute circumstances of the respectful and devoted conduct of his secretary. When she perceived that the latter had become necessary to M. Hamel, she thought it was time to strike the grand blow. She summoned Ernest.

"I am anxious," said she, "respecting the manner in which you will play your part—this is the only difficulty. I fear you will not appear with sufficient enthusiasm in the scene I am preparing for this evening—and yet it is on the success of this scene that our fortune depends. Do you remember clearly all the details I have given you to enable you to play naturally the part of Oliver Hamel?"

Notwithstanding the assurance given by Ernest that he had forgotten nothing, Anastasia related to him again the history of Oliver Hamel, his father and his uncle.

This was M. Hamel's birthday. At the hour of dinner, Anastasia came as usual, to tell him that it was ready; he entered the dining room, leaning on the arm of Ernest Giraud. The dinner passed off about as usual, but at the dessert there appeared a magnificent cake and enormous bouquets. Anastasia embraced her master with the usual good wishes.

Ernest Giraud read some verses full of allusions to the position of himself and M. Hamel.

"I have found in you a father," said he, "may you sometimes think you have found a son."

Ernest read in a voice of emotion, the old man wept, Anastasia exclaimed:

"I must speak!"

"Who hinders you, my child?" said M. Hamel.

"Monsieur Ernest," said she. "I know all—chance has discovered it to me. Monsieur Hamel, this young man who has for three months past surrounded you with cares, and for whom you have acquired a lively affection—well! it is nature which speaks in your heart—this young man whom you call Ernest Giraud, is the son of your brother, your nephew, Oliver Hamel. Do you dare assert, sir, that you are not Oliver Hamel? Come, embrace your uncle, who pardons your neglect, and who has constantly regretted the absence of his brother's son."

M. Hamel trembled.

"Is this true?" said he. "Are you the son of my poor brother? Are you Oliver?"

"Yes, sir—yes, uncle!"

"Then come to my arms!"

Ernest threw himself into the arms of the old man—Anastasia saw tears in the eyes of the young man.

Explanations followed. Their mutual mistakes were explained—how the nephew had believed his uncle selfish and hard, or still unjustly irritated against his dead brother—while the uncle thought his nephew negligent, or that he had inherited the resentment of his father, with whom his sudden death had prevented a reconciliation. Ernest did not make a single error, and replied correctly to everything. The old man was, besides, so happy, so affected, that he would have been satisfied had Ernest been less perfect in his part.

It was agreed that he should assume in the family the title and the rights of the nephew, but he still insisted upon performing the duties of a secretary. When Ernest had retired to his chamber, Anastasia remained with M. Hamel.

"Well, sir," said she, "did you then suspect nothing?"

"No, indeed, Anastasia: yet I ought to have been warned by his resemblance to my poor brother."

"How, did you think that for a hundred paltry francs per month, which you gave to a young man so distinguished, that he would consent to pass his life in your house, deprived of all amusements, and lavishing so much care and tenderness upon you? Ah, sir, there are duties which we do not perform for money; I hope you do not suspect that it is for money that I serve you."

"O, you, Anastasia, it is different."

"No, it is not different, for it was precisely this which made me suspect M. Oliver, until I found a letter to his address, then a handkerchief marked O. H., and twenty other proofs."

"Alas! my child, it is precisely on this disinterestedness of which you speak, and which I have always recognized in you, that I must rely to day."

"Rely upon it, sir."

"Now that my nephew is here, I cannot longer disinherit the son of my brother. You have seen the will by which I instituted you my sole legatee?"

"Ah, sir, I had forgotten that it existed; it must be destroyed without delay."

"But, Anastasia, I do not wish to be ungrateful towards you."

"If I am so unfortunate as to survive you, sir, I shall only need enough to enable me to withdraw to some quiet place in the country—in a convent. Five or six hundred francs would enable me to do that."

"Excellent girl!"

It was consequently agreed that the will should be destroyed, and Oliver Hamel reinstated in his rights by another. Meanwhile the execution of this project was now postponed on various pretexts—now forgotten for divers reasons.

There came a day when Anastasia said to Ernest Giraud:

"The first act of the comedy has been successfully played; you have performed your part admirably. We come now to the second act; your part will be easier. As you told me when I first talked with you, if we pause here, our projects will be destroyed and we shall have made the fortune of the true nephew. This is not my intention. The nephew must now begin to give him causes of complaint, and by-and-by arrive at such a pitch as to be turned out of doors. For this, you must follow my direc-

tions. In this case, if the true nephew should ever arrive I shall no longer have anything to fear from him. You will commence by a want of punctuality in your duties. You will come in late to dinner and go out in the evening—you will talk loudly about the will to be made in your favor, and threaten to leave if this is not done. You will ask for money often, if this is not enough I will complain of you, say that you persecute me with your attentions, etc. So that at the end of a month, the nephew, our common enemy, will have been banished, disinherited, and there will be left for him, in the memory of M. Hamel, only sentiments of anger, indignation and hatred. You understand me?"

The next day, Anastasia was surprised to see that Ernest Giraud made no change in his habits. He was as attentive, as respectful to M. Hamel as ever, punctual at meals and at home in the evening. She reproached him for this; he alleged the fear of changing too suddenly.

At last there came a day when it appeared evident to Anastasia that Ernest was deceiving her. Strange suspicions crossed her mind. She sought an explanation with him. He replied carelessly that there was no hurry, that he should be sorry to be separated from M. Hamel, that he would think of it, etc., etc. Anastasia saw that the alliance was broken. She was not the person to retract: she resolutely resolved to go forward herself. One evening, after Ernest had retired, she remained in the chamber of the old man.

"Sir," said she, with a solemn and mysterious air, "I have made a horrible discovery—are your pistols loaded?"

"Why? what do you mean?" asked the affrighted old man.

"Do not be alarmed, sir, there is perhaps no danger for this night; but I thought it necessary to put you on your guard."

"Speak!"

"Sir, the man who has just gone out—"

"Who? Oliver? my nephew?"

"He is not your nephew. His name is not Oliver. Perhaps it is even not Ernest Giraud. These people do not always have a name, at least that they can acknowledge. He may be a malefactor, a robber, perhaps even an assassin—but certainly he is not your nephew Oliver, and then, why should he introduce himself under this title?"

"Come, Anastasia, you are dreaming; my nephew no longer my nephew?"

"He never has been such, sir."

"But it was you who made the discovery."

"It was because he deceived me first."

"But his resemblance to my brother?"

"Exists only in your imagination; and, to speak freely, I have never discovered it, judging by the portrait in the drawing room."

"But what is he doing here then?"

"That is exactly what I have asked myself, and am asking you now."

"Call him!"

"Here! at night! When he finds himself discovered, he may assassinate all three of us. Shut yourself up, barricade yourself in your chamber, with your pistols loaded on the table beside you. Then to-morrow morning at daylight, I will carry him a letter from you—a short letter, but to the purpose. A letter that shall say: 'I know all; you are an impostor; you are not my nephew Oliver. As soon as you have read this letter, leave my house immediately, otherwise you must bear the consequences when the justice shall have been made acquainted with your imposture.'"

"No, Anastasia, I will see him; I will satisfy myself whether this resemblance to my brother is, as you insist, a freak of my imagination."

"In the name of Heaven, sir, do not expose yourself!"

"I insist upon your calling him, Anastasia, or I shall rise and go in search of him myself."

"Do not give yourself that trouble, I am here," said, as he walked into the room, the secretary of M. Hamel, who had suspected what was passing, and overheard all.

Anastasia was afraid, not of what she pretended, but of an explanation that would end in the dismissal of both.

"Go out! go out!" exclaimed she, "go out! or I will call for help—I will call the watch!"

"Do nothing, Anastasia," said M. Hamel, with severity; "and you, sir, approach. You are here under the name of my nephew Oliver?"

"Yes, sir."

"Anastasia asserts that this name does not belong to you."

"Anastasia is mistaken, my dear uncle—here is the certificate of my birth—the marriage act of my mother—and the last letter addressed to me by my dying father."

A Scotch pedestrian, attacked by three highwaymen, defended himself with great courage and obstinacy, but was at length overpowered and his pockets rifled. The robbers expected, from the extraordinary resistance they had experienced, to lay their hands on some rich booty, but were not a little surprised to discover that the whole treasure which the sturdy Caledonian had been defending at the hazard of his life, consisted of no more than a crooked sixpence. "The deuce is in him," said one of the rogues; "if he had had eighteen pence, I suppose he would have killed the whole of us."

The Abbé Reigner, secretary of the French Academy, one day made a collection in his hat of one pistole from every member, to defray current expenses. The abbé did not observe that the president, who was a very avaricious man, had put his pistole into the hat, and presented it to him a second time. "I have given already," said he. "I believe it," said the abbé, "but I did not see it." "And I," rejoined Fontenelle, who was at his side, "saw it, but did not believe it."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

POOR LENORE.

BY SARAH C. T. COX.

O, the night which stole so softly round about me, long ago,
Is filled with frightful spectres that come to mock my woe;
I hear their strange, wild laughter,
And the moans quick following after,
And a deathlike chill creeps o'er me
As they unwind before me

The thrilling panorama of the past—O! 'tis not past—
'Tis ever, ever, with me, I must see it till the last!
I shut my eyes so closely to hide the gibbering throngs,
But they only seem more real, these ghosts of by-gone wrongs
And I wait and watch for morning their terrors to destroy—
It comes, and it, too, mocks me with its light and joy—
What ray of all its brightness can light my darkened heart?
What tone of all its music bid dread memories depart?

The sun glares down upon me like a great, un pitying eye,
And the tiniest bird, unheeding, goes gayly singing by—
O, am I only dreaming
That, when other morns were gleaming,
I loved this sun's broad splendor,
That voices, sweet and tender,

In my full heart were echoed till earth seemed paradise?
That I looked with faith unwavering in human, worshipped eyes,
Nor saw that deep beneath them a fiend was hid from me,
But gazed, and felt no warning of the terrible "to be!"
Back! back! ye fearful phantoms—back, to your cells, I say!
Why must ye from my dreaming tear the flimsy veil away!
May not my children's voices to my yearning ears come back!
Can I not recall mine idol, lest ye follow in his track?

He died upon the scaffold! they died the fiends know how,
I lived to wear the impress of Cain's hand upon my brow—
Brow that's ever aching, burning,
Bound to earth, yet heavenward turning—
Heavenward! did I say Heaven?
Can such rest to me be given?

Are they there, my fair, sweet children! have they met my mother there
O, sometimes the wild's cool fingers stray among my matted hair,
And I think they are my mother's, and black faucies sneak away
From her sweet, holy presence, as foul goblins hide from day.
And, sometimes, beneath the pine-trees, as my weary frame I lay,
I can hear, far, far above me, strange, low whispers from the blest—
From the blest! is there a region, deeds of darkness never cursed,
Where no wail of sorrow ever from despairing souls has burst?

O, see how the lightning shivered and scathed this poor old tree—
I knew it in my girlhood—it seems akin to me—
So lonely and so dreary—
It stands here as if weary
Of the howling winter's rigor,
Of the spring that gives no vigor

To its great heart, dying slowly, O, so slowly, year by year—
Worms at that heart are gnawing, while despair is gnawing here!
Ah, what's this benumbing, chilling, heavy hand upon me now,
Stillling one by one life's pulses, cooling my poor fevered brow?
Now, it robs all things in darkness—now, it changes all to light,
E'en the torturing memory phantoms that so long had cursed my sight—
O, the veil is rent asunder that hung dark 'tween me and heaven—
I can see my mother beckoning—rest at last to me is given—
Now the worm, a worm no longer, spreads its wings and soars away,
Little heeds it, little recks it, where the broken shell may lay—
My worn frame unwept may moulder underneath the stricken tree—
Never monument more fitting, o'er the storm-crushed heart could be

And there she lay, so stiff and stark,
With night-birds hooting round her,
And there, when morning lit the glade,
The rough, old woodman found her—
He lifted up her lifeless head,
And gazed in wondering awe there—
A glad smile wreathed the thin cold lip,
The first he ever saw there.

EDUCATION AND INSTRUCTION.

It is of the utmost consequence to remark, that in children sentiment precedes intelligence; the first answer to the maternal smile is the first dawn of intelligence; the first sensation is the responding caress. Comprehension begins in feeling; hence, to her who first arouses the feelings, who first awakens the tenderness, must belong the happiest influences. She is not, however, to teach virtue, but to inspire it. This is peculiarly the province of woman. What she wishes us to be she begins by making us love, and love begets unconscious imitation. What is a child in relation to a tutor? An ignorant being whom he is called upon to instruct. What is a child in relation to a mother? An immortal being, whose soul it is her business to train for immortality. Good schoolmasters make good scholars; good mothers make good men. Here is the difference of their missions. It follows that the education, properly so called, of the child depends almost entirely on mothers; and if they have been too willing to trust to delegated authority for its accomplishment, it is because they have identified education with instruction—two things essentially different, and which it is essential to separate; for instruction may be interrupted and pass from hand to hand; but education should be of one piece; whatever interrupts it, hinders it—whoever abandons it, after having undertaken it, may see her child lost in the wanderings of error, or—what is more deplorable—in utter indifference to virtue.—*Amé Martin.*

SMOKING OF ARSENIC.

M. Montigny, French consul in China, in reference to the use of arsenic by the northern Chinese, says they mingle it with their smoking tobacco. According to missionaries who had lived a long time there, tobacco free from arsenic is not sold. The same witnesses assured the consul that the arsenic smokers were stout fellows, with "lungs like a blacksmith's bellows, and as rosy as cherubs." The publication of Montigny's statement has called out a letter from Dr. Londe, who announces that some years ago, in the course of a discussion at the Academy of Medicine, on the agents to be employed to cure tubercular consumption, he told the assembled doctors that he had found but one successful means of combating this dreadful disease; that means was the smoking of arsenic. The doctor re-affirms his commendation of this remedy.—*Journal of Commerce.*

VIEWS IN TRENTON, NEW JERSEY.

Trenton, the capital of New Jersey, the subject of the present series of illustrations drawn for us by Mr. Chapin, is situated at the head of sloop and steamboat navigation on the Delaware River, fifty-five miles southwest from New York, and thirty miles northeast from Philadelphia. It derives its name from Colonel William Trent, who was one of its earliest settlers, and this honor was awarded him in return for a gift of land on which to erect the county buildings. The illustrations which we give on this and the next page, are representations of public buildings and localities in this city, the scene of many interesting reminiscences of our revolution. The State House is a beautiful building, located in the central part of the city, and is, as its name imports, devoted to chambers and offices connected with the business of the State government. On the first floor, the senate and assembly chambers occupy the main building, and are very tastefully and comfortably fitted up. The governor's room, State library, etc., are on the second floor. The original building was square, built of brick and stuccoed in imitation of granite. In 1846, the legislature appointed commissioners to repair and enlarge the



COTTAGE ROW, TRENTON, NEW JERSEY.

tavern at the time of Washington's attack, and was kept by Stacey Potts. It is situated on Warren Street, opposite Perry, and near the corner of Bank Alley. Rall and some of his principal officers were quartered here, and here he was conveyed after he was wounded. He died in the front room of the second story to the left of the door. The building remains very much as it was at the period of the battle, and bids fair to stand many years yet. The houses beyond are also of a date coeval with the revolution, as are many others on Warren and other streets; indeed, Trenton bears the appearance of an ancient town, from the number of old buildings to be seen in passing through it. The scene representing the corner of Warren and Greene Streets, is the spot where Washington commenced the attack on the morning of the 26th of December. Coming up the Pennington road, in the direction in which the gig is approaching in the picture, he ordered Captain Foster to plant his battery of six cannon at the forks of the road. Three pieces pointed down Warren Street, in the direction of the handcart seen in the engraving, and about where the figure on horseback is, three others pointed down Greene Street towards the figure with a



STATE HOUSE, TRENTON, NEW JERSEY.

State House, and the present building is the result of their efforts and the best eulogium upon their taste and judgment. The county buildings, given on the next page, are located in South Trenton, on the south side of the Asaupink Creek, and were erected on the formation of Mercer county. The centre building is the courthouse, while on either side thereof, in separate buildings, are the offices of the county clerk and surrogate. The buildings are all of brick, and stuccoed. The steps are granite and the foundation is of stone. They were erected in 1839, and cost, exclusive of ground, \$70,000. The State prison, also represented on the next page, is situated in South Trenton, about three-fourths of a mile from the central portion of the city, and near to the railroad and Delaware and Raritan canal, which are represented in the foreground of the picture. It is built of stone, in the Egyptian style, and consists of a main building in which the keepers reside, and of wings radiating therefrom, so that a person sitting in the observatory, as it is called, can see at a glance the length of the corridors without the necessity of turning his person. The walls of the wings are twenty feet high and three feet thick, and the outer walls enclose an area of four acres. The building is warmed by hot water running through pipes in the corridors, etc., and can be heated to a temperature of 65 degrees. The means of ventilation are unexcelled, and both as regards the treatment of the prisoners and the arrangements for their security and comfort, the New Jersey state prison ranks with the first in this country. The visitor to Trenton, on arriving by the cars, will notice on his right, as he leaves the depot, a row of very neat, tasty cottages, which form the first of our series of pictures, and were built a few years since to lease, and exhibit a very commendable taste and judgment on the part of the architects and builders.

Trenton has but few buildings of much architectural beauty, and these cottages, as marking a new era in its municipal improvement, deserve a more extended notice than our limits will allow us to give them. Rall's head-quarters, delineated below, was a

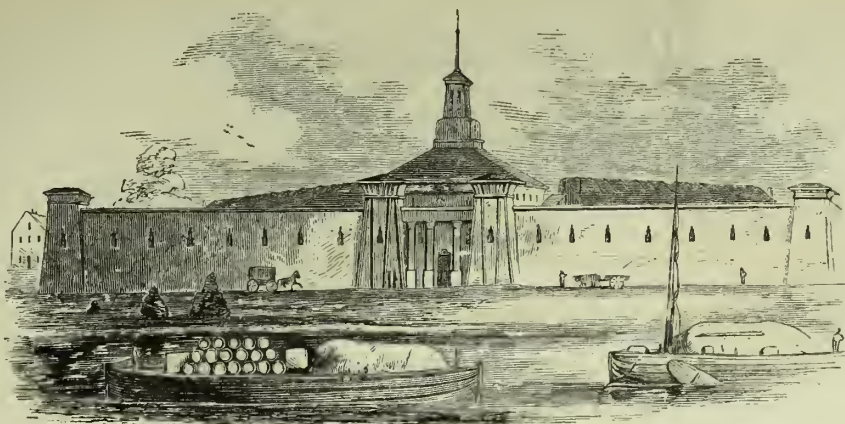
wheelbarrow. At that period, the whole city was comprised within a triangle, of which these streets formed two sides, and General Sullivan coming up the river road and investing the city on the only remaining side, the Hessians were completely surrounded, without possibility of escape.



RALL'S HEAD QUARTERS, TRENTON, NEW JERSEY.

Aside from the historical associations connected with Trenton, there is nothing to tempt the tourist to pause even for an hour. But as long as we shall have a history, as long as the flame of patriotism shall burn, so long will Trenton be sacred and hallowed ground to the historian and the student of history, as well as to those who delight to ramble over the fields whereon were fought and won those glorious battles which taught a severe but salutary lesson to the oppressor, and gave to the world a nation of freemen. Here it was that the tide of misfortune which threatened to engulf the little American army, was rolled back upon the foe, even as the waters of the sea were rolled back upon the oppressors of old. Here too, were exhibited those masterly strokes of generalship which have rendered the name of Washington illustrious as a soldier, and gave rise to the remark by Frederick the Great, of Prussia, that "the operations of Washington and the American army between the 25th of December and the 4th of January, were the most brilliant of any recorded in the annals of military achievements." Let us glance at the record of events which occurred here, that we may be the better prepared to visit spots made memorable by the deeds of the the Father of his Country. From an account given in the Trenton Gazette of March 17th, 1843, we give the following much condensed synopsis of the battle of Trenton. On the 25th of December, 1776, Washington with his army was on the west bank of the Delaware, encamped near Taylorsville, then McKonkey's ferry, eight miles above Trenton. The troops under Lieut. Dickin-

son were at Yardleysville, and detachments were encamped further up the river. The Pennsylvania troops were in two bodies, one at Bristol, under Gen. Cadwallader, the other at Morrisville, opposite Trenton, under Gen. Ewing. The British, under Gen. Howe, were stationed at Mt. Holly, Black Horse, Burlington and at Bordentown; and at Trenton there were three regiments of Hessians, amounting to about 1500 men, and a troop of British light horse. Washington's design was to cross the Delaware with his army at McKonkey's ferry, in the night of the 25th of December, and Gen. Ewing, with his command, was to cross at or below Trenton, that both might fall upon the enemy at the same time. At dusk, the continental troops led by Washington in person, of 2400 men, with 20 pieces of artillery, began to cross the river. It was not till three or four o'clock on the morning of the 26th that all were over and ready to march. They marched with a quick step in a body from the river up the cross road to the Bear Tavern, about a mile from the river, and then to the village of Birmingham, where they halted. The troops were formed in two divisions. One, commanded by Gen. Sullivan, marched down the river road; the other, under Washington, filed off to the left, and crossed over to the Scotch road and went down this road until it enters the Pennington road about a mile from Trenton. They reached Trenton about daybreak. So silent was their march that they were not discovered by the enemy until they



STATE PRISON AT TRENTON, NEW JERSEY.

ken to his head-quarters, where he died of his wounds. The number of prisoners was 23 officers and 886 privates; 4 stand of colors, 12 drums, 6 brass field pieces and 1000 stand of small arms and accoutrements were the trophies of victory. The loss of the

prisoners up to the ferry, and before night they were all safely landed on the opposite shore. The victory achieved with so little loss, at a period, too, when the spirits of the patriots had been depressed to the lowest ebb, caused a thrill of enthusiasm throughout the country, and recruits came pouring in. Washington now felt strong enough to take the offensive, and moved his army across to Trenton; hearing of the approach of Cornwallis from Princeton with a large body of troops, he took up a position on the south side of the Assaupink, so as to have that stream between him and his enemy. Washington's army was composed almost entirely of undisciplined militia, while that of Cornwallis, equal in point of numbers, was far superior in all its appointments, being composed of regular troops, thoroughly trained to war. Strong parties of Americans were sent out to harass the British on their march, and so well did they perform their part, that it was almost night ere they reached Trenton. Entering the city, he pushed on, intending to cross the Assaupink and give Washington immediate battle. So rapid was his march, that the Americans who were retreating before him barely had time to cross the bridge before the battle commenced. At the bridge and at a ford somewhat above, the Americans had stationed their artillery, and as soon as the British came in sight and their own men had crossed, they opened their batteries. Heedless of the shower of iron which was mowing them down by



CORNER OF WARREN AND GREENE STREETS, AND PENNINGTON ROAD, TRENTON, NEW JERSEY.

ame upon a picket guard stationed about half a mile from Trenton, on the Pennington road, at or near the house of the Rev. Mr. Frazer, when one of the sentries called to Lanning, who was a little in advance of the troops, saying: "Who is there?" "A friend," replied Lanning. "A friend to who?" "A friend to Washington." At this the guard turned out, and seeing the troops, fired and retreated, keeping up a running fire as they did so. The division of the army which came down the river road, under Gen. Sullivan, fell upon the advance guard of the British at Rutherford's place, adjoining Col. Dickinson's, near the southwest part of the town, about the same time that Washington entered it from the north. Both divisions pushed forward, keeping up a running fire with small arms and meeting with but little opposition till the enemy were driven eastward into Second Street, near the Presbyterian church, where, finding themselves hemmed in and overpowered, they laid down their arms. Colonel Rall, the commandant of the Hessians, was mortally wounded early in the engagement, but where or by whom is not known. He was shot from his horse as he was endeavoring to rally and form his dismayed and disordered troops. When, supported by a file of sergeants, he presented his sword to Washington (whose countenance was beaming with complacency at the success of the day) he was pale, bleeding and covered with blood; and in broken accents, seemed to implore those attentions which the victor was well disposed to bestow; he was ta-

Americans in this important engagement was two privates killed and two frozen to death; that of the Hessians was seven officers and twenty or thirty privates killed. Immediately after this almost bloodless victory, Washington commenced marching his

ranks, the British marched simultaneously to the attack of the bridge and ford. Three times did they make the desperate effort to cross the bridge, and each time were they driven back by the Americans in confusion and disorder. Cornwallis at last, believing their numbers to be greater than they really were, withdrew his troops, lighted his camp fires and awaited the morning for further action. During the night, Washington, finding himself in a critical situation and feeling assured that another contest would prove fatal, silently withdrew his troops, and when the morning came, Cornwallis was surprised to find the camp of his enemy deserted. So certain had he been of having Washington in his power, that he had refused the solicitations of General Erskine, who wanted to attack during the night, saying, "he should certainly catch the fox (meaning Washington) in the morning." Alas, for his hopes! that morning's dawn showed to him a deserted encampment, and brought to his ears the sound of cannon from the direction of Princeton, but not believing his senses, and notwithstanding it was in mid winter, he took it to be thunder. Gen. Erskine, more quick witted, exclaimed, after listening for a moment, "To arms, general! Washington has out-generalled us. Let us fly to the rescue at Princeton!" It is singular that history gives no account of the loss of the British at the Assaupink. Eye witnesses say that the slaughter was dreadful—the creek, almost filled with the bodies of the slain, running red with blood!



COUNTY BUILDINGS, TRENTON, NEW JERSEY.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SOMETHING SMALL.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

The other day—it was not long ago,
A beggar went to one who makes a show;
Not for himself the beggar's tale was told,
But a widow, starving, sick and old.
He whom he prayed is rich, and oft displays
His generous name in ostentatious ways.
With bland exterior Dives sate and heard
The piteous story—answering not a word
Till it was done. "A little, sir, will serve,"
The pleading suppliant ventured to observe—
"A little, sir!" said Dives, as he showed
The spacious front-door of his big abode—
"A little, sir! remember when you call,
I never, sir, do anything that's small."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

GREECE.

BY DR. J. V. C. SMITH.

TRAVELLERS give but little or no attention to modern, resuscitated Greece. They range over continental Europe, and pry into its antiquities, but since the independence of the nation was established, enough is not said of the people, their institutions or condition.

The Greeks absolutely abominate their king. He is a dolt—a thick-headed Bavarian, forced upon them by the great powers at the close of the Revolution. Such is the hatred towards Otho, and the disappointment at not having a Greek at the head of the government, that political hypocrisy, dishonesty, speculation and perverse legislation will continue to disgrace the administration, while the blood of the Bavarian family flows in the veins of the occupant of a throne rescued from the haughty Turks.

In the first place, his foreign majesty looks down with sovereign contempt upon the wearers of embroidered jackets, silk scarfs and breeches containing a whole web of cotton. He is scrupulously exact, even to extreme littleness; so that at one time a basket of charcoal could not be ordered for the palace, without first consulting the ruler of an ancient domain, and explaining clearly the necessity of having a fire before a hecfe steak could be broiled.

It is one of the misfortunes of Greece, that will remain a curse till there is national strength to rebel against a ruler forced upon the people, that England or any other power should have imposed the dead weight of a stranger on the throne. While Otho must know with what extreme reluctance he is obeyed, the presence of German soldiers to overawe a brave population, who achieved their own independence, irritates them excessively, and strengthens their antipathy.

With a studied show of deep penetration into the characters of men, Otho literally knows nothing, and he may be safely regarded as the most stupid, inquisitive and meddling ignoramus in the whole kingdom. Under the influence of court favorites, especially those who have an influence with the queen, poor Greece is at the mercy of both hawk and buzzard. There is neither political honesty in parliament, nor sterling integrity in the court. Whoever most adroitly cheats the government is considered the shrewdest fellow. Might passed for right, even in Athens, a few years ago.

Removed from the capital, there is no security against robbers but the traveller's own revolvers; and the courts of law have a reputation of being convinced either way, according to the weight of the bribes. There is something radically wrong in the administration of affairs.

Were it not for the classical interest connected with the soil of Greece, the modern institutions of the country would hardly be noticed by those who now throng its shores. They were so long at the despotic mercy of their conquerors, the Turks, that they copied their manners, practise some of their virtues and many of their vices. There is still clinging to them a little of the indolence of their hard-hearted masters; but when fairly roused by a sense of danger, rather than by a purely patriotic spirit, they exhibit the ferocity of those they so long served. Civilization has a task ahead, to instil into the hearts of the restless, ambitious, deed-daring Greeks a high moral tone of sentiment. They are religious without being conscientious; good as they can afford to be while corruption is universal throughout the whole domain of the country.

While the king, queen and palace absorb a large amount from the revenue, all the subordinates, from the first minister of state to the sweeper of the dog-kennels, have miserable incomes, and hence every opportunity is readily embraced to increase it, and by means, too, the most objectionable, and not unfrequently dishonest. Judges of the highest courts of law have a salary averaging only about thirty dollars a month. This will give some idea of the probable rate at which their inferiors are paid.

Robberies of an atrocious character are frequently perpetrated upon travellers. Bands of daring brigands demand the money of a stranger with an air of the nonchalance of public collectors, which the government cannot always punish. Members of the parliament are often suspected of being in collusion with desperadoes, not only sharing the plunder, but pocketing the appropriations entrusted to them for apprehending the rogues who are their partners.

These are the dark shades in modern Grecian character, and may all be referred to the badly contrived organization of the imperial government. No one respects the monarchical leech who is sucking their blood; and all unhesitatingly express a hope that

some scheme may be devised for overthrowing the present inharmonious structure of the national organization. But, instead of saying all that might be related of the misrule and odiousness of having a legitimate numbskull to wield the sceptre of regenerated Greece, it may be acceptable to vary the scene, and show its present condition of resources in agriculture, arts, manufactures.

In the neighborhood of Athens the land is tolerably well cultivated, considering the rudeness of the tools with which the soil is penetrated. Anything will grow if properly encouraged by tillage. Corn, barley, beans, peas, and some other kinds of grain are raised, but not in abundance. The land looks dry, except at the base of mountain ranges, and in depressions. From the abundance of limestone, it would seem that wheat might be extensively grown. Grapes do admirably. People have more to say about the wine crop, than of any other agricultural interest. In that respect, the public sentiment reminds the traveller of Italy, where farmers attach more importance to a fine grape harvest, than to breadstuffs. Fruits are excellent, reasonable in price, and raised with very little care. Meats, that is poor beef, mutton, kid, poultry, etc., all of which are satisfactory but the first, are reasonable and quite easily obtained in the large towns. As a whole, eatables are far cheaper than the same articles in America.

They eat strange things in that country. For example—the cuttle fish, or as it is familiarly known under the name of squid, together with star-fish, are approved articles of food. Squid are boiled, pickled, and being dried, are suspended in strings at shop-doors for sale. Native cooking is rather unpalatable to Anglo-Saxons. Olive oil enters largely into various dishes. At the hotels of Athens, which are conducted on European principles, soups, pastry, smoked, baked, fried, boiled and other Christian processes of cookery, are in the ascendant.

Roads are out of the question. Between the capital and the harbor, there is a wide, dusty highway. Other drives also exist, but they are imperfect roads, and cannot be used with carriages very far. When excursions are made to Mount Pentelicus, the plain of Marathon, and some other equally celebrated historical localities, they are accomplished on horseback.

Athens is civilized and humanized; but if the stranger wanders far beyond its police jurisdiction, the country shows that poverty, misrule and neglect have each been operating to give the fields and bramble-grown slopes of the mountains their present aspect. Land must be cheap, because so little of it is under cultivation. Fences, of which there are but few, indicate some individual possessions. Enclosures are gardens rather than farms.

Turkey wielded a military influence for so long a period over classic Greece, that the people imbibed many of the habits of their conquerors, which are noticeable in their modes of thinking, acting, and throughout their domestic economy. Their modern civilization pertains essentially to the capital, where Europeans are brought into more immediate intercourse with them.

As far as the domestic animals were examined, they must be inferior, with the exception of the horse. They learned of the Turks how to cultivate good blood and bottom; still, only gentlemen of large means, and government officials, with tolerable incomes, can afford to indulge their taste in that respect.

In dress, the common costume of the masses is a semi-Turkish one. They are excessively fond of bright colors, embroidered vests, long silk scarfs round the waist, enormously large breeches, which more nearly resemble petticoats than any ordinary pattern of nether garments worn by Europeans. A hat is rarely seen on a native's head. The red felt cap, without vizor or rim, swayed off jauntingly by a large blue silk tassel, is the pink of fashion. Shirts and collars may be in request, but if in universal wear, they are so adroitly concealed as not to be recognized. To finish out a man, he must have his upper lip inconvenienced by a moustache that is always in the way. An occasional face is seen covered by a jungle beard, stiff enough to resist the ingress of insects.

While the men generally are good looking, having sprightly expressions, sparkling, restless eyes, and nervous temperaments, the women are ugly. They must have sadly deteriorated in their physical exterior since Praxiteles and other immortal artists transferred their perishable beauties to marble. Ages of degradation and political oppression must have operated more unfavorably for them than the males. Under their Turkish pashas, they were necessarily obliged to conform to their standard of female position. Veils, scarfs, pantalettes, heelless shoes and ignorance have been predominant for two or three hundred years. Their features are not delicate; there is a harshness, hardness and rigidity in their movements and appearance, which may be worn away by degrees, as they have opportunity for imitating a higher standard of attainments, by intercourse with foreign ladies. Some splendid specimens of female beauty are occasionally discoverable, but as a whole, they are neither handsome, vivacious nor intellectual.

At Athens, the Rev. Mr. Hill, lady, and their assistants, are educating hundreds of young girls, who will soon begin to change the tone of society. Where woman is accomplished and refined, man is elevated, dignified and humane.

Education is progressing rapidly. More attention is given to the culture of a few, who have the means of taking a collegiate course, than to schooling the multitude. The ancient university has been revived, and the entire machinery of a college is admirably conducted in Athens, while common schools are beginning to be appreciated and encouraged. I examined with much gratification the new university edifice, a well proportioned, elegant structure. Although in the lectures, the whole course of instruction is given in the modern Greek, it is clear that a German tone pervades the halls of learning. The faculty and pupils have a German mode of thinking, and a bias towards their theological way of reasoning, notwithstanding the exactions of the Greek Church, which frowns severely upon any deviation from her dogmas.

It was an event in my life to have been present in the revived university, where they are now teaching, as Plato and Aristotle taught, and near the same spot, too, some thousands of years ago. Ancient Greek is not only studied by scholars, but it is fully enjoyed. They are proud of the historical eminence of their ancient countrymen, but from causes not understood, they have no immediate prospect of achieving a literary reputation for themselves.

Newspapers are quite abundant, printed, of course, in modern Greek, consequently the far off world knows nothing through them, of what is locally transpiring, of common interest to mankind, as they rarely have anything worth translating. A famous subject for newspaperials, is the church, its authority, efficiency, competency and infallibility. Next to that, extracts from English and French papers make up the bulk of each successive paper.

Nothing of a modern character, not even the politics of the country, compares in the estimation of a traveller, with the classical ruins which are strewn broadcast over Greece. Every prominence, hill-top and valley has, in some period of Hellenic glory, been sacred to the gods, to heroes, or the arts.

The sites, rather than the remains of celebrated temples, are recognized. In Athens, however, the temple of Theseus, the skeleton of the Parthenon, and the remnants of a colossal structure, the temple of Jupiter Olympus, are still objects of intense interest. They exhibit, even in fragments, the rich architectural finish that pertained originally to all of them. They show, too, the grandeur of design which characterized the works of the great masters in the days of splendor under Pericles.

The prison in which Socrates drank the poison, on the false accusation of corrupting the youth, is still as strong as ever. It is a large room excavated into a solid rock. From the holes drilled into the stone, round the door, it appears that a portico, perhaps of wood, was once bolted to the side of the ledge. A shaft was cut from above, down into the apartment, of sufficient diameter to admit the body of a man. Tradition says that prisoners were introduced through the aperture, and not by the door, which was for their exit.

Plato's garden—the academy ground—is about one mile from the Acropolis, or ancient citadel—a lofty cone of rock, pushed up through the earth, the top of which bears the ruined Parthenon, the Enceuthæum, and various minor remains of beautiful architecture. Originally, from the extent of surface on which fragments of sculpture are constantly found by tillage, it is probable some six acres might have been in the occupancy of the philosopher. Some four acres are now cultivated for farming purposes.

A singular taste is manifested by the present proprietor. A rod or two of stone wall runs from the house, westerly. A tub of mortar is kept in a condition to be used. When a specimen of any kind is brought to light by the spade, it is stuck on the wall, facing the south, in mortar. Thus arms, legs, heads, toes, fingers, sections of bodies, and in short every imaginable part of a statue protrudes. There must have been a forest of statuary originally, to have afforded such inexhaustible quantities of fractured pieces.

Both the temple of Theseus, and a temporary building on the Acropolis, are filled with remnants of marble statuary, which the government claims, as fast as found. No country on earth appears to have been so completely ornamented by the divine skill of art, in that respect, as Greece, and especially the metropolis.

One section of the western end of the *agora*, or market, with the legal prices of articles kept on sale, reaching back to a remote antiquity, is now standing. Two of the public wheat measures, which are marble tubs, of the capacity of about one bushel, are to be seen at the corner of a street, where they were dug up recently.

A famous structure, known as the Temple of the Winds, is in a tolerable state of preservation; but the ground has been so much raised on the northern side of the Acropolis, by natural accumulations, since the erection of the temple, that the second story is below the level of the street. Before the revolution, it was in the occupancy of a community of dancing dervishes.

By ascending Mount Pentelicus, some over ten miles northeast of Athens, the ancient marble quarries may be inspected, where all the materials were procured for the great edifices with which the ancient city seems to have been profusely adorned. When on the summit, looking down to the base, on the northeasterly side, the plain of Marathon is spread out in full view. Two years ago, the tumulus raised by the victors over the bodies of those slain in the celebrated battle, against a mighty army of Persian invaders, was standing intact. Since I saw it, report says that some curious explorations were undertaken, and the bones of the slaughtered heroes were actually discovered.

Two immense mounds were raised over the bodies of Achilles and Patroclus, on the plain of Troy, which were in excellent preservation when I saw them. No doubt researches in their interior might disclose some remarkable memorials of the people who fought, bled and died in defence of their liberties.

At the Piræus, or harbor of Athens, five miles from the Acropolis, where there was once a compact city, the lines of the streets and even the foundation stones, well hewn, of the ancient wall, reared by Themistocles, are lying where the workmen originally placed them. Even the tomb of this same Themistocles is identified just at the water line.

Canals, on the same level, cut in the solid, unyielding rock, ramified under all that portion of Athens, through which water, fresh from the distant mountains, freely ran. Wherever a house was located, a well was sunk, below the level of the canal, which was always full, and from it the family were supplied.

Most of the antiquities of ancient Greece are profusely strewn and buried under the soil. Increase of population, together with agricultural and horticultural industry, will gradually bring them to the surface, to surprise strangers and confirm the relations of her ancient historians.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

A HEAVENLY WELCOME.

BY MARY N. DEARBORN.

High in heavenly glories numbered,
Stands a spirit, pure and bright—
Once to earth its feet were fettered,
Now they roam in endless light.

With the angels high ascending,
Clad in garments like their own,
In that wondrous anthem joining—
List! to that familiar tone!

With those swift companions soaring,
High and higher still they fly!
Brighter beauties now surround them,
Than are known beneath the sky.

While they catch the swelling chorus,
What unnumbered answers come!
Ah, those rapturous welcomes given,
Ne'er were told by mortal tongue.

Bright beings of that upper sphere!
O listen, while we sing,
And hear our clouded spirits up
On your unwearied wing!

Tune our lips to heavenly music—
Let it echo through the soul!
And sweeter strains beyond the river
Shall drown its endless roll.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

FREMONT:

—OR—

THE RIDE OF THE ONE HUNDRED!

BY FREDERICK STANHOPE.

A LATE decision of our United States Supreme Court having rendered a tardy act of justice to one who has opened to us an empire, it seemed to me that a personal reminiscence might be acceptable.

In the early part of the year 1847, business called me to Alta California; having been long a resident on the Pacific coast, and being familiar with the language and customs of the people, I was selected to effect a large contract of hides, for one of our eastern firms, the trade being nearly paralyzed at the time by the war then in progress between our country and Mexico; where a handful of noble men were accomplishing deeds which have given them a place in history by the side of Leonidas and his braves. The Californians had become to us a desideratum; although their mineral wealth still slumbered, waiting for that enchanter of modern days, Yankee enterprise; their splendid harbors, the contiguity of our possessions in Oregon, and the facilities for trade with China were a sufficient incentive. Commodore Stockton had hurried up from Callao in the frigate Congress, and General Kearney had crossed the plains from the Missouri River, with a force of armed hunters, for the purpose of taking the country and holding it as a gage for a satisfactory treaty.

The native Californians, who had long groaned beneath the imposts of a distant government and venial governors, had themselves invited our overtures; but a few of their leaders, with a deadly hatred towards the Yankees and hope of personal reward from Mexico, were assiduously striving to stir the people up to a revolt; in many cases with too great success. Manuel Castro, a wealthy and influential ranchero, noted for his determined opposition to all change, and enmity to the "Gringos," had arranged for an attack on the Pueblo los Angeles, the head-quarters of Kearney, held by a small force of marines and volunteers. His agents were in all parts of the country, inflaming the inhabitants and urging them to join him. By some means his plan leaked out.

I was at this time, at the rancho of my old friend, General Martinez Vallejo, on the Sonora Creek; my companion was Captain D—, who has since espoused one of our host's daughters. Vallejo was one of the largest landholders in California, owning some sixty square miles, with forty thousand head of cattle and several hundred horses, cattle and horses at that time being a man's available wealth. He had been formerly military governor of the country, and was considered fair spoil by our people, though in justice I must state that he was kindly disposed towards the Americans. The house was a substantial edifice of two stories, surrounded by a corral with a stout gateway; the household consisted of some twenty persons.

We had all retired to rest and were wrapped in slumber, when the loud barking of dogs and halloing of many men, aroused us suddenly from our dreams. Expecting an attack of the Bear Party (a band of lawless desperadoes who infested the country), all rushed to the courtyard armed as well as the time permitted, and in costumes the most picturesque, as primitiveness is usually considered so. The general, sabre in hand came last; he challenged the intruders with:

"Quien es la?" (who is there?)

"Americanos e amigos, abre la puerta," (Americans and friends, open the gate), was the response, a blow accompanying the words that made the door shake again.

The demand was perforce complied with, and a band of some fifty men were presented to our view, mounted and arrayed as trappers and hunters, and armed to the teeth. Foremost among them on a black mustang, was a small, sinewy, dark man, evidently their leader, with "an eye like Mars to threaten and com-

mand," a countenance expressive of the greatest determination, and a bearing, that, notwithstanding his rough dress, stamped him as one born to command; to lead. This was Fremont.

"I am an officer of the United States," said he. "I am on my way to Los Angeles, I must have horses."

"But—" said Vallejo.

"I said, sir, I must have them; you will be recompensed by my government. I order you, sir, to deliver to my men what horses you may have in corral."

Finding remonstrance would be of no avail with such a man, Vallejo called his vaqueros and gave the requisite directions. In the meanwhile my friend D— made himself known to Fremont; having met him in Washington.

"I have information of Castro's intention to attack Los Angeles. I have six days to reach there before the outbreak; for that I need these horses; for I must be in at the death."

"But the distance; six hundred miles," said D—. "The roads—"

"I shall do it," he replied, and turned away to supervise his arrangements.

In half an hour they departed as unceremoniously as they came, taking with them some three hundred horses, and leaving us astounded at this raid, to wonder if we were yet awake, or whether it was all an unsubstantial dream.

"Los diablos," exclaimed the general, "they have even taken my wife's saddle horse!" so thoroughly had Fremont's lieutenant executed his order.

From Sonora to Yerba Buena, the little hamlet where now stands the queen city of the Pacific, San Francisco, he augmented his stock to the number of fifteen hundred, completely clearing the country; and then commenced one of the most peculiar races for a fight ever probably known. Barely pulling bridle to devour a steak cut from the quarter of a scarce dead bullock; driving before them their spare horses—on, on they went; the roads at all times bad, at this season were horrible; fifty miles being a hard day's journey, even for a Californian.

As their exhausted beasts dropped under them, they tore off the saddles and placing them on others, hurried on, leaving the poor animals to be devoured by the Coyotes, or recover, as chance might bring about. Ever at the head—the last to dismount and the first to leap into the saddle, was this mountaineer, this companion of Kit Carson! this pioneer of empire! Fremont! Rarely speaking but to urge on his men, or to question some passing native, taking the smallest modicum of refreshment, and watching while others snatched a moment's repose, was he; wrapped up in his project and determined to have some of the fight!

Through San Pablo, and Monterey, and Josepha, they dashed like the phantom riders of the Hartz Mountains, startling the inhabitants, and making the night watcher cross himself in terror as their band flew on. The River Sacrificios was reached; swollen by the rains it rolled on, a rapid, muddy stream: his men paused.

"Forward! forward!" cried he, and dashed in himself; the struggle was a fierce one, but his gallant mustang breasts the current and he reaches the opposite shore in safety; his men after a time join him, two brave fellows finding a watery grave and many horses being carried down the stream; but nothing now can stop him; the heights adjacent to the Pueblo appear—now a smile might be seen on the implacable visage of the leader—'tis the sixth day, and the goal is won!

With ninety men on the last of his caravan of horses, he falls like a thunderbolt on the rear of the Mexicans. The day was with them; the little band of stout hearts guarding the presidio, taken by surprise, and not having the advantage of the Mexicans in regard to horses, were beginning to waver. But cheer up; charge again; succor is at hand. On come those riders of Fremont's; nothing can withstand their shock. With shouts of triumph they change the battle to a rout. The field is won!

With Fremont was a Wallawallah chief, the sole remnant of a band that joined Kearney on his journey across the plains. In his war paint, mounted on a bare back mustang, he would ride up at full speed to the enemy, and as a lance was thrust at him, dexterously throwing himself on one side of his horse, he would avoid the blow and grasping the pole, draw up his antagonist and with a stroke of his tomahawk cleave his skull, ejaculating a grunt of satisfaction. Three did he despatch in this manner, alone and unassisted; and as, with his face covered with blood and his reeking hatchet uplifted, he rode here and there, all fled before him.

The rout was a complete one, and had not Fremont's men been utterly exhausted, none would have escaped. So ended the Ride of the One Hundred!

I would state that Government, with their usual speed in such matters, passed an appropriation to satisfy General Vallejo and others for their losses, six years after.

This put a virtual end to the war, for though they again made a stand at the San Pascual, headed by Pico, still they were dispirited, and General Kearney with his mounted men defeated them with great loss. The governorship of the country being decided, which had long been a source of trouble between Kearney, Stockton and Mason, affairs became more settled, and the American force, now largely augmented, was placed on such a footing as to soon "crush the head of rank rebellion," and Pico and Castro fled to the lower country, to fight for a time longer against inevitable fate.

Profound ignorance makes a man dogmatic. He who knows nothing, thinks he can teach others what he has just now learned himself; while he who knows a great deal, can scarce imagine any one cannot be acquainted with what he says, and speaks for this reason with more diffidence.

COURAGE AND PERSEVERANCE.

The learned rajah, Kaleekishen, has given us an odd fable about a king and a mendicant, from the Persian of Tazkiratush-hura. There was a king, whose army was as numerous as the host of angels, and in his dignity exalted above all human beings. He had a daughter in his palace, famous for every virtue. Her moon-like face was shaded by curling hair falling on her forehead; her eyes were so black that they shamed those of the antelope; her hair, so long as to reach her feet, seemed spread like a net to catch the bird named chakora. Her house was immensely high, with a window radiant as the gate of heaven, in which, when the princess sat, she was like the rising morning sun. A mendicant seeing her, became desperately enamoured: her looks pierced his heart like arrows. This became known to all; it was the subject of conversation everywhere. The news of the beggar's love at last reached the ears of the sovereign, her father. Upon which his majesty called his prime vizier, and asked—"What am I to do in this difficult business? I am in need of your counsel." The vizier kissed the ground, and replied—"O king, who art the beauty of the crown and of the throne: should the head of this man be by your orders separated from his body, the people would stigmatize your generous disposition." With this the king agreed. But, to put an end to the matter, the vizier invited the lover to his own house, and with due respect addressed him thus: "Your union with that darling object for whom you are burning to distraction, would be easy were you to bring one hundred of the pearls named shub-chiragh at any time." The moment he heard this, to him, happy intelligence, the mendicant ran joyfully to the ocean, took out his wooden cup, and began to take up water with it. When this was heard by the inhabitants of the water, they assembled to witness his strange act. One of them came forward and asked: "What is your wish? and what will you gain by this?" He replied: "I will throw out all the water, and make the ocean quite dry to get its pearls." Upon this, they went down to the bottom, and soon emerging again, scattered pearls on the shore; for said they: "should he persevere, he might accomplish his intent." The mendicant, seeing the pearls, hastened to fill up his cup, joyfully returned to the king, and offered them to his majesty. When the king saw the pearls, he seemed low-spirited, thought much, but could not come to a conclusion upon anything. The mendicant, observing the displeasure of his majesty, kissed the ground, and addressed him thus: "O king! may this world be subject to your power: if it be displeasing to you to grant me the object of my ardent desire, I shall dissuade my mind from the possession of it." But the king rose, and presenting him with many valuable jewels, said: "You are the only fit person to have my daughter," and accordingly the marriage was celebrated. The Persian moralist adds: "Now it is evident that the wishes of the mendicant were realized solely by his courage and boldness. Courage only is crowned with success. The ants, even, if they be courageous, may become Solimans."—*Eastern Tales*.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

GEOGRAPHIE ELEMENTAIRE, à l'usage des Ecoles et des Familles. Illustree par quinze cartes et trente. Par PETER PARLEY. Philadelphia: chez E. H. Butler et Cie. 1855. 8vo. pp. 80.

Our old friend, Peter Parley, appears as well in the French dress, with which M. L. E. Du Buisson has clothed him, as in his own American home-spun. This geography is quite popular in Paris, and we suppose it is now published here with a view to its introduction in schools where French is taught. The pupils, by the use of this work, can be learning French and geography at the same time.

OUR WORLD: or, *The Slaveholder's Daughter*. New York: Miller, Orton & Mulligan. Illustrated. 1855. 12mo. pp. 597.

The author of this work boldly avows in the preface its design. He or she announces it as an anti-slavery novel; and we find it full of pictures, in which dark colors are laid on with an unsparring hand. Those who are fond of intense and melodramatic writing, will find enough to gratify their tastes in the book before us. It is not without ability.

PORTRAIT OF HON. J. V. C. SMITH.—Messrs. C. & D. Cobb, 259 Washington Street, have issued a lithographic portrait of our mayor, from a daguerreotype by Masury & Silsbee, executed in the best style of their art. It is carefully drawn, highly finished, and admirable as a likeness.

THE SPELLER AND DEFINER'S MANUAL. By WM. W. SMITH, Principal of Grammar School, No. 1, New York. New York: Daniel Burgess & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 290.

This work is the result of great industry and careful thought devoted to a useful and practical purpose. It comprises a full vocabulary of the most useful words in the English language, correctly spelled, pronounced, defined and classified. It gives, moreover, rules for spelling, prefixes and suffixes, rules for using capitals, for punctuating, quotations and abbreviations, and a very complete and useful list of those words which resemble each other, or are identical in pronunciation, but differ in orthography and signification. In this age, when every one writes, every one ought to write correctly; and a study of this little manual would correct many errors that writers of even considerable practice are apt to fall into. We should be glad to see it introduced generally into schools and academies. It is reliable in every point.

SIX DISCOURSES ON THE FUNCTIONS OF THE LUNGS, AND CAUSES, PREVENTION AND CURE OF PULMONARY CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA AND DISEASES OF THE HEART, ETC. By Dr. SAMUEL SHELDON FITCH. New York. 1855. 12mo. pp. 368.

Diseases of the lungs and the heart are so common and so fatal in this country, that a scientific and practical treatise on their origin and treatment cannot fail to secure a most extensive circulation. The author of this work is a successful practitioner, and writes in a plain, intelligible style. He thinks that, with proper care and treatment, the health of male and female may be preserved to an hundred years. The book is illustrated.

KENNETH: or, *The Rear Guard of the Grand Army*. By the author of the "Heir of Redclyffe." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. pp. 320.

The appendage of the words "by the author of the Heir of Redclyffe" to a work is a passport to popularity, so ably written was that admirable novel. The story is intensely interesting, and the historical events of the great Russian campaign are well handled so far as they go. We are glad the writer did not attempt more; for Segur's narrative, and Louis Rellstab's splendid romance, "1812," has completely exhausted the subject. Kenneth is a sound and brilliant hook, and destined, we think, to live. For sale by Redding & Co.

EMMA: or, *The Story of a Belle*. By JACOB ABBOTT. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This excellent story, No. 6 of Harper's Story Books, is likely to be as popular as any of its predecessors. For sale by Burnham Brothers, and Redding & Co.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—Every number of this popular magazine is well filled with reading matter—Newcomers worth the price of the number. For sale by Redding & Co., and Burnham Brothers.

ELLEN NORBURY: or, *The Adventures of an Orphan*. By EMERSON BENNETT. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. 1855. pp. 309.

Life—particularly low life in our great cities—presents phases as startling, and incidents as affecting, as those grades of London and Paris existence, which Charles Dickens and Eugene Sue have described with such thrilling effect. Mr. Bennett has plunged into the lower strata of Philadelphia life, and brought up material both novel and effective. He has handled his theme with great energy, and produced a story full of melodramatic force and effect. For sale by Redding & Co.

IRONTHORPE, THE PIONEER PREACHER. By PAUL CREYTON. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 18mo. pp. 295.

Paul Creyton is a graceful writer, and where he paints from life, and relies upon his own inspiration, a pleasing and successful one. The little tale before us is an American story full of interest and well told.

THE INS AND OUTS OF PARIS: or, *Paris by Day and Night*. By JULIE DE MARGUERITE. Philadelphia: Wm. White Smith. 1855. 12mo.

A work on Paris, written by a Parisienne in the English tongue, cannot fail to be read with interest. Madame de Marguerites has skinned from the surface of the great ocean of Parisian life its sparkling golden bubbles, and has found the art of preserving them fresh and glittering in her pages. It is a very pleasant and spirited book. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co., and Ticknor & Co.

FREEMAN HUNT, ESQ.

The manly countenance of Mr. Hunt, as faithfully delineated in the accompanying picture, drawn for us by Mr. Barry, is a faithful index of his character. It is a thoughtful, energetic, and expressive countenance; steadfastness of purpose is written in every lineament, and we find that energy and perseverance have characterized the career of our subject. At the time of starting the periodical which has gained him fame and fortune—his world-renowned "Merchant's Magazine,"—he was in embarrassed circumstances. He entered, however, with confidence on the execution of his project; for he was far-sighted enough to perceive that a periodical, devoted to mercantile interests, would be sure to succeed, if properly conducted. At the same time, he was perfectly well aware of the Herculean labor of editing such a work. Commercial statistics do not come by inspiration—they must be sought out, laboriously digested, arranged and proved; and such statistics must compose a large portion of a mercantile magazine. But statistics alone are insufficient; the theory and science of commerce, the customs and laws regulating it, its geographical features, a thousand problems connected with the subject, all must be thoroughly studied, thoroughly understood, and treated with ability. The success of the "Merchant's Magazine," projected, established, and conducted by Mr. Hunt, is an unmistakable proof of his ability, for no work of the kind, not entirely up to the mark, could have lived through its first year. The circulation of the magazine is by no means confined to this country; it circulates abroad extensively, and in fact is found in almost every commercial part of the globe. N. P. Willis, in a notice of Mr. Hunt and his magazine, published in the *Home Journal*, speaks warmly, but not too warmly, of the subject of our sketch: "Hunt has been glorified in the *Hong Kong Gazette*, is regularly complimented by the English mercantile authorities, has every hank in the world for an eager subscriber, every consul, every ship-owner and navigator; is filed away as authority in every library, and thought of in half the countries of the world, as early as number three, in their enumeration of distinguished Americans. * * The 'Merchant's Magazine,' though a prodigy of perseverance and industry, is not an accidental development of Hunt's energies. He has always been singularly sagacious and original in devising new works and good ones. He was the founder of the first 'Lady's Magazine,' of the first 'Children's Periodical,' he started the 'American Magazine of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge,' compiled the best known collection of American anecdotes, and is an indefatigable writer—the author, among other things, of 'Letters about the Hudson.' Hunt was a playfellow of ours in round-jacket days, and we have always looked on him with a reminiscent interest. His luminous, eager eyes, as he goes along the street, keenly bent on his errand, would impress any observer with an idea of his genius and determination, and we think it is quite time his earnest head was in the engraver's hand, and his daily passing by a mark for the *digitus monstrari*." We, acting on this hint, have placed a faithful photograph in the hands of a competent artist, and the result is before our readers. Those who have ever seen the original will acknowledge the likeness to be a correct one. It is gratifying to add to our brief notice of Mr. Hunt, that he is reaping the reward of his untiring energy and peculiar talent; that his magazine is highly remunerative, and that he lives in a style of unassuming elegance in Brooklyn, N. Y., as much beloved as a man, as he is respected as an editor. His success is another triumphant answer to the charge of frivolity brought against this age and country. It shows that works of sterling merit will be liberally patronized, and sure of resting on a permanent basis. Classical English literature, we are told, sells better with us than it does even in England. And yet British writers have unblushingly asserted that we, Americans, are superficial and frivolous. There is no publication in England that occupies the same ground as the "Merchant's Magazine."



FREEMAN HUNT.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MASURY & SILSBEE.

OLD FORT,

AT MEDFORD, MASS.

There are few memorials of antiquity now standing in our country—few buildings, at least, to mark the earliest periods of settlement. The first houses, of course, were constructed in the cheapest and most rapid manner, the material being wood. The rapidity with which societies were organized, the fact that schools and houses of worship were not deferred to more convenient periods, but established at once, rendered all the earlier structures fragile and perishable. Dwelling-house, school house and church went up simultaneously, side by side, the forest supplying the material, and the axe being almost the only imple-



OLD FORT AT MEDFORD, NEAR BOSTON.

ment employed. These buildings answered the purpose. Those who erected them deferred the substitution of more substantial structures to a period of pecuniary ease and leisure. But that period did not arrive very speedily; the war of man against nature occupied many years of toil. Forests were to be felled, and their giant roots extracted; huge rocks were to be removed from the surface of the soil, that the plough might have free play; fences were to be erected, and bounds defined, and every hour had its occupation. This process of reclaiming land was interrupted and delayed by sickness and war. The savage tribes, dispossessed of their hunting grounds by the whites, rebelled against their destiny, and often, and for many years, the husbandman, as he tilled his fields, carried his musket slung upon his back, and his powder horn and bullet-pouch at his side. In the mean time the houses first erected were gradually decaying; and in process of time, as new dwellings were erected, the old ones,

that time had spared, were removed, the material either entering into the composition of new houses, or being used for fuel. So that now there remain in Boston and its environs, very few old houses dating from the "good old colony times." The Old Fort, or, as it is sometimes called, the Old Shedd House, drawn for us by Mr. Kilburn, is situated on Ship Street, Medford. It is quite an interesting relic of the early days of New England, being probably the oldest building now standing within its borders. It was built in the year 1631, when Boston was still a large farm, its settlement having just been commenced. It is very difficult to imagine this populous neighborhood a wild tract, with here and there a patch of culture, and that but little more than two centuries ago. The idea involves a realization of the rapidity of civilization on this shore of the Atlantic—a progress altogether without a parallel in the history of the world, and surprising even to those who witness daily the magical influences of the westward-moving star of empire.

THE OLD FEATHER STORE, BOSTON.

This quaint old building, with its peaked gables, popularly known as the Flat-iron House, is one of the architectural curiosities of our city. It was built, as the tablet on the principal gable records, in 1680. Boston was then quite a village—and an old village, too, for it was settled in 1630. The thrifty citizens, as they strolled about its green lanes, or drove their cows to pasture, would, of course, pride themselves on their refined manners, and possibly looked down upon the provincials from the suburbs, as they straggled into town, much as a Corinthian looked down on a stray Boetian, or a modern Parisian on a Norman peasant or Auvergnat. In fact, the little town had quite a metropolitan air. The Rev. Mr. Blackstone, finding his farm contracted to thirty or forty acres (the building in which we write stood on part of his mowing), had long ago moved away to avoid the racket of a dense population. But the old Flat-iron survives and stands just where its foundations were laid one hundred and seventy-five years ago. It still holds its ground at the corner of Dock Square and North (formerly Ann) Street. It



OLD FEATHER STORE, DOCK SQUARE, BOSTON.

has had many owners, and witnessed the departure of many generations. But there it stands unchanged, with a certain air of antiquated gentility about it, though differing from every other building in New England. A modern Ovid might describe it as a petrified old gentleman—petrified as a punishment for old fogyism—the form of the cocked hat being retained to designate its former being. If it could only speak, what stories could it not tell of hygone times—what strange sights and sounds! But if there are any old manuscripts hid away in the wainscots, he sure the rats have made nests of them years ago. How often those old walls must have echoed back the shouts of the sons of liberty, assembled in Old Faneuil to enunciate those doctrines that shook a crowned monarch on his throne, three thousand miles away! Those old windows stared blankly down on the vast multitude that congregated here on the 5th of March, 1770; and the glass rattled in the hundred year-old sashes, when the fight was going on at Bunker Hill. Many and many a holiday pageant has passed from beneath its shadow out into the sunshine of the square; many and many a public funeral has the old house seen—for it is a grand place to see sights, the neighborhood of Faneuil Hall. Many a funeral cortege has filed past the old house; yet there it stands unchanging in the midst of change. The most sedate and old fashioned of all the houses in the city, dealing in the lightest of all commodities—feathers! An interesting fact connected with this house of the many gables is, that the wood of which it was built, was all grown on the site between the present building and Brattle Square.

QUAKERS IN BOSTON.

The first Quakers who came to Boston arrived in May, 1656. From 1664 to 1808, the Friends held regular meetings in Boston. This sect built the first brick meeting house in the town, somewhere in the neighborhood of Brattle St. Church. In 1708 the society sold their house of worship, and the town authorities refused permission to erect a new one of wood. A second brick edifice was erected in what was afterwards known as Quaker Lane, now Congress Street. This was destroyed in the great fire of 1769, but was immediately replaced. It stood till April, 1826, when it was sold and removed. It had hardly been occupied for twenty years. A neat stone edifice was erected in Milton Place, which is occasionally used for public worship. How differently the Friends are now regarded from what they were by the Massachusetts colonists in 1675, when a law was enacted subjecting every person found at a Quaker meeting to be committed to jail, "to have the discipline of the house, and to be kept to work with bread and water, or else pay £5!"—*Drake's History of Boston.*

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.
LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & CO.'S BOOKSTORE.

There is no place of business in Boston fitted up more tastefully and appropriately than the above establishment, No. 13 Winter Street. Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co. have the whole of the large granite building formerly occupied by Hovey & Co., and entirely remodelled after the designs of M. G. Wheelock, Esq., architect. The lower room, devoted to the retail business, is one hundred feet deep and thirty or forty broad. It is lined with bookcases with glass doors, is partially lighted from above, and is nearly divided in the centre by a range of book shelves. The appearance of this room reminds us, in all except its great size, of a wealthy gentleman's private library. Opening from this room are the apartments of the members of the firm, a private room and other offices. The second story is fitted up neatly and commodiously, and is filled with books; and so with the third and even with the story above it. The different stories communicate with each other and with the remotest parts of the building by bells and by speaking tubes. There is an apparatus for raising and lowering books from one floor to another—every convenience, in short, which can facilitate the dispatch of business. The completeness and style of this great literary warehouse speak well for the prosperity of the firm, and also for the healthy condition of the public taste—for Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co. have published principally standard and not ephemeral works—the British poets, Shakspeare, the standard English historians and dramatists. Their imprint on the titlepage of a book is a voucher for its worth and a passport to success. We are pleased to find them lodged in such elegant quarters, and to learn that their enterprise is liberally rewarded.

DECIDEDLY POPULAR.—We have found it utterly impossible to keep pace in our publication with the extraordinary demand for our *Dollar Monthly Magazine*. Edition after edition has been exhausted, until we can no longer supply back numbers. But, as will be seen elsewhere, we are now about to commence a new volume—volume first (six hundred pages) being completed with the number just issued. To secure the regular numbers therefrom, subscribers should send in their names and money at once. Each number is complete in itself.

BELLS.—We would refer our readers to A. Meneely's Sons' advertisement on another page, respecting church bells, and bells of all kinds. This house, located at West Troy, N. Y., received the only silver medal awarded at the late Crystal Palace—a compliment well merited. There is as much difference in the manufacture of bells as in pianos, and Messrs. Meneelys have brought the art to the highest degree of perfection.

MACHINERY.—Our constantly increasing business has rendered it necessary for us to place three more of Adams's largest power presses upon our publications, making eleven which are running solely, and incessantly, on the Pictorial and Flag.

LADY BLESSINGTON.—Willis dons the armor, and couches spear fearlessly in honor of this fascinating woman's fame. She was his friend when living, and we honor him for doing so.

SPLINTERS.

.... Mr. Mason, our minister to France, has gone to Italy to recruit his health, with prospects of recovery.

.... A fair was lately held in this city to raise funds to send to the starving inhabitants of Zante.

.... Strawberries have lately been exhibited in this city at the confectioner's windows—sight, free; taste, expensive.

.... The firemen of Boston are unequalled for gallantry and endurance—as they showed at our last great fire.

.... John Wesley is said to have preached forty thousand times in fifty years. He was a faithful laborer in the vineyard.

.... A man was forcibly ejected from the New Jersey Railroad cars, broke his leg, and recovered \$4000 damages.

.... The remains of Martin Van Buren, Jr., who died abroad, have been interred at Kinderhook in the family burying-ground.

.... The insurance companies of New York have organized an insurance patrol for four fire districts.

.... The steamers are taking passengers from Boston to Portland for one dollar. Cheap enough, and a very pleasant trip.

.... Lieut. R. I. Alexander, of the U. S. engineers, has been appointed to superintend the construction of Minot Ledge Light.

.... Cardinal De Bonald, archbishop of Lyons, France, denounces the polka. Did he ever see the *Galop Infernal*?

.... Donald McKay's Great Republic has been chartered by the British government to carry troops to the Crimea.

.... Signor Mario talks about going to fight in the Crimea. It is doubted whether he really goes.

.... After the 1st of May every vessel of the British mercantile marine will have a number assigned her.

.... A lady editor out west says that "kisses are an acknowledged institution." That snacks of common sense.

.... Ex-President Fillmore is about to visit Europe, and has accordingly leased his residence in Buffalo.

.... They have been literally roasting alive in Australia. Thermometer in the sun 150 degrees.

.... In New York, Wm. C. Valentine, charged with being concerned in the slave trade, has been acquitted.

MODERN MARRIAGES.

We have just been reading in Madame de Marguerites's "Ins and Outs of Paris," how they manage marriages in France. It is "shocking, quite shocking, positively shocking." A mother commissions a female acquaintance, perhaps to look out an eligible match for her daughter, who is of such an age and has so much for a dowry. The agent hunts up a suitable young gentleman and sounds him on the subject—perhaps he is shown the lady at the opera. The young lady herself, knowing, from the restrictions under which young girls labor, that she shall have no opportunity of making a selection for herself, accepts. The bridegroom's mamma, accompanied by her son, comes in state on a certain evening and makes a formal request for the young lady's hand. The young lady's mamma accepts; the young lady bursts into tears and throws herself into the arms of the bridegroom's mamma; the bridegroom, without bursting into tears, throws himself into the arms of the bride's mamma. Tableau—tears, smiles, congratulations—servants enter with refreshments. The courtship, which is very reserved, lasts just as long as the lawyers are occupied in drawing up the contract. Then the negotiating lady comes in state, preceded by an enormous trunk. Mamma and the bride receive her, never, of course, heeding the trunk. Then the lady makes a speech, opens the trunk, and presents the bride with the *corbeille*, namely, the wedding dress, veil and wreath, two or three Cashmere shawls, ditto velvet dresses, a set of furs, a set of lace flounces, a watch, a fan, a prayer-book and a purse of gold. These come from the bridegroom. In return, the lady gets a bracelet from the bride, with many thanks for the presents and the husband. The mother scolds the useless magnificence displayed, when he comes at night. The bride says: "Ah, monsieur!" blushes, and throws herself into her mother's arms. Then the mamma gives her present to the intended—six cambric shirts and six white cravats, the whole trimmed with Valenciennes, chosen with an eye to the future pocket-handkerchiefs of the bride; for, after the wedding day, what man will be bedecked with lace? At last comes the signing of the contract. The bride takes one step into the world she receives her visitors, speaks, nay, converses with all except the intended—that would be improper. She gives tokens of affection to her unmarried relatives, bought from the purse in the *corbeille*. The wonders of the *corbeille* are displayed in one room, while the *trousseau* of the bride, given by the mother, is exhibited in another. Embroidery, linen, cambric, laces, etc., are here lavished on the personal under-clothing of the bride, made up in dozens and dozens of each article—with piles on piles of table cloths, sheets, towels, etc.—all marked with embroidered marks and tied with pink and blue ribbons. Then comes the civil ceremony: and two days after, the last scene of all—in the church of St. Sulpice.

We have no doubt that Madame de Marguerites has given a fair account of these French doings. Of course our national pride swells at the reflection that we do not manage matrimonial matters in the style of these "confounded foreigners." No! here the parties themselves are entrusted with the acquaintanceship and courtship—and in the course of a month's flirtation at a fashionable watering place, or at balls and parties during the season, the young lady and the young gentleman have ample opportunity of becoming acquainted with each other's character, and of calmly calculating the chances of happiness in a partnership that is to last for life. Here the dowry is not discussed, first of all, by the old folks, and we presume no one will deny that a young gentleman who should suffer himself to be influenced by mercenary views in addressing a young lady, or a young lady who should think one moment of the wealth of her *futor*, would be instantly sent to Coventry by all respectable persons.

Let us thank Heaven that we are not as those benighted Gauls are on the banks of the Seine—that we marry always for love, and yet our love is always sustained by prudence and judgment—that the almighty dollar is never thought of in a matrimonial connection, and that the golden age is practically restored among us in all its pristine purity.

"WOMAN IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY."—This celebrated work by the lamented Margaret Fuller Ossoli, on which, more than on any other production of hers, her fame will rest, having been out of print for some years, Messrs. Jewett & Co. of this city have published a very neat edition of it. Far from being Utopian in her views, the authoress inculcates doctrines that few will hesitate to embrace. She does not desire that woman be thrust into the sphere of man, but that she be exalted and refined in her own.

CONFERENCE AT VIENNA.—One of the pictures in a late London Illustrated News, is a magnificent view of a square room, a table and a dozen arm chairs. The occupants have "stepped out." This is the scene of the so celebrated Vienna Conference.

A PREDICTION.—If Louis Napoleon takes command in the Crimea and fails to take Sebastopol, he will most certainly lose the throne of France. Nothing is so fatal to the popularity of a French sovereign as a want of military success.

THE METROPOLIS.—A splendid steamer of this name, of 2200 tons burthen, commanded by Captain Brown, has been placed on the Fall River route. This is an admirable line, and liberally patronized.

SHAKSPEARE.—Nearly three hundred years have elapsed since the birth of Shakspeare, without producing his like. How many centuries will elapse before we shall have a Shakspeare?

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

The present number of BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE (being the number for June) closes Volume I., and the next the July number, will commence Volume II., there being two volumes to the year, of six hundred pages each. This will form as large a volume as can be conveniently and safely bound up together, and we are prepared to bind such numbers as are brought in, neatly and uniformly, at a charge of thirty seven cents each; the price being in accordance with the cheapness of the Magazine.

The unprecedented success of this remarkably cheap publication since its commencement, has surpassed all former experience, and has induced the proprietor to make liberal expenditures to render it as perfect in its character for pleasant and instructive reading, for intelligence, news and amusement, as careful management and untiring assiduity can accomplish; making it literally, what it pretends to be, *the cheapest magazine in the world*.

☞ The present forms, therefore, an excellent time for the commencement of subscriptions. Any person enclosing one dollar to the proprietor, as below, will receive the Magazine one year.

M. M. BALLOU,

Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Streets, Boston, Mass.

EUROPEAN HOSPITALS.

We can form some idea of the character of a nation by the provision it makes for the alleviation of the sufferings flesh is heir to. Now the city of Paris, with a population of a million of inhabitants, has more than 10,000 beds in its hospitals. St. Petersburg, with a population of 476,000 inhabitants, and an annual mortality of from ten to eleven thousand, has 6000 beds. At Vienna, with a population of 400,000 souls, and an annual mortality of eight or nine thousand, 3000 beds. At Warsaw, population 150,000, 14,000 beds. London is at the foot of the scale. This city, which contains not less than 2,000,000 inhabitants, and whose annual mortality is 45,000, only has 5000 hospital beds, that is to say, half what Paris has, for twice the population. In cities of less importance in England, the same thing is observed—there is a very small number of hospital beds. At Manchester, for instance, an exclusively manufacturing city of 360,000 souls, whose laboring population is so dense and so unfortunate, there are only 193 beds in the hospitals. It is true that the English workhouses supply the places of hospitals in many respects, at least for the poor, who are assisted by their parishes.

BALL THE SCULPTOR.—Our talented young townsman is hard at work in Florence. He is a man of great talent and great versatility—a fine musician, an excellent painter and an admirable modeller. With Italian live models to work from—figures such as cannot be procured here, and living in such an atmosphere, we expect from him works which will render his name immortal. It is a triumph for young America to be sending first rate sculptors, painters and singers to Italy—the birthplace and the home of art.

MONEY.—It is gratifying to learn from various parts of the country, of the gradual but sure improvement in business, and of the increasing abundance of money. Every reasonable conjecture leads to the expectation of a good fall business in all lines of commercial enterprise.

NEW TYPE.—We are having a superb new font of type cast for the Pictorial, and shall on the first of July, being the commencement of the ninth volume, don a new and elegant suit. We have also in store some splendid illustrations for forthcoming numbers.

AN EDITOR ON THE BENCH.—Henry Carter, Esq., editor of the Portland Advertiser, has been appointed a police judge.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Dr. Vinton, Mr. David R. Whitney to Miss Sophia P. Dunn; by Rev. Mr. King, Mr. Samuel M. Hobbs to Miss Mary Jane C. Walden, of Chepachet, R. I.; by Rev. Mr. Worcester, Mr. John Vernon Milmer, of Bloomington, Ill., to Miss Angeline Baker, of Brookline; by Rev. Mr. Robbins, Mr. Moses T. Davis to Miss Charlotte Augusta Babson; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Rev. Charles Spear, editor of Prisoner's Friend, to Mrs. Catherine Swan Brown, of Hubbardston; also, same evening, by Rev. Mr. Parker, Mr. John C. Haynes to Miss Fanny S., daughter of Rev. Charles Spear.—At Salem, by Rev. Dr. Worcester, Mr. Jonathan C. Kimball to Mrs. Sophia Bennett; by Rev. Mr. Frothingham, Mr. William S. Daland, of New York, to Miss Lucy Ellen Goodhue.—At Wenham, by Rev. Mr. Taylor, Mr. Hiram Alden, of Naftick, to Mrs. Nancy Hobbs.—At Danversport, by Rev. Mr. Chaffin, Mr. Ezekiel Darling to Mrs. Maria Harmon.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Studley, Mr. Benjamin F. Cole, of Biddeford, to Miss Susan M. Grouard, of Great Falls, N. H.—At Topsfield, by Rev. Mr. McLoud, Mr. Benjamin C. Dodd to Miss Lucy A. Wilson; by Rev. Thomas F. Ferguson to Miss Sarah A. Homan.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Fiske, Mr. Levi P. Webster, of Kingston, N. H., to Miss Esther M. Chase.—At Spencer, by Rev. Mr. Dodd, Mr. Augustus C. Prouty to Miss Olive J. Brewer.—At West Brookfield, by Rev. Mr. Higginson, of Worcester, Mr. Henry B. Blackwell, of Cincinnati, Ohio, to Miss Lucy Stone.—At Portland, by Rev. Mr. Pratt, Mr. John H. Riley, of Boston, to Miss Lucy Gertz.—At Buffalo, N. Y., Charles S. Dayton, M. D., to Miss Lucy P. Beaman, of Hadley, Mass.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Alexander Simson, printer, 28; Mr. John B. Tillotson, of Farmington, Conn., 20; Mr. Reuben Richards, 68; Miss Mary Callahan, 76.—At Charlestown, Mr. Marshall N. Kenny, 40; Mrs. Ann Willis Kettell, 72; Mrs. Sarah Fay, 62; Mrs. Mary, widow of the late Hon. Benjamin Thompson, 56.—Harriet Ann, only daughter of Mr. Edwin and Mrs. Harriet N. A. Lord, 9 years 3 months.—At Chelsea, Mrs. Dorcas Amory, 68; Mrs. Mary Jane, wife of Mr. Gearfield Learned, 45.—At Medford, Mr. Jeremiah Seabury, of Charlestown.—At Dorchester, Widow Elizabeth Coffin, late of Boston, 69.—At Cambridgeport, Mr. James Atwood, 54.—At Somerville, Mr. William Eddy, of New Bedford, 46.—At Lynn, Widow Elizabeth Brown, 61.—At Lynnfield, Mrs. Lydia Ann, wife of Mr. Alfred Skinner, 26; also, Mr. Alfred Skinner, 30; Mr. Abraham Reynolds, 30.—At Salem, Mr. Stephen W. Millett, 36; Mrs. Mary Eliza, wife of Mr. Charles Fried, 21; Mrs. Sally, wife of William Roberts, Esq., 71.—At Framingham, Mr. Onslow Hemenway, 30.—At North Bridgewater, Mr. J. Otis Battles, 33.—At Taunton, Mr. Paddock Dean, 60.—At Attleborough, Mrs. Mary Walker, wife of Mr. Ezra Walker, 60.—At Millbury, Mrs. Lucy D. Holman, 50.—At Worcester, Mrs. Elizabeth M. Pearce, 47; Mrs. Dolly B., wife of Mr. Albert Gould, 34; Widow Rachel Colburn, 74.—At Shutesbury, Widow Phebe Dutton, 91.—At Nantucket, Capt. William B. Harris, 39.—At Smithfield, R. I., Rev. David M. Burdick, formerly of Newport.—At Yacoo City, Miss, Rev. Oliver A. Shaw, a native of Lexington, Mass., 67.—At Carrollton, La., Mrs. M. D. Everett, late of Canton, Mass., 23.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Messrs. J. C. Dows & Co., in a communication to one of the San Francisco papers, state that five thousand gallons of distilled liquors have been consumed each day in California for the last four years, of which they at present furnish one thousand. The total consumed for four years past is, according to their calculation, about 122,600 hogsheads. — Fanny Kemble gave to the town in New England, where she has her cottage perch, a clock with such an enormous dial, that the time may be seen a mile or more. — Matt J. Ward, who shot the schoolmaster, Butler, is said to be the lion of the streets of New Orleans. He sports a span of bay horses, beautifully caparisoned, and a splendid carriage, and upon the box sit two colored men, with blue suits, white gloves, black hats, a green band around, and a small feather upon the upper edge. — Great things are expected in the coming season of the Genesee wheat crop, and in Illinois, Missouri, Ohio and other western States, agricultural prospects are cheering. — The book publishers of New York have formed themselves into a society "For the transaction of such business connected with the interest of the trade as may come before it," and for "the cultivation of social intercourse among the trade." — Dr. Charles A. Peck has been released from imprisonment in Cuba, and returned home. — Miss Lydia Barnard, of Amherst, now in her one hundredth year, on the 23d ult. walked to a neighboring house a distance of half a mile or more, and up a very steep and lengthy hill, in good time and spirits. Miss Barnard's mother lived to the age of one hundred and two. — Montreal is said to be agitating the project of a ship canal from the St. Lawrence to Lake Champlain. — A few days since, the new bridge over the Blackstone river, between Woonsocket and Blackstone, fell to ruins. A gentleman had just walked across the structure, and barely reached the western shore, when it went down with a thundering crash. — The Austin State Gazette states that in Texas more than one half of the native children between five and fifteen years of age are not in school. — The officers of the missing sloop-of-war Albany have been stricken from the rolls of the navy department as men deceased, and their places have been filled by the promotion of surviving juniors in the respective grades, all hope of their being now alive, on the sea or on the land, having been abandoned by the government. — The remains of Martin Van Buren, Jr. have arrived at Kinderhook from France. He was 42 years old. — The clipper ship Great Republic, 3500 tons, has been chartered by the French government to carry horses and troops from Marseilles to the Crimea at 17 shillings per ton register per month, payable monthly in advance. — A pair of lovers of the ripe age of 70 and 65, were married a few days ago, at Louisville, Ky. — Stephen E. Glover, a well known merchant of New York, has been arrested on a charge of fitting out the barque Milandon for the slave trade, and required to give bail in \$20,000. — Mr. Roebing, the engineer of the suspension bridge, tried to sound the Niagara river under the bridge, with a wire to which was attached a 42-pound weight. It was of no use; the current was so powerful as to throw the weight to the top of the water. — Twelve hundred and fifty-four brick buildings were erected in St. Louis during the past year. Some of them cost \$30,000 to \$100,000. Total cost estimated at \$3,811,000. — A calf recently escaped from its keepers in Rochester, and jumping into the Genesee river, above the falls, passed over, a distance of 90 feet, into the surging water below. Strange to say, it reached the shore unhurt. — In Paris, Me., a few days since, a young man by the name of Andrew J. Howard was attacked by a young bear, which he succeeded in killing with a club. — The Philadelphia Pennsylvanian says the States of New Jersey, Delaware and Pennsylvania are apportioned off into districts by associations of potatoe swindlers, by whom the crop is bought up, and the prices controlled, subjecting citizens to great extortion. — We are bound to be honest, but not to be rich.

RUSSIA.—It is said that the gold mines of the Ural Mountains, which separate European Russia from Russia in Asia, are at least fifty per cent. more productive this year than ever before. This will add materially to the income of the Czar. The manufacture of arms and implements of warfare in Russia is very largely carried on at the present time, and a vast number of foreign artificers, chiefly Germans, are employed.

PEANUTS.—The Norfolk Herald says that \$20,000 worth of peanuts have been shipped to the North, from that city the last year, through the agency of a single house. The Herald is probably aware that legislation would languish and no theatricals flourish without the stimulus of this delicious fruit. If the South wish to strike a death-blow at the North, it has only to withhold our supply of peanuts.

QUEEN VICTORIA.—They say this lady is going to Paris. We wonder if Louis Napoleon will show her the places glorified by the massacre of the people of Paris on the 3d and 4th of December, and the tribune where he swore to support the constitution and the republic.

MYSTIC HALL, MEDFORD.—The terms of the Young Ladies' School, at Mystic Hall, West Medford, are \$300 per year, or \$100 per term, for boarding pupils, and \$100 per year, or \$30 per term, for day scholars, including the use of horses, bath-house, gymnasium, etc.

A RELIC.—In removing a quantity of rubbish from the garret of the house lately occupied by Mrs. Van Rensselaer, deceased, there was found the original charter of the city of Albany, granted by Queen Anne.

Wayside Gatherings.

A newspaper, printed in Chinese and English, was started in San Francisco on the 1st of January last. It is called the "Oriental, or Tung Ngai-San-Luk."

Coal from the British Provinces can now be bought in this city for six dollars per ton. Last fall, five dollars and fifty cents per chaldron was freely paid for freight on the article to Boston.

The gross receipts of the U. S. Treasury for the quarter ending 21st of April, reach \$14,766,000; while the expenditures of the same period amounted to \$15,572,000.

The estimated revenue of Canada for 1855, is \$4,266,000, and the anticipated expenditure is \$4,252,000. It is believed that the customs will furnish \$3,400,000 of the revenue.

More than two thousand patents will bear the date of 1855, as already five hundred have been issued during the first quarter. Thus far, over twelve thousand patents have appeared since 1836.

The emperor of the French has offered 1000 guineas, open to Great Britain and Ireland, for a perfect broke charger for the empress. It must be thorough-bred, quiet with troops, and stand fire.

The State Department, in reply to the Russian minister, has decided that American vessels sold to aliens, and then repurchased by Americans, cannot receive a register as vessels of the United States.

The receipts from the Schuylkill coal region the week ending April 29th, were the largest ever known. The Reading Railroad carried 55,096 tons, and the Schuylkill Canal 34,228—in all, nearly 90,000 tons.

Young Leet, convicted in Trumbull county, Ohio, of causing the death of his sister with strychnine he had prepared for poisoning his father, has been sentenced to the penitentiary for fifteen years.

A merchant in Burlington, Vt., having sunk his shop floor a couple of feet, announces in the Sentinel that "in consequence of recent improvements, goods will be sold considerably lower than formerly."

The Alabama Journal complains that little respect was paid to the recommendation of the governor to observe a day of fasting and prayer. Churches were not opened, and few places of business were closed.

The Portland State of Maine mentions that the British ship "City of Montreal" has received a cargo of ice for Liverpool—rather a new export from Portland to Europe. The ice was procured from Sebago pond.

The Ripley (Ind.) circuit court have sentenced Mr. Muir to the penitentiary for two years for forging a note for \$25. Mr. Muir is probably the richest man in Ripley county, Ind. It is supposed his property is worth near \$100,000.

The champion of woman's rights has surrendered to the foe of womankind. Fair Lucy Stone has been subdued by the bewitching shafts of Cupid, and is now bound in the silken chains of matrimony.

The ceiling and joists of a school-house in Brownsville, Licking county, Ohio, fell, a few days since, while the school was in session, breaking a number of desks and seats, without seriously injuring a single child.

A number of the troops intended for the expedition against the Indians have already left St. Louis for Fort Leavenworth. No less than 5000 barrels of flour, at \$12 per bbl., have been purchased at St. Louis for the expedition.

The Rhode Island Legislature has passed an act, making it a penal offence for any railway conductor to pass free any person whatsoever, over any of the railways within the limits of that extensive State, including the Providence Plantations!

Fragments of bills, sufficient to show that at least fifteen dollars had been abstracted and converted by the rats to their own use, were recently found in a rat's nest under the counter of a man in Boston, who had missed money from his till.

M. Le Verrier has officially announced the discovery, on the evening of the 6th April, by Mr. Chacornac, of a small planet of the eleventh magnitude, in the thirteenth hour of right-ascension. This new planet, if an asteroid, forms the thirty-fourth of the group.

Moses Einstein, of Kingston, N. C., blew up his store on the evening of the 11th ult., by "unthoughtfully" placing a lighted cigar on a keg of powder! The explosion is said to have caused every house in the village to quake, shattering Mr. E.'s store to atoms, and injuring him very much, if not fatally.

On the 23d ult., a citizen of Beloit, Wisconsin, was awakened by the noise of a hurglar, who fired a pistol at him as he sprang from his bed. Snatching a gun from the wall he shot the intruder dead, and then hastily calling the nearest neighbor, examined the body and discovered that the robber and would-be murderer was that neighbor's son.

A handsome cane, superbly mounted with gold, procured from the hermitage grounds near the tomb of General Jackson, was presented to the late Emperor of Russia in December last. Count Nesselrode acknowledged the gift, of which, he said, the emperor had a lively appreciation, and expressed his gratitude for the sentiment which dictated the present.

The artesian well in Selma, Ala., which had reached a depth of 440 feet, and was delivering nearly 500 gallons of water per minute, suddenly sank some 16 or 20 feet below the surface, for an extent of about 300 yards in length, and of a varying width. The most extraordinary consequence of this phenomenon is, that all the wells in the vicinity have become dry.

In Redford, New York, a few days since, a house was struck by lightning, and the subtle fluid, after performing various queer antics, passed through a feather pillow upon which a man and his wife were reposing, singing the feathers as it went, and severely burned the unfortunate slumbers, who had imagined themselves safe on a feather bed.

During the recent extensive fires in South Carolina, a culvert on the railroad was destroyed, and the train would have been precipitated into the opening, but for the forethought and courage of a little girl, who ran down the road and waited for the train, when she stood on the road and waved her bonnet to the conductor as a signal to stop. The latter stopped the train and ascertained the danger, by which he saved his own life and the lives of the passengers.

Sebastopol is distant from St. Petersburg 1392 miles (2080 versts). Couriers convey the mails on four-wheeled carts, drawn by three horses, and driven at a rapid pace to Moscow, about nine hundred and fifty miles (1426 versts), from whence they go by railway to the capital. From five days to a week is occupied in the entire journey; so that the Czar has his despatches three or four days earlier than either of his crowned opponents, unless it be the Sultan, can possibly obtain theirs.

Foreign Items.

One of the largest distilleries in Scotland, the Leith distillery, where 1,200,000 gallons of whiskey used annually to be made, has just been converted into a flour mill.

A monument is being erected by order of Queen Victoria, in St. Thomas's Church at the Isle of Wight, to the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Charles I., who was buried there.

A committee has reported in favor of the imposition of a municipal tax on all carriages circulating in Paris. Their number is estimated at 7000, with 20,000 horses; and the aggregate sum which the proposed tax would bring into the city treasury, is \$124,000 a year.

A rumor prevails in Vienna that the Emperor Napoleon is to visit that city after his visit to London; also, that the Emperor Francis Joseph and Queen Victoria will at the same time visit his majesty at Paris during the Exhibition. The queen will occupy the Tuileries.

The London Lancet comes to the conclusion that the use of chloroform must be measurably abandoned. There is no doubt, says the Lancet, that the novelty of the practice, the remarkable effects produced, and the freedom from risk, too unhesitatingly asserted, have led to very grave abuses.

The Russians have established two fortified camps, each of 30,000 men, one between Mittan and Riga, and the other between Revel and Narva, to defend the Balic provinces. All the harbors are being blocked up by sunken ships, so as to obstruct the entry of hostile fleets.

The Portuguese minister of finance having resorted to the novel expedient of appointing a committee of noble ladies to raise a loan of £12,000 to re-adorn the opera house for the majority of Don Pedro, September next, the Lisbon capitalists were unable to resist such powerful applicants.

In order to repair certain losses sustained in 1848, Rossini proposes to sell to any amateur or speculator who chooses to become the purchaser, the entire copyright of a "Macbeth" that he has lately composed. The Marquis of Hertford proposes to acquire possession of the work for 200,000f.

Sands of Gold.

.... Wealth of mind is poverty of happiness.—*Delany.*
.... Love often re-illumes his extinguished flame at the torch of jealousy.—*Lady Blessington.*

.... What is sweeter, and yet more painful to the heart, than the forbidden love?—*Kozlay.*

.... The chief requisites for a courtier are a flexible conscience and an inflexible politeness.—*Lady Blessington.*

.... I do not see how one can believe in endless love who sees the changes of the seasons. Nature teaches us everything.—*Delany.*

.... Knowledge is a common and unappropriable property of mankind—a ray of heavenly light which streams through the darkness of the night.—*Kozlay.*

.... Courage, when genuine, is never cruel. It is not fierce. It foresees evil. Its trepidations come either before or after danger. In the midst of peril it is calm and cool. It is generous, especially to the fallen. It is seldom attained.—*Jean Paul.*

.... A man must master his learning, and not be mastered by it. The learning of Mather fastened upon his mind like the withering and strangling ivy; that of Southey is sustained by him as graceful as the tendrils of a vine, and adorns him with fruit as with clusters of grapes.—*Goethe.*

.... While some are willing to wed Virtue for her personal charms, others are engaged to take her for the sake of the expected dowry; and since her followers and admirers have so little hopes of her at present, it were a pity, methinks, to reason them out of any imagined advantage in reversion.—*Pitzborn.*

.... It is a thing morally impossible for persons proud and ambitious to frame their minds to an impartial, unbiased consideration of a religion that teaches nothing but self denial and the cross. Humility is the Christian's greatest honor; and the higher men climb, the farther they are from heaven.—*Burder.*

.... If you wish to know yourself, look, when you travel, at the tombs which border the road. There rest the bones and light ashes of kings, tyrants and wise men—of all those who were proud of their birth, their wealth, their glory, and their beauty. None of all these advantages saved them from death; all share the same sepulchre.—*Menander.*

Joker's Budget.

An Irish painter declared in an Irish journal, that, among other portraits, he has a representation of "Death as large as life."

"Waiter, bring me some corn," said a boarder to a green Irish servant. "Hey!" said Paddy, leaning down to catch the accent. "No, no—corn!" replied the guest.

A young stock broker having married a fat old widow with \$100,000, says it wasn't his wife's face that attracted him so much as the figure.

Some lone bachelor is guilty of the following: "Why is the heart of a lover like the sea-serpent?"—"Because it is the secret (sea-critter) of great sighs (size)."

"Why are a gentleman in practising pistol-shooting, and a lady in carrying a muff, alike?"—"Because they both do it to keep their hands in."

A lady went into a hardware store, in which there were a couple of clerks, and called for a pair of snufflers. "Suppose you take us," said one of the clerks, "we both snuff." The lady didn't buy.

Frenchmen are, by nature, dramatic. Before a gentleman of Paris severs his jugular, he so arranges his boots, table and con-scuttle, that they may "form a picture" the moment the police dash his bed-room open.

A paper dealer hearing a remarkable rapping medium spoken of, asserted that it was nothing—for he himself had reams of double mediums in his warehouse! He was allowed to violate the Maine Law at his own expense.

Ugliness is indicative of small intellect. You could not learn a bull-dog to "do a trick" in four months. If you're looking for an intelligent man, therefore, never consult a person who wears a frown, or takes to sulkiness.

"Ah," said Dr. Boomerang, meeting a patient of his in Washington Street, "I need not ask you the cause of your being out again; you followed my prescriptions."—"No, I didn't, doctor. If I had done so, I should have been a dead man; for I threw them out of the window."

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Queen City Publishing House, 115 1-2 Main Street,
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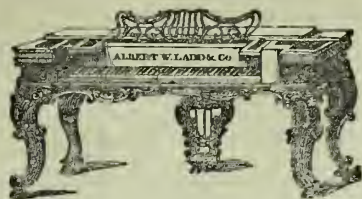
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BATTLE MONUMENTS
AT LEXINGTON AND CONCORD, MASS.

We cannot too often rehearse the deeds, or dwell too long upon the virtues, of our Revolutionary fathers. Every blessing which, under Heaven, we enjoy as a free people, should remind us of the trials and sufferings and toil and blood by which our ransom was paid. Boston and its environs abound in mementoes of the Revolutionary dead. Bunker Hill rises, a sanctified spot forever; the heights are not yet levelled which once bristled with Washington's cannon, and hastened the evacuation of the town by the British, and here at Lexington and Concord is the soil that drank the very first blood of the martyrs of liberty, a soil on which the first armed resistance to aggression was attempted. It is fitting that these spots should be marked by monuments, and the feet of pilgrims should tend hither from every section of the country. Lexington is a very pretty place, and since the establishment of the Branch Railroad connecting it with Boston, many of our citizens have availed themselves of the opportunity of residing in the old historic town. Its area comprises a great variety of scenery, and the soil is not ungrateful for the care of the husbandman. The town is built principally on a broad street, and in about the centre of it is the green on which the monument, of which an original engraving accompanies this sketch, stands. Shall we repeat the story of Lexington and Concord? There is scarcely an American child who cannot rehearse the thrilling tale. It is so familiar that it seems, as we review it, to be a part of our own experience. We seem to be watching, with the inhabitants of Boston, the mysterious movements of the 18th of April, 1775. We see lights moving to and fro in the Province House. Officers wrapped in military cloaks are arriving and departing constantly. But secretly as all these movements are conducted, the sons of liberty are aware of them. Signal lanterns lighted, messengers sent forth, alarm the country, inform the rural patriots of the grenadiers and light infantry under command of Lieut. Col. Smith and Major Pitcairn, and warn them of the determination to capture Samuel Adams and John Hancock, marked by Gage as the ringleaders of the rebels. As the Britons move along the road in column of march, groping their way in the darkness, signal-fires suddenly leap up on the remote hill tops, and distant village bells peal out the tocsin. Smith and Pitcairn hasten their march. At chilly dawn they entered Lexington. A small body of militia is drawn out upon the village green. Pitcairn gallops forward, and imperiously orders them to disperse. They obey not. Muskets are fired by the British, and the militia disperse. This momentous event is thus simply narrated by the committee of the provincial congress, appointed to draw up a statement of the occurrence, to take depositions, and to present a detailed account of the "excursion and ravages of the king's troops." "On the 19th of April, 1775, a day to be remembered by all Americans of the present generation, and which ought and doubtless will be handed down to ages yet unborn, the British troops, unprovoked, shed the blood of sundry of the loyal American subjects of the British king in the field of Lexington. Early in the morning of said day, a detachment of the forces under the command of General Gage, stationed at Boston, attacked a small party of the inhabitants of Lexington and some other towns adjacent, the detachment consisting of about nine hundred men, commanded by Lieut. Col. Smith. The inhabitants of Lexington and the other towns were about one hundred, some with and some without fire-arms, who had collected upon information that the detachment had secretly marched from Boston the preceding night, and landed on Phipps's farm in Cambridge, and were proceeding on their way with a brisk pace to



NORFOLK HOUSE, ROXBURY, MASS.

wards Concord, as the inhabitants supposed, to take or destroy a quantity of stores deposited there for the use of the colony: sundry peaceful inhabitants having the same night been taken, held by force and otherwise abused on the road, by some officers of General Gage's army, which caused a just alarm

these Martyrs in the Cause of God and their Country was the cement of the Union of these States, then Colonies, and gave the Spring to the Spirit, Firmness and Resolution to their Fellow-citizens. They rose as one man to avenge their Brethren's blood, and at the point of the Sword to assert and defend their native

Rights. They nobly dared to be Free!!! The contest was long, bloody and affecting. Righteous Heaven approved the solemn Appeal; Victory crowned their Arms, and the Peace, Liberty and Independence of the United States of America was their glorious Reward. Built in the year 1799." The murder of the citizens of Lexington achieved, the British troops pushed on to Concord, where they succeeded in spiking two cannon, destroyed their carriages, and sinking about five hundred pounds of bullets and wasting a great quantity of flour and other provisions. The American official report briefly sums up these incidents: "Col. Smith, with the detachment, then proceeded to Concord, where a part of this detachment again made the first fire upon some of the inhabitants of Concord and the adjacent towns, who were collected at a bridge upon this just alarm, and killed two of them and wounded several others, before the provincials there had done them one hostile act. Then the provincials, roused with zeal for the liberties of their country, finding life and everything dear and valuable at stake, assumed their native valor and returned the fire, and the engagement on both sides began. Soon after the British troops retreated towards Charlestown, having first committed violence and waste on public and private property, and on their retreat were joined by another detachment of General Gage's troops, consisting of about a thousand men, under the command of Earl Percy, who continued the retreat; the engagement lasted through the day; and many were killed and wounded on each side, though the loss on the part of the British troops far exceeded that of the provincials." The monument at Concord, commemorative of these events, delineated in our second engraving, stands a short distance from the road leading into the town, upon land given for the purpose by Rev. Dr. Ripley. The river runs at the foot of the mound on which it stands. It is built of Carlisle granite, and the following inscription is engraven on a marble table inserted in the eastern face of the pedestal: "Here, on the 19th of April, 1775, was made the first forcible resistance against BRITISH AGGRESSION. On the opposite bank stood the American militia, and on this spot the first of the enemy fell in the WAR OF THE REVOLUTION, which gave independence to these United States. In gratitude to God, and in the love of freedom, this monument was erected, A. D. 1836." The vicinity of these historical places to Boston, and their accessibility by rail or country road, procures them a large number of visitors during the pleasant months of the year. Independent of the hallowed associations that cluster about these places, they are both pleasant towns. Concord has become quite noted as the home of literary men. Here, dwelt Emerson, Hawthorne and their satellites; here, Thoreau carried into effect his scheme of isolation and self-support, the results of which are before the world in "Walden." No one regrets a visit to Concord



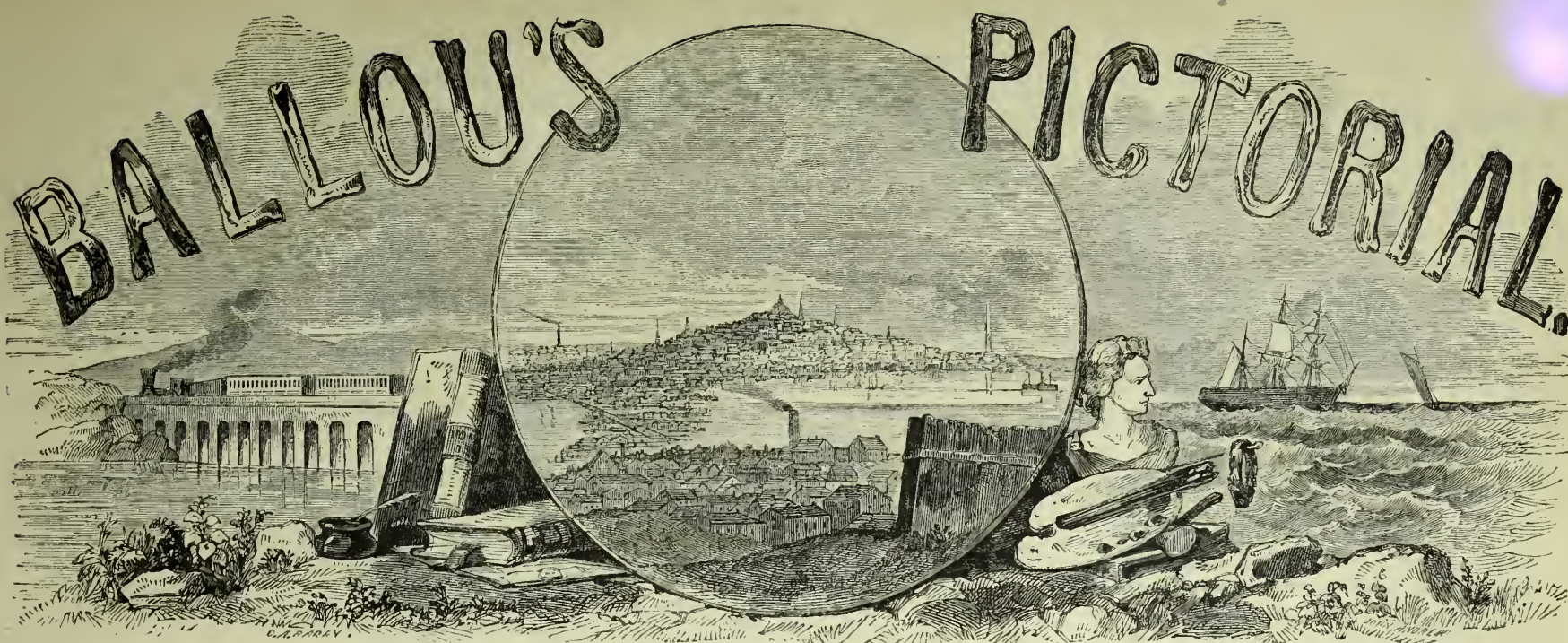
REVOLUTIONARY MONUMENT AT LEXINGTON, MASS.

and a suspicion that some fatal design was immediately to be put in execution against them. This small party of inhabitants was so far from being disposed to commit hostilities against the troops of the sovereign, that unless attacked they were determined to be

attachment of General Gage's troops, consisting of about a thousand men, under the command of Earl Percy, who continued the retreat; the engagement lasted through the day; and many were killed and wounded on each side, though the loss on the part of the British troops far exceeded that of the provincials." The monument at Concord, commemorative of these events, delineated in our second engraving, stands a short distance from the road leading into the town, upon land given for the purpose by Rev. Dr. Ripley. The river runs at the foot of the mound on which it stands. It is built of Carlisle granite, and the following inscription is engraven on a marble table inserted in the eastern face of the pedestal: "Here, on the 19th of April, 1775, was made the first forcible resistance against BRITISH AGGRESSION. On the opposite bank stood the American militia, and on this spot the first of the enemy fell in the WAR OF THE REVOLUTION, which gave independence to these United States. In gratitude to God, and in the love of freedom, this monument was erected, A. D. 1836." The vicinity of these historical places to Boston, and their accessibility by rail or country road, procures them a large number of visitors during the pleasant months of the year. Independent of the hallowed associations that cluster about these places, they are both pleasant towns. Concord has become quite noted as the home of literary men. Here, dwelt Emerson, Hawthorne and their satellites; here, Thoreau carried into effect his scheme of isolation and self-support, the results of which are before the world in "Walden." No one regrets a visit to Concord



REVOLUTIONARY MONUMENT AT CONCORD, MASS.



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT
AND BROMFIELD STS.

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NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The founders of the "Granite State," with commendable pride in a notable branch of their industry, selected a ship-yard as an emblem for their heraldic shield. But most visitors hasten through her scanty seaboard, and the busy manufacturing interval, to view her imposing mountains, which rise piled upon each other until the summit of Mount Washington is 6000 feet above the level of the sea. In these highlands, as in Switzerland, in the Tyrol, or in Circassia, the spirit of Liberty has ever dwelt. The world cannot present a race of men more devoted to independence than the chivalrous sons of New Hampshire, who fought the Indian, the Frenchman, and the Briton, in the old wars; and at a later day we find the same indomitable spirit when stout arms are wanted for the fray. On the left of the engraving is a view of Lake Winnipiseogee, a favorite resort of the Indians, by whom it

was called the "Smile of the Great Spirit." The lake was first visited by Europeans in 1630, when Governor Walter Neal, of Portsmouth, penetrated thus far inland. New Hampshire was granted in 1622, under the name of "Laconia," but in 1629 it was re-christened "New Hampshire," after the English home of the grantee, John Mason. An idea of the life of its pioneers may be gleaned from the story on page 347. Below the quiet old mill in the picture, is shown one of the famous trout brooks of New Hampshire, which tempt many "potent and grave signors" from the enjoyments of city life. The area of New Hampshire is 9411 square miles, or 6,023,040 acres. A large portion of this is cultivated by stalwort yeomen, whose productive farms have been reclaimed from the rugged forest by great efforts. In the forests are the towering white pine, the graceful ash, the evergreen hemlock, and the stately maple—the last producing in 1850 over one

million pounds of delicious sugar. In the same year New Hampshire produced 6,206,606 bushels of potatoes. The entire population is 317,976. It contains 626 churches, of which 193 are Baptist, 176 Congregational, and 103 Methodist. Dartmouth College is justly famed, and of the 107 academics, that at Exeter is the most noted. The present common-school law is now eight years old, and its county commissioners, forming a board of education, make satisfactory reports. In 1853, there were 2310 districts returned, with 90,297 scholars. There are 38 newspapers published in the State, of which 22 are political, 10 literary, 1 scientific, and 5 religious—but none "neutral." The "Granite State" boys like a decided expression of opinion. Such is the diversity of pursuits, that there the census returns show some, more or less, engaged in every "profession, occupation, or trade," numbering over two hundred.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE

KING AND THE COBBLER.

A ROMANCE OF ANCIENT PERSIA.

BY AUSTIN C. BORDICK.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XI.

THE CAVE.—CLOUDS.

FERIDOO had not been in his apartment ten minutes ere he was both surprised and pleased by the entrance of Kobad, the astrologer. He started quickly forward to embrace the venerable sage, and when he had done this, he wished to know how the intelligence of his release was so quickly spread.

"I saw you come from the palace," returned Kobad. And then he wished to know upon what terms the release had been made.

Feridoon explained it all—related all that Kanah had told him, also how he had been treated in his prison house.

"And now," he said, with much earnestness, "may I not see Zillah?"

The old man was silent for a few moments.

"You will not refuse me?"

"No, no," slowly and thoughtfully pronounced the sage. "But that the king has given up the idea of obtaining Zillah, I do not believe. You, my son, have been released only that he may find her the more speedily. He knows you will find her if you can, and his spies will track you to her place of refuge. Do you not see it?"

"I see that such may be the case," replied the youth.

"Ay—and we must be governed as though we knew it were the case. You shall see Zillah to night, but we must move carefully. She, poor girl, needs to see you much, for her fear for your safety has been great, nor could all my positive assurances give her soul peace or quiet."

This served to make the youth more anxious to set out, and it was at length arranged that Feridoon should disguise himself as an old man, and then start as soon as it should become dark. The astrologer took it upon himself to procure the disguise, and to this end it was necessary that he should depart at once. It was just nightfall when he returned, and he brought with him the garb and the white wig and flowing beard of an old man. The ardent youth quickly clothed himself, and having promised not to let his gait betray him, Kobad started to lead the way.

Instead of passing directly out into the street, Kobad led the way out through the gardens back of the satrap's palace, and entered not a street till he had left the palace a mile behind him. Feridoon walked with a stout staff, and he took good care to stoop and shuffle along, so that his gait might not belie his white beard and flowing garb. Had our two adventurers stopped and listened attentively, they might at times have detected a stealthy footstep near them, and had they been able to observe everything about them, they might have seen a dark figure crouching away continually in the darkest places, but still hanging upon their footsteps. But they neither heard nor saw anything to give them alarm. They felt sure that with such precautions as they had taken, they were safe.

After Kobad had passed beyond the point where the officers of the king were in the habit of ending their excursions, he quickened his pace. His course was towards the northwestern section of the city, and in three hours from the time of starting, he came to the confines of the town, which at that point were flanked by high, perpendicular cliffs, all jagged and broken by abrupt angles and huge masses of fallen rock. Here the astrologer gazed carefully about him, but he saw no one, and yet, not far off to the right, behind a projecting mass of rock, there was something that had life and motion. A dark object had glided in there only half a minute before the sage made his survey.

Kobad's next movement was to pass on to where a thick clump of wild mulberry bushes grew, and having worked his way through these he came to a small deposit of sand which appeared once to have been the bed of a stream or pool. Here he waited until Feridoon was by his side, and then he brushed away a lot of sand close by the point of a stone that projected out in a shaft from the adjoining cliff, and having done this a ring of iron was revealed. This he seized, and by it he raised a trap door of wood, revealing thus an aperture some three feet square, at the mouth of which appeared some steps which were also of wood. He bade the youth pass down and then he followed, carefully closing the door behind him.

These steps were only six in number, and when our hero had reached the bottom of them he found himself obliged to stoop slightly in order to avoid the rock which formed the ceiling of the passage, for a passage it must be, since he could feel the solid rock upon both hands. As soon as Kobad had closed the door and come down, he took the youth by the hand, and having hidden him to stoop, he passed on slowly, making several abrupt turns, until at length he reached a point where tiny rays of light could be seen shining through chinks in the rock. Here Kobad stopped and kicked with his sandal, and in a moment more a door opened and—Feridoon found himself in the presence of Zillah.

There was a quick cry of joy from the lips of the lovely maiden, a low murmur of love from the enraptured youth, and then those loving hearts were pressed together, and their beatings

of love were accompanied by bright, warm tears of pure and holy joy.

"And you are free—free from the power of the unholy king," murmured Zillah, as she gazed up into the face of her lover.

"Yes, light of my soul; and how blessed is that freedom, since it brings me to thee!"

"Ah, my soul's master," returned Zillah, with sparkling eyes and waking smiles, "how lovely becomes this cave in the rock when you are with me. Until now it has been dark and cheerless, and my soul has been heavy and sad, for fear of harm to thee has dwelt heavily upon me. But joy cometh now."

Thus spoke the lovers, and when their passions had become more calm, Feridoon turned to Zak Turan and his wife. They were both well and in good humor, and the joy they experienced at seeing the youth was too plainly written upon their faces to admit any doubt touching its reality. There was also a black slave in the cave; he was a faithful servant whom the astrologer had provided.

As soon as Feridoon had time to look about him, he saw that the strange apartment to which he had been thus conducted, owed nothing to the art of man save the concealment of the entrance and the wooden steps. It was a single chamber, some thirty feet square, with walls very regular in their angles and surfaces, and not far from twenty feet high. The ceiling was rough and jagged, the rock hanging therefrom in points and curiously stellated forms, while in the back part there was a long fissure through which the place was ventilated, and which in the daytime admitted light. This aperture opened outside upon the face of the cliff opposite from the city, and at a point almost inaccessible, so that there was no danger of the place being discovered from that quarter.

Upon inquiry our hero was told that this cave had been found only a few years previously, and that none living, save those now present, knew of its existence. Nearly two hours were passed by Feridoon in sweet conversation with Zillah, and at the end of that time the youth turned towards the venerable sage, for there were some doubts upon his mind he would have cleared up.

"My father," he said, "it surely seems a safe place here for our friends—safe from the immediate power of the wicked king—but what is to be in the future? How are we ever to find safety for them in any other place? For surely we cannot imagine that a life can be blessed with much joy that is forced to spend itself here."

"Most assuredly not," replied the astrologer; "and I trust that they will not be forced long to remain here."

The youth gazed into Kobad's face, in hopes that he would say more, but he did not, so he asked further:

"But how shall they find safety to live in the city, or even within the kingdom, as other people do?"

Feridoon waited some moments, but the old man did not answer; and he continued:

"The king, if your suspicions are correct, still means to seize upon Zillah whenever he can."

"I am sure he does," Kobad said.

"Then how—tell me if you know—how, oh how, shall our lovely Zillah find safety from his wicked arts, were she to remove back into the city?"

"That is more than I can tell you now," answered Kobad, with his head bowed, and his hand pressed hard upon his brow. "Yet I feel that the time is not far distant when that season of safety shall come. My son," he continued, while his voice sank to a low, thrilling tone, and his eyes were raised partly heavenward, "I can see in the future many things that are hidden from you, and from other mortals. I can see storms and tempests; and I can see sunshine and calms; and in the midst of all I can see a spirit of bright presence that holds the destiny of the beautiful Zillah in its hand. I may not read the future to you now, but be assured that to me the scroll is opened and that I can read its import faithfully. You may hope for the best, and unless some darker power than any I now see shall arise upon the scene, all will be well."

Feridoon pondered awhile upon these words, and he concluded to ask no more questions. If the astrologer meant him well, then he knew enough already; and if evil was meant, then surely questions would be of no avail. But upon this latter proposition his mind only glanced as upon an idea which flitted by in the usual course of thought, for he felt no more fear of evil intent in the soul of Kobad than he did of falsehood in the breast of his own beloved. Yet he was anxious—he was anxious for the time when he could call Zillah his own and have no fears come to mar his peace.

And it is not strange that he should have still experienced some anxiety respecting the final consummation of this good, for he could not conceive how it was to be done. Yet he resolved to trust his aged friend, and school his heart to rest content with the assurance he had received.

At length Kobad arose and signified his purpose of retiring. Feridoon drew Zillah upon his bosom and spoke a few more hurried words of love, and then he was ready to depart. He replaced the false beard and hair upon his face and head, and having taken his staff he followed Kobad from the place, with the promise, however, that on the second night from that he should visit his loved one again.

When Feridoon reached the surface of the earth once more, he found that dark clouds were rising up into the heavens from the westward, and that they had already drawn their sombre veils over most of the stars. He turned his gaze upon the high cliffs behind him, and a strange awe crept over his soul as he saw how black and drear they lifted their rugged peaks against the clouded sky. Not far from him, where a mass of disconnected rocks

seemed ready to come tumbling down upon him, there was an object that might have startled him had he given it particular note. It did not move, nor did it look unlike the small columns of dark granite that surrounded it, and yet a very close observer would have been struck with the strange resemblance which that object bore to the human form. And more than this: had Feridoon been perfectly versed in each separate conformation of the rocks about that spot, he would have seen that *this* one must have become located there very recently, for surely there was no such thing there three hours before!

But the clouds rolled up into the heavens more heavily and gloomy, and the soul of the youth became oppressed with a sense of disquiet amounting to a strange sort of dread.

"These clouds are fortunate," remarked Kobad, after they had started on their way, "for now the darkness will most safely hide us from the gaze of any who may cross us on our way."

"But they affect me strangely," returned Feridoon, in a low, nervous tone.

"How so?" asked the sage.

"They throw a leaden weight upon my soul, and seem to obscure the brightness I had learned my hopes to dwell in."

"That is a mere whim. To your young and ardent feelings everything should be bright and joyous, but when you are older you shall find that clouds are not easily dispensed with, even in our own hopes and aspirations. One continuous glare of light would be tiresome to the vision, and one unbroken chain of joy would soon cloy the senses. Clouds are but the relief given by an all-wise Maker to throw the better parts of life's picture more vividly out."

"True," answered Feridoon. "I know what you mean; but now my soul is really oppressed."

"Then rise above it. Shake off the fear, and smile with the hopes I would give you."

The youth made no answer to this remark, but with his head bowed and his hands clasped behind him he followed on by the side of his friend. He would have been cheerful if he could, but he could not.

At length they reached the palace of the satrap, and as it was near morning, Kobad accepted the youth's invitation to remain with him awhile and sleep. Feridoon called one of his attendants and bade him keep watch near the door, and not to allow him to be disturbed until the sun should have been up, at least, three hours.

And both the old man and the young retired. The sage soon fell asleep, and his rest was sure and sound. Not so the youth. He closed his eyes, but sleep would not come to him. There was another idea in possession of his faculties. Once his senses became lost beneath a drowsy weight, but no sooner were the actual things of life shut out, than he began to dream. He was again in the cave with Zillah, and while he pressed her to his bosom he was aroused by a loud, rumbling noise, and upon looking up he saw the top of the cave open, and an enormous afrite came down and seized upon Zillah and bore her away from him. He cried out so loud that one of his slaves came to his bedside to see what was the matter. The youth grasped the poor fellow by the neck, and would most assuredly have strangled him had not a sense of his real situation come opportunely to his mind. When he first saw that black face bending over him he only remembered the foul afrite of whom he had just dreamed.

At length, however, just as the heavy clouds which had been gathering in the heavens began to empty themselves upon the earth in quick falling drops, he sank into a deeper slumber, and the fatigue of the body overcame for a while the vagaries of the mind.

CHAPTER XII.

IN THE TOILS.

AFTER Feridoon and Kobad had left the cave, the inmates spent some little time in conversing upon the subject that had been broached by the youth. Zillah seemed to have hung with much anxiety upon the answers of the astrologer, for she had a deep interest therein.

"My father," she said, addressing Zak Turan, "why will you not tell me the secret of Kobad's deep interest in both me and Feridoon?"

"Why, you know as well as I," the father returned. "He has often told you that he loved you for your kindness and goodness, and hence he has taken pleasure in instructing you; and is it not a natural consequence that he should love you after having for a while enjoyed your society?"

"But what should have induced him at first to come to me?"

"He saw you first by accident. He came one night past my stall, all footsore and weary, and he begged of me to give him food and rest. I took him in and ministered to his wants, and he remained beneath my roof several days, having become so worn down by fatigue as to be really unable to pursue his way. During that time you ministered wholly to his wants, for your mother was busy with household duties, and—to tell the truth, she was not in the best of humors at having such a helpless stranger on her hands."

"I remember that!" said Zillah.

"And do you remember," resumed the cobbler, with a meaning twinkle in his sharp, gray eye, "how fondly your mother used to speak of our guest? how sweet and mild were the words she selected for her modes of expression when making allusion to the old man?"

"Mark ye, Zak Turan," uttered Rudabah, shaking her finger menacingly in her husband's face, "you are well now, and your face becomes you well for such a piece of humanity as you

chance to be; but beware that you don't get it marked in a way that won't be so pleasant."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed the cobbler. "I know your prowess well, my sweet angel, but surely you will not seek offence in the words I uttered. Did I not say that your words were sweet and mild?"

"Ay, but what meant you?"

"Did I not speak the truth when I said so?"

"No, Zak Turan."

"Bless me, my angel, I did not think, when I sought to make it appear that you always spoke sweetly, that you would give the lie to my meaning."

The wife tried hard to be angry, but there was such a blaze of good nature upon the round, ruddy face of her lord, that she could not.

"Answer me one more question," said Zillah, as soon as her mother was quiet. "What first induced the astrologer to bring Feridoon to me?"

"I know not, I'm sure. He never gave me any reason, save that the youth was worthy of your love; and I think he was right in that."

Zillah's eyes sparkled as her father thus spoke, for her own heart gave a thrilling assent to his words, and instead of asking more questions, she communed with her own thoughts. There was much to perplex her in the circumstance of her introduction to Feridoon, and also in the care which Kobad manifested for her welfare; but she did not allow it to annoy her, for she found too much joy in the very source of her difficulty.

Nearly an hour had passed away since their visitors had gone, and Zak Turan had arisen for the purpose of retiring, when his attention was arrested by a sound from the mouth of the cave. He stopped and listened, and in a moment more he was sure he heard some one descending the wooden stairs.

"Kobad has returned," he said, as he became assured that his ears had not deceived him.

"But why?" uttered Zillah, who felt some fear.

"Perhaps there is threatening of a storm. The air comes down through our window cold and damp, and I can see no stars up there as usual."

"But by this time he would have been more, much more than half way to the palace of Rustem."

"You forget that half of the time that has passed must have been spent in returning."

This thought, together with the hope of seeing Feridoon, served to dispel the maiden's fears, and she waited with anxiety for the opening of the inner door. And yet, all was not joy in her heart; there was a lurking dread there, which manifested itself in a trembling, heaving breath, and in a clasping of the hands upon her bosom in a prayerful attitude.

"Surely," uttered Rudabah, "Kobad would not blunder about in that fashion!"

"Unless there has been some accident," quickly suggested the cobbler.

"O," cried Zillah, "if Feridoon has been hurt!"

As she gave this utterance breath, there came a smart knock upon the door, and Zak Turan stepped quickly to it.

"Who is there?" he asked.

"Feridoon," answered some one from without, in a strained tone.

The cobbler immediately opened the door, and on the next moment half a dozen soldiers rushed into the apartment of the cave. Zillah saw the steel-bound garbs of the new comers, and with a wild cry she started back, but she had no place of refuge.

"Who are ye?" inquired Zak Turan, as soon as he could command his speech.

"We are from the king," was the reply of the officer who led the soldiers.

"And how found ye entrance here?" was the poor cobbler's next question, he being moved almost as much by astonishment as by fear.

"This faithful servant of the king brought us hither," replied the officer, pointing to one of the eunuchs of the royal palace.

"And for what have ye come?"

"For yon beautiful damsel whom we see crouching away as though she feared us."

Zillah sunk down on her knees and clasped her hands, and on the next moment her mother sprang towards her and made an attempt to protect her, but she was quickly disposed of by being seized and pushed away. Zak Turan knew that his interference would only tend to make matters worse, and he wisely refrained from any physical demonstration. But he sank down upon his knees and implored the officer to spare his child.

"Now mark ye," said the officer, and it was an answer to all that could be possibly said, "the king has sent me to bring this damsel to him, and when some one more powerful than the king shall interfere, I may listen."

"Then listen to the voice of God!" cried Zillah. "O, carry me not to the royal palace!"

"But you are not God, nor does he speak through you, for our king is God's most faithful servant. Come, and let me have no cause to give you bodily pain, for the king's orders must be obeyed."

As the officer thus spoke, he seized the maiden by the arm and raised her to her feet, and then calling his companions to his assistance, they raised her from her feet and bore her towards the mouth of the cave.

"Father! father!—O, my father!" Zillah cried, in agonizing accents. "Save me! save me!"

Zak Turan sprang forward and laid his hand upon the shoulder of the officer, but hardly had he done so when he received a

blow upon the head that laid him prostrate upon the hard rock, and while Rudabah sprang to the assistance of her husband, Zillah was borne from the place. As soon as the soldiers reached the level ground outside the cave they formed a sort of litter of their spears, upon which they placed their own outer garments and then laid their prize upon them. Four of the stoutest men shouldered the litter thus provided, and then the party set forward at a brisk walk. Zillah said no more, for she knew it would be useless, and the only sounds that issued from her lips were the deep groans of anguish that she could not keep back. She was truly miserable now.

The clouds which had been gathering thick and black in the heavens now hung over the earth like a suspended ocean, and ere long great drops of rain began to descend and patter upon the earth. The soldiers stopped and set the litter down, and having taken some of the garments upon which Zillah was lying they placed them over her, and having covered her up as well as they could, they resumed their march at a quickened pace.

Ere long the rain came down in torrents, and the spirit of darkness brooded over the earth more powerfully than before. Those who bore the litter could now hardly see the ground upon which they trod, and but for the faint reflection of the raindrops they would have been in a gloom as dark as chaos itself. Yet they kept on, for they had now reached that part of the city where their duty often called them, and they had an instinctive sense of the proper course. The officer walked in advance, and ever and anon he would stop to listen in order to hear if his followers were upon his track, and several times when he did this, his first assurance of the proximity of the soldiers was given by their running against him.

And all this while poor Zillah was drenched to the skin, and the chilling grasp of the storm had sank its touch to her very heart. She was very cold, and her frame shook as with a spasm. Once she begged her abductors to find some shelter. They held a momentary consultation, but they did not stop.

But the journey was to have an end, and at length the royal palace was reached, and the soldiers soon gave up their charge to the king's trusty eunuchs, who conveyed Zillah to a comfortable apartment, where attendants of her own sex were found to wait upon her.

The king slept and the eunuchs chose not to awaken him. They resolved to let the news keep for him until morning, and in the meantime to have Zillah restored to a condition of rest and comfort.

The women into whose hands the poor maiden was now given, saw that she was chilled by her recent exposure, and they quickly concocted a restoring cordial, and then placed her in a warm bed. Her exhausted system sank under the influence of the cordial and the wooing bed, and she soon slept. Luckily for her, she was so utterly exhausted that she could not dream, and she passed some hours of sweet, refreshing sleep.

When Zillah awoke she found that the storm had passed away, and that the sun was shining brightly through the lattice near her bed. It was sometime before she could fully realize what had passed, and it was not until she saw several strange, black faces about her bed that she remembered whither she had been carried the night before.

"Will our noble lady dress?" asked one of the female slaves, deferentially.

Zillah started up at the sound of these words, for they conveyed to her mind in an instant the whole startling truth. None but a favorite of the king's would be addressed thus!

"Who are ye?" the poor girl gasped, hardly knowing what she said.

"We are sent to serve thee. And," continued one who had a pleasant cast of features, albeit they were black and coarse, "we have heard something of thy story, and would advise thee for thy good. Dress as we shall direct, and receive the king."

Zillah lay back upon her pillow, and for some moments she pondered upon her situation. She was not without a fair share of personal courage save when brute force was brought against her, for from this she shrank in terror. She saw that she had better not commence by utter obstinacy, and soon she arose from her bed and allowed herself to be dressed. She was at first dazzled by the gorgeous apparel they put upon her. The rich stuffs of gold cloth, the sparkling jewels, the flowing robe of spotless silk, the redolent perfumes and the softly gleaming pearls that went last upon her pure white brow, all seemed for a while to enchain her senses in bewilderment. But there was no pride, no joy, in the sensation, for she felt herself to be but as the gaudily bedecked lamb that is prepared for the sacrifice.

When all this was done—when the maiden was thus prepared—she was led from the sleeping apartment out through a long corridor, and finally into a room which surpassed in magnificence anything of which she had ever conceived. It was a spacious place, with a floor of mosaic marble, laid in tiny bits of various colors, so as to represent pictures of various kinds, while in the centre played a fountain of sparkling water. The roof was supported by marble pillars, back of which hung a tapestry of gold cloth on three sides, while on the fourth the scene opened upon a garden of most beautiful shrubs and flowers. The seats in the apartment, which were of rich fabric sumptuously draped and stuffed with down, were supported upon small lions of gold, and all the other furniture and trappings were equally rich and costly.

Here Zillah was left alone. She did not notice the slight pain that had crept into her head, for the excitement of the occasion overcame all that. She had been alone only a few moments when a section of the tapestry was drawn aside, and in a moment more the king appeared before her.

Sohrab stopped when he had gained a position in front of the maiden, and gazed upon her with a rapture almost approaching delirium. Never before had she looked more beautiful. There was a flush upon her cheeks outvying the very roses that crept up about the columns of the garden, and in her eyes shone a light that might hold wager with the stars.

"Zillah," spoke the king, at length, "heaven seems all crowded into this one moment of my life. O, most lovely of thy sex, thou knowest not what pangs I have suffered with the fear that I might lose thee, nor can tongue tell the joy that at this moment pervades my senses when I find that thou art truly mine."

"Thine!" uttered the maiden, in a shrill, trembling whisper.

"Ay—for thou art surely mine now, and thou shalt find how truly a king can love."

"Then you do love me?"

"Love thee? O, with my very life. To thy slightest wish shall half my kingdom be subject."

"Then," murmured Zillah, sinking quickly down upon her knees, "give to me my liberty and let me go my way. O, what can be more easy for you to do than this?"

The king's countenance changed.

"You should not ask that," he said.

"But it is the prayer of my heart."

"And yet I cannot grant it, for it would break my own heart to do so. No, no—you will not persist in such a demand."

Zillah arose to her feet and stood before the king. She looked upon him, and she saw a man who had reached the downhill of life, whose head already bore the frost of years in silver touches laid on thick and white, and whose face showed the marks of the libertine and the debauchee. She at first would have shrunk from the monarch with fear and loathing, but a sense of the wrong that had been heaped upon her gave her courage, and the regal station of her oppressor gave him an importance that might not be passed over with mere disdain. She remembered how he had stolen in upon the sanctity of her home, and had even abused the holy boon of charity to the fatal injury of those who bestowed it. Then she remembered how he had sent to seize her—how he had even sent messengers of death upon the man who would have protected her. These thoughts passed quickly, yet vividly, through her mind; and then she thought of what must be the will of such a man. Next she dwelt upon his power, and the picture was not promising of joy to her.

"Sire!" she said, returning the king's look with one of the deepest agony, "you will not keep me here against my will—you will not force me to remain with you, when you are assured that each moment of my sojourn beneath this roof is a dagger of death to my soul. O, you are a powerful king, and I but one of the meanest of your subjects."

"Hold! Zillah! You are not so. You are not my subject—you are mistress of my heart, keeper of my affections, and ruler of my joy."

"Say not so, sire!"

"But it is the truth. Your fate is wrapped up in the same sphere with mine own. You are mine—mine to love and to adore."

Zillah sank back upon her seat once more and buried her face in her hands, and while she sat thus the king seated himself beside her and passed his arm around her neck. She felt the touch—she felt the hot breath strike her face—and, in a moment more she felt his lips sealed upon her cheek. This broke the spell. This startled the maiden back to life, and she felt her whole soul take fire with indignation and contempt. With a quick, energetic movement she sprang from the royal embrace, and then, with her hands clasped before her she cried:

"Touch me not again! Your embrace is worse than death a thousand times. Kill me if you will, but touch me not!"

"Beware, Zillah!" uttered Sohrab, turning pale and trembling. "Beware how you excite me to wrath!"

"Did I not tell thee, king, that I would rather die than suffer your embrace? O, your wrath would be to me a blessing when compared to your love."

"Ay—but ye shall have both. I'll love thee—I'll make thee my wife—and then I'll hate thee as I would a toad!"

Zillah shrank away from the king, for his words fell like hot coals upon her heart, and his face showed that he meant all he said. She knew his power; she knew that no Feridoon could save her now, and under the emotions thus brought up she might have sunk senseless down had not one of the black eunuchs at that moment made his appearance.

"How now, slave?" cried Sohrab.

"The satraps and the judges are arrived, and the people clamor for audience, sire."

"Go tell them I will be with them anon."

The slave disappeared, and as soon as he was gone, the monarch turned to Zillah. His face had assumed an iron firmness, and his eyes gleamed with a strange fire, seeming half exultation, with some wrath and a touch of hatred. He raised his finger towards the maiden, until it pointed directly into her face, and then he said, in a low, hissing tone, but with measured accents:

"Zillah, the duties of my office call me now to the throne, but I shall return to you. This night, when you retire, you will be my wife. Do you hear me?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Tacitus says early marriage makes us immortal—that it is the soul and the chief prop of empire—and that the man who resolves to live without woman, or the woman who resolves to live without man, are enemies to themselves, destructive to the world, apostates from nature, and rebels against heaven and earth.

VIEW IN CALCUTTA.

We present our readers with a splendid engraving, showing the general aspect of Calcutta, the most celebrated city of Hindostan, the capital of the British dominions in the East. It occupies a level tract on the east side of the Hoogly River, an arm of the Ganges, about one hundred miles north of the Bay of Bengal.

It has been styled, and justly, the "City of Palaces." It bursts suddenly upon the view as you round a reach in the river, after passing through green and shady banks, on which stand a number of beautiful houses occupied by its principal inhabitants. A great portion of the architectural glories of Calcutta is disclosed at once. There is the governor's house, erected in the time of

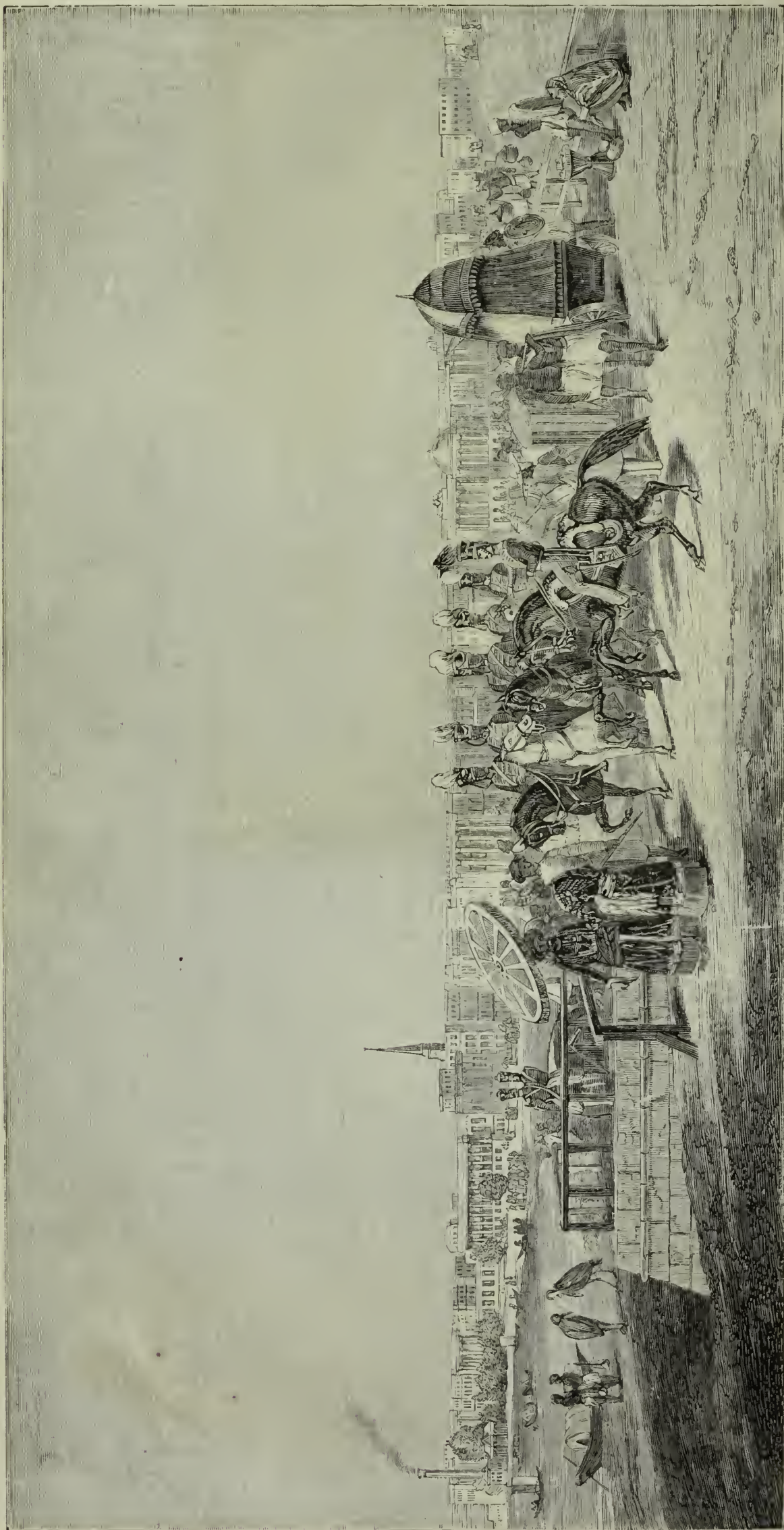
the Marquis of Wellesley, the town hall, the supreme court, the Ochterlong monument, the principal government offices, and a number of private edifices. The natives, in their variegated costumes (some of them, however, wear scarcely any costume at all), the Europeans, with their palanquins and carriages, the mounted officers, the guard of the governor-general, the boats

plying on the Hoogly, the adjutant-birds, which perform the office of scavengers and are here protected by law, all combine to present a striking and interesting picture. Of social life in Calcutta, Bishop Heber has told us, that the large dinner parties, in addition to the geographical situation and other peculiarities, the aspect and architecture of the place; the multitude of servants, want of furniture in the houses, tend, except in respect of climate, to give Calcutta a striking resemblance to St. Petersburg. Besides private parties, there are public subscription assemblies, with *conversations*, concerts and a theatre. It is usual with Europeans to rise early, the morning being the pleasantest part of the day; after *tiffin*, or lunch, which is usually taken between two and three o'clock, many, or most persons indulge in a nap. At sunset, the fashionable drives of the esplanade are crowded with European vehicles of all sorts, barouches, tilburries, chariots and gigs, drawn by splendid horses produced by a judicious mixture of the English and the Arabian races. Most visits for short distances are made in palanquins, borne on the shoulders of natives who are nearly naked. The Anglo-Indian or half caste population are more numerous in Calcutta than in any other part of India. Many of the half caste females are highly educated, marry Europeans and make excellent wives and mothers. The retired merchants and traders of native races live in splendid style in Calcutta. There are several papers published in the city, and there are quite a number of literary, scientific and mercantile associations of high character.

By means of the Ganges and its numerous tributaries, Calcutta monopolizes the whole external trade of Bengal. It is, with the single exception of Canton, the greatest emporium of the East. The gross amount of imports and exports may be set down at \$60,000,000 a year. The principal foreign trade is in the hands of English merchants, but there are others among the Persian, Hindoo, Portuguese, Greek, Armenian and American residents, who do an extensive business. Several of the native merchants are worth half a million of dollars. The Calcutta market is excellently supplied with provisions, arriving from the interior in boats. Game, snipe, wild ducks, venison and fish are to be had in plenty and at comparatively low prices. The population is made up of Hindoos, Mahomedans, half castes, English, Portuguese, a few Americans, French, Armenians, Mughos (Aracanese), Persians, called Moghuls, Chinese, Jews, Madrassers, Parsees, native Christians, and low castes, forming a total of about half a million of souls. In the early part of the last century, Calcutta was but an inconsiderable village, belonging to the Nudda district, and occupied by a few husbandmen. Chowringhee was also but a straggling village, and a forest jungle, interspersed here and there with patches of cultivated land, covered what is now the Esplanade, as late as 1756. In that year, Sourajah ul Dowlah, the soubadhar of Bengal, dispossessed the English of their settlement, on which occasion the English left to defend the factory (established as far back as 1698), were shut up at night in the black hole, a part of an old fort now demolished, of which number only 23 were found alive the next morning. An obelisk, 50 feet high, records the names of the victims of this tragedy. January 1, 1757, Col. Clive, with a body of Madras troops, retook the place, and it has ever since remained in the hands of the British.

The extent of the city is very considerable. Including Fort William, the Esplanade, etc., Calcutta extends along the bank of the river from Kidderpore to Kossipore, a distance of six miles. A handsome quay, called the Strand, is continued two or three miles along the bank from the point at which it meets the Esplanade. It is raised about forty feet above low water mark, and has about thirty principal flights of steps for landing, etc. The Hoogly is here about a mile in width at high water. The residences of Europeans are mostly detached from each other, built in the Grecian style of architecture, and situated in Chowringhee, the southern portion of the city. A view of this part of the city would give a stranger the idea that it was a region of fairy elegance; but right behind it is the native or Black Town, as it is called, which presents a very different appearance. As any description of Calcutta would be imperfect without an allusion to this, we will quote what a competent authority says of the Black Town. Its streets are dingy, narrow and crooked, and consist of huts of earth baked in the sun, or of twisted bamboos, interspersed here and there with ruinous brick bazars, pools of dirty water, cocoa trees and little gardens, and a few very large, very fine, and very dirty houses, of Grecian architecture, the residences of wealthy natives. There are some small mosques, of pretty architecture, and very neatly kept, and some pagodas, but mostly ruinous and decayed: the religion of the people of Bengal being chiefly conspicuous in their worship of the Ganges, and in some ugly-painted wooden and plaster idols, with all manner of hands and arms, which are set up in different parts of the city. Fill up this outline with a crowd of people in the streets beyond anything to be seen even in London; some dressed in tawdry silks and brocades; more in white cotton garments, and most of all black and naked, except a scanty covering round the waist; besides, figures of religious mendicants, with no covering but their long hair and beards in elf locks; their faces painted white, yellow and dirty red; their beads in one ghastly, lean hand, and the other stretched out like a bird's claw to receive donations; marriage processions, with the bride in a covered chair, and the bridegroom on horseback, so swathed round with garlands as hardly to be seen; tradesmen sitting on the ground in the midst of their different commodities; and old men, looking on, perched, naked as monkeys, on the flat roofs of the houses; carts drawn by oxen, and driven by wild-looking men with thick sticks; attendants, with silver maces, pressing through the crowd, before the carriage of some great man, and we have a curious scene of motley character.

VIEW IN CALCUTTA, EAST INDIES.



NUMA IN THE GROTTO.

The accompanying engraving is from a fine painting by Mr. Howard, an artist whom, we regret to say, is now no more, but who has left us this among other proofs of his delicate fancy and graceful execution. The story of Numa and Egeria is familiar to all of us. Numa Pompilius was the second king of Rome, and reigned from 714 to 672 B.C., or, from the 39th to the 81st year after the building of the city. He was the fourth son of Pompilius Pompo, a distinguished Sabine; he was living in retirement when the Romans summoned him to the throne. He was a wise, prudent and just monarch, fond of peace, a friend of religion, but an enemy of superstition. Egeria was the fabled nymph of the grove of Aricia, and the friend and counsellor of Numa. Numa was accustomed to visit solitary places to meditate undisturbed; and it was a popular opinion that he here enjoyed interviews with a goddess, who dictated to him the laws, both civil and religious, which he established. Indeed, he is said to have declared so himself, since without the sanction of more than human authority, he could not hope to control the fierce and warlike spirits by whom he was surrounded. Ovid says that when Egeria appeared inconsolable for the loss of Numa, Diana changed her into a fountain. Of the grotto near Rome shown as that of the nymph Egeria, Miss Eaton, in her "Rome in the Nineteenth Century," makes the following remarks: "A short drive along a very narrow lane and bad road conducted us to a little green valley, covered with a carpet of soft turf, and shaded by a few scattered old trees. The grotto of Egeria is hollowed out in the steep side of the bank, in a long and deep recess or gallery, with a vaulted roof, and niches at the sides for statues. At the top reclines a mutilated marble statue, not of the nymph, but of a water-god, from which flows the most delicious water I ever tasted. The sides of the grotto are overhung with the beautiful Capillaire plant, which loves to grow on rocks and drink the water-drop. This spot, though much more beautiful in painting than in reality, is, however, highly interesting, and it is now abandoned to solitude as profound as when Numa first sought its enchanted glades. That it is really the haunt of the fabled or mortal nymph whom he loved to visit, and whose counsels, in those sacred shades, poured wisdom on his soul, who is there that would



NUMA IN THE GROTTO OF EGERIA.

not wish to believe? But this gratification is denied us, merely, it seems, because some careless expressions in Juvenal and Ovid have induced some antiquaries to conclude that the fountain of Egeria must have been on the other side of the Via Appia, though I'm sure no valley or fountain can there be found, that the most antiquarian imagination can assign for the abode of the nymph. * * * They have effectually taken from this spot every charm of remembrance, by pronouncing it to be the Nymphæum of some Roman villa."

CONSTANTINOPLE.

Constantinople, as seen from the harbor, presents a dazzling aspect to the traveller. To enjoy it fully, one should approach it in the night, and get his first glance from a caique, as the sun flashes on the domes, and minarets, and crescents that sparkle against the transparent oriental heaven. London, Paris, Vienna and St. Petersburg only present dead sea levels to the approaching visitor; but Stamboul and its suburbs offer a variety of undulating ground. The architecture, too, harmonizes with the rich and varied scene, and, indeed, requires eastern skies, eastern trees, and eastern costume to give it full relief. A building in the oriental style in the north always looks out of place; we feel the want of fountains, and cypresses, and of Mahomedans in flowing robes. Here we have everything united, and we seem about to embark in the thousand adventures of the Arabian Nights. The Golden Horn (the poetical name of the fine harbor of Constantinople) is always crowded with the shipping of all nations; the most remarkable, certainly, being those which hail from different ports of the Turkish empire in Europe, Asia and Africa. The Turkish line-of-battle ships are the most extraordinary and bulky structures conceivable. Many of them carry 140 cannon, of so enormous a calibre that the lower deck batteries throw balls weighing 100 pounds each. The complement of men to some of them is 2000. They look as if they could annihilate hostile fleets and cities, but in reality they are ineffective. The Turks are miserable sailors, and in their hands these huge craft are totally unmanageable. Contrasting with these useless leviathans we may note the caiques, which are the lightest things that float, and are handled by the boatmen with a dexterity fully equal to that of the Venetian gondolas, as they shoot along the water.



VIEW OF CONSTANTINOPLE, AS SEEN FROM THE HARBOR.

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

MY LOVE IS NOT AN ANGEL.

BY DE FLETCHER HUNTON.

O no, she's not an angel
To other eyes than mine;
Her form, though fair and lovely,
I grant, is not divine;
But O, her love is constant,
Her heart is warm and free;
And though she's not an angel,
She's dear as one to me.

When summer friends had left me,
For fairer climes away,
Where nought but laughing sunshine
And gentle breezes play—
Ah! then she loved me dearly,
Nor would from me depart;
But like a dove she lingered,
And nestled near my heart.

Such the trusting confidence
Within her gentle breast;—
She's like a star at evening,
Alone, in night's dark vest;
A star that shines more brightly
Upon this dreary shore,
Because the weary traveller
Then wants its light the more.

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

THE MIDNIGHT GUEST.

BY REV. J. H. INGRAHAM.

I HAD been but ten days in charge of my secluded parish, in the lovely valley of ———, when, one Sunday night, I was late writing in my vestry-room which I made my study. It was the month of October, and the sighing of the autumnal wind made fitful music around the tower, and turrets, and angular buttresses. Sometimes there would be a brief lull, and then the only sound that broke the stillness would be the scratching of my quill pen as it traversed the page. This deep stillness was more than once sharply broken by a gust of wind lifting up and letting fall heavily, and with a rattling noise, the leafless limbs of a majestic elm tree, that rose fifty feet above the ridge-pole of the low Gothic church, though some of its lower branches nearly touched the roof they over-stretched. These, lifted by the billows of the sweeping night wind falling suddenly upon the broad hollow roof, made me start, and the blood to course quicker through my heart; for when I write I have a habit of total abstraction and negation of surroundings; and, in this instance, writing to my brother, who is a clergyman, I wrote indeed with pen and paper before me, but my spirit was by his fireside, face to face, in the well-known room where, in the body, we had often sat together in loving converse, and where he would read my letter; so I was using my pen, but in spirit I was talking to him. These sounds abroad in the air, by suddenly recalling me to my lonely study and midnight lamp, surprised me, and it sometimes required a few seconds of reflection before I could realize and verify the fact as it was. Of course, to find oneself called abruptly back, by a loud noise, to where one really was not in spirit, startles the strongest nerves.

At length I became a little accustomed to these successive lashings and lashings upon the roof, and was no longer taken greatly by surprise by them, when the stillness that followed one of them was broken by a sound that made my heart throb, while my ears were keenly alert. I laid down my pen and listened with wonder. It was a foot-fall in the church. A step was traversing the aisle. It was distinct and not to be mistaken. I felt sure no one was in the church, which the sexton had locked after evening service, and then had gone home to bed. The only communication within was by a door behind me, which led into the exterior chancel.

Yet some one was evidently within; in the darkness they were audibly coming along towards the altar. I thought of the legend of the church, that it had been built over the grave of an Indian warrior, whose son had sold it for a pound of powder to the white man, and that his ghost was often seen moving about the churchyard, while in the midst of the storms rose wild and shrilly his death song. But I was not superstitious. I had no faith in the visitation of the dead to the living. My next idea was, that it might be some one who had slept in the evening service, and been locked in by the sexton, and who now awaked was seeking an exit. The steps grew nearer, and the tread seemed clearly suppressed and softened, as if the walker was desirous of not making a noise. It then occurred to me that it might be the midnight visitation of a church thief. With the thought I rose quickly to lock the door behind me, which led into the church. But in the movement I overturned my candle, and extinguished it; and the same instant the door was pushed open and the glare of a dark lantern blinded me, as the light in it flashed suddenly upon my eyes. It was carried by a man wrapped in a cloak, and an old black hat upon his head.

Upon seeing me he seemed surprised, and stepped back, with the exclamation, quickly uttered:

"You here? Well, it is man to man!"

The voice was hoarse and savage, and, as well as I could distinguish the face in the shadow behind the lantern which he carried, I could recall it. He was a young man, with a handsome face haggard and worn, and his large black eyes flashed with fire. He threw himself into an attitude of attack, and drawing a knife

from beneath his cloak, he raised the glittering blade in the air, and advanced upon me.

"I did not expect to find you here, sir. But I am not to be defeated in my purpose, though gaping hell yawned in my path!" As he spoke he caught me by the collar of my study-gown, and twisting his hand with nervous strength in its folds upon my breast, he said in a tone that made me tremble for my life:

"You are unarmed. You are a clergyman. I would not harm you on both accounts. God knows, I desire to shed no man's blood. But I must have what I come for. Necessity knows no law. Swear to me by all your hopes of immortality, by your honor as a man, and faith as a Christian priest, that you will keep secret this interview. Swear never to unfold what I do. Only on this condition will I let you live!"

I had now all my self-possession. I made no effort to release myself from his strong grasp; but I said firmly and gently:

"Brother, I know not your purpose here. I can take no oath such as you dictate. But if you will reveal your object in coming here to night, I will then say whether I will preserve your secret."

For a moment he hesitated. The shining blade seemed ready to fall; but he was irresolute, and the next moment he released me, and pointing to a chair, said:

"Sit there. You shall see what I will do. Move at the peril of your life!" And he took a pistol from his pocket, cocked, and laid it upon the table where I had been writing. He then took a book from the case, behind which I was accustomed to keep the key of the wardrobe of the vestry in which were kept the priestly robes, the offering money and the massive silver communion service, consisting of six pieces of great value and beauty of workmanship, the gift of an opulent churchman of the neighborhood.

He proceeded to unlock this armor, and as I now divined his object without a doubt, I said:

"Sir, I see you are in difficulties. You want money. Do not commit the sacrilege you are now contemplating. If you are in great need, I will cheerfully give you what money I have in the parish treasury."

He paused with the ward-room door ajar, and turning his lantern towards me, said quickly:

"How much is it?"

"Not more than ten or eleven dollars."

"Fudge! that will do no good. I did not expect to find money. Sir, I have come for this plate, and I must have it. I have a better right to it than any man. You will oblige me by not opening your mouth. I want no interference!"

I was helpless and in his power. I saw that he was a desperate man, driven to this robbery by some great force of circumstance that rendered him insensible to any appeal. The plate was locked up in a square box of oak, and rested upon the floor of the wardrobe. He raised the box by its two handles, and lifted it upon the table. The heavy jar shook off the cocked pistol, which went off as it struck the floor, and the ball strangely enough shivered the lock of the case so that it opened beneath his hand.

His face lighted up with a singular smile, and he said:

"See, reverend sir, the fates favor me! I hail this as a good omen. It can't be said, at least, that I broke the lock."

I made no reply. Although I am a clergyman, I also am a man, and have the ordinary courage and firmness of men. Holy orders does not of necessity inculcate with effeminacy. Although ministers are non-combatants, and so considered by the world on the same footing with women, it being regarded as unmanly to insult a clergyman as to insult a female, yet, nevertheless, the true spirit of manhood still exists beneath the surplice of the priest. A minister, therefore, may manifest, if occasion renders it exercise necessary, the courage of a warrior and the fearlessness of a soldier. He may defend his house, his family, his own person, property entrusted to him, as successfully and ably as another man. He may never assault, for his vocation is peace; but he may lawfully draw the sword in defence of his person or rights when attacked by the sword.

I had been, in my earlier youthful days, in the navy, and had seen battles abroad, and been under fire, and had gone through adventures of perils by land and sea, that tested the bravery of all engaged; and I am not aware that, in taking orders, I have lost any of my personal courage.

The communion service was under my charge, and I felt bound to defend it, and prevent the sacrilege which I saw going on before my eyes. No sooner did the pistol fall than I sprang forward and grasped it as a hand weapon of defence against his knife, which he held in his left hand. I had no sooner seized upon it than he took his knife in his right hand, and springing upon me, cried:

"I see you will be so mad as to provoke your own death!"

I received the point of the dagger in the lock of the pistol, and by a turn of the wrist, snapped it off an inch in length. Surprised at the unlooked for attitude I had assumed, he drew a second pistol, and said, firmly:

"I do not wish to kill you. But I will do so unless you take your seat again. The first movement to interfere will be the signal for your death!"

His tone and manner showed me that I had a desperate man to deal with, and that he who would not hesitate to commit a sacrilege, would not, if hard pressed, withhold his hand from a murder.

He held his pistol ready in his teeth, and began rapidly to remove the vessels of silver from the case, and place them in a very large silk handkerchief which he spread out on the table to receive them. First, he took out the massive tankard, and then two cups lined with gold; then a paten, richly chased, with a coronal of gold ears of wheat around the edge; and lastly, the two offertory plates. In a receptacle in one corner of the case,

was a small tin box, in which I deposited the communion offering; for the poor. This he took up, and pouring out the money, rapidly estimated it with a glance of his eye.

"This is your poor fund. Keep it. I have all I want here," he said, as he firmly tied up the pocket-handkerchief by the four corners. "I leave you, sir, to replace the case. But first I wish to ask you, on your honor as a gentleman, do you know me?"

I replied in the negative.

"Did you ever see me before?"

"No."

"You would know me again?"

"Without doubt."

"Can you keep a secret?"

"Not this, sir," I answered. "I am custodian of this plate. You have robbed me of it. I shall proclaim the robbery at once."

"Ah! you are tempting me to commit a murder, sir," he said, slowly and impressively. "You can well understand that I cannot consent to have this thing known so that I shall be recognized. As the price of your life, you must swear secrecy."

"Never," I answered. "This would be consenting to be a party to this infamous sacrilege which you have now committed. My silence would fairly give rise to a suspicion that the robbery was my own act. Be assured, both for my own clearance as well as for the ends of justice, I shall describe your person with accuracy."

"I like your firmness, sir. I perceive that your silence would give busy malice play for her tongue, which spares neither clergy nor laity. I see you will be accused of the robbery if you are silent. I do not desire to do any injury. I have a mode to propose which will save your good name. If I will give you a note, addressed to one of your vestry-men, acknowledging this act, will you pledge yourself not to speak of it to any one until to-morrow at noon, and then to place the note in the hands of the wealthy parishioner to whom it is addressed. Your life, sir, I need not say, is at stake on your answer."

"Let me first read the note," I answered.

He laid the pistol, which he had taken from between his teeth, upon my writing-desk before him, pointed towards me, and the trigger within reach of his fingers. He then took my pen, with which I had been writing, and half a sheet of sermon paper. Dipping the pen in the inkstand, and with his eyes more upon me than upon the paper, he wrote rapidly half a dozen lines, and signed it with one single name. I saw, while he was writing, that his hand was white and shapely, and that of a man delicately reared up; while his figure, air, voice and language all manifested the education of a gentleman. His age could not have been more than four or five and twenty; his hair was dark brown, his face pale and intellectual. His appearance was that of a man who had quaffed deeply of the pleasures of fashionable vices.

He rapidly read what he had written, and then rising, placed it in my hand, and held the lantern while I read it.

"Vestry-Room, St. Mark's Church,—midnight."

"Sir,—In order to save the life of your rector, I pen these few words. I am the person who has taken the church plate. I consider that it is rightfully mine. You will clear Rev. Mr. ——— of all censure, as he bravely defended the property, but I was armed. You can publish this, if you think best."

To Col. George ———.

BARKSDALE.

"Now, no questions, if you please, sir," he said. "If you promise me to be silent until you place this in the hands of your parishioner, I will take your word, and bid you good-night."

I had no choice. His pistol covered my heart.

"I promise," I answered; "but be assured I shall not long delay when noon arrives, in conveying the letter to its destination. Are you known to ———?"

"No questions, sir. Good-night. You will follow me at your peril."

Thus speaking, he placed the handkerchief containing the plate under his short-cloak, and went to the rear door, which led into a lane that opened into the main street. The key was on the inside. He deliberately took it out, and opening the door, disappeared, locking me in from the outside. The dark lantern went with him, and I was left in total darkness. For a few seconds I heard his rapidly receding steps down the green lane; I rose and looked through the diamond-paned window, and could see his shadowy form melting into the darkness. He had extinguished the lantern, and was evidently retiring with great precipitancy. For a few moments I stood reflecting upon what had so strangely transpired. It seemed to me I must be in a dream. I said to myself: "I have fallen asleep in my chair while writing, and am dreaming all this. I will see if I cannot awake, and so prove that I have been asleep."

I rubbed my eyes, till prismatic circles of light seemed to surround them; and yet I was not sure of my wakefulness; so I poked my way to my match-box, and finding a match, ignited it, and lighted my candle. As its rays illumed the darkness, the open wardrobe, the empty case upon my table, fully verified the reality of the robbery. The note in my hand, directed to one of the most opulent men in the parish, who resided two miles down the valley on his estate, removed all doubts.

With a sad heart, and pity for a young man, who, evidently born to a better career, had, through sin, been brought to do this deed, I replaced the case with its shot-shivered lock, and turned the key upon the wardrobe. I soon put out my light, and left my vestry by means of a passage through the church, one of the doors of which was locked with the key inside.

The night was calm. The wind had gone down, and the stars glittered with diamond-like sharpness. Orion was majestically wheeling over the arch of the universe, and in the south, Sirius glowed like a lesser sun. For a few minutes I stood on the lawn,

and gazed upward towards the peaceful skies, to gather composure from their majestic serenity. I found my family, which usually were sound asleep when I came in after my midnight vigils in my study, all awake, and the first question was, "Who could have fired that gun so near us? It startled us all."

I made no explanations. I did not wish to alarm them, and give them all dreadful night visions of rapine; and so kept my counsel until morning; and, besides, I was under a life-pledge to be silent until noon, when I should deliver the mysterious note to its address.

Upon visiting my vestry-room in the morning, I found upon the floor the point of the stiletto which I had broken off by entangling it in the lock of the pistol. My secret was painful enough to carry for the three or four hours till noon. At eleven o'clock precisely, I mounted my old family horse, and rode in the direction of the Col. —'s residence. After quitting the village, the road led along the tree-fringed bank of the brook, past cottages both of the well-to-do and the poor. A lovely November morning, and a delightful ride, cheered in some degree the gloom of my spirits. The valley was about a mile wide, an elm-dotted interval, partly pasture and once in wheat and golden corn. At length I came in sight of the roof of the stately mansion to which I was bound. It stood on a noble rise from the stream, and was surrounded by gigantic centurial trees, elms, oaks and walnuts. Its gateway, close upon the road, was massive and ornamental, with bronzed mastiffs upon the stone pillars. A graveled avenue led, by windings among trees and shrubbery, to the imposing front of the mansion. My old horse, not being remarkable for his beauty, or the smoothness of his hide, being a gaunt but safe and aged beast, but not ornamental to a gentleman's grounds, I dismounted and tied him to a post; albeit he needed no securing, for it was not his habit voluntarily to remove from the spot where he was left. If he was not tied he fancied that he was, which was the same thing.

I walked to the house with some excitement of feeling, which grew upon me as I approached the door. I looked at my watch, and saw that it was ten minutes to twelve o'clock. "In a few minutes," thought I, "the seal of silence will be broken, and I shall also know the mystery connected with the note I bear."

I was ushered through a handsome hall, by a servant, into the rear parlor, which Col. Heath made use of as a library. He received me with great courtesy and cordiality, being a hospitable old school gentleman, with manners very urbane and winning.

I found him reading a work on planting trees, and referring to me, asked if I took much interest in such matters. I did not reply; for, at that instant, my eyes fell upon a portrait opposite on the wall, the countenance of which was the very image of the young robber of the preceding night. It was taken in a military uniform. I must have started and betrayed my surprise; for the colonel, glancing in the direction of the portrait, said:

"You are struck with that painting, sir. It is greatly admired. It was painted by Sully, and is, I think, his *chef d'œuvre*. It is a likeness of my elder brother," he added, sadly, "who was killed in Mexico on the heights of Churubusco. It has been painted many years." He then abruptly added: "You do not look well, sir."

I could not but marvel at the extraordinary likeness to the young robber, but made no remark; for, at that moment, I heard the silvery sound of the mantel clock striking the hour of twelve.

"Pardon me, sir," I said, with an emotion which I felt trembling in my voice, "but I have come to make known to you an extraordinary robbery which took place last night in the vestry-room of the church."

"A robbery, sir? Indeed! What was taken? Did you find out the perpetrator?" he asked, eagerly.

I then began to reveal to him the circumstances of the sacrilege, as they are already made known to the reader. When, on my conclusion of the narrative, I showed him the fragment of the blade, he said, with the deep interest with which he had listened all along:

"This is a very remarkable affair. Describe to me the robber, if you please."

I did so, and he turned deadly pale; and when I placed the note in his hands (not without some misgivings, for most painful suspicions were already awakened in my mind), he had no sooner read it than he pressed both of his hands closely upon his face, groaned heavily, and seemed thoroughly overpowered, as if with the shock of some sudden and great calamity.

I remained silent, and my heart bled with sympathy. I was satisfied that there was some mysterious connection between the robber and the opulent proprietor. I waited until he should first speak. I could not open my lips. I knew not what to say, or what consolation to offer. All I understood was that the sight of the note had produced this extraordinary effect upon him.

It was full two minutes before he removed his hands. The fingers were wet with tears. He was pale as marble. He gazed at me with a stare of unutterable woe.

"Reverend sir, pardon me. This has been a heavy blow indeed. I pray Heaven will endue me with strength to bear up under it. You are a minister—my minister; I esteem you,—I know you. I feel that you will understand and appreciate all. Hear me what I have to say, and pray give me your counsel. What I am about to state, I need not say, is strictly confidential. O, my poor, poor lost boy! Sir, pardon me; I cannot compose myself all at once. It is a grievous stroke from my Heavenly Father's hand. The person whom you saw last night, sir, is—my adopted son! My lips ought to be of steel to reveal it. But I know I shall have all your sympathy. Sir, he was my dear brother's only child, and when he fell on the field, I adopted him as my son and my heir. At the time, he was at the university.

His father had only his pay; and the sudden elevation to prospective wealth changed a promising youth to a dissipated libertine. Having no children of my own, I indulgently gave him unlimited use of money. Sir, it was my error. I suffer indeed now for my weakness. He graduated and came to my house, when a few weeks' residence proved to me that he was dead to all moral principle; that he had no thought beyond heartless follies, nay, criminal indulgences. His extravagances, his ill morals, his passions, made his name an offence in the ears of all quiet and reflecting people. No unprotected maiden was safe from his tireless pursuits and seductive arts. At length, finding that advice, reproof, even tears, were all thrown away, I began to lose patience and to repent having made him my heir; but when I also reflected that my first having done so had led him to his present dissipated and disgraceful course, which, without my money, he would never have entered upon, I hesitated to disinherit him; though I more than once threatened to do so to his face. At length, his course became beyond all reason, profligate, and having been appealed to by a farmer, whose fair daughter he had led astray, I made up my mind and revoked the adoption. I made a will disposing of all my property to charitable and church purposes. This will I read to him one morning, when he was lying late in bed, after a night's debauch. I then placed five hundred dollars in gold upon his drawing-table, and said to him:

"Sir, from this hour we are strangers. You will leave this house to-day, and never more cross its threshold on pain of being ejected by my servants. You have ceased to be a gentleman, and I shall treat you no longer as such. Were your father, my brother, alive, he would coincide with me in what I do. In order that you may not go forth quite a beggar, and have means to reach some distant city, where, I hope, you will reform, or soon cease to exist, I present you with this money."

"I left him. That day he took his departure. By accident I heard he went away southwards in the stage. It was eight months before I heard of him again. And this was two days ago, or rather nights. He suddenly appeared before me, haggard and worn, and demanded money. As soon as I recovered from my surprise at his sudden apparition, I firmly refused. He tried in vain every argument, and at length began to threaten. Finding he could not move me, and that I was about to call the servant (for, God forgive me, my heart was thoroughly hardened against the reprobate young man who had spent all his living in wantonness), he pressed a pistol against my breast, and with a great oath swore that he would take my life unless I yielded to his demands. Stronger than he was, I quickly disarmed him, when he fled from the room by the open window as he entered. Since then I have been apprehensive of evil. Doubtless he has been secretly lurking about, and thinking of the plate which he knew was valuable (for he was with me in Philadelphia when I purchased it for the church), he conceived the idea of getting possession of it for his necessities. This crime seals his career of sin."

When the colonel ended, we both remained, for a few moments, silent. I now recalled the young man's words—"I have a right to the plate," which were sufficiently explained by what I had now heard. To administer consolation to one under such unusual circumstances of grief, was difficult. In a little while, Colonel Heath, with more composure than could have been looked for, began to talk of the probable destination of the robber with his prey. The idea of giving publicity to his nephew's crime, he could not bear, and resolved to conceal it, and order, as soon as possible, another similar communion set from the city. While we were discussing how its absence should be accounted for at the next communion, which was but two weeks off, while it would take at least a month to replace the lost vessels, a ragged boy was shown in by a servant. He asked for the colonel, and going up to him with vulgar boldness, said:

"I got a letter here for you," and took it out from within the lining of his dilapidated cap.

The colonel opened it, and immediately uttered an exclamation of mingled surprise and indignation. He placed it in my hands after reading it, saying:

"What do you think of that?"

It read as follows:

"DEAR UNCLE,—If you will send by the bearer a good sight check on your banker, in the city, for \$1000, I will, after seeing it, place where you can find, the plate, which I borrowed last night, with faith in this check. Or if the Rev. Mr. — will bring me the check, following the lad, I will, on receiving it, place the articles in his possession."

Your nephew and disinherited heir,
C. BARKSDALE HEATH."

The check was placed in my hands, and I followed the boy. After a good mile's travel, we came to a deserted hut under the cliff across the stream. Here the young man advanced from behind a rock to meet me.

"No words, sir. No sermons. Have you the check?" he asked, with the reckless air of a thoroughly depraved nature.

"Here it is," I answered, scarcely suppressing my indignant emotions. I placed the check in his hand. The boy had already received a piece of money, and left us. He examined the check with care.

"It is satisfactory. Present my compliments to my uncle. You will find the plate hid in the crevice of that rock." He led me aside and showed me the bundle still tied in the handkerchief. I drew it forth and quickly examined it. All the pieces were there. I turned to say so, but found myself alone. The robber departed, no one knew whither. This was seven years ago. If he still lives, he has ceased to make his appearance in our valley. Doubtless his career is long since cut off, and he has miserably perished in some den of vice; for unparalleled wickedness, such as his, soon comes to the end of its tether.

[Written for Ballo's Pictorial.]

THE DYING GIRL.

BY J. S. FRELIGH.

They spoke to me of "broken vows,"
And "confidence betrayed,"
And said he had deserted me
For some strange foreign maid—
In uncomplaining silence long
I suffered and forgave,
And now he comes to prove his love,
But comes too late to save!
Too late to save!

He comes! he comes! O, he will see
The death damps on my brow!
And take one last long-lingering kiss,
For I am dying now—
And faintly comes the light of joy,
O'erclouded by regret,
To leave him thus in loneliness,
For O he loves me yet!
He loves me yet!

THE ALPS.

My first view of the Alps was at Berne. I had taken a walk, toward evening, to the "Engischo Promenade," as it is called, a mile or so from the city. Thence a fine view of the city is obtained, with its towering cathedral steeple, and the ambergris-colored Aar winding around it as almost to insulate it completely from the main land. I had seated myself, taken a cup of coffee, and bread and honey, was observing the people and scenery, and occasionally casting my eyes in the direction of some huge white clouds, which seemed to hang heavily upon the eastern horizon. The thought occurred to me if those clouds were but mountains, how magnificent would they be; they would be beyond all conception or all description; they would satisfy the most intense yearnings of the imagination; they would fill forever that great desire of the mind to feel, if only once, an impression of the purely sublime.

I listened to the music for half an hour, sauntered around under the trees, and then strayed along the promenade a little farther on, away from the crowd; but my eye still continued, from time to time, to fasten itself involuntarily in the direction of those white clouds. They were the most unchangeable clouds I had ever seen; and the impression gradually grew upon me that there was something unnaturally hard and angular in their outline. Can these, then, be mountains? I confess this thought, as it first darted into my mind, occasioned a kind of trembling and sinking through my whole frame. Is it possible that those clouds in heaven, so white, so ethereal, so high above other clouds, that these are mountains?

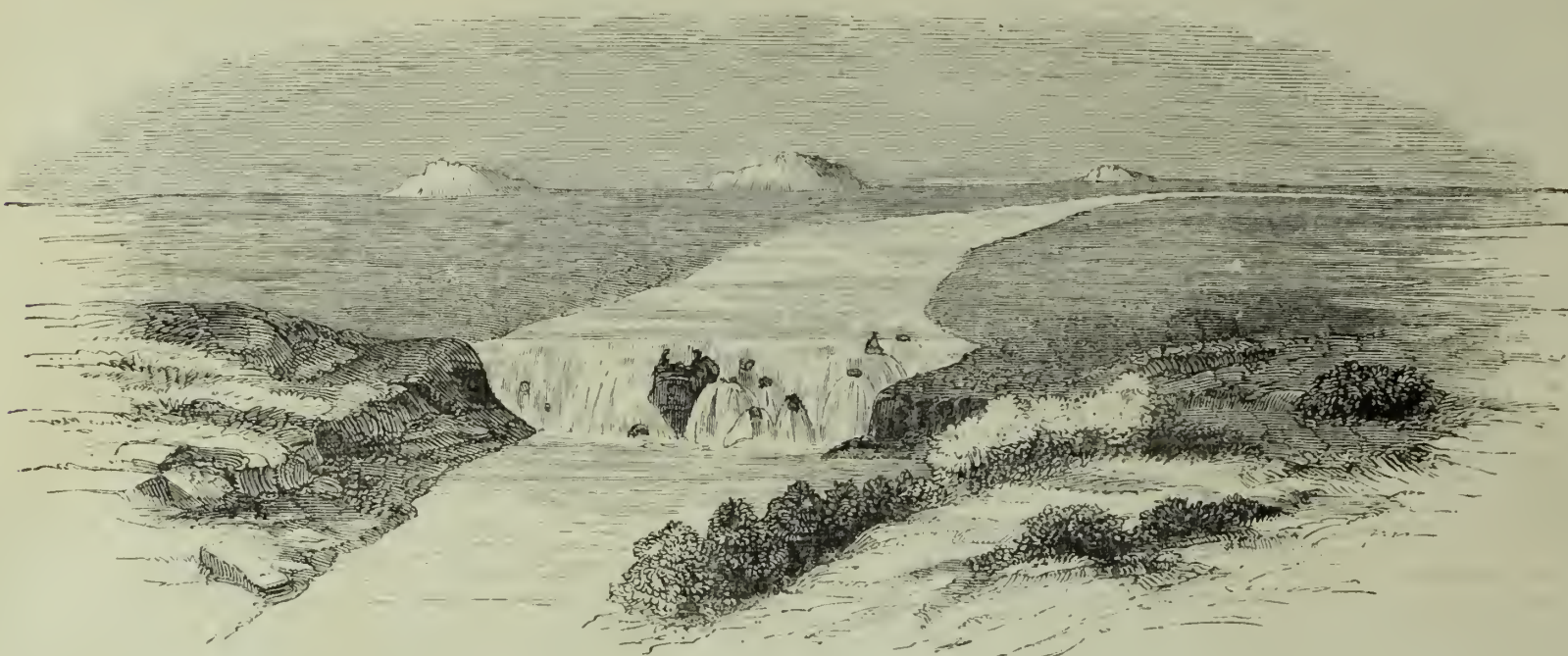
Two peasants were coming along at the time, their coats and scythes under their arms. I walked up to them, and said: "Will you tell me if those clouds there are really clouds or mountains?" They looked at me with some astonishment for an instant, either at the energy of the action, or the singularity of the question, and then, with a bow, answered: "Mountains, sir, at your service." And there they were, indeed, the Alps—the high Alps—like the imperishable white pillars of God's throne, piercing into heaven, incrimed with a pure marble of snow, and faintly tinged with a ruby light, as if it were the smile of the Almighty. I had seen enough. I felt silent, and bowed before the greatness of the works of God.—*Correspondent of Providence Journal.*

THE LOCUST, AND WHAT IT HAS DONE.

Calmat tells us:—"The Hebrews had several sorts of locusts, which are not known among us; the old historians and modern travellers remark that locusts are very numerous in Africa and many places of Asia; that sometimes they fall like a cloud upon the country, and eat up everything they meet with. Moses describes four sorts of locusts. Since there was a prohibition against using locusts, it is not to be questioned that these creatures were commonly eaten in Palestine and the neighboring countries." Dr. Shaw, Niebuhr, Russell and many other travellers into the eastern countries, represent their taste as agreeable, and inform us that they are frequently used for food. Dr. Shaw observes, that when they are sprinkled with salt and fried, they are not unlike, in taste, to our fresh water cray fish. Russell says the Arabs salt them and eat them as a delicacy. Niebuhr also says that they are gathered by the Arabs in great abundance, dried, and kept for winter provisions. The ravages of the migratory locust have been, at particular times, so extensive, as to lay waste the vegetation of whole districts, and even kingdoms. In the year 593 of the Christian era, these animals appeared in such vast numbers, as to cause a famine in many countries. Syria and Mesopotamia were overrun by them in 537. In 852, immense swarms took their flight from the eastern regions into the west, and destroyed all vegetables, not even sparing the bark of trees, or the thatch of houses, after devouring the crops of corn, grass, etc. Their daily marches were observed to be about twenty miles each; and it is said that their progress was directed with so much order, that there were regular leaders among them, who flew first and settled on the spot which was to be visited at the same hour the next day by the whole legion. Their marches were always undertaken at sunrise. In 1541, incredible hosts afflicted Poland, Wallachia and all the adjoining territories, darkening the sun with their numbers, and ravaging all the fruits of the earth. The years 1747 and 1748 afforded a memorable instance of the ravages of these insects in Germany and other parts of Europe, as far north as England.

ENGLAND'S SHAME.

Napoleon said to Las Casas: "The English may be all powerful if they confine themselves to their navy, but they will complicate their affairs, endanger their superiority and lose their importance, if they keep soldiers on the continent." Even with his wonderful powers of prevision, he could not have anticipated the depth of humiliation to which, through the mistaken policy of interfering with the affairs of the continent, his once haughty rival has become reduced. Napoleon could not have foreseen that a British army would find itself reduced to the mortifying alternative of wearing the French uniform; nor that all England—that is, all the snobs and flunkies thereof, who compose a large majority of that favored people—would, in these latter days, prostrate themselves at the feet of his imperial successor. Doubtless the awful shade of the great soldier of France must have grimly smiled when the proud queen of once haughty England, the sovereign of that unshaken nation which crushed even his mighty power, and chained him to his barren rock, stooped to buckle the ribbon of the most noble order of the garter on the left leg of a Bonaparte! Yes, indeed, Waterloo is avenged.—*Boston Courier.*



FALLS OF LEWIS FORK, OREGON.

SCENES IN OREGON AND UTAH.

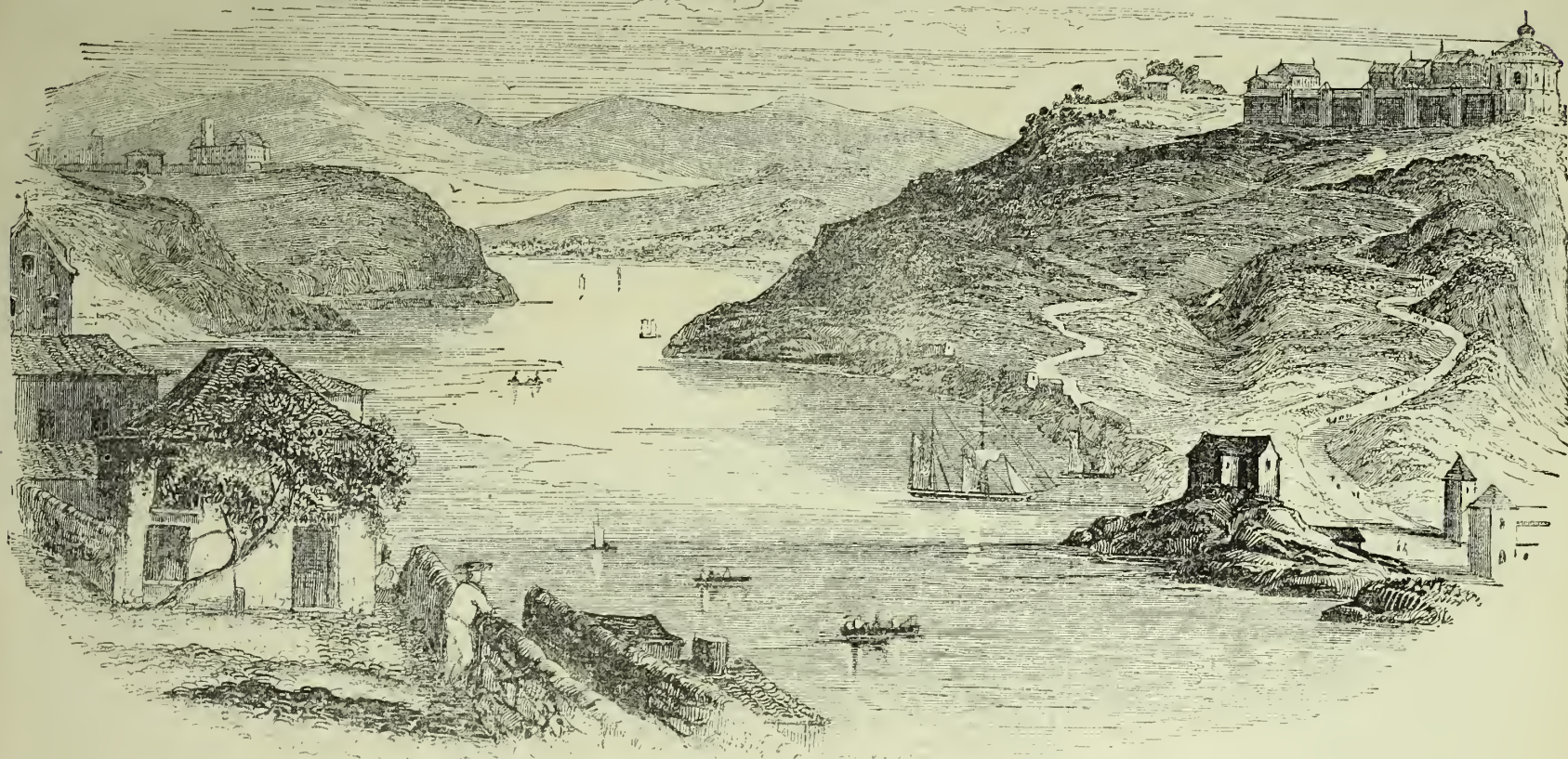
The vast region west of the Rocky Mountains at an early period attracted the attention of our government, and various expeditions were fitted out for its exploration. Lewis and Clarke's, and Major Pike's expeditions, yielded very valuable results, but the explorations of Captain Fremont were the most complete and satisfactory, and his published reports are among the most valuable contributions to American science. The wild country where a few years since the Oregon rolled, and "nothing heard," as Bryant sang, "save its own dashings," is fast becoming settled and civilized. Its physical features are grand and interesting. The Rocky Mountains form a grand and massive chain through it. Who can forget Fremont's description of his ascent to the summit—when he stood upon the crest where a single step would have precipitated him five hundred feet down an icy precipice, and then planting a ramrod in a crevice, unfurled the stars and stripes to the breeze? "We had climbed," he says, "the loftiest peak of the Rocky Mountains, and looked down upon the snows a thousand feet below, and standing where human foot had never stood before, felt the exultation of first explorers." We have selected for illustration the falls of Lewis Fork, one of the two largest branches of the Columbia or Oregon River, described by some travellers as the finest river in America. The Columbia River empties into the Pacific Ocean between two points of land, seven miles apart, Cape Disappointment on the north, and Cape Adams on the south, in latitude 46 degrees 19 minutes, longitude 47 degrees west from Washington. The main river is formed at a distance of 250 miles from its mouth, by the union of two large streams, one from the north, which is usually considered

as the principal branch, and the other, called the Sahaptin, or Snake, or Lewis's River, from the southeast. The southern branch of the Columbia rises in the Rocky Mountains, near the 58th degree of latitude. The furthestmost sources of Sahaptin, Lewis or Snake River, the great southern branch of the Columbia, are situated in the deep valleys or *holes* of the Rocky Mountains, near the 42d degree of latitude. Some distance below its junction with the Port Neuf, the Lewis enters the defile between the Blue Mountains on the west, and another rocky chain called the Salmon River Mountains, on the east. Of the two great branches of the Columbia, and the streams which fall into them, scarcely any portion is navigable for the smallest vessels for more than thirty or forty miles continuously. The Lewis River and its streams offer few advantages in this way; as they nearly all rush, in their whole course, through deep and narrow chasms, between perpendicular rocks, against which a boat would be momentarily in danger of being dashed by the currents. The navigation of the Columbia, especially in the lower part, is at all times difficult and dangerous, in consequence of the number and variability of its shoals; and it is only in fine weather that vessels can with safety enter or leave its mouth, which is guarded by a line of breakers extending across from each of the capes. The engraving shows the broad and liberal aspect of this far western country with its mountains and plains, and conveys a correct idea of the vast water courses that intersect and irrigate it. The second scene is Pyramid Lake, in Utah Territory, a section of country deeply interesting in a physical point of view, and no less so morally and politically—the chosen abode of a strange sect, which has rapidly increased in numbers and power, and whose future

destiny and its relations with the Union present curious themes for speculation. Pyramid Lake, as an examination of our engraving shows, derives its name from the island of rock in the centre, which is an extraordinary freak of nature, and which at a first glance, and indeed, until closely examined, would seem to be a monument erected by human hands. This lake is of considerable magnitude, and with several smaller collections of water, lies at the foot of the great mountain range which separates Utah from California. The figures in the foreground are a group of Americans from the United States, and a few Indians. Of the Indians of Utah, Fremont does not speak in very flattering terms. He says, "From all that I heard and saw, I should say that humanity here appeared in its lowest form, and in its most elementary state. Dispersed in single families, without fire arms, eating seeds and insects, digging roots, such is the condition of a great part. Others are a degree higher." In a few years, judging from the advances that civilization has already made, these remote regions, these wild marvels of nature, that have now been seen but by comparatively few eyes, will be contemplated by hundreds of thousands. With a continuous railroad line from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with branches extending in every direction, with highways and byways, intersecting every available region, the tide of travel will follow in the wake of the tide of emigration. The imagination almost shrinks from the task of calculating the future of the almost illimitable regions added to this country by industry, energy and enterprise. When individual exertions are backed by heavy capital, we have seen that there is no obstacle that will not yield to the combination. If we are but true to ourselves, the greatness of our country will have no equal



PYRAMID LAKE, IN UTAH TERRITORY.



VIEW OF THE SIERRA CONVENT, RIVER DOURO, OPORTO.

SCENES IN PORTUGAL.

The accompanying engravings are taken from sketches made at Oporto, or Porto, a Portuguese city and seaport of great importance. It is built in the form of an amphitheatre, partly on the summits and sides of two hills, and partly on the plain on the north bank of the Douro, about two miles from its mouth. The city contains about 100,000 inhabitants; it is entirely encircled by a wall, with here and there a tower, though the fortifications are not kept in the best order. Our first engraving shows the Sierra convent, on the left bank of the Douro. Originally the abode of a quiet sisterhood of nuns, in modern times it has been turned into a fortified place, and has been the scene of more than one bloody struggle in the civil troubles of Portugal. As it appears in our picture, there is nothing to remind the spectator of the rude events of war. The broad, bright river glides peacefully between the hills—if there be guns upon the eminence, they are masked; if troops, they do not appear. In the foreground is

a rustic mansion, with its fruit trees and shrubbery, while a peasant, reclining on the ruined wall, watches the light skiffs as they glide across the Douro. The second scene is of a more animated character. It shows the bar of the river from the Foz, and gives an idea of the difficulty of the navigation. The harbor within the bar can only be entered by vessels of any considerable burthen at high water, and it is rarely practicable at any period of the tide, for vessels drawing more than sixteen feet. On the north side of the entrance is the castle of San Joao de Foz, near which a lighthouse with a fixed light stands on high ground. The ordinary rise of spring tides is from ten to twelve feet, and of neap tides from six to eight feet. The bar is liable, from the action of the tides and from the sudden swellings and freshets in the river, to perpetual alterations. The freshets most commonly occur in the spring, and are caused by heavy rains and the melting of snow in the mountains. The rise sometimes amounts to forty feet, and the rapidity and strength of the current are so

great that no dependence can be placed on anchors in the stream. But a freshet never occurs without timely warning, and vessels may be secured by mooring them by cables to stone pillars erected on the quay for that purpose. Alphonso I., in 1174, made Lisbon his capital. In 1805 it was taken and sacked by the French, who held possession of it until 1809, when the British crossed the Douro, and compelled them to retreat. In 1831—32 it became the theatre of a fierce struggle between Don Pedro and Don Miguel, his brother. The siege of Oporto lasted for a year, during which time Don Pedro's artillery nearly ruined the town, while the rapacity of Don Miguel's troops impoverished the wretched inhabitants. It has been since slowly recovering from the shock it then received. Its principal article of commerce is the well known port wine, produced on the banks of the Douro, some fifty miles above Oporto, and which has obtained its name from its being exclusively shipped at Oporto. It exports more than 40,000 pipes annually.



VIEW OF THE BAR OF OPORTO.

[Translated for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

BY CARL RUPERT.

[The favorite ballad of Uhland's with most is probably the following—*Des Sängers Fluch*—which he has devoted to express his sense of the ultimate triumph of the Bard.]

In olden times there rose
A castle high and grand,
Whose sun-reflected glows
Illumed the ocean strand.
And fragrant gardens lay
Like garlands all around,
Where sparkling fountains did play,
That seemed with rainbows wound.

By haughty king 'twas owned,
Who, rich and conquest-proud,
Sat there in might enthroned,
So pale and scowling browed.
His thoughts were woes unheard,
Grim terror was his glance,
A scourge was in every word,
He wrote it with his lance.

There came to his gate one day
A gentle minstrel fair,
The old man's locks were gray,
The young had golden hair.
The elder with his harp
A lordly steed astride,
Thus to the younger spoke,
Who followed at his side:

"To-day it doth behoove us,
Our deepest strains to sing;
Let joy and sorrow move us;
We play before a king!
To-day we must together
Perform a chilling part,
And let us do our utmost
To touch his stony heart."

Already stand the minstrels
Within the pillared hall;
The monarch and his consort
Sit throned before them all.
The king in splendor shone
Like the flashing northern light;
The queen looked, on her throne,
As she who rules the night.

Beneath the old man's beat,
The tones came strong and clear,
And swelling full and sweet,
They fell upon the ear.
The stripling's song divine
Rose high above his lyre,
The father's voice between
Came like a ghostly choir.

They sing of spring and love,
Of manly hearts that bless
The free and golden time,
Of faith and holiness;
They sing of all that softly
Imbues the human breast,
They sing of all that's lofty
The human heart can quest.

The circling courtier crowd
Forgot to jest and frown;
The monarch's warriors howed
Before their God adown:
The queenly breast in throes
Was trembling half in joy,
She watched her bosom's rose
And cast it to the boy.

"Ye would my vassals wean,"
Loud cried the king in storm,
"And now ye seek my queen,"
And shook his royal form;
He hurled his deadly lance,
It pierced the bosom fair,
Whose ruddy fountains glance,
Like songs so lately there.

As by a tempest Sundered,
The listening throng is broke;
The youth his last is gasping,
Wrapped in his father's cloak.
He lifts him to the saddle,
And leads away the steed;
The wounds along the court-yard,
Leave traces as they bleed.

Close by the lofty portal,
The gray-haired minstrel stays,
He takes that harp so valued,
A harp beyond all praise,
And dashed it on a column
Of marble that was there.
Then cried he till with horror
Rang castle, wood and air:

"Ah, woe to ye! proud courts!
Ye ne'er again shall hear
The sound of merry sports,
Or songs that echo clear:
But groans shall fill thy halls,
And signs of servitude,
Till o'er thy mouldered walls,
The ghosts of vengeance brood!"

"Ah, woe to ye! sweet gardens!
In all this May-day light,
To thee I show this murder,
This dread and bloody sight.
The flowers shall fade and wither,
The fountains cease to flow,
Till he who cometh hither,
Shall find ye lying low."

"And thou, O murderous monarch!
On thee the minstrel's curse!
In vain be all thy longings
To live in poet's verse;
Forgot shall be thy story,
Without a record's care,
Be, as the latest gaspings,
That die upon the air."

Thus spake the aged minstrel.
The heavens have heard on high;
Who asketh for that castle,
Sees where those ruins lie;
Where still one lofty column
Points silent to the sky,
And yet so frail 'tis threatened
By every night-wind's sigh.

Around no fragrant gardens,
But all a dreary heath;
No tree to cast a shadow,
No fount with rainbow wreath;
The monarch's name, no poet,
No hero books rehearse,
'Tis gone, and none shall know it,—
Such was THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

NINA.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

Who wearies of contemplating the remarkable filial affection displayed by French women at the period of the Revolution? Happiness, liberty, and even life, were willingly sacrificed for a loved mother or an honored father. How such a sentiment exalts the human character! How forcibly it speaks to us of the total forgetfulness of self! Undismayed, young girls courageously fronted the inexorable Tribunal, entreating with tears and supplications, the lives of parents, groaning in wretched prisons. This knowledge undoubtedly blunted the arrows of misfortune, and weakened the sense of calamity. It was not a morbid, fanatical zeal that inspired those heroic women to deeds of sublime disinterestedness, but a whole-souled devotion to kindred, a never-dying attachment, which peril only strengthened, which danger never lessened. Through this fearful ordeal the feminine character preserved its grace, sweetness and dignity; attributes, which, it has been said, seldom accompany courage. This is a mistake; sympathy and gentleness are incentives to fortitude; modesty and virtue are often its handmaids.

Nina de Frois walked swiftly through one of the darkest and narrowest streets of Paris, at a late hour in the evening. A fine rain was falling, and a thick mist rendered objects almost invisible, though here and there a lamp burned dimly. Reaching a small, low house, evidently occupied by poor people, she paused and knocked softly. A middle-aged female, dressed coarsely but tidily, opened the door.

"Ursula?" said the young girl, in a low voice.

The woman looked earnestly at the figure before her.

"Don't you recognize me?" asked the speaker, loosening the large hood that covered her face, and throwing off the heavy cloak she wore.

"Mademoiselle Nina!" exclaimed the woman.

"Hush! good Ursula. We shall be overheard!"

In silence the door was closed, locked, and both entered an inner room, faintly lighted by fire on the hearth.

"Alone in the street at this hour! How dared you, mademoiselle?" pursued Ursula, hanging the wet cloak and hood beside the chimney. "I fear you have been imprudent. Did you not know that—"

"I know that I have everything to fear, my friend," interrupted Nina; "but I have courage to brave all. Storm and darkness are not the most fearful things that can overtake us."

"That is true; they are small evils. But what has happened? Why are you here? You tremble; your cheeks are pale. You are ill."

"No, I am not ill, my friend; but I am unhappy—very unhappy, Ursula," murmured the girl, affected by these kind words. "My mother is dead; I have no sisters; and I have sought you. Advise me, assist me; my father is in danger!"

"He is not—"

"No, Ursula; not yet, not yet!" answered Nina, while an involuntary shudder passed over her. "But others die; why may not my father? O, my friend, help me to conceal my father, and God will bless you for the act!"

"Be calm! be calm! What I can, I shall do willingly. The Duke de Frois has been kind to me, and you are as dear to me as a child, mademoiselle."

"I believe you! You are good; your heart is warm and generous; you can sympathize with my fears. Let me go for my father at once, that morning may not expose him to his enemies."

Nina spoke passionately; heavy sobs agitated her bosom, and she closely pressed the hand of Ursula, who listened to her with glistening eyes.

"Not to-night, not to-night," she said, firmly. "You are excited; you will not be prudent and cautious. Your eyes are too brilliant; your lips are as pallid as your cheeks; constant anxiety has made you ill. Remain here until to-morrow; then we can arrange the matter."

"And you will save him?" cried the impetuous Nina.

"If I can, my child. But I am a poor woman; I can do but little."

The young girl rose, and drew on her hood and cloak.

"You are not going!" said Ursula, in surprise.

"Yes, my friend. My father will miss me, and become alarmed."

ed. Do not fear; I shall do very well. I shall come again to-morrow."

Ursula pleaded the hour, the danger of such a lonely walk; but the young girl was resolute. She passed out into the dark street, undaunted by the apprehensions of the matron, who, having for many years been an inmate of her father's family, entertained for her a motherly affection.

Nina de Frois walked boldly on. It was true the wind played mournful dirges round the corners, and the high buildings flung sombre shadows on the walk; but she was not afraid. She was not conscious of the surrounding obscurity; the rain fell unheeded; the overcast sky, hung with murky clouds, awakened no feeling of apprehension. She was thinking of the safe retreat she had provided for her father; picturing to herself the satisfaction she should take in conducting him thither. Ursula was faithful and devoted; she would minister to his wants, soothe his fears, and advance his happiness as far as circumstances would permit. One thought of self never intruded on her reflections; self-abnegation was a prominent characteristic in her disposition. A calm reliance on a Power mightier than man's, an unwavering belief that tyrants would, ere long, be stopped in their career of blood, enabled her to hope that she should remain unmolested in a quiet retreat.

Nina quickened her pace, imagining that she heard footsteps. Was she followed? It must be, for the sounds grew more and more distinct, being, apparently, directly behind her. It is not wonderful that the young girl's heart beat quicker, or that she drew her cloak more closely about her person. The danger—if any there were—was close at hand. The steps came nearer, nearer; now they were beside her; and she felt a hand laid lightly on her arm.

"Ninn!" said a voice.

The young girl stood mute and motionless.

"Nina!" was again repeated, in a louder key.

"Claude!" she exclaimed, with that nameless thrill that pervades the entire being at a sudden and pleasant recognition. Her lover, and not an enemy, walked at her side! He dared not speak before, lest his suspicions should prove incorrect, and be the unintentional means of terrifying an unprotected woman. But love is sharp-sighted; closer proximity revealed unmistakable signs of identity to his wondering eyes. Exclamations and hurried inquiries followed. Nina explained her strange situation, and related her plan. Though Claude trembled at the risk she had run by her midnight walk, he appreciated the sentiment that prompted it. A good daughter, he thought, would make a good wife.

At a well chosen hour on the following evening, Nina and Claude attended the white-haired father to his place of refuge. Ursula had provided a small upper room for his use, and thither his attentive child conveyed books and other comforts, whenever she could do so without observation. An asylum for herself was soon procured, where her time was chiefly spent in reading, and writing to her lonely parent. She wrote hopefully and cheerfully, avoiding any reference to the horrible scenes transpiring around her, lest she should add to his unhappiness.

A few days subsequent to the duke's removal, Claude found Nina in tears. He was filled with alarm.

"I weep," she said, smiling, "but it is for joy—joy that my father is secured from the cruelty of wicked men! The dreadful words are spoken—the Duke de Frois is proscribed! But Ursula is a friend; she will protect him with her life."

"You must fly!" Claude exclaimed. "Every moment you remain in this place increases your peril!"

"Flight will not lessen the danger. Nina de Frois is already proscribed!" The lover was overwhelmed with anguish at this terrible announcement. Nearly distracted with grief and anxiety, he besought her to fly with him at once.

"What! leave my aged father?"

"You can give him no more assistance. In a retired portion of the city, under Ursula's protection, he is comparatively safe, while you are momentarily exposed to arrest." Seating herself by his side, her eyes glistening with tears, she said:

"You are very dear to me, and, sometime, I hoped to be your wife. But my father is also dear. It is my duty to be near him. If I cannot assist him, I can share his danger, or die with him!"

Claude expostulated, but Nina only promised to keep herself secluded as much as possible. She was too generous to compromise Ursula by her presence, though she found means to communicate with her at long intervals; but she had not sounded the depths of Ursula's charitable heart. She was poor. The days that filled prisons, and desolated so many homes, had cut off all her means of subsistence. For a period, by numerous devices, she kept above want, but at length she was wholly destitute. This was a calamity unforeseen by Nina, who was herself dependent on the bounty of others; and now her father's property was confiscated.

Nina's indomitable courage did not forsake her. Hearing that a General of the Republic was passing through the city, she hastened to his presence, and threw herself at his feet.

"You see before you," she said, "one who pleads for an unfortunate father. Proscribed, with him, I have been enabled to preserve him from death, as well as myself. At this moment my unhappy parent suffers for want of bread! He will soon die if not succored! I can do little now, save to throw myself upon your generosity. My life shall willingly be given in payment for the debt! I shall await death with pleasure!"

Touched by her courage and devotion, the soldier at once granted her prayer. He not only relieved their necessities, and secretly moved both father and daughter to a place of greater security, but procured the restoration of the duke's confiscated property, after the reign of Robespierre was over.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

HILDA WILDER:

—OR,—

THE CONTOOCOOK TRAIL.

BY BEN PERLEY POORE.

Is not the red man's wigwam home
As dear to him as costly dome?
Is not his loved one's smile as bright
As the proud white man's worshipped light?
Mrs. St. Leon Loud.

OTHER rivers may be longer and broader—may be consecrated by more hallowed recollections, or present more picturesque scenery,—but no stream unites so many objects of beauty, of interest, and of usefulness, as the glorious old Merrimac can proudly boast of. Springing into life among the Alps of America, it sweeps around through a lovely land, giving life to cities whose creation eclipsed the work of fabulous magicians; nor did the dragoon's teeth, sown by Cadmus, raise such countless battalions as people these industrial hives. Then, like an exhausted, yet self-satisfied giant, it pours its crystal tide so quietly into the ocean, that a range of deposited sand-bars shuts out Old Neptune.

The history of that portion of the Merrimac within New Hampshire is a romantic record, worthy of a place beside the biographies of those master-minds born upon its banks. The Indian was to the first settlers what the Norman was to the Saxons, and it needed but another Sir Walter Scott to make the story of the savage, "Pennacook," equally interesting as that of the "Scotch Highlander." Reluctant was the doomed savage to leave his loved river! The region which it watered was his home—the home and the grave of his fathers,—and he clung to it with a convulsive grasp, as an infant clasps its mother in the hour of danger. Beneath the pristine glories of the forests on Kearsarge, he had roused the gaunt wolf from his lair, attacked the bear in his winter den, or, with war-bow bent, pursued the moose over the ice-crusted snow. He had speared salmon, by torch light, at Amoskeag Falls, and caught trout in that loveliest of lakes, Winnipiseogee. On the fertile "intervals" were the gardens where his squaws cultivated the ingredients of the luscious "sneecatash," the dried pumpkin puddings, the roasted corn-cakes, and the other delicacies of wigwam fare. There, too, were the hallowed groves where he sat at the council-fire, smoked the calumet of peace, mingled in the war dance, or bowed in homage to the "Great Spirit."

It is not to be wondered at, then, that the Merrimac Indians fought long and well for their birth-inheritance, while the "pale face" pioneers were equally resolute in combating for the "Canaan" of their choice. Mercy was neither sought nor given, and there was many a bloody contest ere the grass grew on the war-paths. Oftentimes the husbandman, going forth to the peaceful labors of the field, was laid prostrate by an arrow from an unseen hand. The quiet of the Sabbath, the calm scene of domestic life—nay, the sleep of the cradle—were broken by the horrid sound of the war-whoop, that requiem of death and of destruction. Frequently death itself was a happy boon, when compared with the lot of the captive, dragged from the enjoyments of civilized life into the wilderness.

Such was the state of affairs in August, 1746, at the pleasant village of Rumford, now known as Concord, the capital of the State. Originally the home of the chief of the "Pennacooks," the red men could not relinquish it without a final struggle, and on the opening of the war with France, in 1744, the few surviving warriors of the tribe enlisted a large war party among the "Abenakis" of Maine, for the recapture of their ancient headquarters. Thanks to a friendly squaw, the good people of Rumford were advised of the intended attack long beforehand, so that they were enabled to instruct their representative at the Boston General Court, to solicit aid, while all capable of bearing arms were daily exercised by Capt. Eben Eastman.

This was anything but agreeable to the goodman, Micajah Wilder, who had that spring moved up from Haverhill, in Massachusetts, and began to make a "clearing" on the ferry-plain, where he hoped to plant a crop of winter wheat before frost. A business man was Micajah, and he looked upon the train-band as a waste of time—nay, before he left Haverhill, he refused to let his daughter, Hilda, wed young Joshua Gorham, solely because the wooer was chosen ensign. As to the present apprehensions, he laughed at them, and expressed a hope that the General Court would refuse Ben. Rolfe any aid. "There was no danger."

"But Minister Walker believes we shall be attacked, father," said Hilda, one Saturday evening.

"Nonsense, child," was the reply. "He only wants logs drawn there to make a stockade of, so that he will have a nice, dry wood-pile there next year. If I had my way, I would send these fellows here from Andover, home again, and tell them to go to planting. It's nonsense for us to be soldiering here ourselves, much less have the Andover train-band here. To-morrow, too, I s'pose we shall have Captain Ladd, and his Exeter men, here. Waste of time and of money for all, I say. Good night."

The irritated yeoman having finished his tirade, strode off to bed, leaving Hilda alone in the kitchen. This occupied the rear half of the house, where the roof came nearly to the ground, while the front section was two stories high. A huge chimney divided the front portion of the house into two rooms below, with corresponding chambers above; and in the kitchen there was a fireplace large enough to hold a load of wood. The windows were filled with small diamond panes of glass, set in lead; the furniture was of unpainted ash, or birch; and the dresser was resplendent with shining pewter ware. Everything looked as

"neat as wax," and testified to the industry of Hilda, who had the entire charge of the household since her mother's death. Girls were sensible in those days, and Hilda Wilder not only kept her father's house, but managed a dairy of half a dozen cows, while her spinning-wheel and shuttle furnished their woolen apparel, with the snow-white linen used on beds and table. Think not from this that Hilda was a blowsy, beet-checked virago. Her figure was slender, and although she was not strictly beautiful, the raven locks which clustered in curls around her expressive countenance, gave a charm to the sweet smile which ever lingered around the corners of her tiny mouth. She was well versed in the practical branches of education, could handle her needle with cunning dexterity, and her sweet voice could be distinctly heard in the church choir.

Hilda, like most of the Rumford girls, was seriously alarmed at the prospect of an Indian assault. And when she retired to her chamber, she could but wish that Joshua Gorham was in the vicinity, to defend her in the hour of peril. All was still in the village, save the occasional barking of a watch-dog, and Hilda, seating herself at an open window, gazed upon the lovely scene.

A light step was heard below, and looking out, the affrighted maiden saw an Indian warrior, painted and plumed for the fray. She started back, and at that moment the measured tread of the patrol was heard close at hand. When it drew near, she again ventured to look forth, but nothing animate was visible. Indeed, she almost persuaded herself that it was a creature of her own imagination that had disturbed her thoughts, although she slept but little that night.

Sunday dawned, with a pleasant, benignant smile. A grave silence reigned throughout the village, excepting at the stockades, where the garrisons were getting under arms. When the drums were beat, the men appeared on their parades, all wearing deer-skin small clothes, blue homespun coats, and steeple-crowned beaver hats—not exactly a uniform, but there was little variation in the style or the quality of their apparel. The captains wore cockades and lace trimmings, carrying long halberds, while small fusils were slung at their backs. After the roll-calls, guards were relieved, and then, marching by tap of drum, the three corps marched to the green before the meeting-house, where they formed in line. By this time, most of the villagers, in their best array, were congregated as spectators, although scarce a word was exchanged. Soon another drum was heard, and the Exeter train-band marched gallantly up, having found the roads too heavy to arrive the afternoon previous. With them came an English officer, sent by the governor to direct affairs, whose rank entitled him to a flag, and the ensign who carried it (Hilda's eyes soon discovered him) was Gorham.

The truth was that his affection for Hilda had but increased since she left Haverhill, and he had eagerly accepted a proffered post, where he could be near her in the hour of danger. He was a fine-looking young fellow, nor was it a wonder that Hilda loved him, for he was a universal favorite. No young man in the Hampshire settlements had half the number of friends as "Josh Gorham," each one ready to testify that the ensign was the best fellow, the best shot, the best hunter—in short, he was the *beau-ideal* of everything that was excellent. A glance exchanged between the young lovers made their "blood ebb and flow, and their cheeks change tempestuously." Each felt that they loved well, if not wisely, and that the affection was reciprocated.

When the military, after customary salutes, had filed into the church, and taken seats on the right and left of the pulpit, the congregation followed them. A barn-like structure was this sacred edifice, with a capacity better suited to the prospective than to the present wants of the population of Rumford. There were a few square pews in the centre of the house, put up by especial vote of the town for a few aristocratic families, but most of the audience occupied seats on long benches—not as fancy led them, but exactly where the town's committee had given them places. The pulpit, overshadowed by a huge "sounding board," towered over the "deacon's seat," while in a corner sat the child terrifying "tytbling-man," with his wand of office.

The discourse of Parson Walker had been composed expressly for the occasion, and after exhorting his parishioners not to fear, he addressed the stranger-troops. Complimenting them for their gallant promptitude, he hoped that they would be equally prompt in enlisting into the army of Emmanuel. They were well-armed, yet each man should have the breastplate of righteousness, the helmet of salvation, the sword of the Spirit, and the shield of faith, that the evil adversary might be resisted.

Truth compels us to state, that Ensign Gorham paid but little attention to this discourse; neither did Hilda Wilder, who sat blushing in the singer's gallery—yet neither found it long. After the conclusion of the service, the troops were marched to the stockades, and the congregation separated for a brief intermission. Some of the singers went to the river, where the Exeter train-band was stationed, and Hilda joined them. But while crossing a small thicket on the edge of the interval, she loitered behind.

Little dreamed she that an Indian, with stealthy tread, was approaching her through the thick hushes, until darting upon her like a panther, he bore her off in his arms. She swooned, but her captor hastened away with his insensible victim, carrying her like a child, until he had gone several miles from Rumford. Leaving the Merrimac, he had followed a beaten trail which led him to the Contoocook, near the branch of which his fire still burned as he had left it in the morning. There was a temporary shelter of bark, beneath which, on a bed of dried leaves, he deposited his burthen. Pale and haggard was that lovely face, which but an hour before was radiant with health and smiles.

When Hilda recovered consciousness, she saw the Indian sitting at her side, and a scream of horror escaped her lips.

"Let not the Bright Star fear," said the savage, in ~~to~~ English. "I have known her long, yet she is unharmed. Let her smile again, and hasten with me to the valley of the Kennebec, where she can share my wigwam."

"Your wigwam?" exclaimed Hilda, vague apprehensions flitting across her mind.

"Yes, the War Eagle has a warm wigwam, and the bright Star can make it happy. Her skin is white, but the blood of her heart is red—the skin of the War Eagle is red, but the blood of his heart is red, also; let, then, these hearts be united."

"But the War Eagle knows me not," replied Hilda, who saw that her only hope of escape lay in an appeal to the sympathies of her captor.

"Nay. Often has he seen the Bright Star lower down on the great river, and last night he sought her home to tell his love."

"The War Eagle is brave. Let him choose a squaw from among the maidens of his tribe."

"The War Eagle can love but one," said the chief, moodily; then, gazing earnestly at her as he spoke, he continued: "But perchance another has stolen the love of the Bright Star?"

Hilda did not reply; but the warm blood that mantled her cheek spoke eloquently enough. For a few moments the savage gazed at her in silence; then, springing madly to his feet, he exclaimed:

"Fool that I was to expect love from one of a race before which my tribe has vanished like snow-flakes before the sunbeams of noon. No! no! Once the War Eagle had a soft heart, and could pity; but the pale face has torn all softness from his heart. Let him not shrink, for the blood of the Bright Star must water the grave of his fathers—her scalp must adorn his belt! Then will the War Eagle seek the one she loves, and spill his blood!"

Hilda felt that her hour had come, and offered up a silent prayer for her father and her lover. But ere the ruthless savage had seized her, the agony of death was past, for she had again become unconscious. Grasping her hair with his left hand, he had drawn his knife with the right, and was about to execute his bloody threat, when a flash startled him, followed by a bullet whizzing close to his head. A few seconds more, and Joshua Gorham rushed at him with a cry of defiance. Clenching each other with tiger-like ferocity and Herculean strength, the two young men fought like demons. Every muscle of their frames was distorted, and in the endeavor of each to mortally stab the other, they approached the margin of the Contoocook. Just as they were about to fall from the bank, Gorham, by a desperate exertion, drove his knife up to the hilt in the broad chest of his opponent. Uttering a yell of despair, the savage loosened his hold, and fell into the water beneath, where he soon sank beneath the blood stained waves.

Turning towards Hilda, the conqueror saw with horror that her cheek was cold, and her eyes closed. Raising her carefully, he bore her to the river just above, and there bathed her temples until consciousness was restored. Her eyes were again opened, but instead of the ferocious savage, she saw, with joy, the object of her affection. She was safe; and he had saved her! Not a word was spoken by either; yet each was happy.

Just at that time a portion of the Andover train-band came up, with Hilda's father. Her abduction had been witnessed by one of her companions, who lost no time in giving the alarm. Gorham, dropping the color without ceremony, hastened in pursuit, although, owing to the cunning precautions of the War Eagle, he was somewhat baffled in following the trail. The grief of Goodman Wilder, when he ascertained that his daughter had been carried off by an Indian, knew no bounds. Rushing through the street in the agony of despair, he encountered Capt. Eastman, and in the anguish of the moment, threw himself upon his knees, as he besought his aid to search for his Hilda—the only survivor of his beloved family.

"I am glad to find that you think the train-bands useful at times," replied the veteran, who had been considerably annoyed by the anti-military doctrines of the now desolate parent. "But with all my heart, I hope that we can find her. The Andover men have gone up the Contoocook, and I, with our own folks, am now going down the river."

"Thanks! thanks!"

"Nay, it is but our duty. By the way, I should not wonder if Ensign Gorham brings you the first news, for he went off like a mad."

"Noble youth!" murmured the afflicted parent. "If he finds her, she shall be his."

A few moments afterwards, the woods rang with shouts of joy, and the whole population of Rumford (although the Sabbath sun was not fairly below the horizon) hastened to meet the restored captive; for a swift-footed messenger had come in with the good news. Goodman Wilder found his daughter, pale and exhausted, lying upon a litter, formed of branches of trees, and clasped her to his heart; then, turning towards Joshua Gorham, he said:

"You preserved her from a fate worse than death. Take her, and may blessings attend you both!"

As might have been expected, Hilda was confined to her room by severe indisposition, but soon recovered sufficiently to receive daily visits from her lover. The Indians murdered a party of whites on the day after Gorham killed their chief; but his death dissipated all their projects, and peace again reigned around Rumford. It was not wondered at, however, by the full congregation which attended divine service, a fortnight after Hilda Wilder's abduction, that, after the benediction, the town clerk rose and announced in a loud tone:

"Notice is hereby given that marriage is intended between Ensign Joshua Gorham, of Haverhill, and Hilda Wilder, of Rumford." And in due time they were married.

JOHN N. GENIN.

Mr. Genin, an accurate likeness of whom we have procured to illustrate this page, is as well known as any man in New York city, and enjoys a reputation he has fairly earned. Commencing his career as a practical hatter, he has gone on enlarging his business, until he is now at the head of one of the most extensive establishments in the world. The secret of his business success may be told in a few words; strict integrity and low prices. He has dealt fairly with the public and the public have dealt liberally with him. His old establishment, No. 214 Broadway, is too well known to require any comment at our hands. As one of the wonders of the metropolis, Genin's immense hat store is visited by strangers from all parts of the world. Here is a vast assortment of head gear for gentlemen and ladies, boys and girls, and infants of a tender age, of every style, material and fashion. About three years since he opened his magnificent Ladies' and Juvenile Bazaar, No. 513 Broadway, St. Nicholas Hotel. He had been frequently urged to undertake an enterprise of this kind, and did so when he became fully satisfied that the wants of the public justified it. This bazaar is fitted up in the most costly and luxurious style, comprising as many as fifteen distinct departments, where all articles of dress for boys and girls, and infants, ladies and gentlemen may be obtained. To this grand sumptuary warehouse a lady may take her children and clothe them from head to foot, after the fashions of London and Paris for a less sum than would be required in the aggregate, if the purchases were made at separate stores. The admirable neatness, order and method of the establishment, for which the tact and ability of the proprietor must be credited, render the Bazaar peculiarly attractive. In its arrangement beauty and utility are happily combined. Like all successful business men, Mr. Genin has been an extensive advertiser. He has kept his name and his wares before the public in various ways, and has no reason to regret his liberal expenditures. A correspondent of the Boston Journal, speaking of the Bazaar, says: "A man is employed at a large salary to pace the floor near the main entrance and to guide all who come, to the department they desire. The Bazaar is divided into twelve parts; each has a head, a series of clerks and its own books; each is as distinct as if there was no other department in the store; each is perfect in its kind; the lace department, for example, has a stock worth \$30,000, and anything in that line can be had, from the lowest to the most costly article. One department is full of boys' clothes, with boots, hats and linen; one is for ladies' shoes, all which are made in the building. One department is devoted to millinery; the most costly Parisian and American hats can here be found, with the cheapest. Another department is devoted to dress making; the best talent in New York is employed; a lady from the Fifth Avenue or a lady on a journey, may go out at ten in the morning, buy a dress of Stewart, carry it to the Bazaar, have it made in the most fashionable style, get it promptly in the afternoon, and wear it at a party or at the opera in the evening. A perfect assortment of gentle-

men's furnishing goods is here kept, with hats, canes, umbrellas, gloves, hosiery, fancy articles, jewelry and whips, as if each was the sole business of the proprietor. This whole establishment is independent of Mr. Genin's hat store on Broadway. He has one of the most perfect establishments of the kind in New York; he employs nearly five hundred persons in all. He is a genuine business man. The present reforms in the city began with him. Broadway was so filthy that it could hardly be crossed; the city government could do nothing; it was supposed to be beyond the art of man to turn up the pavement to human eye.



JOHN N. GENIN, OF NEW YORK.

Genin came to the rescue; he worked on his own account; he employed relays of sweepers who worked nights. The pavements turned up, and the people wished to make Mr. Genin mayor. He was too shrewd for that; he knew that if he kept his store, his store would keep him. From that moment the people of New York, like Oliver Twist, have asked for more; and Mayor Wood demonstrates how easy reforms now go on. And the manner that Genin conducts his business, and his success, make him a model for young men."

FRENCH CEMETERY, NEW ORLEANS.

The accompanying engraving is from a drawing made upon the spot, and may be relied upon as accurate. The French cemetery is one of the most noted receptacles of the dead in the country. The tombs, on account of the humidity of the soil, are placed above ground, and not beneath, as is the case in drier regions. The space is crowded with tombs, and alas! they are but too fully occupied, since the scourge of the climate is unsparing in its visitations. Some of the tombs are constructed with tiers of recesses, each of which is sealed up after receiving its silent inmate; this is the case with that in the foreground. The monuments are in various styles of architecture, some of them being exceedingly ornate, while others are perfectly plain.

A SNAKE COMBAT.

Combats between the rattle and black snakes are certain if they meet, and the black snake is with rare exceptions, the conqueror. Upon seeing each other, these animals instantly assume their respective attitudes of defiance, and display the great difference in their organization. The rattlesnake coils itself up, ready for attack or defence; the black snake, being constrictor, moves about from side to side, and is in a constant state of activity—naturally exciting each other's passions. The rattlesnake finally settles down into a glowing exhibition of animosity, its fangs exposed, and its rattles in constant agitation. The black snake, seemingly conscious that the moment of strife has come, now commences circling round its enemy, absolutely moving so swiftly that it seems but a gleam of dull light; the rattlesnake attempts to follow the movement, but soon becomes confused, and drops its head in despair; then it is that the black snake darts upon the back of the neck of its deadly foe, seizes it between its teeth, and springing upward, envelopes the rattlesnake in its folds. The struggle, though not long, is painful; the two combatants roll over in the dust, and get entangled in the bushes; but every moment the black snake is tightening its hold on its adversary, until the rattlesnake gasps for breath, becomes helpless, and at length dies. For a while the black snake still retains its grasp; you can perceive its strong muscles working with constant energy; but finally, it cautiously uncoils itself, and quietly betakes to the water, where, recovering its energy, it dashes about a moment as if in exultation, and disappears from the scene.—*Harpers' Magazine*.



FRENCH CEMETERY, AT NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.
LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

ART FOR THE PRESENT TIME.

An editorial article in a recent number of that valuable art-journal "The Crayon," quotes with approbation a declaration of the poet Lowell, "The man who dwells in the past is a dead man; he who dwells in the future, a man yet unborn; he who lives in the present, is the only one who has a genuine existence," and then applies the remark to art with great force and plausibility. It is unquestionably true that if they would benefit the age, artists must reflect its spirit, must embody current ideas, and paint existing scenes and events. The "great masters" so often quoted, so exclusively worshipped sometimes, were thus true to the age in which they lived. Greek art reproduced ideal images of Greek gods and goddesses—Roman art gave to the world Roman gladiators, Roman gods and Roman heroes—the painters of the revival of arts and letters, if they reverted to antiquity for subjects, did so, because in their time, every one was studying antiquity, restoring its remains, and all were thoroughly imbued with classicism. But where did the Dutch painters choose the subjects for their highly prized works? from roadside inns, from village festivals, rustic weddings, burgomasters' gardens and farmers' cattle-yards. We do not point to the Dutch painters as examples—but it cannot be denied that at least they formed a school of art, and made a name. The works of antiquity which have come down to us, derive a great share of their value from the fact that they were true to the time in which they lived.

THE PICTORIAL.

Four more numbers will complete the eighth volume of our illustrated paper, and those whose subscription expires at that time will bear in mind the necessity of renewing their subscriptions at once, in order to secure the work complete. We shall be prepared to bind up the numbers of the past volume as fast as brought in to us, and return the volume, elegantly and perfectly bound in full gilt, in one week, at the regular charge, as heretofore, of one dollar, supplying an illuminated title-page and complete index.

We would suggest to our readers to turn over the back numbers of the present volume, and observe whether we have not fully kept our promise of improvement and liberality. The present is universally acknowledged, by all parties, to be far the most valuable volume of the paper yet published. The paper is finer, the illustrations more elegant and expensive, and the reading matter by the best of American writers. The readers of the Pictorial have learned to understand that we make no backward movement, but that the paper is constantly improving with the facilities afforded by art and machinery, as they are better and more fully developed.

MELANCHOLY.—As an illustration of the transitoriness of fame, it is mentioned that Messrs. Poole and Baker are already forgotten in New York.

SPLINTERS.

.... Locusts have appeared in Georgia. Some sort of insect always turns up to amuse the farmers.

.... The Post-Office Department is prosecuting express agents for carrying letters contrary to law.

.... An Irish gentleman wishing to go to a funeral in Dorchester, rode out in the hearse—a dismal conveyance.

.... Ex-President Fillmore is by this time in Europe. He is just the man to profit by foreign travel.

.... Col. J. Durell Green, of Cambridge, has invented a breech-loading carbine, with which he has made some good hits.

.... The wild horse at Truro will be shot by the farmers, if he continues to injure their rye.

.... The severe cold of last winter *did* kill nearly all the peach blossoms at the north.

.... Miss Elise Hensler, on her return from Italy, will make her first appearance in this, her native city.

.... Mdle. de la Grange, Niblo's new prima donna, has been immensely successful at New York.

.... George Thompson, the noted English anti-slavery man, is now editing a paper at London, called the Empire.

.... The bill for abolishing our present militia system has been lost in the legislature.

.... The Boston Light Artillery, Major Cobb, will celebrate the 17th of June by a parade. It is a fine company.

.... The wife of Mr. George Pouncefort, the popular actor of the Boston, is coming to this country to perform.

.... The New York City Guard will pay us a visit in a few weeks as guests of the New England Guards.

.... Hon. Edward Everett will deliver the 4th of July oration at Dorchester, his native place.

.... They use 100 pounds of butter daily at the New York hotel—fifty dollars, if it's Alderney.

.... Mayor Wood rewards faithful policemen with silver medals purchased with his own money.

.... The Five Points Mission in New York is successful. The Four Points Mission in Europe failed.

.... The oldest postmaster in the Union is at Jonestown, Pa. He is 82 years old, and seen 53 years' service.

.... Paris, says a letter writer, devotes six days to business, and the seventh to—the Father of Evil.

OCCUPATION.

While we are all of us engaged in the pursuit of happiness, as one object of life, few persons, comparatively speaking, seem to be aware that occupation and happiness are synonymous terms. Most people, secretly if not avowedly, place the *summum bonum* where a distinguished French philosopher did, in total idleness. A tradesman will work like a galley slave for two-thirds of his life, that he may pass the remaining third in idleness. But alas! that idleness does not bring the happiness he fondly anticipates. Happiness is a wayside flower, to be gathered as we trudge along the dusty, toilsome path that all must travel. It will not bear especial culture. It is like the hemlock—one of the most graceful of our trees, which flourishes where the hand of nature placed it, but which cannot be made to obey our will and grace whatever spot we seek to transfer it to.

A tradesman who has devoted the whole of the better portion of his life to the making of money wherewith to enjoy his *otium cum dignitate* at its close, is a person very much to be pitied. His entire devotion to business—we suppose the ease of a man who has allowed himself no leisure for mental culture—has unfitted him for the enjoyment of the masses of time that he finds at his disposal. He is too old to acquire tastes for new pursuits, and the occupation he has left suddenly acquires a charm in his eyes, though perhaps for years he has considered it distasteful. Behold him lingering around his old shop—where, alas! he is now only an interloper. He will dawdle into it fifty times a day, making small purchases, and watching with arid eyes the course of trade. When he hears his successor talk of slaving for a term of years that he may lay on his oars for another period, he shakes his head sorrowfully, tells his interlocutor that he does not know when he is well off, and bids him "stick to the shop."

The theory of happiness as based on idleness is decidedly a fallacy. The retired colonel of cavalry who used to make his servant wake him every morning at five o'clock, for the sake of saying: "You scoundrel—I've left the service, and can sleep as long as I please," was, we will venture to say, far happier when he had to turn out for morning parade, than as a lounge on half pay, with no occupation to fill up his days.

We must admit that men may accustom themselves to a sort of vegetative happiness, if they are content to stifle the ever soaring aspirations of their higher natures—but then it will be only the felicity of animals, and dependent on uninterrupted physical health and vigor. A French nobleman, who turned his attention to engraving, illustrated the misery of being unoccupied by the motive he assigned for his employment: "I practise engraving to avoid hanging myself."

"Labor," says Voltaire, "removes from us three great evils—vice, want and weariness." The higher you ascend in the social scale, the more irksome will be found the absence of occupation. Kings are proverbially an unhappy set of beings—for very few of themselves manage public affairs personally—that is left to ministers; and this want of occupation is the reason why so many of them have turned out very reprehensible characters. Dr. Watts was right when he declared:

"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

The most amiable monarchs have been those who filled up their time by some voluntary pursuit. Poor Louis XVI. amused himself as an amateur locksmith—and Maria Antoinette and her ladies figured as dairy maids at the little sham chalet at Versailles, tended cows, made cheese and butter, and sold milk to admiring courtiers. We cannot too strongly impress upon the rising generation—a generation guiltless of *early* rising, we suspect—that the happiest men who have ever lived are those whose lives have been the busiest.

STEAM.—The Ericsson steamer works well now that she is fitted with ordinary machinery. Poor Ericsson is said to be poor indeed—poor in purse and poor in spirit; he has expended every dollar he could obtain in the cause of science, and is now a ruined man. We are sorry to see here and there a paper taunting him with his failure. A very different tone was observable when he stood on the verge of success. The man who stakes his all on an invention that is to benefit the age, deserves unqualified pity if he lose; he must not be classed with those who squander their fortunes on their own enjoyments. Yet the impoverished inventor is apt to be received with shrugs of the shoulder and significant taps of the forehead; while the pauper *roné* is "an extravagant dog—fast—fast—but a glorious good fellow."

PRINTING.—A correspondent of the Scientific American, speaking of the difficulty of manufacturing white paper from lack of material, proposes substituting black for newspapers, and printing with white ink. The idea is excellent; minion would be very legible on a black surface, particularly if the paper was rather coarse and spongy. Every one knows how very legible white outline maps are. The genius who writes thus hails from California.

RESTITUTION.—A retired merchant of Alexandria, Va., lately received a letter from Boston, without signature, or nothing to show its source, with a thousand dollar note of the Globe Bank at Boston, the sender saying he owed the money, and took that opportunity of returning it to the person to whom it belonged.

EARLY.—Three weeks ago they mowed the grass in the Park, New York, when it was about an inch and a quarter high. It was a fair average crop, and yielded about six pints.

DECEPTION.—We are never deceived: we only deceive ourselves—that is, judge falsely.

UTICA, NEW YORK.

The large, elaborate and costly engraving on the last page, executed for our paper, presents an accurate view of the flourishing city of Utica, the seat of justice of Oneida county, New York. It is situated on the south bank of the Mohawk, about ninety-three miles west by north from Albany, and contains pretty nearly 20,000 inhabitants. Here stood—in the Old French War—a mud redoubt called Fort Schuyler, and from this humble origin sprang the thriving city before us. Its present name was adopted in 1798, when it was incorporated as a village. In the year 1800, the location of the Seneca turnpike, which crossed the river at this point, gave an impulse to the settlement and rendered it an important depot and place of trade. In 1817, it received a separate charter, having previously formed a part of Whitestown. Its city charter dates from 1832. The ground upon which Utica stands is admirably adapted for building purposes, rising gradually from the Mohawk until it attains a considerable elevation. The city is well built and has a peculiar air of thrift and neatness which never fails to impress the visitor. The streets are broad and well paved, and lined with elegant dwelling houses and stores. Though not always crossing each other at right angles, they have none of the tortuous windings noticeable in some of our older cities. Among the public buildings, we may notice the Exchange, the Museum, Orphan Asylums, Protestant and Catholic, a large number of churches and a spacious Court-house. About a mile west of the city stands a group of fine buildings, to which is attached a large tract of farming land. This is the New York State Lunatic Asylum, and is a noble monument of beneficence and liberality. The asylum will accommodate more than five hundred patients. We were unable in our view to represent one feature of the city, which is somewhat peculiar. This is the passage through it of the Erie Canal, which is here seventy feet wide, and is crossed by a large number of elegant and substantial bridges. The great Western Railroad pours a tide of travel and business through the place. No American tourist should fail to visit this flourishing city.

WAR IN EUROPE.—Croakers are beginning to talk about the pecuniary pressure that a continuance of the war in Europe will produce in this country. Our debts to France and England will have to be paid in specie, and in spite of the impulse to business, given by a demand for breadstuffs, at first, we shall finally find ourselves squeezing through the little end of the horn. But we shall come out of it.

PRIZE OFFERS.—Mr. Barney Williams offers three prizes to dramatic authors—the first, \$150 for a farce; the second, \$300 for a comedy or drama in three acts; the third, \$500 for a comedy in five acts. The best parts in each must be an Irishman and a Yankee girl.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Dr. Gannett, William C. Otis, Esq., of New York, to Miss Margaret Sigourney; by Rev. Mr. Wescott, Mr. L. Clark Dye to Miss Sarah T. Boerem; by Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. William L. Thurby, of Charlestown, to Mrs. Martha J. Bates; by Rev. Mr. Winkley, Mr. William A. Gragg to Mrs. Sarah M. Ross; by Rev. Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Charles H. Murdock, of Palmer, to Miss Mary S. Stebbins; by Rev. Mr. Dawes, Mr. Pliny P. Smith to Miss Mary L. Devan, both of Dorchester—At Roxbury, by Rev. Mr. Ryder, Mr. Elijah Howard, of East Bridgewater, to Miss Anna M. J. Trask—At Cambridgeport, by Rev. Mr. Skinner, Mr. John W. Hyde, of Cambridge, to Miss Maria W. Gould, of Boston—At Quincy, by Rev. Mr. Dean, Mr. Andrew Turner to Miss Rebecca Merrill—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Winn, Mr. William W. Wilson to Miss Deborah W. Frost—At Dudley, Rev. Henry Pratt to Miss Elizabeth Kingsbury—At Plymouth, by Rev. Dr. Kendall, Mr. Matthias Stegmeyer to Miss Catherine Thies—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Chase, Mr. William Feltham to Miss Mary Ann Thompson, both of Salisbury—At Southbridge, by Rev. Mr. Powers, Mr. Charles S. Edmonds to Miss Sarah A. Nash—At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Wayland, J. Atwood Smith, Esq., of Manchester, N. H., to Miss Emily Manahan, of New London—At Fryeburg, Me., Rev. Albert B. Barnard to Miss Sarah J. Osgood—At Bangor, Me., by Prof. Shepard, Mr. Philip Lord, of Boston, to Mrs. Mary Ann Morrison.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs. Emma E. Howe, of East Lempster, N. H., 18. Mr. A. J. Town, of Fitchburg, 66; Miss Sarah Elizabeth Marshall, 18; Mrs. Elizabeth B., wife of Mr. Bela Cushing, 64; Miss Harriet B. Hatch, 20; Mrs. Catherine D. Cole, 74; Miss Luran A. Fletcher, 16; Miss Jane S. Jones, 25—At Roxbury, Mrs. Margaret Smith, 55—At Charlestown, Mr. Horatio R. N. Davis, 35—At Cambridgeport, Widow Ruth Homer, 78—At Cambridge, Mrs. Fanny Cox, 90—At Dorchester, Mr. Levi Bradshaw, 62—At Watertown, Capt. John A. Webster, U. S. A., 55—At Souville, Widow Lucy Ann Bugbee, 37—At Newton, Rev. Lyman Cutler, Pastor of the Eliot Church, 28—At Quincy, Miss Harriet E. Huickly, 17—At Salem, Widow Mercy Upton, 59; Mrs. Ellen H. Reed, 30—At Marblehead, Mr. John Chinn, 72—At Essex, Mr. Jonathan Story—At Gloucester, Mr. Joseph Trask, 79—At Newburyport, Mr. Enoch Merrill, 71—At Winchester, Joshua Lane, Esq., of Hampton, N. H., 82—At Scituate, Mr. Henry D. Torrey, 39—At Conway, Dea. Christopher Arms, 77—At Taunton, Mrs. Lydia Stacy, 73; Mrs. Lurana Burt, 45—At East Bridgewater, Hector Orr, M. D., 86—At North Bridgewater, Mr. Elizabeth L. Wentworth, 39—At Worcester, Mrs. Sarah F. Bancroft, 25—At New Bedford, Mrs. Anne Ann, wife of Mr. Benjamin F. Hathaway, 25—At Fairhaven, Mr. Jabez Shearman, 81; Widow Patience Spooner, 91—At Springfield, Mr. Edwin E. Chapin, 29—At Portland, Me., Mr. Luther Flood, 63.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.

[LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

This paper presents, in the most elegant and available form, a weekly literary mélange of notable events of the day. Its columns are devoted to original tales, sketches and poems, by the BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS, and the cream of the domestic and foreign news; the whole well spiced with wit and humor. Each paper is *beautifully illustrated* with numerous accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and of men and manners, altogether making a paper entirely original in this country. Its pages contain views of every populous city in the known world, of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemisphere, of all the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service, with fine and accurate portraits of every noted character in the world, both male and female.

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EDITORIAL MELANGE.

Dr. John Schenandoah O'Brien, a half-breed of the Oneida tribe of Indians, 103 years of age, lectured at Auburn recently. The Advertiser says he is the only remaining soldier of Gen. Sullivan's army, which penetrated the wilderness as far as Mount Morris, in Genesee county, in 1775, fighting the Indians. — A geological survey of Canada now in progress is said to show that the Provinces are richer in most minerals, except coal, than even the United States. — A large number of extensive mills have been put in operation in the Minnesota pineries this season. The last St. Paul Times gives an account of one which cost \$120,000. It uses 30 saws, besides shingle, lath and clapboard machines, and employs 180 men, 50 yoke of oxen, and 17 span of horses in the pineries. — Capt. G. K. Mier, one of the celebrated Mier prisoners, who saved his life by drawing a white bean, was lately killed in Texas by a man named Yarrington. — In Cincinnati, recently, as several workmen were engaged in rolling a salamander safe into a banking house, the flag stones of the pavement gave way, precipitating the safe and men into the vault under the sidewalk. Two of the men were killed on the spot, and others badly injured. — The new fog-bell at New York weighs 1400 pounds, is struck by two hammers, and will probably be heard at a distance of two miles. — It is stated that in Polk county, Ga., there is such a scarcity of provisions that many of the families in the neighborhood are almost starving. The same is the case in Floyd county, where a public meeting has been called to adopt measures of relief. The partial failures of grain crops for a year or two, the increase of the prices of provisions, and the stoppage of many grist mills are noted among the causes of this distress. — The Northampton Courier says an effort is being made in that place to construct a small steamboat, at a cost of about \$800, shares to be \$5 each, to run on the Connecticut river for the benefit of pleasure parties. — Dr. Bishop, formerly President of Miami University, and lately Professor of History and Political Economy in Farmers' College, College Hill, Ohio, died on the 30th April, aged seventy-nine years. He was a very amiable and learned man, and one of the most eminent instructors in the West. — The Manchester mills have all reduced the time for labor to eleven hours a day. The attempt to increase it was, therefore, a failure. — To clean wall-paper, take about two quarts of wheat bran, tie it in a bundle of coarse flannel, and rub it over the paper. It will cleanse the whole paper of all descriptions of dirt and spots better than any other means that can be used. Some use bread, but dry bran is better. — Many inhabitants of Washington county, Kentucky, are suffering for want of food, and a public meeting has been held for the purpose of assisting them. — Michael L. Sullivan, an Illinois farmer, it is said, has planted 10,000 acres of land in corn. He was formerly one of the largest farmers in the State of Ohio for many years, and, according to a contemporary, he could ride in a direct course fifteen miles through his own corn fields. — The Rockland House, at Nantasket Beach, with about fifteen acres of land around it, was sold at auction for \$10,900. — A man died recently in Missouri, forbidding any administration of his estate. The administration being highly necessary, his son executed it, and afterwards thought he had performed an impious act. This idea got possession of his mind so entirely that he became distracted and shot himself. — The Galt (Canada) Reporter says the fall sown wheat fields are looking out green and uninjured from the snows, and the earth is in fine condition for the spring crops. — The Baltimore papers announce the death of Col. B. U. Campbell, a gentleman much esteemed in that city. Col. Campbell was a member of the Baltimore branch of the firm of Brown, Brothers & Co., London. He was aged sixty years, and was a native of Baltimore.

PAPER MAKING.—Forty years ago, three men, by handiwork, could scarcely manufacture 4000 small sheets of paper in a day, while now, by the use of machinery, they can produce 60,000 in the same time. It has been calculated that if the paper produced yearly by six machines could be put together, the sheet would encircle the world. In France, only 70,000 tons are produced yearly, of which one-seventh is for exportation. In Britain, 66,000 tons are produced, while the amount produced in the United States is nearly as great as in France and England together.

TAUTOG.—The Newburyport Herald relates a curious fact concerning this delicious fish. They were unknown in Massachusetts Bay till 1790, when a fisherman took a load from Narragansett to Boston to sell. Not having been seen in the market before, he could get nothing for them, and accordingly liberated them from the well of the boat near South Boston bridge, and since then our coasts have been well stocked with them.

HOLY WELLS.—It was the custom during the middle ages to dedicate wells to saints. This is evidently of Roman origin—for Seneca remarks: "Where a spring rises or a river flows, there we should build altars and offer sacrifices."

SMALL.—The Herald tells of a laboring man who, at the peril of his life, stopped a runaway horse, in this city, and who after riding a mile or two, and spending half an hour to hunt up the owner, was presented with six cents for his trouble.

ALBANY BEEF.—A sturgeon was caught in the Hudson River, off Teller's Point, recently, weighing three hundred and fifty pounds.

NARROW VIEWS.—Millers think that wheat grows only to keep their mills running.

Wayside Gatherings.

Coal sells in New York at \$6 per ton, and potatoes at 75 cents per bushel.

About 4000 emigrants arrived at New York from Europe one day last month.

According to a statement of the Treasurer of Pennsylvania, the total defalcations by public officers of the State are estimated at \$469,233.

The late Robert Rantoul, jr., in 1827, established the first Lyceum in the United States, in Beverly; and it has continued an annual course of lectures ever since.

Two agents of the English government, who have been endeavoring to enlist recruits in New Orleans, for the army in the Crimea, were arrested in that city recently.

More than 500 Mormons arrived at Philadelphia from Liverpool one day lately, and 424 reached the same port a few days previous, all bound direct for the Great Salt Lake City.

In the Canadian Parliament the Maine Liquor bill was recently killed for the session by the ruling of the speaker, upon a point relative to its origin, his decision being sustained by a majority of four.

Spring water has at last been reached by the artesian well at New Orleans, at a depth of 345 feet. The present flow is small, and only important as indicating that a better supply may be found below.

Twenty-six hands employed in a gold mine in Columbia county, Ga., recently procured, in nine working days, \$1656 worth of gold from surface ore, some of which had been thrown aside for fifteen years.

A correspondent of the Country Gentleman says that corn planted in ground ploughed only four inches deep, yielded 75 bushels to the acre, while that planted in ground ploughed eight inches deep yielded but 50 bushels.

Cuttings of the prune, received from France, have been distributed by the department at Washington to Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, and other northern latitudes, to be engrafted on the plum tree.

A proposition is on foot to consolidate the city of Pittsburg and her neighbors, Allegheny, Manchester, Duquesne, Lawrenceville, Minersville, Birmingham, etc. The consolidated city would have a population of about 200,000 souls.

In the Pennsylvania State Senate, recently, the bill for the sale of the Main Line was passed finally. It fixes the price at \$8,000,000 to any other purchaser than the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, which must pay \$9,000,000 for it.

The Norfolk (Va.) Beacon says that 150,000 herring and shad were taken on the 24th of April, in Albemarle Sound, Va. The weight was so great that four hauls with a small seine had to be made before the large seine could be hauled ashore.

Four of the fire companies of Detroit recently disbanded and surrendered their engines to the city, because an ordinance had been passed prohibiting the running of engines on the sidewalk, during business hours, in the paved part of the city.

Some notice is excited in England by a report that an American squadron is to make a demonstration against Cuba. It is admitted that a war between the United States and Spain would greatly complicate present European politics.

The revenue cutters, under new regulations from the Treasury Department, are hereafter to continue on the same stations, and promotions are to be made only according to the vacancies in the vessels to which the officers may be attached.

The Lake Superior country is rich in minerals and lumber. The population is rapidly increasing, and the facilities of transportation are now so complete that large accessions will undoubtedly be made to the inhabitants, especially in the mineral region.

The Chicago Times says every house in that city is full, and "rents are beyond precedent in any city on the globe. Landlords have raised their rates twenty-five, fifty, seventy-five, and in many instances one hundred per cent., since the first of May last."

Dr. Hooker, of New Haven, Conn., with several assistants, took up the subclavian artery in the arm of a lad wounded by a gunshot on Fast day, and he is likely to recover. This is only the second time the operation has been performed in Connecticut.

Within the first ten days of navigation to the port of St. Paul, the number of emigrants to Minnesota Territory for permanent residence exceeded eight thousand. The mayor of St. Paul, on the 26th of April, had at his dinner asparagus and green peas, raised in the Territory.

The coal shipped from Port Richmond, goes to one hundred and fifty-four different ports. New York receives 134,000 tons; Boston 56,000; San Francisco, 1200; Portsmouth, N.H., 1650. It is shipped to every accessible port upon the Atlantic coast, besides some upon the Pacific.

The city of Louisville, Ky., is now enjoying the luxury of having two officiating mayors. The message of one (Barbee) was read, and ordered to be spread upon the minutes of the city council, while that of the other (Mayor Speed) was laid upon the table, by a vote of 5 to 3.

A sheep shearing festival and plowing match is to take place at Ann Harbor, Mich., on the 6th and 7th of this month. The object of the sheep shearing is to obtain some information as to the relative value of the Spanish, French and Saxony wool, about which there is so much dispute in that section.

The largest and finest diamond which has as yet been found in Brazil has recently been imported into Paris, and has received the name of the "Star of the South." In its rough state it weighs 807.02 grains, or 254 1/2 carats. When cut it will be reduced to about 127 carats, and will therefore exceed the Koh-i-noor in size.

President Hitchcock and wife, of Amherst, in coming out of the American hotel in that place, in the evening, a short time since, walked off a platform, and fell some eight or ten feet to the ground. Mrs. H. had two ribs fractured, her head badly hurt, and her person otherwise seriously bruised. Her husband was also much injured, but had no bones broken.

The agricultural branch of the patent office has taken measures to procure seeds of the Bun-ya-bun-ya, a tree of the fir tribe, growing in Australia, where it flourishes in a region of not much greater area than thirty miles square. It bears a cone nearly two feet in diameter filled with seed the size of an olive, and of flavor more rich and delicate than that of the pineapple.

As a singing master was on his way to fulfil an engagement in a town in the Connecticut valley, a few days ago, he unfortunately happened to sneeze as he was passing a bridge over a deep ditch, throwing the false teeth from his mouth into water from ten to fifteen feet deep. The result was that the engagement had to be postponed, for the master could not sing with an empty mouth.

Foreign Items.

A chestnut-tree, planted eighty years since by Buffon, in the Jardin des Plantes, fell, lately, from old age.

An autograph letter of George Washington was recently sold at auction, in London, for fifty pounds sterling.

The policy of the Czar Alexander is spoken of by the London Times as a new and more audacious policy, and is so regarded throughout Europe.

A boy in one of the London ragged schools having shown a great taste for acquiring languages, has been sent out as an interpreter to Bulaklava, and frequently has the honor of dining with Lord Raglan.

George Sand (Mad. Dudevant) is the great-granddaughter of the celebrated Marshal Saxe, who was himself one of the three hundred and sixty-two natural children of Frederick August, king of Saxony and Poland.

Berlin correspondence says it hardly admits of doubt that an approximation of views has recently taken place between the Austrian and the Prussian governments, which bodes no good to the cause of the Western powers.

The marchioness of Ely was selected by the queen to be lady in waiting to the empress of the French during her stay in England. Lord Alfred Paget was also selected to be lord-in-waiting to the emperor, whom, a few years ago, he would scarcely have acknowledged as an acquaintance.

The emperor of Russia has a monopoly of the liquor traffic throughout his dominions, just such as this State has conferred upon town corporations. His Majesty realizes a round sum from this exclusive control of the liquor trade. In 1847, Nicholas derived \$50,000,000 from the brandy monopoly alone.

One of the English aristocracy, Mr. Villiers, recently absconded, leaving "debts of honor," and other little bills, to the tune of £100,000. It has been discovered that he has been paying at the rate of sixty to eighty per cent. per annum for money, and it is said that such rates are not uncommonly paid by the aristocracy.

Sands of Gold.

.... Impatience waiteth on true sorrow.—Shakspeare.

.... Is it not ridiculous that ridicule kills more than contempt? —Dehcy.

.... By the very constitution of our nature, moral evil is its own curse.—Chalmers.

.... All impediments in fancy's course are motives of more fancy.—Shakspeare.

.... Superstition is but the fear of belief; religion is the confidence.—Lady Blessington.

.... Thou askest me, what is hope? It is a leading and flattering star of mankind, which is obscured and disappears with the last beating of thy heart.—Koslay.

.... There is this of good in real evils—they deliver us, while they last, from the petty despotism of all that were imaginary.—Colton.

.... With time everything vanishes and decays, except the virtue of the true, which will stand like a rock, and guard them unharmed forever.—Koslay.

.... No man is the wiser for his learning: it may administer matter to work in, or objects to work upon, but wit and wisdom are born with a man.—Selden.

.... The science of legislation is like that of medicine in one respect; that it is far more easy to point out what will do harm, than what will do good.—Colton.

.... Whosoever is afraid of submitting any question, civil or religious, to the test of free discussion, is more in love with his own opinion than with truth.—Bishop Watson.

.... He who excels in his art so as to carry it to the utmost height of perfection of which it is capable, may be said in some measure to go beyond it; his transcendent productions admit of no appellations.—La Bruyere.

.... First we hear of nature, and the imitation thereof; then we suppose a beautiful nature. We must choose—but still the best. But how to recognize it?—according to what standard shall we choose?—and where is the standard then?—is not it also in nature?—Goethe.

Joker's Budget.

Why is a quack like a locomotive? Because he cannot go on without pulling.

"Sne, an' it wasn't poverty that drove me from the old country," said Michael the other day, "for my father had twenty-one yoke of oxen and a cow, and they gave milk the year round."

"Jane, give the baby some laudanum, and put it to sleep, and bring me my parasol. I am going to a meeting for the melioration of the condition of the human race."

"Didn't you guarantee, sir, that the horse wouldn't shy before the fire of an enemy?"—"No more, he wont. 'Tisn't till after the fire that he shies."

Two physicians, of the names of Mead and Woodward, fought in England, and the latter slipping, his opponent exclaimed, "Take your life." To which the prostrate Galen replied, "Anything but your physick."

A countryman, wishing to sympathize with his neighbor for the loss of his wife, said, "I am sorry your poor woman has gone to heaven."—"Thank you," replied the other, "may it be long before you go there."

"Bob, have you settled that affair with Simpkins, yet?"—"Yes; he kicked me off the stoop last week, and since that he has stopped bothering me." Bob's ideas of "bothering" are certainly original.

To make Curling Fluid for the Hair.—Melt a piece of rosin in a quantity of beeswax, and stir it with something; put in some scent and apply it to the hair hot. Curl before it cools. This is a very excellent recipe, for the curl will be a very permanent one.

A New York Councilman was heard the other day getting off the following specimen of what may be called "corporation" logic: "All human things are hollow. I'm a human thing; therefore, I'm hollow. It is contemptible to be hollow; therefore, I'll stuff myself as full as I'm able."

Among the addresses presented upon the accession of James I., was one from the ancient town of Shrewsbury, wishing his majesty might reign as long as the sun, moon and stars endured. "Faith, mon," said the king to the person who presented it, "if I do, my son then must reign by candle-light."

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS. One page only of this paper is devoted to advertisements. The immense circulation of the PICTORIAL (being over one hundred thousand copies weekly), forms a vehicle of advertisement that is rarely offered to the public. Another fact which greatly enhances the value of the PICTORIAL as an advertising medium is, that it is preserved, and not destroyed after being read, being regularly bound up every six months, so that each advertisement (all being placed on the inside of the paper), becomes a permanent card of the advertiser's business for years to come.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—Fifty cents per line, in all cases, without regard to length or the continuance of the same.

Advertisements must be sent in two weeks in advance of the period of their publication, as our edition is so large that it occupies fourteen days in printing. Address, post-paid, M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor, Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

10 PARK PLACE,
New York, June 1, 1855.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY.

With the July number commences the Sixth Volume of PUTNAM'S MONTHLY.

The generous reception of the Magazine from its commencement, and the hearty welcome extended to the present proprietors by the public and the press, have pledged them to continued exertions to maintain the position which the work has already achieved.

The constantly increasing prosperity of the "Monthly" has shown that a periodical which unites the solid instruction of a Review, with the attraction of a Magazine, is sure of the widest and most permanent popular sympathy.

And while the resources of the Magazine have never been so ample, the publishers are most happy to acknowledge that they have never been more encouraged than at present by expressions of universal good will.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY may be obtained of Booksellers, News Agents, or the Publishers.

TERMS.—Three Dollars a year, or Twenty-Five cents a number. Subscribers remitting Three Dollars promptly, in advance, to the publishers, will receive the work for one year, postpaid, in any part of the United States within 3000 miles. Clubs of two persons, Five Dollars a year, or five persons, Ten Dollars. Postmasters and clergymen supplied at Two Dollars. Household Words and Putnam's Monthly, Five Dollars; the volumes commence with the January and July numbers. Four volumes of the Magazine, neatly bound in cloth, may be had through any Bookseller or News Agent—price, Two Dollars each; or half Morocco, Three Dollars. Covers for binding the volumes, Twenty-Five cents each.

The publishers have no agents for whose contracts they are responsible. Those giving orders to Agents or Booksellers will look to them for supply of the works. Newspapers and periodicals, in exchange, should address "Putnam's Monthly, New York."

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The editor of PUTNAM'S MONTHLY will give every article forwarded for insertion in the Magazine a careful examination. But the publishers cannot be held responsible for any contributions which may be lost. Writers who desire to have their MSS. returned them if declined, are requested to forward the proper number of postage stamps. All communications should be addressed to DIX & EDWARDS, Publishers of Putnam's Monthly, 10 Park Place, New York.

June 2 1t DIX & EDWARDS.

NEW AND READABLE BOOKS,

PUBLISHED BY

D. APPLETON & Co.,

No. 346 and 348 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

MY BROTHER'S KEEPER. By Miss A. B. WARNER. 2 vols. paper covers, 75 cents. 1 vol. cloth, \$1.

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LAMARTINE'S TURKEY. Vol. 1 now ready. Price, \$1; to be completed in three volumes.

* These volumes have received the warmest commendations of the press.

Any of the above will be sent by mail, postage paid, on a remittance of the price. 1t June 2

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S NEW BOOKS.

STAR PAPERS:

—OR—

EXPERIENCES OF ART AND NATURE.

CONTENTS.

I. Letters from Europe.—II. Experiences of Nature.

A Discourse of Flowers. The Death of our Almanac. Death in the Country. Fog in the Harbor. Inland vs. Seashore. The Morals of Fishing. New England Graveyards. The Wanderings of a Star. Towns and Trees. Bookstores—Books. The First Breath in the Country. Goue to the Country. Trout. Dream-Culture. A Ride. A Walk among Trees. Building a House. The Mountain Stream. The Use of the Beautiful. A Country Ride. Mid-October Days. Farewell to the Country. A Moist Letter. School Reminiscence. Frost in the Window. The Value of Birds. Snow Storm Travelling. A Rough Picture from Life. Nature, a Minister of Happiness. A Ride to Fort Hamilton. nes. A Minister of Happiness. Signs from my Window. Springs and Solitudes.

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J. C. DERBY, Publisher, No. 119 Nassau St., and for sale by all Booksellers. Single copies sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price. June 2

TO ENGINEERS AND SURVEYORS.

THE subscribers have on hand and for sale, THEODOLITES, TRANSITS, TRANSIT COMPASSES, LEVELS, COMPASSES, LEVELLING RODS, DRAWING INSTRUMENTS, CHAINS, etc., etc., made in a superior manner and warranted.

A. MENEELY'S SON, West Troy, New York.

may 26 4t

Dr. S. S. FITCH'S SILVER-MOUNTED, COMBINATION-PAD, SUPPORTER TRUSS.

This instrument, for the relief and cure of Hernia, I now, for the first time through the press, introduce to the notice of those afflicted with Rupture. It is the result of several years' study and experiment, embraces a new principle in the application of pressure to the hernial tumor, is perfectly efficient in its action, occasions no annoyance, and is worn without the slightest discomfort. I know it to be entirely superior to any other in use, for the following among other reasons, viz:

1st. It gives support to the whole abdomen. It has been heretofore overlooked, that in all cases of rupture, the whole abdomen should be supported. By severe pressure on a small space on one side of the abdomen, the bowels are pressed out of their natural position. This causes a liability to a second rupture on the opposite side—renders a very great amount of pressure necessary to hold the rupture, occasions much discomfort, and injures health. In this instrument a well adjusted pad is applied by a gentle and properly directed pressure across the whole lower part of the abdomen, while combined with it is the rupture-pad with an independent pressure. Thus the bowels are kept perfectly in place, the rupture is securely held, there is no annoying pressure at any one point, and there is experienced only the most delightful feeling of support and relief.

2d. The Truss Pad acts upon a new principle, giving an upward as well as direct pressure. If any one having a rupture, will apply the ends of his fingers to the tumor, and press gently upward and inward, he will be surprised to find that not one quarter of the pressure is required to hold the rupture in place, that is employed in the ordinary Truss, and because by the hand it is applied in the right direction. This instrument imitates the action of the hand in this respect, and thus dispenses with much of the violent annoying force used in the common Truss.

3d. It is made to perform the office of both Truss and Abdominal Supporter. Many persons having ruptures need to wear an abdominal supporter, particularly females. With the common Truss a supporter cannot be worn. This combines the two perfectly.

4th. For Double Rupture, it is absolutely perfect; it is mounted with silk velvet; and

5th. Its workmanship is superior, the pads and springs are heavily plated with silver, rendering it elegant, neat and clean.

6th. It is sold at a less price than any instrument of similar workmanship in market.

As a perfect Truss, it stands unrivalled and alone.

I append a single testimonial, which is to the point and conclusive:

18 WALL ST., NEW YORK, May 3, 1855.

Dr. S. S. FITCH—DEAR SIR: I take pleasure in saying, that the Supporter Truss which I obtained of you a few weeks since is a most perfect instrument. Before using it I had tried several of the most popular Trusses in market. They all occasioned more or less annoyance, and none were entirely efficient. Yours is by far, in all the essentials of a Truss, very greatly superior to any I ever saw. I repeat, it is a most perfect thing, and I recommend all who need a Truss to use it.

Respectfully yours, T. JONES, JR.

This Truss can be had and fitted on at my office, No. 714 Broadway, New York. It may also be inquired for at all the respectable Druggists and Physicians in the United States and Canada.

Persons at a distance can be fitted by sending me the size round the person just below the hips, and on a line with the rupture, and stating the location and character of the rupture. The trade supplied on liberal terms. Orders addressed to S. S. FITCH & Co. will be promptly attended to.

S. S. FITCH, A. M., M. D., June 2 1t 714 Broadway, New York.

J. H. THOMPSON'S INSTANTANEOUS LIQUID HAIR DYE.

THIS Dye is, without any exception, the best ever manufactured—nothing sold in America or Europe of any other make will bear the least comparison with it. The proprietor publicly guarantees that it will dye red or grey hair to any shade of brown or black in one minute, and that so long as the hair remains upon the head, it will not fade or change color. It differs from all other dyes in its effect upon the fibres of the hair—as, instead of making the hair harsh, it renders the most stubborn pliant and tractable. It is beautifully scented with violet, and will not stain the skin. The following is the

CERTIFICATE OF DR. CHILTON.

"Having examined the Hair Dye prepared by Mr. J. H. Thompson, I can recommend it as being properly prepared, and well calculated to answer the purposes for which it is intended."

JAMES K. CHILTON, Chemist. June 2 1t "New York, June 8, 1854."

This certificate from a scientific gentleman so well known as Dr. Chilton, renders the publication of any other certificates unnecessary, as it is a sufficient guaranty of the genuineness of the article. Sold wholesale and retail, by

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Price, \$1 and \$2 per case. Sent by express to any part of the United States. Country merchants, upon application by post, will receive a trade circular, containing list of prices, terms, etc.

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THE SPRING SEASON was opened at the Bazaar with a most extensive and useful stock of Children's Head-dresses, Boys and Infants' Clothing, Hosiery, Laces, Embroideries, Ladies' Paris made Shoes, Gaiters, etc. Many of the styles of Children's Fancy Hats for both sexes, and of the costumes for boys of all ages, had not appeared abroad when the shipments were made, and will be presented almost simultaneously to the public of Paris, London and New York. In addition to these samples of foreign taste, a variety of new styles from the head-dress and clothing factories attached to the Bazaar, have been brought out, so that the products of native and foreign skill are placed side by side for the inspection of connoisseurs. GENIN'S BAZAAR, 513 Broadway, St. Nicholas Hotel, New York. 1t June 2

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WE SHALL PUBLISH ABOUT THE 20TH OF MAY,

Woman in the Nineteenth Century.

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JOHN P. JEWETT & Co., Publishers, 117 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON. may 19 2t

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THOMAS RESTIEAUX

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Water-Closets, Bathing Tubs, Marble Slabs, Silver Plated Work, Hydrants, India Rubber and Leather Hose.

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OR FURNITURE POLISH, the only preparation that can be used on varnished, polished, or enameled work of any kind without injury. It contains none of those ingredients, such as sweet oil, alcohol, or turpentine, which, sooner or later, are so destructive to all varnished or polished work. A SILVER MEDAL, together with the following references, is a sufficient guarantee of its superiority.

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IRVING'S WASHINGTON.—Agents wanted to obtain subscribers for this work. Subscriptions received at Nos. 50 and 52 Cornhill, Boston, by FREDERICK PARKER & Co., may 19 eop3t General Agents for New England.

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AGENTS.—Hitchcock & Co., 116 Broadway, New York; Kellogg, Cobb & Co., 51 Water Street, Boston; Kellogg & Andrews, 26 North Fifth Street, Philadelphia; Raymond & Ward, Chicago, Ill., and Stark, Day & Stauffer, New Orleans. 4t may 26

GOURLAUD'S ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP

CURES Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Eruptions, Itches, Worms in the Skin, etc., 50 cents a cake; Poudre Subtle uproots hair from any part of the body, \$1 per bottle; Rouge, for pale lips and cheeks, Lily White, Hair Dye, etc., at the old established depot, 67 Walker Street, first store from Broadway, New York. Forwarded by express lines. All mail matter must be prepaid. 1t June 2

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Multiplication, Throughout the nation, Of insect-life has commenced. Assassination! Extirpation!

For the health of our flesh and our blood's salvation, Be LYON'S POWDER dispensed! Depot for the sale of LYON'S MAGNETIC POWDER and PILLS for destroying insects, rats and mice, 424 Broadway, New York. 1t June 2

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BOGLE'S CELEBRATED HYPERION FLUID is the Great American Tonic for the growth of the hair, moustache, etc. BOGLE'S AMERICAN ELECTRIC HAIR DYE is the greatest wonder of the age, and BOGLE'S HYPERIONA, or, Balm of Cythera, stands unrivalled for beautifying the complexion. These articles are all warranted to be the very best in the world. For sale by the proprietor, WM. BOGLE, Boston. A. B. & D. Sands, New York; J. Wright & Co., New Orleans; W. Lyman & Co., Montreal, Canada; R. Hovenden, 20 King Street, Regent St., London; J. Woolley, Manchester, England, and chemists and perfumers throughout the world. eopft Jan 13

DYER'S HEALING EMBROCATION—a very valuable medical preparation, is meeting with rapid sales in all parts of the country. Sold by all druggists. June 2

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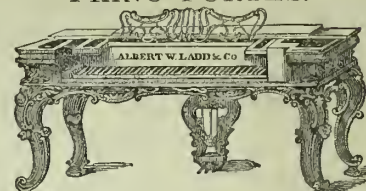
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NEW YORK CRYSTAL PALACE. WAREHOUSES, 296 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, 1t AND 441 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. mar 24

TENTH THOUSAND.

EUROPE AND THE ALLIES—A new Book on the Russian War, illustrated with Portraits, and Lives of the late and present Emperors, Generals, Map of Sebastopol, etc., etc. 425 pages, cloth, gilt, \$1 25.

Brown & Joy's Rural Architect. Twentieth Thousand, quarto, \$3; Emily Thonwell's (Illustrated) Cottage Cook-Book, 40 cents. Copies sent postpaid on receipt of price. Agents wanted everywhere. EDWARD LIVERMORE, PUBLISHER, 20 Beekman St., New York. 1t June 2

PALMER'S PATENT LEG received the Prize Medal at the WORLD'S GREAT EXHIBITION, in London, in 1851, and New York, in 1853, as the best in Europe or America—and is now manufactured at 378 Broadway, New York, 376 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, and Springfield, Mass., by PALMER & Co. 1t may 12

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Will be issued in a few days, a valuable book, containing

TWENTY ILLUSTRATIONS,

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TWENTY-FIVE CENTS!

It can be sent by mail to all who desire it, and any one enclosing twenty-five cents to the office of publication, shall receive a copy at once. It will also be for sale at all of the periodical depots throughout the Union.

Newsmen should send in their orders at once, as this is a work which will sell rapidly on account of its attractive pictorial character and cheapness, and we print but a limited edition.

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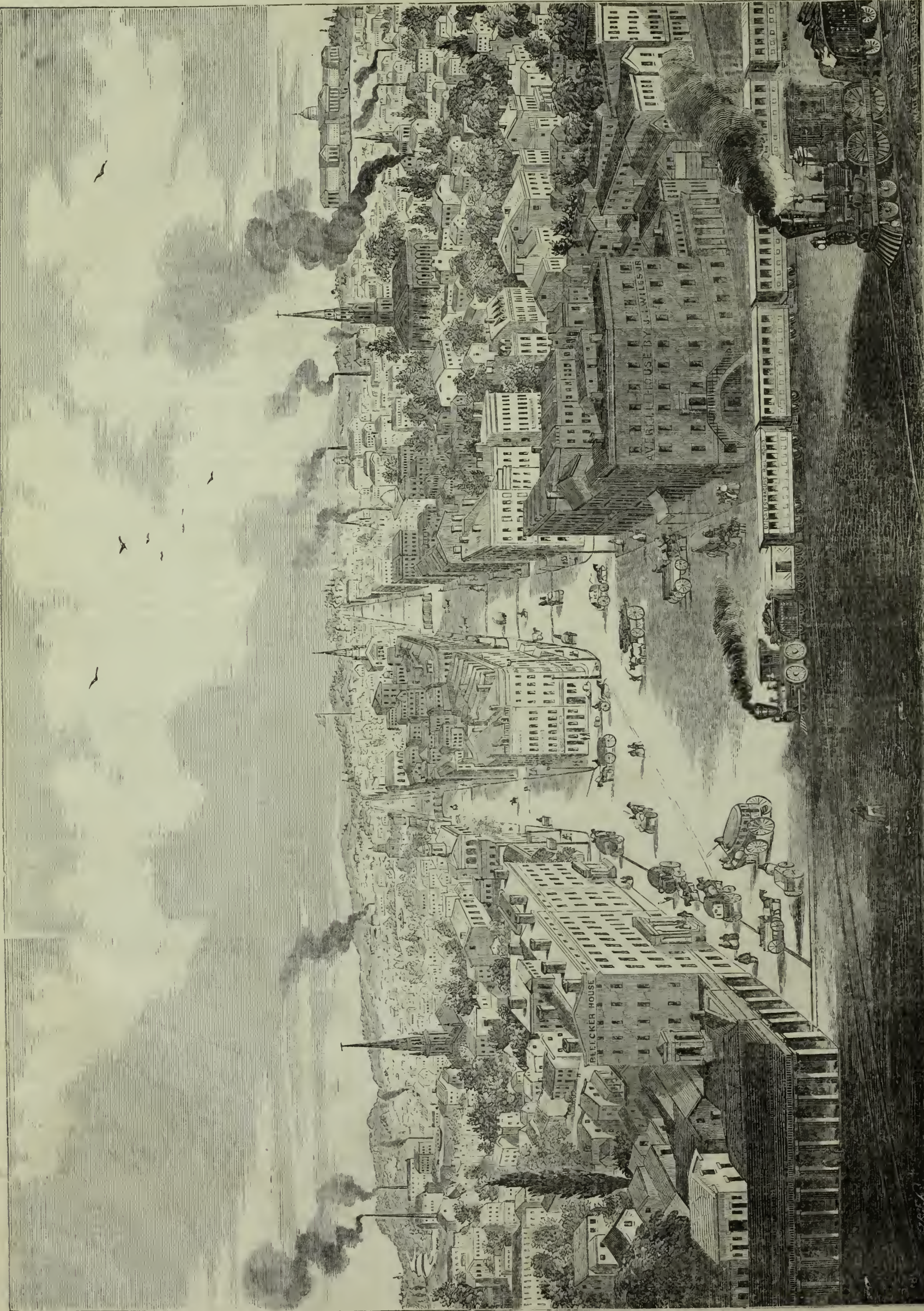
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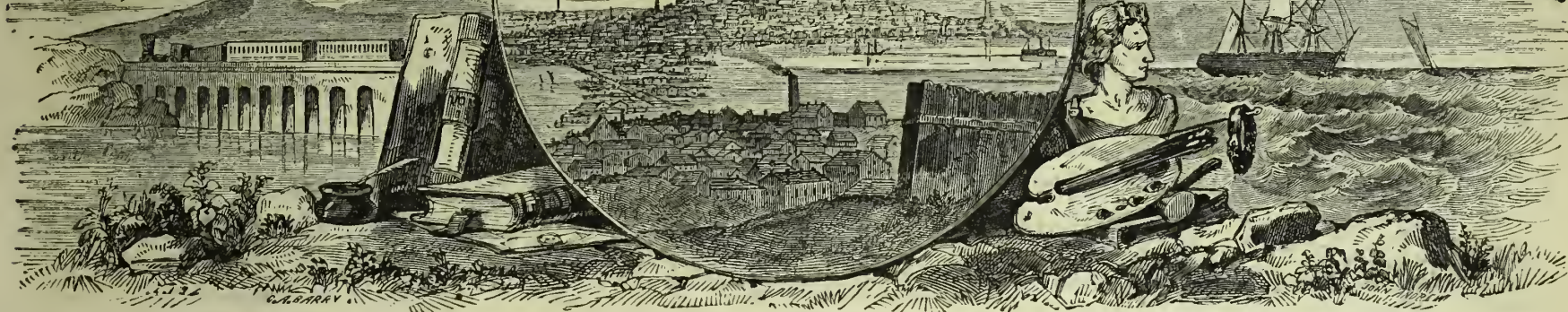
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6 CENTS SINGLE.

GOING TO THE MEADOW.

Mr. Warren has given us here a fine local sketch, truly American in character, and remarkable for its fidelity. The old farmhouse, seen in the distance, has a familiar look. If we have not seen that particular farm-house, we have seen a thousand like it; the homes of strong hands, brave hearts, bright minds. Then look at the sturdy horse in the fills of the hay-rack; he is trotting off as proudly and bravely as if he was aware of his importance, and sensible that he had a mission, as well as his master—his particular mission, or destination, being just now the meadow, where, while his load is being piled up, he will have leisure to amuse himself with the wastage of his fragrant burthen, and to do battle with his deadly enemies, the horse-flies. The children who crowd the rack are full of delight, as they always are when work to be done is associated with the idea of a frolic. It is a pity that all labor cannot be made as agreeable to the toilers of this world, as haying is to children. One of them has lost a hat, and this inci-

dent creates quite as much hubbub and excitement in the juvenile group as a hat overboard does in a bevy of steamboat passengers, or railroad travellers. But there are children of a larger growth in the hay-rack. A few more summers than those which have blessed the little group of boys and girls, have ripened the beauty of that maiden with the straw hat, who is home along in "maiden meditation, fancy free." Observe with what shy fondness the youth in front glances askant at her, unable to take his eyes from her, and yet modest in his demonstration—a true picture of rustic backwardness. Now, this unconscious maiden may be a farmer's daughter—"sole daughter of the house and heart" of a landed proprietor; and it may be nothing new to her to ride in a hay-rigging to the field, and then assist in the preparation of the dainty food which is to sustain the strong horses and the grateful kine through the long months of the coming winter; and yet, for our part, we strongly suspect her of being an amateur, and going to her voluntary task with the zest that always accompanies new

occupations. We accuse her of being no country damsel, but a city belle metamorphosed for the occasion into an Amaryllis. What dire execution these rusticated belles do on the hearts of such swains as the one in our picture. Everything they lay their delicate hands to, they do with a grace perfectly fascinating. They milk in the style of Maria Antoinette at the Petite Trianon, they make butter or love with equal grace, ride the fastest horses in the most desperate style, break colts and hearts with perfect impunity, and then scamper back to the city, regardless of the damage they have caused. Yet they often are susceptible, and with some of them a manly young farmer has a better prospect of success than a city exquisite. Therefore, in bidding our young swain in the cart adieu, we advise him to "make hay while the sun shines." Many a pleasant life connection has resulted from such merry country scenes and interviews, and some of the pleasantest associations of after-life grow out of the convivial gatherings about the farmer's homestead, and in the fields and meadows.



GOING TO THE MEADOW.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE

KING AND THE COBBLER.

A ROMANCE OF ANCIENT PERSIA.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XII.—[CONTINUED.]

Zillah hesitated for one moment, and then she sprang forward and sunk down at the monarch's feet, with her clasped hands raised towards him.

"Sire!" she cried, "O, for the love of heaven, release me from this place. I cannot love you as a husband, for my heart is another's; but let me go—let me depart in purity and peace—and as my king I will love you always and pray for you with every prayer of my heart."

"So, so, pretty one—you look most beautiful now at my feet." "Answer me, sire! O, answer me, and when you speak—remember that God looks down upon us."

"I choose not to trouble myself with anything above the earth at this present time," was the king's cold reply. "But listen—I saw you and loved you, for you were the most beautiful being upon whom my eyes had ever rested. I resolved that you should be mine and I sent for you, little dreaming that any one would dare resist the orders of the king. You know that I have had some trouble in obtaining you, but you are here at length, and my wish is gratified. Now you may be my wife, and be among the happiest of the happy, with every wish cared for and every whim, even, regarded; or you may be my wife and be as miserable as you choose—for my wife you shall be, even though death stood by your side, and I had to embrace you both together! Now you have had an answer to all your questions and all your prayers."

Zillah arose and walked slowly to the seat where she had before rested, and with a deep groan she sank down upon it. The king gazed at her a moment in silence, and then he said:

"Remember—I shall be with you anon, and you must love me. The miser shall, unasked, give all his store in noble charity ere I give up thee! The doting mother, in her own right mind, shall give her darling infant to feed the dogs, ere I give one claim of mine upon thee away! Thou art mine—mine to share my bed, and my love if you will."

When Zillah next looked up she was alone. The words she had heard rang wildly in her ears, and her heart throbbed painfully in her bosom. She gazed upon the gaudy tapestry which was still in motion from the king's touch, and her brain commenced to reel. She remembered how the persecutor had looked—how his eyes had gleamed, his teeth grated and his face paled, and a faintness gathered about her heart. She walked to the open balcony that looked out upon the garden, but she noticed not the fragrance of the zephyrs that came up from the thousand bursting roses and aromatic shrubs. She went to the fountain and bathed her brow in the cool water, for she felt a strange oppression there—a close, confined sensation, accompanied by a burning heat. She felt her steps tottering—she knew that her strength was leaving her, and she had just time to reach her seat once more, when the last spark of consciousness went out, and she sank down faint and insensible.

CHAPTER XIII.

A MOST STARTLING INTERVIEW.

When Zak Turan and his wife were left alone with their serving man, they were in a state of bewilderment for a while, that almost shut out the realization of pain. Rudabah first hastened to the assistance of her husband, but she found that he had not been hurt, only slightly stunned by the blow he had received. As soon as they were really capable of calm reflection, Zak Turan resolved to hasten away at once and hunt up Kobad. Accordingly he left his wife and slave in charge of the cave, and made his way out, bidding them, ere he left, to keep the inner door fastened and not to open it save to those whom they knew to be friends.

Shortly after the cobbler left the cave the rain began to fall, but he noticed it not. He only hastened on as before, for he had started at a speed as swift as he could maintain. His first stopping place was the palace of the satrap Rnstem, for he naturally concluded that the sage would have stopped with Feridoon. At the gate he found a slave sleeping beneath the shelter of an arch, and of him he inquired if the astrologer was within. The slave said no.

"And has Feridoon returned?"

"Yes."

"And are you sure that an old man did not come with him?"

"Don't know," returned the slave, rubbing his eyes and yawning.

"Then will you find out?"

"Not now. If you want to inform yourself upon such matters you had better present yourself at some seasonable hour. Now go away before we lock you up for disturbing the peace at this unseasonable time."

The cobbler was afraid of the guard of the powerful satrap, and he dared not offend him; yet he resolved to make one more trial, for he had an impression that Kobad was there.

"Hark ye!" he said. "If Feridoon learns not the intelligence I have to communicate, his misery for life may be sealed. But I

would rather the old astrologer should know it first, for he may have some means of helping the matter without alarming the youth."

"You are deceiving me?"

"I am not. The young man's happiness depends upon the success of my mission. One whom he loves is in danger."

"Do you mean the damsel?"

"Ay; I mean Zillah; my own child."

"Eh? You, you the father of our young master's love?"

"Yes. I am Zak Turan."

"And why didn't you say so? By my life of lives, had I known that, I'd let you pass even though the satrap himself bade me not. Hold a moment, and I'll call a slave to conduct you."

As the fellow thus spoke he stepped back into the court, and in a few moments he returned with another slave.

"Hush! say nothing that I slumbered; for the rain kept me in, and my lids were heavy. They drooped against my express wishes."

"Fear not," returned the cobbler. "I am not proud that way."

Zak Turan now followed his new guide, and ere long he reached Feridoon's apartments. Here they found a slave awake, and from him they learned that Kobad was there. The cobbler at once went to his bedside and awoke him, and then told him all that had happened. At first the old man would hardly believe it. He rubbed his eyes and seemed to doubt the reality of his being awake, but he soon satisfied himself upon this point, and then he made Zak Turan tell the story over again. When he had heard the startling tale repeated, and had realized it all, he leaped from his bed and caught the cobbler by the hand.

"You are Zak Turan," he muttered, half to himself, "and you surely know what has happened."

Then he sat down upon a stool, and after reflecting for some moments, he added:

"I see how it must have been: we were followed. Those eunuchs are witty men, and they overcame our precautions. But hark ye; say nothing yet of this to Feridoon. Did he know it he would rush at once to the royal palace, and that must not be, for surely some arrow or javelin, or some vengeful spear head would find his life. Sit thee down, Zak Turan, for I must ponder upon this. Of course Zillah will be in no immediate danger to night, save from the storm, for when she reaches the palace she will be wet and cold, and must have rest. Fear not. I will ponder well, and you may be assured that my thoughts shall be to some purpose."

For some time the old astrologer remained with his head bowed upon his hands, but at length he started up and commenced to pace the room. Once he stopped and clasped his hands together vehemently and then walked on again.

"I must do it," he muttered to himself. "I must do it, or all may be lost. I must see him, for no messenger can be sent. O, Sohrab, what a villain thou art!"

He stopped walking as he ceased speaking, and having gazed full into Zak Turan's face for some moments, he continued:

"Rest here, my son, and be assured that our sweet child can be saved. Yet I would have given much ere I would have had such a thing happen. But I have a power greater than the king. Let not your heart grieve, for Zillah shall be saved."

* * * * *

The king hurried through with his business in the audience chamber, and that day there were some judgments rendered that had but little of deliberation in their rendering. Before noon he had cleared the last case from the docket, and all else that might come in before the proper time of closing the divan, he left for Kanah to dispose of, for he knew that Kanah not only possessed the ability to render judgment, but that most of the people had much confidence in him. As soon as this arrangement was made the king left the great hall and took his own private way to his family apartments. He reached the sumptuous apartment where he had left the maiden, but she was not there. He went and looked out into the garden, but he could not see her there. He was just going to another apartment when one of his female slaves entered his presence.

"Where is Zillah?" he asked, as the slave stopped and bowed low down.

"She has gone to her bed," was the slave's response.

"Gone to her bed?" iterated the king. "And did she know that I should seek her there?"

"She is sorely afflicted, sire."

"Ay; so I feared she would be. But my presence will soon restore her."

"Not so, sire; for she is bereft of reason at times, and her blood lies hot in her veins. After you had gone to audience we found her here upon the floor, and when we had conveyed her to her couch, we at once sent for your physician, and he says that a raging fever is working in her system."

"I will see her," said the king, with something like regret upon his features; and as he spoke he followed the slave out into the corridor beyond, and thence to a spacious apartment, within which was a bed most richly furnished.

Upon this bed reposed the form of Zillah. She seemed to sleep now, and her breath was quick and heavy. Upon her cheek was a deep hectic flush, and her flesh was hot and parched. The king spoke to her, but she did not answer. He laid his hand upon her brow but she moved not in recognition of his presence.

"Did she rave, said you?" he asked, turning to the slave whom he had met in the other apartment.

"Ay, sire, most strangely, though not with such power as some. She seemed only as though her mind wandered, and her speech was of such a kind as bore no sense nor meaning to us."

"Now, by my life," cried the monarch, bringing his hands to-

gether, "she talked the same with me, and I did not think of her being lost in mind. And yet, had I reflected, I might have seen that her mind was not her own then. But let her be cared for, and the physician shall answer for her life with his own. By my life, if her breath goes out in death, then all who have to do with the medications of her disease shall die with her!"

Sohrab stooped over and kissed the maiden's pure white brow, and then he turned away from the apartment. He stopped at the door, and having once more informed his slaves that their own lives should be answerable for the sure recovery of the invalid, he went away. When he reached the great chamber of the garden, where he had first met Zillah, he stopped and gazed out upon the flowers that were sending their aromatic breath up so sweetly into the palace. He stood leaning against one of the marble pillars, and while there he cursed his fate that the beautiful object of his love should be thus held from him even after he had her within his power. He was just upon the point of turning away when a movement of the arras caught his eye, and upon looking that way he observed a human figure step from behind the heavy hangings into the room.

This new comer was an old man, bent by age, with a head as white as snow from the frost of years, and whose uncut beard flowed down to his breast like a sheen of silver. The reader will at once recognize Kobad, the astrologer, but the king knew him not by sight, though, as we already know, he had often heard of him, and that, too, lately, in connection with events of not the most pleasing sound to royal ears.

"Now whom have we here?" uttered the king, part in anger and part in surprise—surprised that the intruder should have made his way to these private apartments unannounced, and angry that he should have been allowed so to do.

"One who has come to see the king," answered the old man, boldly.

"Then you have wandered from your path. The king should have been seen an hour ago, in the royal audience chamber."

"But that which I would speak the king alone should bear; and hence have I sought him here."

"And how gained you admittance?"

"The same as does your majesty, I suppose. As good fortune would have it, I stumbled directly upon the way that led hither."

"But wherefore come ye?"

"Concerning a maiden named Zillah, the child of a poor cobbler, whom some graceless villains did seize last night and bear away; and to your majesty come I now for justice."

"And do ye know who seized the maiden?" asked the king, biting his lips.

"I only know that they were soldiers, and, if I have been informed correctly, they wore the uniform of one of the royal squadrons. Does the king know anything of this?"

There was something so patriarchal in the look, the tone and the bearing of the aged man, that Sohrab was constrained to listen, and when he would have called for his attendants he felt a secret, strange forewarning that he had better not.

"Do you know that you now speak with the king?"

"I know it well."

"Then methinks you speak freely."

"So that I may be the better understood. I would know if you can tell me of this maiden?"

"Suppose I were to tell thee that she is now in my palace?"

"Then I should believe thee."

"She is."

"I knew it."

"Ha! You tamper with me then!"

"I would hear the truth from thy own lips. But what intent have you in this movement? What will you do with the girl?"

"She is for my wife."

"But she already loves another, and is beloved in return. You will not force her to become the partner of your chamber?"

"Look ye!" cried the king, and his face flushed with anger. "You are an old man and I have heard thee speak, but I'll listen no more. Depart now in peace, or run the risk of such punishment as you may deserve. Out, I say!"

"Hold a moment, king. I have not come here merely to banter you, or to make a bargain of words. I have come to warn you; and let me assure you that you had better wind your body round with sackcloth, and bury thy head in dust and ashes, than persist in this design upon the maiden of whom we speak. If she is now here—"

"She is here, and here she shall remain!" interrupted the king.

"I know she's here," quickly answered Kobad, "and that she must remain here for a time, for the brutal treatment she last night received has made her sick. But, king of Persia, listen to me. Better hadst thou kneel down now and give thy life quietly up, than to do the thing thou hast planned, for the moment that sees the pure and lovely Zillah seduced to thy foul will, shall see this kingdom shake to its very centre! Dost hear me?"

At first the king could not answer, for he was strangely moved. It was not all anger, nor was it all fear. It was a strange mingling of emotions that stirred up his feelings, and wonder held a prominent place among them. But the idea of kingly dignity and power soon came to help him, and clapping his hands quickly together, he called for his attendants. In a few moments six eunuchs entered. They came in by a point close at Kobad's side, and as they bowed in the royal presence the old astrologer turned full upon them, and with a lofty wave of the hand, he said:

"You are not wanted now. Retire, and hold yourselves in readiness."

The eunuchs immediately turned from the apartment, and before the astounded king could call them back they were gone.

"Now, Sohrab, listen to me," said the strange old man. "I have at the present moment come to serve thee, though I will not so far speak rank falsehood as to say that for thine own weal I care one jot. 'Tis for Zillah that I care, and you shall not harm her, nor shall you take her as your wife. She is sick now, and cannot be with safety moved, but you shall not harm her."

"Now, by the God of my creation!" cried the king, starting back, and drawing his sword, "you shall die for this. Never before was king so insulted by a hireling slave!"

"'Tis I that have been insulted by hireling slaves!" calmly returned the old man, at the same time opening his robe and drawing forth a heavy blade. "Had I known the damsel was so sick, I might not have come to-day, but it is well that I am here. And now I ask thee once in earnest—wilt thou give the fair Zillah up when she has recovered?"

"No!" whispered the king, hoarsely and spasmodically. His face was of a livid hue, and his hands were clenched till the very blood seemed to harden in them. "By the faith of my fathers, I'll have thee killed by inches, and the four quarters of my city shall each bear upon its highest tower a quarter of thy rebel body!"

Kobad moved nearer to the king and gazed steadily and calmly in his face, and in a low, meaning tone, while each word seemed laden with more than human import, he said:

"Sohrab, the people of your own kingdom already cry out against you, and your sins are not only known, but they are felt and suffered. All over Persepolis have flown the tidings of your conduct towards this poor girl. True, you are a king, and have the right to rule, but you should know how tyrants are looked upon, and how the people sometimes use them. You are a doomed man if you do not turn from your present course, and just so sure as you lay a finger of harm upon Zillah, or force her to one concession beyond her full and glad consent, as surely shall your death follow it. I have read the stars, and even now, at noonday, they look down angrily upon thee."

"Ha!" uttered the monarch, starting from his entrancement, and clenching his hands, as he heard the last words, "you are Kobad, the astrologer of Arabia!"

"Ay—king."

"And you are the arch traitor who has already been stirring up my people. Well may ye warn me of their vengeance when you yourself set them on."

"Didst say I was the arch traitor?" asked Kobad, moving nearer to the monarch, and gazing more fixedly in his face.

The king was upon the point of clapping his hands again, when he caught more clearly the expression of the astrologer's dark hazel eye. There was a strange gleam in that eye, and well might any man be moved by it, but upon Sohrab its influence was marvellous. He first bent eagerly forward and then he started back. Soon there came a bitter, lowering smile curling about his eyes, and the king clasped his hands above his brow as though a sudden pain had seized him there.

"Sohrab, look upon me more carefully. Gaze more keenly upon me, and see what you find in my face. Is not there something in the stars?"

"—sh!" whispered the king, turning pale as death, and at the same time putting forth one hand and feeling the flesh of Kobad's arm. "You dare not come here if you are—. But it cannot be. Some demoniac skill of thine works upon me thus."

"Mayhap it is, Sohrab. But listen now. You know that this maiden whom you have forced hither to your palace is beloved by another, do you not?"

But the king did not answer. He only gazed fixedly into the old man's face. And Kobad continued:

"You did know that she was beloved by Feridoon. And now you would rob the youth of his more than life. King, you have seen the youth of the Lion Heart—do ye dream who he is?"

"Ay—I know!" cried Sohrab.

"Ah, then you have read the story in his face. You see in him the keen black eye and the noble, lofty brow of his father. Now do you know what became of that father?"

"The robbers of the desert killed him!" gasped the king.

"They did not!" whispered Kobad.

"They did!" whispered the monarch, in reply.

"Sohrab," spoke the astrologer, slowly and calmly, "when Kei Khosrou, our beloved king, died in this palace, you resolved to be king in his place, and while that royal corpse lay exposed here to the gaze of the people, you heard that the noble Gushtasp was returning to pay his last tribute of love to the remains of his beloved monarch. You feared Gushtasp, for you knew that the people loved him more than they did yourself. So you sent out a party of your slaves to murder him ere he should reach the city. Those slaves did their duty too faithfully. They murdered the noble general, and when they returned you poisoned them every one so that your secret might be safe. You stood over the cold corpse of Gushtasp—you gazed into his noble, generous features, noble yet in death—and you knew that the cruel gash that had let his life-blood out, was of your own making! And yet you did not repent of your crime, for I saw you then—I saw you as you bent over the body of my best friend—"

"You saw me!" shrieked the king. "Your best friend!"

"Ay, Sohrab, the noble Gushtasp was my friend, and I wept when I saw him dead—and even then I knew that it was you who had killed him. Suppose the Lion Heart knew 't was you who killed his father!"

"Out, monster! devil! sprite! afrite! infernal ghoul! Out, I say!" shrieked the king, glaring wildly at the old astrologer. "You have taken a form from the other world, and now put it on to oppose me with. You lie in my face when you say 'twas I who killed Gushtasp."

"I do not lie, king. Before God I do most solemnly swear that your slaves murdered the noble Gushtasp—that 't was by your orders done, and that he died that you might be king. And—listen—" here the old man's voice sank to a terrible whisper—"there was a man whom you meant should die! another against whom your hand was raised—and now it was your own hand—not the hand of a slave, but you yourself meant to strike the blow. Do you remember? Look at me, Sohrab. Do you remember?"

The king could bear no more. With one wild movement he clapped his hands together, and gave one frenzied cry for his slaves.

"Beware, Sohrab!" spoke Kobad, hurriedly, but distinctly. "Let one movement of yours bring a tear to Zillah's eye, and every soul in Persia shall know what I know!"

He ceased speaking just as the slaves rushed into the apartment, and as they entered he raised the heavy tapestry and disappeared.

"What ho! here—slaves! dogs! seize that old dotard and bind and gag him! Gag him quickly, and let his mouth be stopped!"

The slaves had seen the old man pass out on the instant before, and they expected to raise the arras and lay their hands directly upon him; but they were mistaken. They sprang around the marble pillars and raised the tapestry, but nothing of the man they sought was to be found. There were four passages leading from the corridor that was bounded by the arras, and into each of these passages sprang a slave.

Ere long the eunuchs returned to the king and reported that the old man could not be found.

"Not find him?" yelled Sohrab, starting back and gazing into the face of the slave that had spoken.

"Not in the palace, sire."

"But he must be here!"

"He is a genie!" uttered one of the oldest of the eunuchs; "and he has gone off in the air. How could he escape, when each passage is guarded at the other end? The slaves there know that he has not passed. He may be in this very room even now!"

"In here?" gasped the king, starting as though he had heard the call of the death angel, and at the same time gazing nervously about him. "He is not here!"

"I meant that he might be here," returned the eunuch. "Genii can go where they please without being seen, you know, for they can change themselves into thin air."

The king gazed into the face of his slave, and gradually he moved towards him until he could lay his hand upon his arm. All this while he was very pale and his step was tottering and unsteady.

"Bahboul," the monarch whispered, "did you see that man?"

"Yes, sire—when you called us in before, and he ordered us to retire."

"Ay—and did you note his face—his eyes—those deep eyes of lustrous baze?"

"Ha!" So the old slave uttered, and his black face began to work strangely.

"Did you note his face, I say?" gasped Sohrab.

"I did! I did! I remember now. O, my master, did I not tell thee he was a genie?"

"Is he? By my life, Bahboul, if you'll convince me that that man was truly a genie, who only assumed that form in which to visit earth, I'll make you happy for the rest of life."

"I cannot make sure, sire; but you should know how he spoke. Did he speak like one of earth?"

The king bowed his head once more, and he was deeply troubled. It was a moment to him of perplexing and agonizing thought; but in the end he murmured, in a low, sad, painful tone:

"Leave me, Bahboul, and make search through the palace. Start up the guards—all of them—and let not a corner where a mouse might hide be missed. Be quick, now—and mind that the old man is gagged the moment he is taken. Away."

When Sohrab was left alone, he threw himself upon a seat and buried his face in his hands. He muttered incoherent sentences to himself, and ever and anon he would start up and gaze about him as though he had heard some frightful sound. In an hour his slaves returned with the intelligence that the old man was not to be found. Every place had been searched, but no traces of him could be discovered.

The king once more tried to calm himself, by believing that his strange visitor was not a human being.

CHAPTER XIV.

HOMELESS.

WHEN Feridoon first heard of the stroke of fate which had fallen upon Zillah, he was beside himself with rage and grief, and but for the earnest appeals and assurances of the astrologer, he would have gone at once to the royal palace and attempted her liberation.

"She shall be saved," said Kobad, "for though the king has her now in his power, yet he will not dare to harm her."

"But such a villain dares anything," returned Feridoon. "It is a trait of cowardly character, that the individual may be sometimes led by his wicked passions to do that which in another would require a vast amount of courage."

"Ay, my son, unless you can work upon the fears powerfully enough to restrain them. Now I know that the king would sooner have his good right hand cut off, and his body buried in lep-

rosy, than do harm to Zillah. I have seen the foul monarch, and I have left him with a cue from which he will not depart."

"But how?"

"I know of a most foul murder he once committed—the murder of a man whom the people most fondly loved—and I told him of it; and I told him, too, that if he did harm to Zillah all men should know his sins. Be sure he would not have those sins known for all the wives earth can give."

"But how long ere I can see my love?"

"I cannot tell. She may not recover from her sickness before the lapse of a week. But be sure you shall see her, and in health and purity."

It was difficult for the youth to restrain himself, but when he came at length to see that his interference now might cause Zillah's malady to assume a more dangerous phase, he concluded to let her remain where she was, and to trust the word of his friend. After this he went away, for he had much to do, and Feridoon was left alone. It was now near evening on the day following the visit of Kobad to the royal palace.

Our hero had been alone only some ten minutes, when Rustem entered. Of late the satrap had said but little to his protegee, for he felt somewhat angry at what had passed. The old noble came in and sat down, and for some time he regarded the youth in silence. At length he said:

"Feridoon, I have done much for you, and to me you surely owe the manhood you now possess."

"I owe you much, my father, and deeply do I feel it," returned the youth, sincerely.

"Then you should obey me now."

"In all things reasonable, my father."

"Ay, and you should let me be the judge of what is right."

"Look ye, noble sir," spoke Feridoon, promptly and energetically, "if I am to feel grateful for the manhood you have given me, of course it must be because I find joy in exercising the powers your gifts have bestowed upon me. But if you are still to do my thinking—if you are to judge of what is right for me, then what benefit results to me from your favor?"

"Listen, my son. The king demands that you shall relinquish your claim upon the love of the cobbler's daughter; that you shall write to her and say you can love her no more, and that you shall also bid her, if she still loves you, to turn all her faith to the king; that she shall be his wife, and be loving and faithful unto him."

"Did the king make such a demand?" uttered the youth, starting up.

"He did."

"And what said you in return?"

"That I would do his bidding."

"O—and does Sohrab think us all fools? By my life, I would sooner bury my dagger deep within my own heart than prove myself such a villanous coward! But much sooner would I put my weapon's point to his dastard heart—and so you may tell him!"

For a moment there was a flush of anger upon the satrap's cheek, but it soon passed away, and an expression of earnest, eager imploring took its place.

"My son," he resumed, "that is not all the king said. He also swore most solemnly that if you did not his bidding he would take your life!"

"Take my life? By the laws of Persia and the sacred creed of God, he dare not!"

"But he can do it quickly. You have opposed his authority and killed his servants. Remember, my son, that sixty-nine of his soldiers have fallen by your hand, and that, too, while they were lawfully obeying their royal master."

"You know how they were obeying and what they were obeying."

"I know all that, my son, but we must remember that our laws know nothing about it. I have read the laws of our nation many times, for I have helped administer them during many years, and I know that the king, or any other person, has but to accuse you, to compass your death. Be sure your life is forfeited by our laws. Only look at it, Feridoon. Suppose every man could do as you have done, with impunity, simply because he judged the mission unjust in which those were engaged whom he slew. You see what a state of things would exist."

"I understand you," answered Feridoon, calmly. "But I have one criterion now, that to me, at least, appears just. I can look calmly to heaven and bare my heart to God, that he may see all that it contains. I have no sorrow for what I have done, save that I mourn for those misguided men who fell beneath my arm, and I would suffer much could I bring them back to life."

"But do you realize, my son, that your death is sure to follow this obstinacy? If you do not as the king has commanded, you are sure to die."

"If," quickly added the youth, "he can do that thing."

"Of course the king can do his will."

"Very well. Now here is my answer. Not for all the favors kings can bestow, nor in fear of all the penalties they can inflict, will I give up one iota of my claim upon the love of Zillah; and this is my reason. Every principle of right and justice gives her to me, and the will of the king is nothing but black and rank wickedness, to the commands of which I will never submit. I am in the path of honor and virtue, and I shall stake my life for its maintenance. If the king can take it, it is his; but he must be a wonderful man if he can take it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Men in whom the imagination predominates are apt to turn facts into fictions and live in a world of their own creation.



ENGINE ROOM.

PAPER MAKING.

With the vast improvement in the art and increase of the amount of printing in late years, there has been a corresponding change in the art of paper making. The slow and laborious old hand process is almost forgotten. Those whose memory extends back a quarter of a century can recollect that it was then holding on against machinery, professing to make paper of a better quality though more costly. Machinery at last, as it always does, carried the day, and now delivers, forthwith, from the watery pulp, paper "cut and dried," which the hand process could never equal, and at a cost, notwithstanding the increased demand, very much less. Nothing can be more to the purpose of making the present state of the art well understood, than describing a paper mill of the most recent construction, and we have accordingly selected the Lawrence Paper Company. This is an incorporated joint stock company, with a capital of \$125,000, having for its president, Hon. J. W. Edmands, and for treasurer, S. Langley, Jr. Its manufactory is very conveniently situated in Lawrence, just below the mouth of the Spicket. It consists of two mills connected by a common finishing room, and is driven by water from the Lawrence Canal, conveyed across the Spicket in a penstock. One of our engravings gives a view of the two mills, with the Merrimack in the background. The two buildings partly seen in the foreground on each side, are stock-houses, two stories high, and entered from the street on the level of the second story; that on the right is fifty feet by forty, and that on the left is one hundred feet by forty. Each of these stock-houses is connected by a bridge with the attic of the adjacent mill, so that the rags are wheeled in without hoisting. We will follow the rags into one of these mills and see what becomes of them. By the bridge we directly enter the sorting room, seen in the last of our views. Here the bales are opened into convenient bins, and several girls are employed in separating the different qualities and colors, a work calling into use considerable powers of discrimination, for here are gathered together the debris of that infinite diversity of fabrics which necessity, finery and fashion have brought into being for all classes and conditions of the human race, at home and abroad. Very various have been the experiences of these poor ruins before arriving at this common destiny, and they may sometimes awaken interesting reflections in the sympathetic and imaginative minds of the sorters, but these must be very transitory, for we notice that the work proceeds with great dispatch. From the sorting chamber the rags proceed to

the "cutter and duster room," where they are first cut into small pieces and then thoroughly dusted. This is summarily effected by feeding them into a machine which cuts them fine and thrashes them over rapidly revolving cylinders armed with spikes, and finally discharges them with a rush. The dust during the process has an opportunity to fall through a screen into a box. The chamber where this operation is performed is in an L, thirty feet square, which projects from the main building towards the river, and is not seen in the view. It is immediately over the boiling and bleaching rooms, which form the subject of two other engravings, and the rags fall into the latter of their own weight through a trap in the floor, as they come from the machine. We see two of these powerful cutting and dusting machines, doing the work of many hands under the easy supervision of one. Descending into the boiling and bleaching rooms,

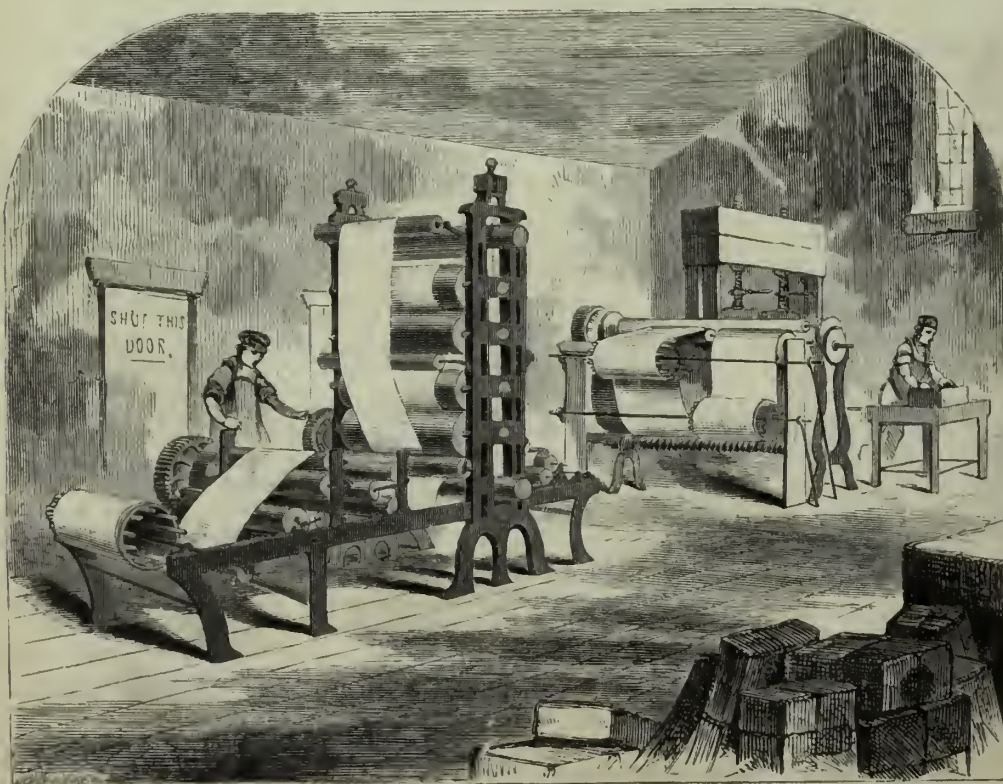
incumbent mass. This bottom has four chains for connecting it with a crane. The false bottom being placed in the tub, it is filled with chopped rags, saturated with a lye composed of slack-lime and caustic soda. The steam is then let on underneath the false bottom, and the mass is kept stewing for twenty-four hours. It is then hoisted out with the crane in the shape of a huge cheese, weighing about five thousand pounds. Our engraving shows one of these cheeses, as it stands on the floor after being hoisted out of the tub. The rags thus prepared are carried back into the main building, one story lower than where they entered, into what is called the engine room. This room, which may be seen in our first sketch, contains five engines, three of which are called washers and two of them beaters. The rags on their arrival from the boiling room are first thrown into a washer. Here water is copiously supplied from a large iron spout, and with the rags is kept rapidly whirling round the elliptic endless trough, by means of a cylinder or roll driven at a considerable speed. This roll is armed with straight, shear-edged knives, parallel to its axis, which act on similarly ground knives inserted in a slightly concave bed; each knife is shaped as a wide-spread letter V. The rags all having to run the gauntlet between this inexorable roll and its bed, are pounded, torn, cut and smashed at every revolution, and, of course, soon part with the dirt and coloring matter loosened by the lye. In about four hours they are reduced to a homogeneous pulp, the mechanically separable impurities having passed off with the surplus water through a fine screen, which also revolves, in the part of the trough opposite the grinding mill. Chloride of lime is now added for the purpose of removing what remains of coloring matter, and the pulp is let down into a drainer in the room beneath. This drainer is simply a room water-tight from floor to ceiling, and having a perforated floor through which the water may escape. Six of them are contained in the story beneath the engine room. The pulp is allowed to remain in the drainer about three days. Being then snow-white it is taken out and hoisted back into the engine room. Here it passes through the heating engine, which frees it from the bleaching powder and reduces it to a pulp of the requisite fineness. The complexion is preserved from any shade by feeding



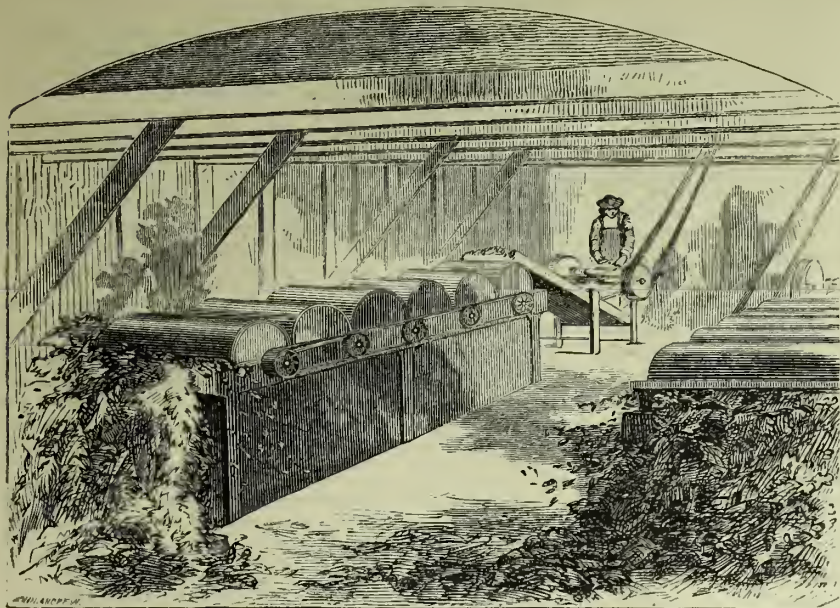
EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE MILL.

we are met by rather a foggy atmosphere and dimly discern cauldrons steaming, stewing and bubbling, which the witches in Macbeth would have envied. These cauldrons are three immense tubs, sunk nearly to the level of the floor. Each of them has fitted to it a false bottom full of holes, and with a standing wooden tube to allow the distribution of the steam through the super-

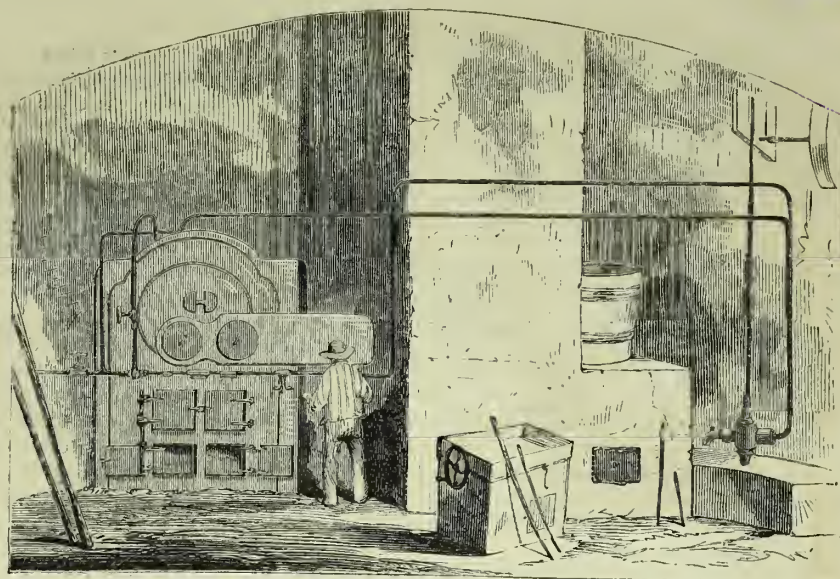
the pulp at this stage only with pure spring water, which is conveyed into the establishment in pipes for that purpose. This operation also requires about four hours, after which the pulp is allowed to flow down again into the large cisterns from which it is pumped by the machine which finally converts it into paper. These cisterns, of which there are several, are about ten feet in diameter by seven feet in height, and cylindrical in shape. We will now descend again, and pass from the lower story of the mill, where the strainers and cisterns are, into the long one story building stretching towards the river, a length of one hundred and thirty feet by thirty feet in breadth. This building is divided into two rooms, one of which contains a large Foudrinier machine which makes the finest book paper, leaving it upon reels, thoroughly dried, and ready to undergo the finishing process. We will now notice the machines in the "callender room." Here is finished all the fine paper that is required to have a very hard and smooth surface, as is all that is made in the mill. The reel, loaded with paper, is placed on the strong iron frame of the callender machine, represented on the left side of our third engraving. The paper is then passed between heavy iron rollers, six of which are placed one above another. The four largest of these rollers are made of paper about as hard as iron itself and exceedingly smooth. From this it is conveyed to the next machine, for the purpose of being cut into sheets. The sheets are then counted out into quires, folded once, pressed down in the standing press, and then packed in bundles of two reams each. The "machine room," which is one hundred feet by thirty, is represented in our sixth engraving. It contains two machines, one a 62-inch cylinder machine, and the other a Foudrinier, of 72 inches. The latter delivers the paper cut as well as dried. It is placed in the foreground of our sketch. The machine draws the pulp from the cistern and mixes it with the right proportion of spring water to make the paper of a required thickness. On the opposite side of the machine is a pump which brings the pulp into a reservoir a little elevated above the machine. Part of the pulp is allowed to flow into the vat at the head of the paper river and the rest returns to the cistern. To the pulp is added a stream of pure water to dilute it properly, and the same slide that diminishes the pulp increases the water, or the reverse. After being well mixed it flows upon a broad plate of brass, full of slits hardly wider than a hair. This screen is kept constantly jarring, so as to shake the pulp through and separate from it any little knots or knobs that may have passed the beater without being disintegrated. Thus strained and skimmed, it flows evenly upon an endless belt of brass wire gauze. It runs level over a bed of thirty-eight small brass rollers and carries the stream with it, which is prevented from flowing off laterally by thick rubber belting on each side, till the water has fallen through into a shallow trough, and the film of pulp is taken off by a large roller faced with felt. After being relieved of its load of moist paper, the belt returns beneath the trough just mentioned. The water in that trough having still some fibres



CALLENDERING ROOM.



DUSTING ROOM.

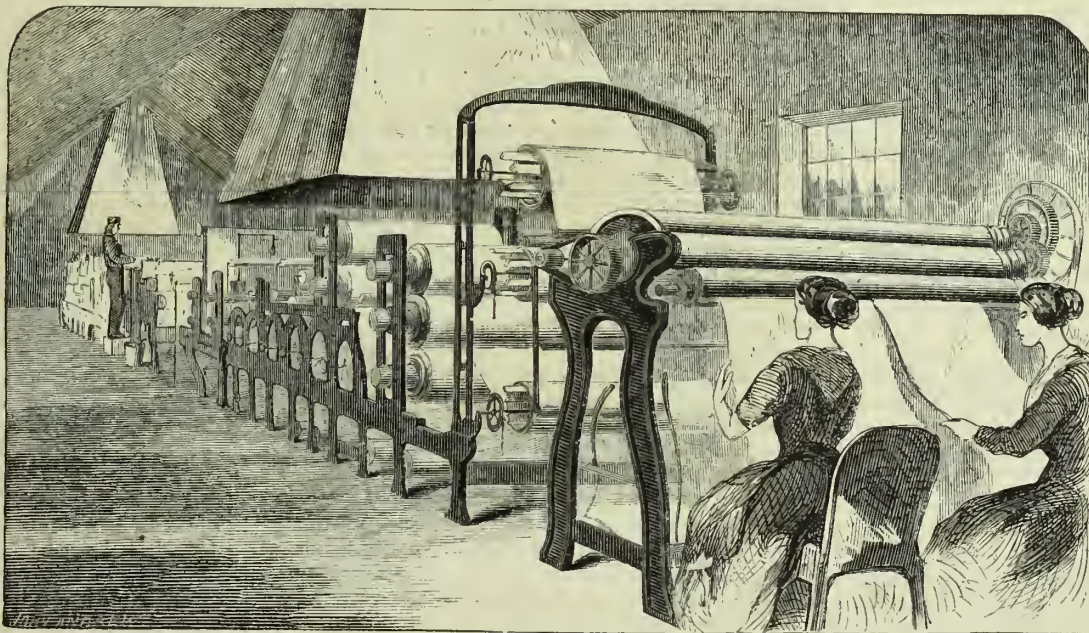


BOILING ROOM.

of pulp in it, goes where it is again sucked up by the pump to be resifted. From the felt roller the moist paper is first taken off upon a blanket which carries it forward under other rollers to squeeze out the water, and finally between heavy iron rollers, that give something of a finish to the upper side. It is then taken by another revolving blanket on its upper side, and being carried by it upward and in an opposite direction, finally presents its under side upward to the action of another pair of large rollers, which gives a finish to the other side. It is then received upon another revolving blanket, called the dry one, and carried by it over and under a series of five large copper cylinders, heated internally with steam admitted through their axes. Over these cylinders, from which the vapor rises in clouds, is placed a large ventilator, for the purpose of carrying off the moisture. By the time the paper has passed these rollers it is quite dry. It receives the pressure of several heavy rollers not heated, and is then wound upon one of the reels, three of which are represented in the engraving in a perpendicular form. While one of these reels is receiving the dried paper from the heaters, the other two are discharging their loads through the cutting machine, which thus cuts two sheets at a clip of its shears. This machine will pile up the paper ready to be packed for the daily newspaper offices at the rate of forty square yards per minute, or 57,600 square yards per day. The boiler room, sketched by our engraver, contains a boiler thirty feet long by forty-two inches in diameter, and does the boiling, drying and heating for the first mill. The other has a similar room with two boilers, each twenty-six feet by forty-two inches. Three and a half tons of anthracite are consumed per day to produce the steam. None of this is used for motive power. That is entirely furnished by water applied to what is called the "Parker Wheel," of which there are three to each mill. A very steady power being required for the machines, each has its own water wheel, twelve inches in diameter. The washing and beating engines of the first mill are driven by another wheel of the same sort twenty-six inches in diameter, and those of the second by one thirty-two inches in diameter, which exerts a force equal to one hundred and eighty horses. These wheels are in some respects similar to the turbine

wheel, but run on a horizontal shaft. Like the turbine wheel, they run wholly immersed in water, but they get nearly all the power due to the fall without being sunk in a pit, and in fact are placed very near the top of the fall. Before we can understand how so small a wheel so placed can exert so great a power, we must notice the immense power which water flowing through a tube under a head exerts against any obstacle which would suddenly stop it. This force, which is called the water hammer, sometimes knocks things to pieces in a surprising manner, and the

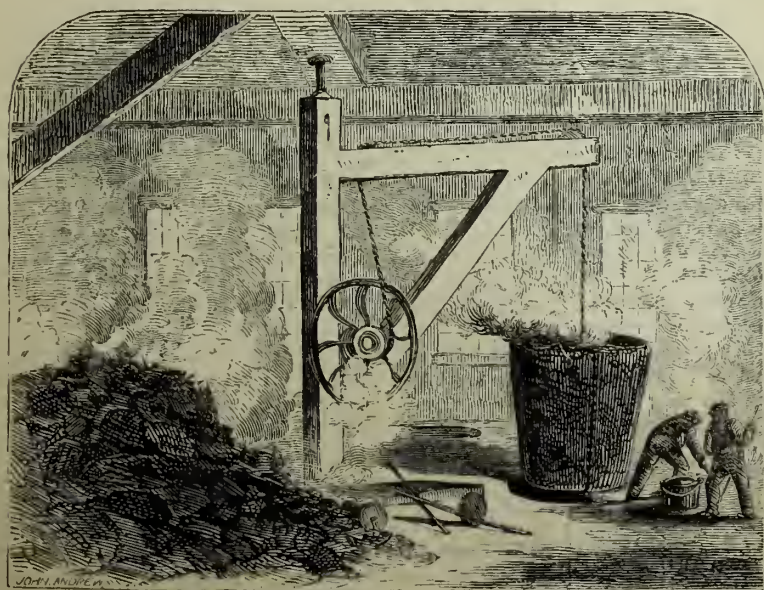
tions through it in an oblique direction, so that while it is in rapid motion it will allow the water to pass freely, but arrest a great portion of it when it stands still, then it cannot, after getting in motion, stop without feeling something like the power of the water hammer. The "Parker Wheel" is one of the most felicitous applications of this principle. It is placed just beneath the level of the water in the penstock, and the water way below it being tight will always be full of water at a height less than thirty-five feet. The wheel consists of two strong cast iron discs mounted on a shaft, and they constitute two moveable ends to a fixed cylinder, through which the water must pass to get from the penstock to the passage below called the draught box. It is admitted by the gate to the lower side of this cylinder, and divided into two equal parts by a wedge shaped partition, which throws it spirally against the two moveable ends of the cylinder. In them it finds exits, or tubular openings at right angles with its course, capable of discharging a small portion of the water when the wheel stands still, but of such a shape that when the discs move about twice as fast as the current that rushes against them, they scarcely obstruct the water way at all; the weight of the water pulling down to join the river, soon sets the wheel into this motion, and then it is not easily stopped without shutting down the gate. The duplication of the wheels, so that the water strikes in opposite directions, neutralizes the "throw," or tendency of the wheel to yield to the blow of the water in the direction of its axis. The admirable mills of the Lawrence Company were constructed last year under the superintendence of Mr. Joshua Norton, Jr., the agent of the company. They consume six tons of rags and produce four tons of white paper per



FOUDRINIER MACHINE.

strength of the "Parker Wheel" is something like it. Now if we conceive of a tube connecting the water of the penstock with the water of the river, the water will flow through it with a velocity due to the difference of level. If we stop this current suddenly, a great force will be exerted to remove the obstruction, and it will make no great difference, within thirty-five feet of the level below, at what point we interpose the obstruction, for the whole current in the tube must be stopped at once, wherever we place it. If we suppose a wheel to be enclosed in this tube, with perfora-

day. The selling agents are Messrs. A. & A. Norton, No. 12 Water Street, Boston, gentlemen well known for their energy, business character and punctuality. Mr. Willis G. Eaton, of the Lawrence Machine Shop, was the millwright employed upon the works we have been describing. The paper making machines were constructed by Mr. John L. Seavens, who has recently made an arrangement with the the Lawrence Machine Shop, by which he is able to avail himself of its unrivalled facilities and vast power of production.



BLEACHING ROOM.



SORTING ROOM.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LINES IMPROMPTU.

Written recently in one of those obsolete affairs—a Lady's Album.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

When asked in an album to write,
I feel much inclined to refuse—
For what can I strive to indite,
That may a young lady amuse?

Not love—I have no more of that,
Not romance—my fancy is tame,
And compliment sounds rather flat—
Let me therefore write merely my name.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LOVE AND LIGHTNING.

BY MULLY C. MONTAIGNE.

CRASH upon crash, peal upon peal, the echoing thunder rolled along, while the flashing lightning played over the antique furniture and the rich velvet carpets, illuminating the room with a wild brilliancy the sun-light never gave.

"Shall I ring for lights?" asked Eugenia Hatherton of her companions.

"No, no," answered Emanuel Delereux, quickly. "I love to see the lightning dancing its wild jigs, here and there and everywhere. Look, cousin mine, hasn't it a wicked, wilful way, and yet it is so grand, so startling!"

"I pity poor little Madge. How alarmed she will be!" said Robert Hatherton.

"You have never seen Madge, have you, Cousin Emanuel?"

"I have not had that pleasure since she was a child," replied Emanuel, in a tone not at all complimentary.

"You will love her, I am sure," said Robert, wickedly.

"I am equally confident that I shall not."

"But you cannot help yourself."

"There you are mistaken, sir. I know more of Mademoiselle Madge than you suppose. We are acknowledged enemies. She hates me as much as I hate her," (just then there was a terrible peal of thunder), "and that is not a little, I assure you."

"How it thunders!" exclaimed Eugenia. "Madge will be frightened half out of her wits. She is dreadfully afraid of lightning. I wish the carriage would come."

"She always was something of a coward, I believe," said Emanuel, scornfully.

"Ah! cousin, I know why you dislike Madge so; because she stepped between you and a fortune. It is no wonder that you hate the little vixen."

Emanuel sprang to his feet.

"That has nothing to do with it, Master Robert. My uncle had a right to leave his property to whom he pleased. I hate her because I hate her, and there is the end of it!"

He threw himself into a luxuriously-cushioned chair, and looked out into the gathering night.

A roll of carriage wheels was mingled with the next peal of thunder. Robert hastened to the hall-door, but Madge unceremoniously ran past him into the parlor, and he quickly followed.

"Eugenia, Eugenia, I have the brightest thought!" cried merry Madge, not discovering in the gloom the presence of a stranger.

"Why is love like lightning? Can you guess, *ma chere*?"

A flash of electricity illumined the apartment, and by its glare, Robert saw Emanuel's eyes fastened with ill-concealed dislike upon the handsome face of Madge.

"Judging from present observation," said Robert, with teasing sarcasm, "because it makes people senseless."

"Why, Robert!" exclaimed Eugenia. "Tell me, why are *you* like lightning?"

"I really cannot say, my sweet sister; please enlighten me."

"Because you shock me! Now let us guess Madge's riddle. Perhaps it is because it often proves fatal," suggested the romantic little Eugenia.

"O, nonsense!" returned sensible Robert. "Did any one ever die for love? Rather because it is attracted by the *metal*."

"No, indeed, Master Robert!" cried Madge, with a toss of her ringlets. "I wouldn't perpetrate such a *shocking* thing as that."

"Well, love and lightning are both too much for me, I confess it," replied Robert, with an air of desperation. "I am a good hoy, and never play with edged tools. We give it up, Madge, *per necessitate*."

"You do? Then I must tell you. Love is like lightning, because it *will go where it is sent*. Don't you believe it, Robert? This struck me so vividly, as I was driving home, that I was not half as much afraid as usual."

"What! afraid of love?"

"No; of the lightning I mean, of course."

"You won't fear Cupid until Cousin Emanuel comes, I suppose."

"Cousin Emanuel!" cried Madge, ironically. "What do I care for Cousin Emanuel?"

"Perhaps you *will* care for him one of these days," said the vexatious Robert.

"Never! I hated him when he was a boy; he was the *ogre* of my childhood, and although I have not seen him in ever-so-many years, what I have heard does not lead me to change my opinion."

"Indeed! Permit me, by this favoring streak of lightning, to present to you the gentleman you so much admire," said Robert, triumphantly, leading Madge to the great chair in which Emanuel was ensconced.

Madge's wicked eyes darted an annihilating glance at Robert, but he only laughed and ran from the room. She recovered her self-possession in a moment. Emanuel arose, and said, coldly:

"I am happy to see you returned safely, Miss Morton. The storm has been quite severe."

"Yes, very. Did you arrive at Elmwood before it reached here?"

"I was fortunate enough to do so; as I was on horseback, it was a matter of some consequence."

This colloquy had been quite in the dark, but another brilliant flash of lightning revealed to them each other's haughty features.

"Eugenia, do ring for lights," cried Madge. "What a droll fancy to sit here in the dark!"

"It was Cousin Emanuel's notion."

"Of course!" muttered Madge, *sotto voce*, with a curl of her lip.

"It is of no consequence," said Emanuel, dryly, "do have some lights;" and lights were brought; but Miss Madge immediately left the room, and went up stairs to remove her bonnet. Some minutes passed, and she did not return. Robert soon entered.

"Where is Madge?" asked Eugenia.

"O you won't see her again, this evening. She is poring over a new novel she brought with her from town, and she says she means to finish it before she goes to sleep."

"Do you want the lights, Cousin Eugenia?" asked Emanuel.

"No, quite the contrary."

Emanuel very calmly placed the silver extinguishers over the wicks, and re-seated himself by the window. He was glad Madge remained up stairs, and wished she would stay there during all his visit, of course he did.

Madge Morton was seated in the library, and her thoughts, which were not at all upon her book, ran this wise: "What a pity such a handsome face and figure should have been thrown away upon such a haughty, selfish fellow as Emanuel Delereux! I do believe he hates me because his Uncle Morton left his property to me when I had no right to it. Yes I *did* have a right to it; I was his darling, I loved him as much as I could have loved a father, the dear old gentleman! and Emanuel is a false-hearted, ugly man. I wish he had remained at home. But I suppose Uncle Hatherton, and Robert, and Eugenia are glad to see him. Well, I won't trouble him, that's certain;" and Madge resolutely turned to her book.

The story was about the village, and all the young folks of the family knew it, that Madge had been thrown upon the charity of old Mr. Morton, when she was an infant, by a poor, desolate woman, one stormy night. The old gentleman drove the woman from his door, but permitted her to leave the child, whom he decided to adopt, as his only child, his son, by an act of disobedience, had forfeited his right to his father's wealth and care. The woman died at the village inn the following day, and was buried in the village grave-yard. Some one caused a stone to be placed at the head of her grave, which bore only the name "*Margaret*," and as Mr. Morton called the infant child Maggie or Madge, it was supposed that the deserted woman was her mother. As Madge grew up, she was considered as an interloper by the aristocratic connections of Mr. Morton, especially by the family of his youngest sister, Mrs. Delereux, the mother of Emanuel. Madge had a high, quick temper, and therefore could not endure the artful taunts which the proud boy threw at her concerning her obscure origin. They only met when the Delereux family came to visit Mr. Morton at Elmwood, and Madge always dreaded their arrival. Emanuel frequently reminded her that she had no right to the name of Morton, but was suffered to bear it only because his uncle loved her. Poor little Maggie fought bravely while he was present; but when she was left alone, wept very bitter tears, and wondered if she had any name at all, and if so, longed to know it.

Mr. Morton had often hinted that Emanuel was to be his heir, but by degrees his heart so wound around little Madge, she was such a good child, so ready to do a favor, so devoted, that the old gentleman did what Mrs. Delereux called a very stupid thing, he left all his wealth, including the beautiful estate of Elmwood, to little Madge. His eldest brother-in-law, Mr. Hatherton, was invited to remove to Elmwood, and superintend both the education and the affairs of the young heiress until she was suitably married. This marriage was also provided for by the provident Mr. Morton. At his death, he gave a sealed letter to Madge, which she was to open on her eighteenth birthday, and which would reveal to her the name of the happy gentleman he wished to be her husband.

Madge's birthday was always reckoned the day upon which she was left at the hall, the first of May, and the morrow would bring the seventeenth May-day she had seen at Elmwood. Mr. Hatherton had very gladly left his city house to reside at the old family mansion, upon the death of his brother-in-law, for it was the finest place in the country, and a favorite resort of all the connections. Emanuel had just returned from a tour through Europe, and had hastened to pay his respects, as in duty bound, to his Uncle Hatherton. He would have fancied the visit right well, had not "that odious, black-eyed Madge" haunted his remembrance like an ugly fairy. He was a clever fellow too, there is no denying it, Miss Madge to the contrary; proud as Lucifer, it is true, but generous and willing to confess himself in error if convinced he was at fault.

The May morning broke radiantly beautiful. The young folks from the hall were the last to appear upon the village green, where all the "best society" not only witnessed, but shared the sports of the more rural population. By universal acclamation, Madge Morton had been chosen May-queen. No one could better have graced the rosy crown and gilded sceptre. She trod the fragrant lawn like a very princess, and received the salutations of her

courtiers with a native dignity which caused her maids of honor for the moment to fancy her a queen indeed. Every knee had bent in the royal presence but that of Emanuel Delereux. He leaned against an old elm tree, with his arms folded, and his eyes drinking in the sweet poetry of the scene. For the first time in his life, it struck him that Madge was wonderfully beautiful. How his friend Kenneth, the artist, would admire her! What exquisite grace! what a tiny, lily-white hand!—he sprang forward, knelt, as others had done, on the mossy footstool, and raised that pretty hand to his lips. Madge's black, lustrous eyes met his, they both smiled, then he turned away abruptly, and joined Eugenia.

The hour arrived for Madge to select a companion to share her honors; all the company ranged themselves in double circles around the charming queen, eager to hear the name her bird-like voice should syllable. She had fully intended to choose Edward Raleigh, one of her most devoted admirers, and whose name she fancied to be the one concealed in Mr. Morton's letter, which she was to open one year from that day. Robert hoped she would select him, but she did not in the least design conferring such a compliment.

Madge had resolved to choose Edward, but thought it would be proper graciously to glance around the circle, as if not fully decided; so her beautiful, bright eyes roamed along the ranks of grace and manhood—they met those of Delereux. His lips were parted, his hair thrown back carelessly from his proud brow. Madge's eyes paused to admire; it was an irresistible impulse—should she choose him? No! he might seem her choice. She looked again; there was something eloquent in his eyes—"Emanuel Delereux!" she pronounced clearly.

Emanuel gracefully advanced, knelt to receive the twin crown which Madge, trembling, placed upon his head; then taking it himself, kissed it, as the custom was, and attached it to his left shoulder. Immediately the musicians, in the little gallery erected for them, struck up a lively air; Emanuel drew Madge's arm through his own, and led her to the dance. In a few minutes the lawn was covered by merry dancers, glad voices filled the air, and every one seemed very happy, excepting Edward Raleigh. He leaned thoughtfully against the elm-tree, and wished, as Madge had done the evening previous, that Emanuel Delereux had been drowned in the Black Sea, or some sea, that he might not have re-crossed the Atlantic.

In the afternoon, the sky became suddenly clouded; the girls searched for their bonnets and baskets, and the young gentlemen ran in every direction, endeavoring to make themselves useful. The thunder growled among the hills, the big drops began to fall, and every one laughingly hastened to the nearest homes.

A few loyal followers gathered about the May-queen. Her face was bright with smiles, as she merrily returned the gay jests of her courtiers. Emanuel folded the shawl carefully around her little Hebe form, and as the rain fell faster, drew her under a tall tree, whose shadowing branches somewhat protected them.

"Do not go there," cried Edward Raleigh. "It is dangerous to stand beneath a tree in a thunder-shower."

Madge looked up inquiringly.

"It will go only where it is sent," said Emanuel, with a smile, as a blaze of lightning illumined the blackened sky.

Madge blushed her recognition of his quotation, and Edward insisted upon their endeavoring to reach the village. So they started off on a gay race, Madge's little hand firmly but carefully held in the close grasp of Emanuel; while Edward urged them with hurried sentences—"How near that was! For Heaven's sake, make haste!"

They reached a shelter, and looked back across the wide lawn they had just traversed. A flash of lightning, intensely bright, was accompanied by an instantaneous burst of thunder. It cleft the proud tree beneath which, a few moments previous, they had been standing. Madge grasped Emanuel's hand; he folded her suddenly to his heart, and as quickly released her. "Thank Heaven!" he murmured, earnestly, and his face remained pale as death.

The storm sped on to other happy May-queens, blighting the newly gathered flowers, and driving the youth from their sports, leaving the village around Elmwood bathed in that peculiar beauty which is the gift of a summer shower. The old hall was gorgeously illumined that night. It was the birth-night festival of merry little Madge. The May-queen robes had been laid aside, and others more beautiful and costly donned. There was a peculiar, touching shadow over Madge's beauty that evening, from the deep emotion excited by the incident of the storm. How near to death she had been! It softened the tone of her gay laughter.

Again and again Emanuel led her to the dance; he walked with her through the dreamy avenues, and conversed in floral language in the conservatory. Sometimes Madge left him for awhile, when others claimed her hand in a gay quadrille, or implored the favor of her company in a stroll through the mystic groves, or a sail upon the artificial pond at the foot of the lawn; but Emanuel, by some chance, would again meet her, and again their eyes would talk in spite of them, just the reverse of what their lips had oft-times said.

Still Madge was very gracious to Edward Raleigh, the old-time favorite of the kind friend she had called father, whose tall white tombstone, from a grove of weeping willows, overlooked the silvery pond. She quite fancied the thought of proving her devotion to her father by marrying one whom she really did not love. Two o'clock sounded, the old hall was silent, the wax lights had died in their sockets, the lamps in the grove were extinguished, the moon itself had set. All was silence and darkness. Madge dreamed happy dreams; some flowers which Emanuel gave her were resting beneath her head.

Young Delereux was the only one awake in all the house. He

could not sleep. That vixen Madge haunted his pillow. He had not carried out his intention of perfect indifference to Miss Madge from sunrise to sunset. He never dreamed, when he used to tease her so, that she would grow up so beautiful. Then, too, she was so intelligent, so entertaining, she was a treasure, a diamond of unsurpassed lustre.

"Love her?" soliloquized Emanuel. "Robert said right. One cannot do otherwise. I won't, though, I declare! Where is all my pride, my prejudice, my dislike? And she never would love me; she has hated me from her cradle. I've seen her lip curl twenty times to day," and he turned over on his pillow, and with these comforting thoughts fell asleep.

Happily sped the merry month of May at Elmwood Hall. There were fetes, and boating-parties, and horse-back rides, and long walks in the moonlight, and everything delightful. Notwithstanding the "May-day flirtation," as Robert styled it, Madge had determined not to admire Emanuel one iota more than was positively necessary; but she was obliged to confess he managed his high-mettled steed superbly, and handled an oar as no one else could. In return, he complimented Madge upon her horsemanship, and declared he had never seen a lady row half so gracefully. Emanuel had an excellent voice, so rich, so deep; Madge sometimes forgot to sing her part of the duet, while listening to it.

May flew by, and but a week remained of Emanuel's visit. He had long since ceased to struggle against his love for Madge; he believed what she had said that first evening in the dark, that love would go where it was sent. But he would not obey its dictates.

The days wore away; Madge grew restless. She counted the hours—the last one came, and Emanuel bade them *farewell*. His cheek was very pale, his hand trembled, his bright eyes glowed with love and pride, his heart beat tumultuously, but he said, calmly: "Good-by, Madge. You must visit the 'Oaks' some day, with Robert and Eugenia."

"Good-by," replied Madge, coldly.

He mounted his horse, and rode away. He thought he was injuring only himself. He had watched for one little token that Madge loved him, but found none.

"It is well," he said, "for it would only render her as unhappy as myself," so he stoically rode on.

Mrs. Delereux received him joyfully, wondered why he looked so pale, and said that Elmwood did not agree with him.

"That's a fact!" responded Emanuel, heartily.

The summer rolled by, and young Delereux was soon engulfed in a round of gaiety. Robert Hatherton wrote that Raleigh had renewed his visits with increased effect, since the captivating Emanuel had vacated the field, and he supposed Madge would finally conclude he was a proper suitor, and so properly reward him; but he did not believe she loved him a straw.

"The truth is," wrote Robert, "our little Madge is not half aware of her power. She will set the city crazy. We are very glad she is going to pay a visit to some town friends, ere she speaks to Edward the irrevocable *yes*."

Emanuel was surprised, delighted, alarmed, bewildered all at once. The "Oaks," his father's place, was but a mile from the city Madge was to visit, and all the amusements of Mrs. Delereux, of course, lay within the charmed circle of the town. Emanuel was glad to hear that Madge was coming, because he had some misgivings about the proper state of his heart. He was a man of honor, and scorned doing a dishonorable deed. He had half-promised his mother to offer his hand and fortune to Miss Julia Levrette, a charming heiress; but he still feared he had not quite conquered his former, only passion, and he would not act the mockery of bestowing a heart not his to give.

Madge arrived; such an heiress, such a beauty! The leader of the *ton* immediately gave a party in her honor. Mrs. Delereux had called on her brother's ward, but had merely the opportunity of leaving her card, as Miss Morton was not at home. She now eagerly watched every arrival, as she stood near the mirrors in Mrs. Stanhope's parlors, and suddenly touched Emanuel's arm.

"Who is that superb creature? my son, do look this way."

Emanuel carelessly glanced towards the door.

"It is Miss Morton, mother."

"Is it possible! Who would have thought little Madge Morton would make such a princess-like girl! What a pity so much beauty and such a fortune should be wasted! for, of course, no eligible man will think of marrying Madge—nobody knows what. Be attentive to her, Emanuel, that is proper; she is your uncle's ward; but do not lose your heart, or forget Miss Levrette."

Emanuel smilingly left his sage mother, but sought neither of the young ladies referred to. He jealously watched Madge, as admirers thronged around her. There was no constraint, no timidity, but a native grace, an intelligent ease, that captivated young and old. Madge fancied Mr. Delereux intended to decline an acquaintance, but not so. For a moment she was comparatively alone. He quickly approached her; his eyes beamed joyfully, his voice trembled as he said:

"I am happy to see you, Madge, if I may still call you so."

"Why not? we are old friends," she answered, with an air that signified a great deal or nothing, Emanuel could not tell which; then taking his offered arm, she strolled with him to the beautiful conservatory, whose rich fragrance lured the guests to its delightful precincts.

"Do you remember, Madge, what pretty things we said through flowers in the conservatory at Elmwood, that May-day?"

"Did we?" said Madge.

"Yes; and what delightful walks and rides we used to have; and do you remember when the lightning struck the tree?"

Madge looked up with flashing eyes and flushed cheek.

"Yes, Emanuel, I remember!" she said, almost fiercely, and hurried away.

He leaned against a marble vase, stunned almost, he knew not why. He could not decipher the meaning of her words or her manner. Was it her old dislike returned doubly strong, now that so many smiles fell upon her? All his pride came to his aid. A smile wreathed his lip, his haughty form was drawn to its full height, and he moved again among the guests, the noblest there.

Weeks passed. Madge saw Emanuel frequently; he was attentive, kind, polite, all that was necessary, but was every day colder and colder towards her. As Emanuel grew more reserved, she became gayer. Her southern blood danced in her veins, crimsoning her cheeks, and flashing like lightning in her black sparkling eyes. She electrified every one but Emanuel; he became adamant.

One day, Madge announced her intention of returning home.

"Not already?" said Mrs. Delereux, who was present.

"Yes, to-morrow."

"Are you surfeited with flattery? Come, tell us how many offers have you had?"

"Twenty."

"What! twenty? Then you are engaged, I am sure. You could not have summoned courage to say *no* twenty times!"

"But I did summon courage; I am not engaged."

Emanuel stood as though he were a statue. Perhaps he did not hear all this nonsense.

"Ah! I see; you have a lover up at Elmwood."

Madge smiled. Mrs. Delereux had all a woman's curiosity.

"Then you mean to marry him?"

"Perhaps so."

"Do you love him?" asked Mrs. Delereux, with surprise.

"Not particularly; but I suppose he is as amiable as most men."

Emanuel started; his eye met Madge's; a faint smile passed over his features, and he abruptly left the room.

Madge kept her word. Three days later found her at Elmwood, and right joyful was the welcome she received.

"I am so glad to get home. What an age it seems!" she cried, throwing her arms around Eugenia's neck and bursting into some very girlish tears.

One morning in April, Madge was sitting in the library, thinking very desperately. "No, I won't love him! Selfish fellow! Why should I waste a thought upon Emanuel Delereux? Did he really love me, he would, at least, have spoken, if we must never meet again. Now, should he die at my feet, I will be cold as ice. How handsome he is!" she said, continuing her reverie. "There was not another equal to him. Miss Levrette, that they say he will marry, is a splendid girl. I wonder if he loves her? Of course, I shall marry the one that father's note says, that is, if he ever offers himself; but I am quite sure it is Edward, for he never liked any other boys."

There was a clatter of horse's hoofs on the avenue, then some one entered the great hall, and asked of a servant:

"Is my uncle at home?"

"No, sir."

"Robert? Eugenia?"

"No, sir; they have all driven to Mr. Compton's."

There was a quick step on the stairs; the library door opened; Emanuel Delereux entered. Madge started to her feet. For a moment they met each other's gaze in silence. Then Emanuel crossed the floor with uneven steps, and caught her hand.

"Madge, do you love me?"

She turned very pale, there was such an intensity in his voice. A cloud gathered in the sky, and threw a black shadow in the room. He grasped her other hand.

"Madge, tell me, do you love me?"

"Why ask, Emanuel?"

"Because I must know; you must tell me. Madge, I am dying, all for love of you." His whole frame trembled.

"Is it possible that your pride permits you to say this?" A distant peal of thunder echoed along the heavens, as she spoke.

"I know I am proud, Madge, I do not deny it. I have not wished to love you, I have fought against it; I have vowed to hate you; I have tried to love others, but all in vain. Now, I cast my life in your hands, Madge. Let me give you a name which I shall be proud to have you bear."

"Your father might disinherit you, Emanuel."

"I care not; that would not kill me. Madge, you love me; I know you do; you must! Do you not remember? Love is like lightning; it will go where it is sent. Listen, Madge!"

A fierce thunder-storm had arisen. The sky was entirely overclouded now. The lightning played amid the forest, here, there, everywhere, as it had done not quite a year before, when Emanuel came to Elmwood.

"It is terrible!" said Madge, huskily.

"Yes, terrible!" echoed Emanuel, his eyes glaring wildly on her.

The thunder pealed along; then a crash, a snap. The gloom increased; the lightning became more vivid, more terrifying. Madge grew paler. Emanuel wound his arm around her.

"Do not fear, Madge; it will only go where it is sent," he said, smiling faintly. "Madge, I have forgotten all my pride; I am selfish no longer. Madge, will you be my wife?"

She freed herself from his embrace, and gazed steadfastly upon his pale, quivering features.

"Emanuel, I too am proud; you know it. Never will I become your wife, until my history is fully learned. Even then, much depends upon the note my father left me. He himself selected a husband for me; that letter will reveal his name, and also, I hope, the one which I am entitled to bear. It is my only chance for ever learning it."

A moment Emanuel gazed upon her mournfully.

"You are a noble girl, Madge; but you shall not sacrifice yourself to a foolish pride. Mine is annihilated, yours shall be so also; it shall not separate us." Again he caught her hand, and

pressed it passionately to his lips. She sprang from him, and left the room; but as she crossed the hall, the house trembled, the lightning had struck the library wing. Then, for a moment, all was still, and again the storm rolled on.

Terrified, hreathless, Madge hastened back to the room she had just left. The floor was covered with splinters; Emanuel lay stretched upon it. His eyes once more met hers. He whispered:

"Do you love me, Madge?"

"O!" she groaned, "I do, I do! Only you, dearest, only you!" and bending down she wreathed his head in her white arms, and kissed his pale forehead again and again. He smiled, and murmured:

"Do not let me die *now*—water!"

She flew for help; water was brought; he had fainted. They dashed on pailful after pailful, but he lay cold, inanimate. Carriage wheels rolled up to the door; it was the gig of the family physician, who sought a shelter from the storm. Never was he more needed. Every exertion was made, and at length Emanuel was restored to consciousness. He reached his hand out to Madge; she caught it, and kissed it fervently. "Emanuel!"—"Madge!" was all that either could say.

It was a wonderful providence. The lightning had struck a wing of the house, passed lightly over Emanuel's body as he leaned against the window frame, ripped the sole from his boot, run across the floor and descended a beam leading to the ground, without igniting a spark.

In a few days, young Delereux had entirely recovered from the shock, and was a walking miracle to his friends, who had, at first, supposed it impossible for him to recover. He now eagerly awaited the first of May, when Madge might unseal her father's bequest.

The morning came. They were seated at the library table. Madge broke the wax, and read:

"Emanuel Delereux, my dearest child, is the man I would wish you to marry. Although I know him as a proud, wilful boy, he has the germ of much good within him. He will make a noble, honorable man, a truthful, devoted husband. Yours always, my darling. EMANUEL MORTON."

Smiles illumined both their countenances as they read the first few words, and Emanuel clasped Madge's hand still tighter; but as they finished the short letter, Madge turned away and wept. It was such a disappointment! She had been almost certain that this note would reveal the mystery of her parentage, but there was not one syllable, not one. She leaned her head against the lattice, unmindful even of Emanuel's caresses.

"Madge, it can make no difference in my love, surely not in yours, dearest?"

But she still shook her head. She had declared she would not marry Emanuel under the present circumstances; she would not incur the scorn of his proud mother. O! she had so hoped that letter would be a history to her. She was glad that Emanuel's was the name written there; but, folding her arms closely around his neck, as on the day when the lightning stunned him, she moaned wretchedly: "*Farewell, farewell!*"

Emanuel threw aside her entwining arms, and hastily paced the room. He was driven almost to despair. His eyes wildly scanned the very walls for succor. Suddenly he approached the broken wainscoting, where the lightning had shivered a stout panel.

"Madge, what is this?" he cried, as he carefully removed the broken panel, and discovered a secret closet in the wall. It was filled with old time-worn papers. They unrolled paper after paper, and the very last was addressed to "Miss Maggie Morton." Emanuel pressed her to his heart, and kissed her blanched cheek ere they ventured to read. It ran thus:

"I do not think it necessary, Maggie dear, to write what will follow. So unnecessary do I deem it, that I shall conceal it in a secret closet, which none of you know, and if it becomes a matter of very great interest to you, I trust that a kind Providence will guide you to its hiding-place. Forgive this whim of a proud old man. Pride has been the bane of our family; I know it. Perhaps you have suffered from this pride of mine, poor child; but if Emanuel, or any other lover, has allowed his pride to overrule his love, he is not worthy of my jewel. Yes, you are mine, Madge, my own grandchild. As all the world knows, my only son left his home very abruptly. The occasion of such leave-taking was this. He wished to marry a young girl, who, though of very respectable parentage, was far below him in station, and, as I supposed, or rather took it for granted, she was inferior to him in intellect also. I was mistaken, but that matters nothing for my story. He loved her, married her, and renounced his family forever. They suffered much from poverty, how should it be otherwise? My poor son had never been accustomed to toil. He soon died, worn out by care and want. His sorrow-stricken wife brought you to me, their only child, with the story of his sad death. I drove her from my presence, but vowed to do all for you that I should have done for my dead son. Yet still I could not endure the thought of confessing you to be his child and *her* child; therefore, I did not publicly recognize you as such, thinking it could do no harm, and it would have wonderfully hurt my pride, for I never claimed him as my son after that marriage. God forgive me! Now farewell, Madge, my own grandchild; may you be happy. E. M."

Emanuel clasped her again and again to his joyous heart. Her tears were all of surprise, delight, gladness. What a fortunate stroke of lightning had that been which cleft the old wainscot!

"Madge," cried Emanuel, "do you remember the wise little riddle which were the first words I heard you utter one year ago last night? Have we not reason, darling, to thank God, that both *love* and *lightning* go where they are sent?"

Madge was kissing the treasured manuscript, but glanced up affectionately at the broken wainscot.

"Now, Madge, one month from to-day you will become mine forever; do you say yes?"

June saw Madge a happy bride—never was there a happier. Sometimes, during a thunder-shower, when Emanuel clasps his strong arm more tenderly around her frail form, Madge whispers:

"What wonderful things are love and lightning!"



REPRESENTATION OF MARITIME CRAFT OF THE VARIOUS NATIONS IN THE WORLD.



REPRESENTATION OF MARITIME CRAFT OF THE VARIOUS NATIONS IN THE WORLD.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

I HAVE WAITED FOR THY COMING.

BY ALBERT O. CLOUGH.

I have waited for thy coming
Till the stars have paled away,
And my sad and weary vigils
Usured in the dawning day.
Suns and moons have come and vanished,
Years of pain and sorrow flown,
Yet my heart beats still unchanging
For the pressure of thine own.
Ah! a strangely mingled feeling,
Lost of hope, is ever stealing
Through its depths, as, lowly kneeling,
Memory's wand recalls the past.

I can see a cottage standing
Near a quiet little glen,
Where no words but love's own voicings
Ever broke the stillness then.
And blue eyes that ever kindled,
As my eager steps drew near,
With a wealth of love-light dancing
In their liquid depth so clear.
And it bore no outward seeming,
Not within the heart-depths beaming,
For each trusting glaucous was teeming
With the sunlight of the soul.

And a voice of magic sweetness,
Like the melody of spring,
When within the waking forests
Merry notes are clustering.
Still I seem to hear, as sad thoughts
To the wandering moments soar,
Cleave the swelling years, and hear me
To the "sunny days of yore."
Yet for me 'tis hushed forever,
And that love-light now gleams never
For the weeping heart, that ever
Craves forgiveness for thy wrong.

Shall my heart know not but unrest?
Life's sweet spring time end in gloom?
Every hope spring up to perish?
Earth be e'er a living tomb?
Shall night bring me naught but weeping,
And the morning naught but pain?
Shall I never, tell me, never
Know one happy hour again?
One sweet word from thee would cheer me—
And if love would bring thee near me,
Fortune's frowns nor fate should tear me
From thy dear smiles never more.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE PLAYERS IN CALIFORNIA.

BY FREDERICK STANHOPE.

DURING the early days of the drama in the new El Dorado, some of the shifts to which managers were forced through small companies and great paucity of wardrobe, were really quite laughable. To conduct a theatre with any prospect of success with the scanty material at hand required all the genius of a Barnum, combined with an amount of patience and ready wit which rarely falls to the lot of common mortals.

Ned B——, who has within a year been brought rather conspicuously before the public in connection with an affray on the Isthmus, where he espoused the cause of a young and celebrated actress, against her husband, was at this time one of the few managers in the country. He was a queer genius; having adopted the stage as his profession some four or five years before, he had become with some of the southern audiences quite a favorite in melo drama; but of a free, easy disposition and convivial tastes, he soon was led into dissipation, and in a fit of the blues, when hard up, after a debauch, he had enlisted in the dragoons, and found himself a soldier. After serving some time in Texas, he was detailed with a party to accompany General Kearney on his journey across the plains to California. A favorite with his officers, he was promoted, and finally made orderly sergeant. While stationed in Monterey, his fine person gained him from the ladies the sobriquet of "the handsome sergeant;" and one of the wealthy families having some amateur theatricals in progress, obtained leave for him to participate with them. This revived his old tastes, and applying successfully for a discharge, he once more took up the "sock and buskin." Getting together what he could find in the shape of a company, in 18— he came up to Stockton, to give a series of performances. The building selected for a theatre was one of the largest in the place, though that was not saying much; but with canvass partitions, and the aid of a little paint, it presented quite a respectable appearance—at least for Stockton.

Bills were soon about, announcing their advent, with the whole strength of the company, in "The Wife," Julian St. Pierre, Mr. B——. Their numbers were very limited, parts of minor importance were entirely omitted, and others that were necessary to the plot, were "doubled."

B——'s wife was the principal lady of the two that constituted that portion of the corps. She was invaluable to him. They were married in Texas; the daughter of a sergeant, born in barracks, and receiving her tutelage from her father's companions, she was, in fact, "la fille de compagnie." Her literary attainments were few, albeit at the time she became a blushing bride, she could neither read nor write. However, after marriage, Ned himself instructed her in those important rudiments, and with a

native tact, and an earnest desire to improve, she had at this time become, barring a slight brogue which she seemed to have inherited, quite an actress. To quote her own words, she "could play *Mariana* as well as *any* woman in the country." Her role was far from limited; from Sally Scrags to Lady Macbeth, she took all parts in turn, occasionally displaying her versatility and a well turned ankle in a "Highland Fling," or "Zapeteado."

The night before the performance came, and all was prepared, when a messenger came to Ned at his hotel, to inform him that Mr. D—— had, in a moment of inebriety, been thrown from his horse, and was severely injured. Here was a dire mishap; hurrying off, he found his worst fears realized. D—— was in bed, with a surgeon just completing the operation of setting the limb; while he grinned a ghastly smile of recognition through sundry contusions, that would render his countenance nupresentable for a long period.

The sufferer was cast for Ferado; it could not be cut, neither could Ned "double" it, as their scenes were together, and each of his company had already all they could possibly attend to. The tickets had been selling rapidly all day, and he had luxuriated in the prospect of a full house and replenished pockets, and all to be upset by this disaster—'twas fearful. That night he slept but little, and with his "cara sposa" many plans were discussed and dismissed. The morning brought no relief; but a lucky accident turned the tide.

Always an extremely neat person, misfortune did not change his habits, and finding his beard long, and his curls, of which he was very proud, unkempt, he entered the only barber's shop Stockton boasted, and took a seat in the chair.

James C——, the barber, was a perfect specimen of a New Yorker in manners, language, all; he was Bowery personified; a mechanic at home; sickness in California had reduced his strength, and purchasing a few razors and other stock, he hired a shop, and gashed faces, or chopped hair with as much assurance as though he were to the razor born. But he had one weakness—the stage. In New York he had been a member of one of the many spouting associations, and had longed to strut upon the stage, and Heaven soon granted what stern fate had yet denied.

Under the soothing influence of the lather Ned became communicative; "he feared he should be compelled to postpone the performance," etc. The artist started; a thought flashed through his brain, and his scissors came in unpleasant proximity to Ned's ears; with doubts and stammering accents he unbosomed himself: "he had played in private—was somewhat familiar with the part—could he be permitted—" After a momentary hesitation, B—— accepted the offer. It would be a card,—first appearance on any stage—consequence of illness, gentleman kindly volunteered, etc.

Throwing aside with disgust the implements of his art, he accompanied B—— to the morning rehearsal, which after an introduction of our friend, was progressed with. But now the important subject of dress came up; wardrobe with them all was nearly a myth, the same costumes answering for all ages, and nearly all stations, with a little judicious management. The invalid's things were of no use, inasmuch as he was a very small person, while our barber was the reverse; at last, however, the dress was found, rather incongruous in its parts, to be sure, but in an emergency one must not be too particular. All was procured but a wig; this could be neither begged, borrowed, nor stolen. The debutante's hair was a brilliant and fiery orange, worn close-cropped to the head. Mrs. B. proffered a string of ringlets à la Charles the 2d; but gods! on such a head it was too absurd. But he was a barber, and not to be turned aside by any obstacle in his line, at least. He had picked up at a sale some time before a bottle of hair dye; this he remembered, and taking his bundle and part, hurried home, and locked himself in, to apply it to his hair and eyebrows. Having no previous experience in this branch of his art, his skill was not great, and putting on too large a quantity, the color became a deep one; as it dried he paced his chamber, reciting the part, and fancying himself every inch a duke, and a tyrant to boot.

Evening came on, the doors were opened, and the rush was tremendous; the prices were three and two dollars, and as the house filled, Ned rubbed his hands, and chuckled at his lucky windfall. Many of the audience, from the extreme west, had never before attended a theatrical performance, and their ideas were rather confused as to the nature of the entertainment; some rather expecting the *show* would consist of nigger singing and dancing. These Pike county hoosiers, after much difficulty in obtaining their tickets, would, as they passed in, offer pay for the small bills given them, and after entering, give vent to their feelings of expectation or surprise by ejaculations not always the most refined.

The orchestra, comprising two violins and a clarinet, performed a choice selection of popular airs, and the curtain went up; all progressed favorably, and at last Ferado appeared; his friends in front rose "en masse," and gave him round after round of cheers, which, instead of encouraging, had exactly the opposite effect, and he with difficulty proceeded. But shade of the Duke of Mantua! what an object! His round bullet head was black—no, that does not express it—invisible green; sending out into the light all the colors of a pheasant's breast; his eyebrows were the same, and fancy on a blonde skin what was the effect. His trunks and hose were of different styles; his doublet, very fine, was covered by a cloak that might have suited the lean apothecary in Romeo and Juliet; and to complete the costume, an immense sword, that obstinately persisted in hanging nowhere but between his legs. His appearance was such that all on the stage were convulsed with suppressed laughter, and with difficulty could the play proceed. At last the scene in the third act between St. Pierre and Ferado was reached, Jim becoming each moment more

oblivious, as he got further on. He is here seated at a table where most of the action transpires, and as the dialogue is rapid, and the answers must be prompt to give any effect to the scene, Ned had arranged to have him read from the book while sitting. By some accident he lost his place, and in his confusion could not again find it. B—— prompted him once or twice, but finally he reached such a pitch of excitement, that springing up, and dashing down the book, he rushed off the stage, his sword, as he reached the wing, tripping and bringing him to the ground! The audience yelled; some of the hoosiers, however, thinking it was all right, and that the fall was intended as a grand comic *coup de main*, applauded vociferously. "He done that right peert," said one.

For a moment Ned stood struck dumb with amazement; at last, with admirable self-possession, as the noise subsided, he went on with his part, talking of the duke, and speaking as though he were present, bringing the scene to a termination.

Nothing could induce the unfortunate wight to go on again that night; so one of the stock read the remainder of the part, and Mariana, to bring their patrons back to good humor, after the play executed a "character dance" with great eclat.

Contrary to usage, this unsuccessful first attempt did not damp Jim's professional zeal; and though obliged to live for weeks in seclusion, to get rid of the hair dye, he eventually abandoned the tonsorial art, and became a permanent member of the stock company in a minor capacity, not again attempting so important a station.

The company were very fortunate in a pecuniary point; audiences large, if not appreciative, each night filled the seats, and Jim at last found his vein—it was low comedy; and though he did not deem it up to his merits, still he soon discovered that the best criterion of an actor's merits, applause, was awarded him in farce, while his attempts at tragedy, at best, went by in silence. He made quite a hit in Box, in the farce of Box and Cox, his close-cropped red head answering a better purpose than the variegated one of his debut. He is now one of the most promising comic actors in the country, and ready as the next to laugh over his unfortunate Ferado.

RUBINI AS AN ARTIST.

While no one could be more expressive than he was in such a cantabile as "Fra poco," in "Lucia," or "Tutto e sciolto," in "La Sonnambula," he would fling into the midst of one of Rossini's grandest adagios a roulade, interminable, unmeaning, and absolutely bordering on vulgarity. At times these displays were almost repulsive; but the artist could always fascinate us back to himself again. Again, when undertaking an opera, Rubini seemed unable to study a part as an entire part, but reserved himself for a few points—such as a cavatina, a burst in a finale, or the like;—in this inferior to Duprez, who, though finishing highly also, was always *en scene*—in one act preparing for the next, and linking passage to passage with unparagoned dramatic vigor and fervor. Yet who ever got so much out of "that cavatina," "that burst," "those bars of recitative," as Rubini? He was homely in presence—as an actor, null—as a declaimer, capricious, negligent and unsatisfying; and yet on the stage he was always acceptable, because of the passion, and warmth, and tenderness, and wondrous artistic finish of his singing, when he chose to put them forth. His unquestioned and universal popularity has explained to us the well-known reply of Madame Mara, who, to some one reproaching her with her motionlessness, as Queen Rodelinda, replied, "Would you have me sing with my arms and legs? What I cannot do with my voice, I will not do at all."

As a man, Rubini was singularly insipid—a certain *bonhomie* of manner with which his idolaters were fain to content themselves, being accompanied by a quiet parsimonious love of money, such as is not the rule among the opera queens and kings of Italy. —*London News*.

DO SOMETHING.

We are decidedly of opinion that the most miserable situation a man can be placed in, is when he has nothing to do. The idle man is a sponge upon the world, and a curse to his fellow creatures. Every man that remains idle, or gets his living without work, is adding to the misery of the world—is really injuring the morals and happiness of the human family, and should be held responsible for it. What would be our fate if we were all to become idlers? Who would make our garments, our houses, our food, our newspapers and books? What if you are able to live without work? Does it follow that you should remain in a state to vegetate merely? Certainly not! Without a pursuit—an innocent and honorable pursuit—no one can really be happy and hold a proper rank in society. The humble wood-sawyer, says one, is a better member of society than the fop without brains and employment! Every one should be employed in fashioning some article of use, or extending the dominion of thought—in simplifying the means of subsistence, or in some other way to be beneficial to his fellow-creatures. How many persons do we see content to live on the products of other hands, who are, in fact, little better than bare-faced rogues. They live on ill-gotten spoils—go on tick—lie and cheat, rather than follow a pursuit which would render them useful to themselves and mankind generally. None can be happy without employment—mental and physical. The idler becomes a fit candidate for the penitentiary or gallows.—*New York Express*.

FORESHADOWINGS.

The formula that our wishes are forefeelings of our capabilities is, I believe, one of much beauty and worth. Many difficult passages in the biographies of great men are explained by it. Perhaps all of us may have learnt from what has occurred to ourselves, that it is not *only* applicable to great men. In looking back to the castles of earliest boyhood, we may see that they were not wholly built of air, that part of the materials of which they were composed, were derived from a deep quarry in ourselves, that in the form of their architecture were shadowed out the tendencies, the professions, the schemes of after years. Many may smile sadly when they think how little the achievements of the man have corresponded to the expectations of the child or of the youth. But they cannot help feeling that those expectations had a certain appropriateness to their characters and their powers; that they might have been fulfilled, not according to the original design, but in some better way.—*F. D. Maurice*.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE GREAT COMET,

EXPECTED HERE IN 1858, ABSENT FROM THE EARTH THREE HUNDRED YEARS.

BY MARY N. DEARBORN.

What mighty mystery is thine?
What power propels thy force,
As thrice an hundred years have told
The record of thy course?
What wide, unnumbered regions vast
Have marked thy flaming line,
Since thou didst deign on earthly ground
To let thy beauties shine?

What curious scenes arrest thy sight?
What radiant glories rise,
And dawn on thy mysterious path,
Around the vaulted skies?
O say, thou brilliant gem of light,
For what you come, and why;
How far from earth your confines are—
How near to heaven you lie?

And they who tread your flaming shore,
Say, have they forms like ours?
Are they of mortal mould who move
Within thy shining bowers?
Perchance in Eden's bloom they roam—
Perchance they revel there,
Amid a glorious, blessed home,
Where sinless beings are.

What wonders could thy light reveal,
Of worlds beyond our sight,
Beyond the farthest unknown star
That decks the brow of night!
Perchance ye bear those spirits down,
Who from the burning throne
Come laden with a tale of love,
To mortal beings shown.

But hark! to me an answer's given:
"Presumptuous child of earth!
Seek not the mysteries which are hid
Behind the second birth.
I come at God's command alone,
His mission to fulfil,
Where'er he bids, I haste to go—
And bide his future will."

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

AN INCIDENT OF A DARK NIGHT.

BY WALTER BRYANT.

In the month of June, 1844, I took passage in the brig "Cor-siea" for Martinique. Said brig I had taken because it was the only vessel I could find bound in that direction, but yet I could not in reason have asked for a better or a safer one. She was nearly new, and before we had been at sea twenty-four hours, I knew that she was easily handled, and quick to obey her helm and braces. On the 4th of July we were in sight of the Bernudas, but we did not stop there.

The morning of July 7th was one of the most beautiful I had ever seen at sea. The sun arose bright and clear, and the pure, fresh air had a strange charm, as it swept mildly over the deck. But this was not to last long. When I went down into the cabin to my dinner, I found the captain examining his barometer with considerable earnestness.

"How does it stand?" I asked, carelessly, not dreaming that the mercury had fallen any during such weather.

"Almost down to twenty-eight," he replied, in a low tone.

"Twenty-eight!" I repeated, basting towards the instrument to satisfy myself. But I found it as he had said; the mercury had stood at thirty inches in the morning.

"We shall have some sharp lightning before we get out of this," Capt. Walker said, going to the table and sitting down.

"And wind, too," I suggested.

"Some," was his laconic response.

Before we had done dinner I heard the sails flapping against the masts, and I knew that the wind was dying away. When I went on deck I found that the fresh, grateful breeze had gone, and now I experienced by my lungs the lightness of atmosphere which the barometer had indicated. By two o'clock, the wind had all gone, and our brig lay in a perfect calm. The vast expanse of water was like an undulating mirror, and our vessel rocked to and fro upon the lazy swells like a drunken man. The sun poured down its rays hot and fierce, and nothing mitigated their sweltering power.

Thus matters remained until about five o'clock, and then the heavens began to assume a sort of livid cast; but even this did not last long. By half past five dark banks began to arise away to the north'rd and east'rd, and soon afterwards they came from other quarters. A strange gloom settled over the great ocean, and big black clouds went on piling themselves up on all hands. By half past six the heavens were all black, and 'twas almost as dark as night. Yet there was no wind, save now and then a fugitive puff, which seemed to have made its escape from the circum-jacent cloud-prisons.

The sail was taken off until we had nothing set but the two topsails close-reefed, the fore-staysail, and the main-trysail. At seven o'clock the wind began to blow from the north'rd and east'rd, and shortly afterwards it began to rain. This drove me to the cabin, but I was not content to remain there long. I knew we should have lightning and thunder ere long; and to me there is something so grand and sublime in a thunder storm at sea, that was resolved to go on deck. I had come prepared for such

things. I donned my oil cloth pants and coat, which had an extra coating of an India-rubber compound, and then having secured my broad rimmed sou'wester upon my head, I made my way once more on deck. It was now as dark as dark could be; the utter blackness was so dense that it seemed almost an impenetrable wall through which one could not move. At the wheel there was a dull gleam from the binnacle-lamp, but it looked more like a lurid spectre of some sort than like the effect of a lamp. Upon that spot I could see part of the bodies of two men, and a few dim gleams from the brass mountings of the wheel, but when I looked away from there, I could see nothing but utter blackness. Even the tall masts were obliterated, and the human beings who moved about only a few feet off were hidden as behind a wall of rock. The rain poured down in torrents, but none of it reached my skin, and I remained upon deck.

The brig was now heading south by east, and the wind was full upon the larboard quarter. At length a quick gleam shot from among the ebon mass, and a broad blaze lighted up the heavens. All around I could see the waves reflecting back the lightning, and for the while only a sense of the sublimely beautiful rested upon me. Then came the crash! and as the deep thunder rolled away in the black heavens, I was awed by the solemn peal. For half an hour the lightning continued at intervals of only a few moments, and then there was a cessation. The rain continued to fall, and there was no break in the blackness of the heavens.

It had been nearly half an hour since there had been any lightning, and I had made my way forward to watch the phosphorescent gleaming of the disturbed waters at the brig's bows. I had been there not over five minutes when I thought I heard a strange, rushing sound somewhere ahead. I knew the mate, a Mr. Linnell, had come forward with me, and I called to him. He answered me, and was soon by my side; I stood just by the bowsprit, upon the weather side.

"Hark!" said I, as he came up and asked me what was wanted. "Do you not hear something that sounds odd?" The sound was now more distinct than before. He listened a moment, and I heard a quick gasp escape him.

"Good heavens!" he uttered; "it's a ship!—something!—a craft ahead!"

"Station the men," I said to him. I know not how the thought came to me, but it did. "Send the men to their stations without alarming them."

"Stand by the braces!—all hands!" he shouted. "Quick! Let every brace have a man by it! Mind your helm!"

I heard the men hurrying about the deck, and some of them started forward to find out what was the matter; but in a voice of thunder the mate ordered them to their stations. Plainly now came the sound from the water—and it was a dull, dismal roar. We shaded our eyes and peered off into the darkness, but not a thing could we see; not even the jib-boom of our own vessel was visible.

At that moment, while we strained our eyes so uselessly, and while the roar grew more distinct, a flame of light gleamed forth from the heavens. The whole ocean was illumined about us, and "Mercy!" dropped in terror tones from the mate's lips; and I know that a whispered prayer was upon my own.

Right upon our weather bow loomed up the dark, spectral sides and spars of a heavy ship! She was heading to the westward, and was almost under our forefoot! Most surely we were not over two cables' lengths apart, and both dashing through the water at ten knots! Just as the lightning died away from the heavens, the ship's flying-jibboom formed nearly a right angle with our own, or, at least, so it seemed to me—and of course we were rushing towards each other at a fearful rate. While the ship had been in sight, the mate had been powerless; but now he started up, and with his whole power of voice, he cried:

"Braces!—quick!—cast off to windward!—up with the yards!—sharp up! Down with your helm!—hard down!—hard down! For the love of God, my men, work with a will! In with those lee braces! In—in—sharp up! Is that helm down?"

But the mate needed no verbal answer to this question; for hardly had he spoken it when the sails began to shiver, and in a moment more we could see that the fore-staysail had caught the wind upon the other side. Just then the lightning came again, and a sharp cry of horror went up from our deck! The ship was upon our starboard bow now, and a man from our rail could have jumped upon her deck. All was noise and bustle on board the stranger, and in an instant I could see that her helm was up, and that she was wearing off.

It was dark again, and in a moment more we felt our vessel quiver beneath some terrible power! There was a moment's strain, a grating noise, and then followed a low crash, and—we were surely free! Quickly came another flash of lightning, and we saw the ship upon our quarter passing swiftly away! Our starboard maintopgallant backstay was carried away! The ship's main-yard-arm must have caught it!

He who holds the sea in the hollow of his hand received warm prayers of thanksgiving that night.

Flash after flash now came in quick succession, and ere long the ship was out of sight to leeward. On the following morning the heavens were clear, and the sun rose full and bright. The broken backstay was spliced, and I doubt if ever men went at work to repair an accident with lighter hearts than beat over that piece of work.

HAPPINESS.—Addison remarks, and too truly, that if all the happiness that is dispersed through the whole race of mankind in this world were drawn together, and put into the possession of any single man, it would not make a very happy being. Though, on the contrary, if the miseries of the whole species were fixed in a single person, they would make a miserable one.

NAPOLEON'S DIVORCE.

At length the divorce was announced; and though expected, the effect which the news produced in France baffles description—amongst the populace and the middle class especially. It was like their guardian genius deserting them. The upper class were for the most part indifferent, but still there reigned even here a sentiment, a sympathizing melancholy; the ladies of the court, whose life of ceremony is apt to deaden the affections, were actuated at least by their personal interests, and did not know how these might be affected by the new comer. Already Josephine's goodness was regretted—for her kindness none can ever attempt to deny; and indulgence, the only objection to be made against her in this respect, being the too general extension of her goodness and recommendations. The effect of all these varying shades of feeling, whether of affection or self interest, was to produce a certain degree of stupor in society. I was profoundly afflicted, and went the very next day to Malmaison.

One incident, in particular, gave a still more dramatic effect to the melancholy close of a career so distinguished by the favors of fortune. Prince Eugene, whose affection for his mother is well known, being at the time in Paris, found himself necessitated, by his office of Archancellor of State, to carry to the Senate the message which announced his mother's divorce: "The tears of the emperor," said that noble young man, "do honor to my mother." And his own, which flowed profusely through this dreadful day, were a consolation in the midst of her sufferings.

The empress received at Malmaison all who chose to pay their respects to her. The drawing-room, the billiard-room, and the gallery were full of company. The empress never appeared to better advantage. She sat at the right of the chimney, beneath Girodet's fine picture, simply dressed, with a large green capote upon her head, which served to conceal her tears, which would flow whenever any one came who particularly reminded her of the happy hours of Malmaison and the consulate. It was impossible to see, without emotion, the strong impression of grief which marked her countenance. She raised her eyes to every one who approached, even smiled at them; but if the visitor was one of her old associates, the tears immediately stole down her cheeks, but quietly and without any of those contractions of the features which make weeping inimical to beauty. No doubt Josephine's despair must have been painful to the emperor; whether he could have resisted her mute expressions of mental agony, I know not.—*Duchess D'Angoulême.*

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

The Rev. S. G. Osborne thus describes this lady:—"Miss Nightingale in appearance is just what you would expect in any other well-bred woman who may have seen perhaps rather more than thirty years of life; her manner and countenance are prepossessing, and this without the possession of positive beauty; it is a face not easily forgotten, pleasing in its smile, with an eye betokening great self-possession, and giving when she wishes a quiet look of firm determination to every feature. Her general demeanor is quiet, and rather reserved; still, I am much mistaken if she is not gifted with a very lively sense of the ridiculous. In conversation, she speaks on matters of business with a grave earnestness one would not expect from her appearance. She has evidently a mind disciplined to restrain under the principles of the action of the moment every feeling which would interfere with it. She has trained herself to command, and learned the value of conciliation towards others and constraint over herself. I can conceive her to be a strict disciplinarian; she throws herself into a work as its head—as such she knows well how much success must depend upon literal obedience to every order. She seems to understand business thoroughly, though to me she had the failure common to many 'heads'—a too great love of management in the small details, which had better, perhaps, have been left to others. Her nerve is wonderful. I have been with her at very severe operations—she was more than equal to the trial."

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MY BROTHER'S KEEPER. By A. B. WARNER, author of "Dollars and Cents." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 85.

"Dollars and Cents" was a work of fair promise, which the book before us has amply redeemed. It is a story of American society, full of well-drawn characters, and of scenes that exhibit great dramatic and narrative power. Just the book for travellers on long railroad journeys to take with them, for it has the power of completely enchainning the attention. It is certainly one of the most readable novels of the season.

ANNA CLAYTON: OR, THE MOTHER'S TRIAL. A Tale of Real Life. Boston: James French & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 352.

This story is said to be founded on actual occurrences—a fact which gives zest to its mysteries, and its strange incidents. The artifices of Jesuitism afford the principal part of its machinery—and there is the orthodox amount of secret villainy foiled by manly courage, and persecuted virtue finally triumphant. Tears are dried, wrongs are righted, and the curtain falls on a tableau of universal happiness.

A LIFE-POEM—AND OTHER POEMS. By FREDERICK J. KEYES. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 120.

If we understand right, this volume is the first fruit offering of a young author, and should therefore be read and judged in a kindly spirit. It is evidently the work of an earnest and ambitious mind; and while it has the faults of inexperience, occasional carelessness and occasional redundancy, it yet contains much of fine thought and fine imagery. We could select many beautiful passages, if we had the space. The author promises us another volume, and we hope he will redeem his pledge.

A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON THE CULTURE AND TREATMENT OF THE GRAPE VINE. By J. FISK ALLEN. 3d edition, Enlarged and Revised. New York: C. M. Saxton & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 330.

Every householder, who has a border of three feet breadth on the south side of his residence, in town or country, may raise a plenty of grapes for his table; but there is a way to do it, as there is with every thing a man undertakes. Now, Mr. Allen, a practical and successful grape raiser, tells us the way in this admirable and popular treatise—so that, with this book, his guide, a man may raise grapes understandingly, on a large or small scale, under glasses or in the open air. It is deservedly the standard manual for grape culture. For sale by Redding & Co.

A COMPLETE MANUAL FOR THE CULTURE OF THE STRAWBERRY, ETC. By R. G. PARDEE. New York: C. M. Saxton & Co. 1854. 12mo.

The strawberry is one of the most delicious and healthy fruits we have. A very small area of ground will raise a sufficient supply for a family, if properly taken care of. The work before us is ample and intelligible in the details, and enriched by a record of the processes of some of the most successful strawberry growers in the country. It also contains notice of the raspberry, blackberry, currant, gooseberry and grape. No owner of a garden should be without it. It may be had of Redding & Co., State Street.

BELL SMITH ABROAD. Illustrated by Healy, Walcutt & Overarcher. New York: J. C. Derby & Co. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 326.

Another book on Paris—and a very clever one, too. It is written by an American lady, who saw the great city under peculiar circumstances, and has given us her impressions in a lively and original manner. It is a very readable book, and we know of none better calculated to wile away the languid hours of a summer day, or a long ride in the railroad cars. The illustrations are very felicitous and artistic.

DICKENS'S NEW STORIES. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Co. 1855. paper, 8vo. Mr. Peterson has done the reading public good service by collecting some of Dickens's latest and most popular minor tales, such as "The Seven Poor Travellers," "Lizzie Leigh," "The Foundling," etc. The volume is embellished by a fine engraving of Maclise's portrait of the author. For sale by Redding & Co.

MADAME ANNA DE LAGRANGE.

THE NEW PRIMA DONNA.

We present herewith a speaking—perhaps it ought to be singing—likeness, drawn for us by Mr. Barry, of Madame the Baroness Anna De Lagrange, the new prima donna, who recently made her first appearance at Niblo's Opera House, in the role of Rosina, in the Barber of Seville, with distinguished success. In the first place, the lady is very pretty and prepossessing, as her portrait shows—she is not *vox et preeterea nihil*. There is a certain romance, too, about her circumstances which is a pleasant item in the sum of her attractions. We are told that she is allied by birth to one of the first families in France, and is a baroness, in her own right; but what gives her an especial *prestige* in republican America is the fact that she is a niece of Kosciusko. But this is not all; her husband is a general officer in the Russian service; the health of her only child does not permit of a prolonged residence in St. Petersburg, the czar will not allow her to enchant the people of London and Paris, so long as he is at war with France and England, and hence, in the zenith of her fame, she follows in the path of Jenny Lind, Alboni, Sontag and Grisi; so to the severity of the Russian climate and the war between Eastern and Western Europe, we owe the possession of that *rara avis in terra*—a new prima donna. Some other prima donnas have come to us in the sere season of fading personal and vocal attractions; but the subject of our notice springs upon our shore full of youth, vigor and elasticity, with unimpaired freshness of voice. Madame De Lagrange comes with a wide extended European reputation. She has sung in Italy with complete success; as a concert singer and interpreter of the lyric drama, she passed through the fiery ordeals of London and Paris triumphantly, and also in Vienna, well known as the most severely critical capital in Europe. Some idea of her extraordinary success may be formed, when it is stated that Meyerbeer there produced for her his grand opera of *Le Propheete*, in which she created so profound a sensation that she appeared in that opera no less than forty-five times during the season. But in St. Petersburg she appears to have attained the greatest popularity, and to have reigned as the crowned queen of the lyric drama. A New York paper, speaking of her first appearance at Niblo's, remarks: "She is French by birth, and distinguished in appearance; tall, fine eyes, good carriage, well mannered. Her voice is an extra high soprano. It reaches certainly to the F above the third line, and extends down to A below the line, two octaves and three quarters. Below the F of the first space it wants fullness; and below the C, the omission of the notes would be no loss. The quality is light, not voluminous; but pure, so far as it goes, and not cold. The character of Rosina demands just the qualities she exhibited, and the introduced music admitted of all her extras. Whatever the reader may imagine of brilliant vocal execution she has. All bravuraism is accomplished by her with the same apparent ease as a bird sings. What a flute does she does. In daring, bounding, flying, aerial execution, she has not had her equal in this country. When she trills too loudly on high notes, her voice loses melody, and is disagreeably common-place; when she skims over the notes, or drops them in honey sweets, she has a field especially her own." The N. Y. Spirit of the Times, a journal so greatly famed for the impartiality of its critiques, says: "On this occasion, Madame De Lagrange made her first curtsy, in character, before an American audience. For the first few notes of 'Una Voce' it was perceptible that she was laboring under slight nervousness, but this soon wore off, and the cavatina was presented in a style



MADAME LAGRANGE, THE PRIMA DONNA.

of unsurpassable taste and exquisite finish. Ornament is not out of place in such compositions, and most freely did this lady use her privilege. Her singing may be likened to a grand display of pyrotechnics, and is at one and the same time very wonderful and very pleasing. There is much sympathetic quality in her tones; her compass must be heard to be credited, while her very highest and very lowest tones are equally sonorous. This lady's personal appearance is highly pleasing, and her carriage graceful and lady-like. Her career here must, we think, be brilliant as to success." Finally, Mason Brothers' New York Musical Review, an authority which always commands respect, testifies to the talent of the new prima donna in the following manner: "Mad. Lagrange is the greatest performer our present age has at command. We have heard them all, those celebrated vocalists of the day, who have been admired for years by the French, Russian, German and English dilettanti, but not one of them can be compared with

Mad. Lagrange, as to the finished execution of unheard-of difficulties. We cannot characterize her singing better or more concisely, than by saying, that she sings as the most finished pianists play. In fact, we were continually reminded of Thalberg, when we listened to her the other night. The same neatness, the same sureness, the same brilliancy, elegance and grace. Now, to display all this on the piano, has been attempted several times with success, although there is only one Thalberg; but to possess it on the delicate scale of a soprano voice, is really so immensely difficult, that a lady who can accomplish it, as Mad. Lagrange can, has a right to claim our attention, and even if necessary, our admiration. To play staccato on the violin is difficult; but out of a hundred good players, there are, at least, fifty who can do it. But to sing staccato, as Mad. Lagrange does, without any consideration or hesitation for the largest and most difficult intervals, there is only herself that can attempt and perform it, and nobody else. What could be done with nature's gifts, Mad. Lagrange has attained, and as a virtuoso she must be placed as high as any of the most renowned instrumentalists or singers of the day. When we heard her, some years ago, on the German stage, she had already distinguished herself by the producing of some *tours de forces*, but besides these she had sung little to arouse our sympathy; but now these *tours de forces* form only a part of the whole, which may be compared with a beautiful edifice of art, well founded, well constructed, and most elegantly finished." The reputation this country now enjoys for liberality and appreciation, the facilities with which the passage from Europe to America is accomplished, and the example of such artistes as Alboni and Lagrange, will be sure hereafter to give us the finest European talent in its prime. We are far from joining in the illiberal cry against the patronage of European talent; the effect of having the best models among us in the impulse given to the study of music, has already resulted in the production of several American singers, whom we have sent back to Europe to establish their fame even on the Italian boards. The time will come when we shall have the very best native artists in every department, but until that time arrives, or, in order to hasten its arrival, we must welcome from every quarter of the globe the most distinguished professors of art who may come among us.

RIO JANEIRO.

The engraving below is from a view of Rio Janeiro, sketched on the spot, as seen from the deck of a vessel at anchor, and presents the peculiar appearance of the bay on which it is situated, with the singularly striking outline of the bold mountains that rise along the shore. In this range is seen the famous Sugar-Loaf mountain, which rises to the height of a thousand feet, and inclines at the same angle as the leading tower of Pisa. This bounds the entrance to the harbor on one side, while a bold mass of granite rising on the opposite, or north side, is crowned by the castle of Santa Cruz. Midway in the channel is another fort, called St. Lucia, which occupies the greater part of a small island. The approach to the city is also defended by other batteries erected upon some of the islands, which so agreeably diversify the surface of the bay, and contrast by their pastoral beauty with the wilder and grander features of the landscape. It is almost impossible to select a spot in or about Rio Janeiro which does not present a picture of extraordinary beauty, so that the tourist, who visits the capital of Brazil, is amply gratified by the scenery alone, if he find no other attraction in this interesting place—its mountains, ravines, valleys, villages, forests, farms, rivulets and bridges.



VIEW OF RIO JANEIRO, SOUTH AMERICA.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.
LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

THE PICTORIAL.

Three more numbers will complete the eighth volume of our illustrated paper, and those whose subscription expires at that time will bear in mind the necessity of renewing their subscriptions at once, in order to secure the work complete. We shall be prepared to bind up the numbers of the past volume as fast as brought in to us, and return the volume, elegantly and perfectly bound in full gilt, in one week, at the regular charge as heretofore, of one dollar, supplying an illuminated title page and complete index.

We would suggest to our readers to turn over the back numbers of the present volume, and observe whether we have not fully kept our promise of improvement and liberality. The present is universally acknowledged, by all parties, to be far the most valuable volume of the paper yet published. The paper is finer, the illustrations more elegant and expensive, and the reading matter by the best of American writers. The readers of the Pictorial have learned to understand that we make no backward movement, but that the paper is constantly improving with the facilities afforded by art and machinery, as they are better and more fully developed.

MUSICAL.

We are certainly a music-loving people, and the taste for cultivating this accomplishment is daily increasing among us. We are gratified at this, for the refining and elevating influence of the art is beyond a question. These reflections have been particularly induced by a call at the extensive and unrivalled music store of Oliver Ditson, of this city, with whom our readers are already acquainted through our advertising page. This house went into operation about twenty years since, under the name of Parker & Ditson. At the close of a few years Mr. Parker left, and the whole business passed into the hands of Mr. Ditson, who has since conducted the same with much enterprise and an unusual degree of industry and attention, combined with a watchfulness over the wants of the public, and a prompt response to their calls for new publications. "Ditson's edition of Standard Operas" is a work which should alone yield a fortune, so happily conceived, and so admirably executed; no lady's drawing-room should be without this publication. Mr. Ditson's name in the music publishing business is as the Harpers in the book trade.

BIOGRAPHICAL.—Freeman Hunt, Esq., editor and proprietor of the Merchants' Magazine, is preparing for publication a collection of biographical notices of the lives of some of the most eminent merchants of America.

LOCOMOTIVES.—The Albany Evening Journal learns that a company for manufacturing locomotive engines in Albany has been organized with a capital of half a million dollars.

AXIOM.—Drunkennes is an egg from which all vices are hatched.

SPLINTERS.

.... The wheat crops in Michigan and in South Carolina have exceeded expectation in their appearance. No starvation there.

.... Santa Anna is said to be dangerously ill; but he wont die—he has as many lives as a cat.

.... There is great rivalry between the boats on the Hudson River. Let's have no racing—remember the Henry Clay.

.... An Indian at Grand Rapids ran three thousand feet in three minutes and ten seconds. He will do.

.... The editress of the Lancaster Literary Gazette sets her face against whiskers. We are sorry to record it.

.... President Hitchcock tells us that the coal in the United States equals 3500 square miles.

.... A superannuated and destitute clergyman, named Elijah Wells, died lately at Deer Island Hospital. He was 70 years old.

.... It is said that Fanny Fern is to be paid \$100 a column for her new novel, by the New York Ledger.

.... Messrs. McKelvie & Smith, two Scotch Highland gentlemen, lately called on President Pierce, dressed in national costume.

.... The hogs and poultry in South Carolina are fattening on locusts, which exist there in countless numbers.

.... The "Spiritual Faith" is making hundreds of proselytes every day, and thousands of tables are leaping for joy.

.... Two beautiful swans imported from England by J. W. Tucker, Esq., have been placed in the lake at Forest Hill.

.... Epes Sargent's play of the "Priestess" appears to be popular everywhere. At Cincinnati its success was great.

.... Six boys were crushed to death, lately, by the falling of the frame of a barn at a "raising" in Michigan.

.... A depraved scoundrel lately girdled a fine shade tree in South Boston. He ought to be impaled.

.... Several sweeping machines are operating in New York—no allusion to the dresses of the ladies.

.... If General Shields likes Minnesota Territory, he can be governor of it—so they say.

.... The turpentine crop in North Carolina will fall short about 50,000 barrels, it is estimated.

RURAL SCENERY NEAR TOWN.

The evil of contracted space under which the city of Boston labors, has produced an almost incalculable good in the culture of the country that surrounds it. The exigencies of business, which demand that street after street erected for the residences of citizens shall be successively abandoned to the purposes of commerce, have forced out of town the rich as well as poor. Consequently, the surrounding country, within a radius of ten miles, has been covered with elegant or neat dwellings, and abounds in gardens and ornamental lawns and parks. In this space, the great agricultural staples—such as corn, potatoes, rye, etc., are not much cultivated, but we have plantations of fruit trees, strawberries, choice garden vegetables, grapes, flowers—everything which requires great skill for their production.

Soon after the tide of citizens flowed forth into the country with the facilities afforded by the establishment of the railroad lines, the aspect of the new settlements was not very attractive. The Gothic cottages stood nakedly upon newly graded lands—there was a necessary absence of verdure and foliage. But now, the trees then planted have rewarded the foresight of the land owners and add an invaluable attraction to the scenery. The growth of Roxbury has been marvellous. A very few years ago, the Highlands of that city presented a rough, ragged tract of wilderness—now they are covered with elegant residences, embowered in trees and flowers, and presenting at every turn a picture of surpassing beauty. Brookline, too, always renowned for its rural beauty, has, within a few years, received a vast accession to the number of its residents without any diminution of its picturesque character, but on the contrary, with an enhancement of its charms. The large tract of territory formerly owned by David Sears, and known as Longwood, has certainly been improved by the erection of numerous dwellings in various styles of architecture, by the opening of forest roads and paths, and the careful culture of the trees. Brighton, Watertown, Newton, Cambridge, Medford, Malden, Chelsea, Dorchester—the whole sweep of the environs of Boston are, particularly at this season, attractive to the eye.

In the course of our perambulations we meet, now and then, amidst the modern Gothic cottages and Elizabethan piles, some quaint old edifice of former days—a little stiff and stately, but still rich, ornate and cumbersome, approached by an avenue of immemorial elms, and having its bedges of box and its paved courtyard, all in the old English style. We have seen more than one garden attached to a house of this kind, which reminded us of Sir Philip Sidney's picture of a pleasure ground in his Arcadia: "The back side of the house was neither field, nor garden, nor orchard; or rather, it was both field, garden and orchard; for as soon as the descending of the staires had delivered them downe, they came into a place cunningly set with trees of the most taste-pleasing fruits; but scarcely had they taken that into their consideration, but they were suddenly stepped into a delicate greene; of each side of the greene a thicket, and behind the thickets againe new beds of flowers, which being under, the trees were to them a pavilion, and they to the trees a mosaicall floore. So that it seemed that arte therein would needs be delightfull, by counterfeiting his enemy error, and making order in confusion. In the midst of all the place was a faire pond, whose shaking chrystall was a perfect mirror to all the other beauties, so that it bare show of two gardens—one in deed, the other in shadows."

The great charm of the scenery near town is the snugness, comfort and neatness of all the dwellings and their plots of ground, whether large or small. The landscape has a social and highly cultivated air—there is an appearance of security and tranquillity about it; the occupants of these suburban residences may not be wealthy—

"Yet calm content, secure from guilty cares.
Yet home-felt pleasure, peace and rest are theirs."

The adjacent villages have indeed become so attractive and so stocked with comforts and luxuries, that many wealthy families who used formerly to pass the winter in the city and the summer in the country, make the latter their permanent dwelling place. In a few years Boston proper must be entirely surrendered to business.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.—The next number of this popular work will commence the second volume; new subscribers should send in their subscriptions at once, in order to secure the numbers complete. So popular has this remarkably cheap magazine proved, that we have not now a single number of the past volume on hand, nor can we supply any more of them, edition after edition having been exhausted each month. The edition has now reached too large a number to admit of reprinting again.

PERSONAL.—We observe that Mr. Masury, of the firm of Masury & Silsbee, of this city, has gone to Paris to engage the best daguerrian artists as assistants at their large and favorite establishment. We are frequently indebted to this house for lifelike photographs for our portrait department.

A GREAT SCHEME.—A Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun says, that Dr. Black recently arrived from England, with full authority to prosecute the great scheme of a ship-canal across the Isthmus of Darien.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL is a little ahead of anything in the illustrated paper line that we know of. It is printed on the finest paper, the engravings are truthful, artistic and elegant, and its general typographical appearance is superb. We are much gratified to know that it meets with the appreciation it so richly merits.—*Olive Branch, Boston.*

FOURTH OF JULY.—Rev. A. A. Miner is to deliver the oration on Independence Day, in Boston.

MARITIME CRAFT.

On pages 360 and 361, of the present number, are two large pictures drawn for us by Wade, presenting accurate delineations of all the various kinds of shipping employed in war, commerce and transportation. In that on page 360, we have, at the top, four of the curious lateen-sailed vessels, employed in the Mediterranean. On the left, is an American trading-sloop; on the right, a British cutter, with all her canvass spread; in the middle, are seen the famous gondolas of Venice; on the line below, we have a hay-sloop, a three-masted propeller, a British sloop, and a piratical brig. Below these we see a floating theatre—a peculiarly Yankee invention; and on the other side, some coal-barges. In the very centre of the page is that pride of American naval architecture—a line-of-battle-ship, with her courses hauled up and her topsails backed, the stars and stripes floating proudly from her mizzen-peak; the sloop to the right, and the British steamer to the left of her, looking like cockle-shells in comparison with her huge bulk. Below these again, are the Pilgrim Mayflower, a Yankee river steamer, and an old-fashioned Spanish caravel. On the lower lines, are a United States mail steamer, and a United States armed steamer, while we have also a glimpse of an Indian stemming the rapids in his frail birchen canoe.

On the opposite page we have a yet greater variety of craft. Near the top we have a Chinese junk, with Chinese boats playing around her; on one side, an American revenue cutter, on the other, one of the old fashioned, tub-built, round sterned Dutch galliots. Higher up are seen a couple of South American canoes. Below the Chinese craft is seen the splendid barge of the Sultan of Turkey, cleaving the waters of the Golden Horn. On the left of the Sultan's barge is an American horse-ferry boat, and on the right a cod fishing schooner off the banks, and also a pink-sterned mackerel schooner. On the line below are an American river boat, a raft, mudscow, flatboat, and specimens of those caravels which bore Columbus to a New World. In the centre of the page is one of Train's splendid clipper ships, under full sail. To the left of the clipper a man-of-war barge with marines on board, curious surf canoes and junks, and on her right some Japanese junks and Chinese houses built on boats. Below these, we see on the right, a Mediterranean armed galley with a curious circular battery on the bow, the Lord Mayor of London's state barge, and an armed British vessel of the olden time. Below these there are a steam ferryboat, a man-of-war boat and a floating pile-driver. At the bottom of the page are one of the Collins mail steamers, Cleopatra in the famous galley with which she sailed down the Cydnus, and a seaman's floating church. To the right of the tower of the church is a Yankee pilot boat, and below it a little fishing boat.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Charles Y. Blissett, of Astoria, Oregon, to Miss Catherine Chase, of Woburn; by Rev. Dr. Lothrop, Mr. William Radcliff, of New York, to Miss Helen Tucker, of Derry, N. H.; by Rev. Mr. Nason, Mr. Joseph H. Giffen to Miss Lucy Ellen Bishop; by Rev. Mr. Skinner, Mr. Jason Braman, of Cambridge, to Miss Harriet P. Healey; by Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. Nahum M. Dow to Miss Martha M. Russell; by Rev. Dr. Worcester, Dr. Tappan E. Francis to Miss Helen Shurtliff, both of Brookline; by Rev. Mr. Muir, Mr. Alexander Ross to Miss Christina McKay.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Mudge, Mr. George W. Whittle to Miss Harriet C. Lincoln; by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Willard Hale to Miss Sarah O. Sargent, both of Boston.—At Cambridgeport, by Rev. Dr. Neale, Mr. Orson Rice to Miss Martha J. Tappan, of Brunswick, Me.—At Brighton, by Rev. Mr. Graves, Mr. Charles D. Griggs to Miss Elizabeth Ann Whitney.—At Newtonville, by Rev. Mr. Fales, of Waltham, Mr. Elijah S. Sherman, of New York, to Miss Kate M., daughter of John L. Roberts, Esq.—At Quincy, by Rev. Mr. Dean, Mr. Thomas L. Mitchell to Miss Hannah Howell, both of Weymouth; by Rev. Mr. Lunt, Mr. William G. Dawes to Miss Amanda Bigelow.—At Melrose, by Rev. Mr. Coolidge, Mr. D. B. Durgin to Miss Rebecca L. Mathews, both of Stoneham.—At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Spaulding, Mr. Hiram Merrill to Miss Youarky Nichols, both of West Newbury.—At New York, by Rev. Dr. Armitage, Mr. I. Gilmour Reid to Miss Agatha Wheeler.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. William Masters, 55; Widow Catherine B. Priest, 61; Mr. Jamn R. Parr, 35; Mrs. Judith Bishop, formerly of Gloucester, 83; Mr. William Pickance, 61; Mr. David R. Lecraw, Jr., 25; James Bartlett, Esq., 46.—At Cambridgeport, Mrs. Sarah B. Orcutt, 70.—At Somerville, Mr. Samuel Clark, 72.—At Watertown, Miss Anna C. Pratt, 31.—At West Cambridge, Miss Maria A. Proctor, 21.—At Waltham, Mr. Isaac F. Miller, 22.—At Salem, Miss Jane Brown, 27.—At Beverly, Miss Alice Odlin, 59.—At Lowell, Dr. Moses Kidder, formerly surgeon in U. S. Navy.—At Haverhill, Mr. Jeremiah Stickney, 65.—At Dighton, Widow Elizabeth Reed, 88.—At Fall River, Mr. Wanton Hathaway, 79; Mr. John Evans, 75; Mrs. Clarissa C. Jefferson, 48.—At Worcester, Mrs. Lydia Elder, 87; Mrs. Hannah Frances, wife of Rev. S. Sweetser, 42.—At Nantucket, Mrs. Eunice Brook, 81.—At Northampton, Mrs. Eliza Strong, 34.—At Springfield, Mrs. Lydia Sargent, 81; Mr. John Purple, 26.—At Cummington, Capt. Asa Porter, 34.—At Newport, R. I., Mr. Richard Hazard, 101.—At Portland, Me., Mr. Asa H. Pool, 33; Mr. Lewis Stetson, 79; Mrs. Marcia Robinson, 37.—At Saco, Me., Mr. Charles Cutts, 47.—At Watford, Vt., Mr. George C. Patten, lately of this city, 28.—At Saybrook, Conn., Mr. Benjamin Bushnell, 89; four of his brothers have died of the following ages: 90, 86 and 82. The paternal grandfather lived to the age of 100.—At Cincinnati, Mrs. Mary, wife of Rev. John Stevens, and formerly of Charlestown.—At Bethel, Conn. Mr. Edeez Barnum, brother of P. T. Barnum, 41.—At Bath, Me., Mrs. Hannah C., wife of Thomas Harwood, Esq., 49.—At sea, on board ship Oliver Putnam, on the passage from Liverpool to Boston, Capt. Thomas Katon, of Charlestown, 44.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.
[LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL]

This paper presents, in the most elegant and available form, a weekly literary melange of notable events of the day. Its columns are devoted to original tales, sketches and poems, by the best AMERICAN AUTHORS, and the cream of the domestic and foreign news; the whole well spiced with wit and humor. Each paper is beautifully illustrated with numerous accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and of men and manners, altogether making a paper entirely original in this country. Its pages contain views of every populous city in the known world, of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemisphere, of all the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service, with fine and accurate portraits of every noted character in the world, both male and female.

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CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROADFIELD STREETS, BOSTON.

EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The sum expended on theatres, etc., in these United States, is \$20,000,000 annually. — The Jewett family are to have a gathering at Rowley, the 14th of this month. This is one of the most extended families in the United States. The Jewetts emigrated from England and settled in Rowley in 1638; and there has lived a Deacon Jewett ever since. — The Newfoundland seal fishery promises well. The St. Johns Times reports the arrival of four vessels with 12,600 seals. — A school house costing \$15,000 has been erected at Blackstone, Mass., by the Blackstone Manufacturing Company, who have also undertaken the entire support of a first class school. Here's a corporation that has a soul. — The ship canal between Lakes Superior and Huron is so far finished that vessels can pass from one lake to the other. — Lozier, the brother-in-law of William Poole, has just opened a gorgeous liquor house in Hudson Street, New York, furnished, it is said, by Morrissey and his compatriots, who desire an amicable adjustment of this unfortunate Poole affair. — A great agricultural fair is to be held at Wheeling, Va., in September next. — A young man named Charles Pitkin, living in North Montpelier, Vt., accidentally shot himself while hunting ducks upon a pond. The charge fractured his shoulder, and passed into his body just above his left lung. Although so badly wounded that his recovery is doubtful, he succeeded with one hand in paddling his boat a distance of a quarter of a mile, to a spot where he could obtain help. — The schooner *Triumph* has sailed from Newburyport bound to the shores of Labrador for the purpose of obtaining wild birds' eggs, which abound there. — Capt. Alfred Nuskey and wife, of Sing Sing, N. Y., have a perfectly formed child, now about five months old, that weighs only a trifle over four pounds. When born it weighed one pound and fourteen ounces. — A house built in 1640 by the Rev. Henry Whitfield, the founder of Guilford, Conn., is still standing, and is undoubtedly the oldest house in the United States. — George Washington P. Custis, the nearest surviving connection of General Washington, and perhaps the only man living who was on terms of familiar intimacy with him, has been invited to deliver the address at the celebration of the anniversary of the settlement of Jamestown, Virginia, on the 13th. — The inhabitants of Windham county, Ct., are to have a grand county celebration on the next 4th of July, at Brooklyn, Ct., when all the "Windham County Boys" are to be invited home. — The Baltimore (Md.) Sun speaks in glowing terms of a specimen of the *Westeria Chinensis*, a Chinese plant, in the garden of Professor Monkur, of that city, which covers an area of about 250 square feet, and has upon it about 7000 flowers of a blue color, not unlike the lilac in appearance. — Cuttings of the *Zante cunant*, a species of small grape, have been introduced into this country from France. If successful, this fruit will be a great addition to our stock for domestic cookery. — William Clark, of Townsend, Mass., had twelve children, one of whom died at the age of 16. Of the other eleven, five are now living at ages ranging from 79 years. The united ages of those who have died and of those who are living is 928 years, and the average for the eleven is 84 years and nearly 5 months. — The Presidential election in Liberia was to have taken place on the 1st of May. Edward J. Royce and Stephen A. Benson were the opposing candidates. Royce is a pure African, and both of the candidates, it is said, are men of fine talents. — According to the London Times correspondent, the English army in the Crimea could only muster 22,600 men early in April, notwithstanding the constant arrival of reinforcements. Of these 6000 would only be available in *extremis*, and the ordinary strength of the whole army in bayonets would not exceed fifteen thousand men.

THE WEST END OF CITIES.—The Academy of Sciences in Paris have been investigating the causes which almost invariably make the west end of a city more fashionable for a place of residence than the east. The scientific conclusion has been arrived at, that it is owing to the atmospheric pressure. The barometer column is affected by the wind; that which lowers it most is from the west. When the wind blows from that quarter, the smoke, the gas, the miasma, and all the offensive effluvia of the city is pressed down to the earth by the heavy air. When the east wind blows, the air is lighter, and the deleterious emanations rise higher, and pass away.

GLOVE MAKING.—The Buffalo Democracy states that in a circle of country of about fifteen miles in diameter, in Fulton county, New York, there is an immense business done in making buckskin gloves and mittens, and kidskin gloves also, and gloves of the skins of a dozen different animals—that deer skins from all parts of the United States, from South America and Europe, are sent there in great quantities, and dressed by hand and machinery into the pliable, beautiful leather of which our mittens are mostly made.

CHOLERA.—This pest seems to have become completely domiciliated in the United States. A St. Louis paper reports that there have been seventy cases of it at Jefferson Barracks, only fourteen of which proved fatal. A number of cases have occurred at St. Louis, and on the Mississippi river between that city and St. Paul.

BEET-ROOT SUGAR.—The quantity of beet root sugar manufactured in France from the commencement of the season of 1854-'55 to the end of February, was 41,000,000 kilograms, being a decrease of 33,000,000, as compared with last year.

ASTRONOMY.—The science of astronomy probably originated in an idea universal in the east, that by the assistance of the stars a knowledge of future events might be obtained.

Wayside Gatherings.

It is in contemplation to make Quebec the permanent military headquarters of Canada.

The New York police lately picked up fifteen stray children in the streets in one day. They were all restored to their parents.

Steamship *Tennessee*, built in 1854, at a cost of \$130,000, for the Baltimore and Charleston trade, was sold at auction, recently, for \$59,000.

The Canadian parliament has passed the bill appropriating between four and five million dollars to the aid of the Grand Trunk Railroad.

Four hundred thousand bushels of wheat and corn are stored by one firm at Chicago, enough to fill forty vessels such as navigate the Lakes.

The zeal of the Mormons has been very successful in making converts among the poor and ignorant classes of people in England, and upwards of 30,000 have joined them, and departed for Utah.

It is said that the scurvy prevails to a considerable extent among the railroad laborers in Indiana and Kentucky, which is attributed to the scarcity of vegetable food among them for many months past.

Several accounts have recently been published, showing that gold is quite abundant in the Republic of Honduras as in California.

Four hundred and thirty one persons are known to have died in New York, recently, in one week, of whom two hundred and sixty-eight were less than ten years of age.

The new mayor of Cincinnati is rivaling Mayor Wood in the thoroughness with which he is enforcing law, particularly with respect to the observance of the Sabbath.

Loonists have appeared in countless numbers in Lexington district, S. C., and it is stated that hogs and poultry are feasting bountifully upon them.

Two shocks of an earthquake were felt at Cairo, at the mouth of the Ohio, on the night of the 30th of April. A vibratory motion was sensibly felt, and a rumbling sound heard.

Eight convicts escaped from the Auburn State Prison on the 8th ult. They made their cress through the south wall by a hole which had evidently cost them much time and labor to make.

Mr. Samuel Leavitt, of Exeter, N. H., committed suicide, lately, by hanging himself in his barn, supposed in a fit of insanity. He had previously threatened to commit suicide. His age was 75.

A sister of Macaulay, the English historian, is living in the vicinity of New York, in somewhat reduced circumstances. She is married, her husband being, like herself, a native of Scotland. His name is Gilbert.

Dr. G. Fields has been convicted in Columbus County, N. C., of manslaughter, for killing F. M. Stephens, and sentenced to be branded and imprisoned six months. He is only nineteen or twenty years of age.

Twenty-six hands employed in a gold mine in Columbia County, Ga., recently procured, in nine working days, \$1650 worth of gold from surface ore, some of which had been thrown aside for fifteen years.

The Philadelphia Banner says, that at the sacramental table of the Ninth Presbyterian Church in that city, on the third Sabbath of March, 634 persons participated, all but two of whom were members of the society.

A gentleman has purchased three lots of ground at Keokuk, Iowa, from ex Governor Seymour, of New York, for the sum of ten thousand dollars! This property could have been bought in the year 1850 for three hundred dollars.

Governor Winston, of Alabama, was recently arrested at Entaw for disturbing the court. It seems that the governor got into animated conversation with some of his friends, in which his voice unwittingly rose to a pitch that disturbed the court.

Selim Pachá, who was killed in the Russian attack on Enpataria, was the single Mameluke who escaped the slaughter by Mehmet Ali, at Cairo, in 1811. He made his horse leap the parapet of the wall of the court where his companions were butchered.

When the Emperor of France was elected President of the French Republic, he proceeded to Southampton and alighted at Sylva's Hotel with one attendant, previous to embarking in the Havre boat. He was not known or noticed on board the packet. This was scarcely five years ago.

The St. Louis Republican says the great exodus from the West and North-West for California seems to be over almost. We hear no more the notes of preparation—of caravans of hundreds and thousands leaving homes and friends for new and untried scenes.

A gentleman at Marseilles has received a letter from his brother, a French superior officer in the Crimea, in which he expresses a wish for a supply of garden seeds, such as salad and spinach, as he says the soil is rich, and he expects to have time to gather a crop previous to the conclusion of the campaign.

A report being in circulation in the West that Fort Laramie had been captured by the Sioux Indians, and Fort Pierre destroyed by fire, the St. Louis Republican, of the 9th ult., says: With three companies of United States troops at Fort Laramie, it was out of the power of the Sioux Indians to capture that fort; and the report of the burning of Fort Pierre has no foundation whatever.

IMMENSE SUCCESS! THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD. BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY. DESIGNED FOR EVERY AMERICAN HOME.

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M. M. BALLOU, Publisher and Proprietor,
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Streets, Boston, Mass.

Foreign Items.

The works of the gigantic enterprise of the canalization of the Ebro, Spain, are being carried on with the greatest activity.

The Princes Bonaparte, of Rome, have been invited to Paris by the emperor, and are not likely to return to the former city, as their villa and their palace in the city of seven hills is offered for sale.

It now appears that the manuscript of "Jane Eyre" went the rounds of all the leading London publishers, and was declined. Scarcely a work of commanding interest has ever appeared which the magnates of the trade did not reject.

The cost of a park and pleasure-ground is no light matter. Sixty-six thousand pounds were expended in one year, ending March 31st, 1855, on the London parks and pleasure-grounds, and the income derived therefrom was barely above six thousand pounds.

Byron's tomb, it appears, is in danger of disappearing under the hammers of tourists. An English paper asks: "Cannot the authorities protect this tomb from further depredations? The beginning of the inscription has already been removed, and a modern one placed in its stead; and from present appearances the chippies will eventually reach each line."

A son of Bulwer the novelist has recently made his *debut* as a poet. The Liverpool Albion says: "The poem called *Clytemnestra*, under the pseudonyme of Owen Meredith, and which has been received with great favor even by critics not in the secret, is now generally understood to be the work of Mr. Edward Lytton, who is in training for the foreign service under his uncle, having been his *attaché* on the Washington and Florentine missions."

Sands of Gold.

.... A woman should not paint sentiment till she has ceased to inspire it.—*Lady Blessington*.

.... He who will fight the devil at his own weapon, must not wonder if he finds him an overmatch.—*South*.

.... What are the aims which are at the same time duties? They are, the perfecting of ourselves, the happiness of others.—*Kant*.

.... Our minds are as different as our faces; we are all travelling to one destination—happiness; but few are going by the same road.—*Colton*.

.... Thought and theory must precede all action that moves to salutary purposes. Yet action is nobler in itself than either thought or theory.—*Wordsworth*.

.... It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught as men take diseases, one of another; therefore let men take heed of their company.—*Shakspeare*.

.... Thoughts come maimed and plucked of plumage from the lips, which, from the pen, in the silence of your own leisure and study, would be born with far more beauty.—*Lady Blessington*.

.... Fine sense and exalted sense are not half as useful as common sense. There are forty men of wit for one man of sense. And he that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loss for readier change.—*Pope*.

.... Science and sound mind are both gifts; the former of study, the latter of nature. Study is the elevator of mind and feelings, and the interpreter of this is the tongue. A small point of a balance is the tongue and yet what miracles does it perform.—*Koslay*.

Joker's Budget.

"I had rather have newspapers without government," said Jefferson, "than a government without newspapers."

Gentle pickpocket [to policeman]: I say, policeman, your handkerchief is hanging out—you'll lose it if you don't take care.

The moment friendship becomes a tax, it's singular at every fresh call it makes, how very few persons it finds at home!

Punch says, that although ever so many parallels are constructed before Sebastopol, yet it is a *siege without a parallel*!

A fool in high station is like a man on the top of a monument—every body appears small to him, and he appears small to everybody.

When Napoleon was inaugurated, he said: "*L'Empire! c'est la paix*"—the empire is peace. He has since altered the phrase a little, and says: "*L'Empire c'est l'épée*"!—the empire is the sword.

"Why don't you give us a little Greek and Latin occasionally?" asked a country deacon of the new minister. "Why, do you understand those languages?" "No; but we pay for the best, and we ought to have it."

"How do you get along with your arithmetic?" asked a father of his little boy. "I've ciphered through addition, partition, subtraction, distraction, abomination, justification, hallucination, denatation, amputation, creation and adoption." He'd do for an engineer on a "Short Line Railroad."

Ik Marvel says of smoking: "It suggests quiet thoughts, and makes a man meditative; and gives a current to his habits of contemplation." He might have added "ending in smoke." Ik is a Marvelous proper man, but let him smoke twenty "long-nines" for as many successive days, and he will find that it will give a meditative man a habit of nervousness.

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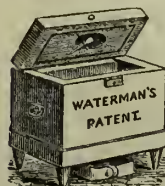
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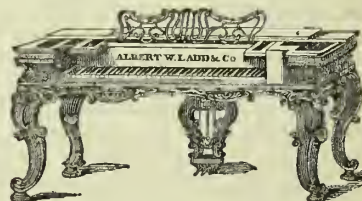
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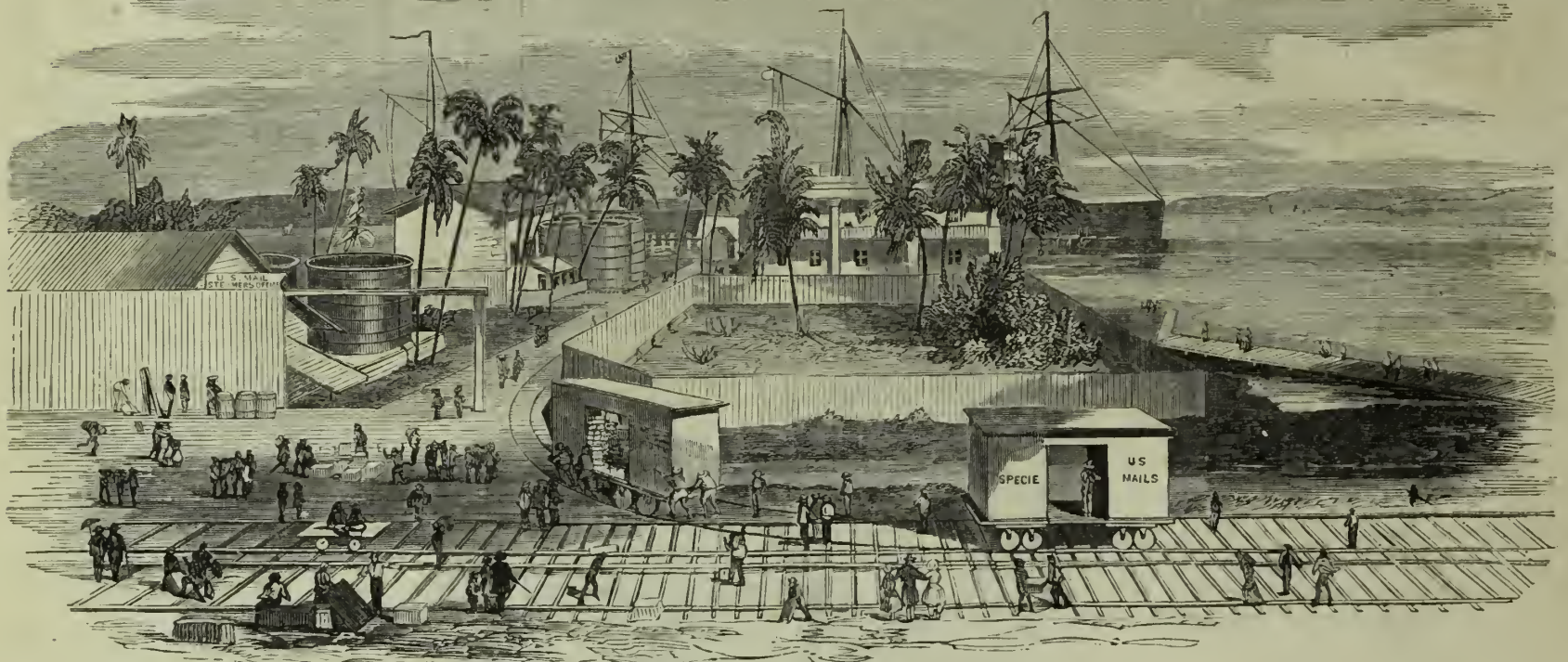
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THE PANAMA RAILROAD.

The two views herewith presented are perfectly reliable, being both drawn upon the spot—the first exhibiting the premises of the U. S. Mail Steamship Company at Aspinwall, with its busy features; the other the famous Culebra, or summit station on the Panama railroad. These are points visited by thousands of our countrymen annually, and possess a universal interest. A charter for the construction of a railroad across the isthmus of Panama, was granted by the New Granadian Company in 1846, at which date a French engineer made a survey by order of Louis Philippe, then king of the French—just two years before his downfall. The French survey indicated a route differing very little from that since adopted. In 1847 the charter was transferred to the Panama Railroad Company, an American one, and in 1850, after the completion of the charter, Messrs. Baldwin and Troutwine went from

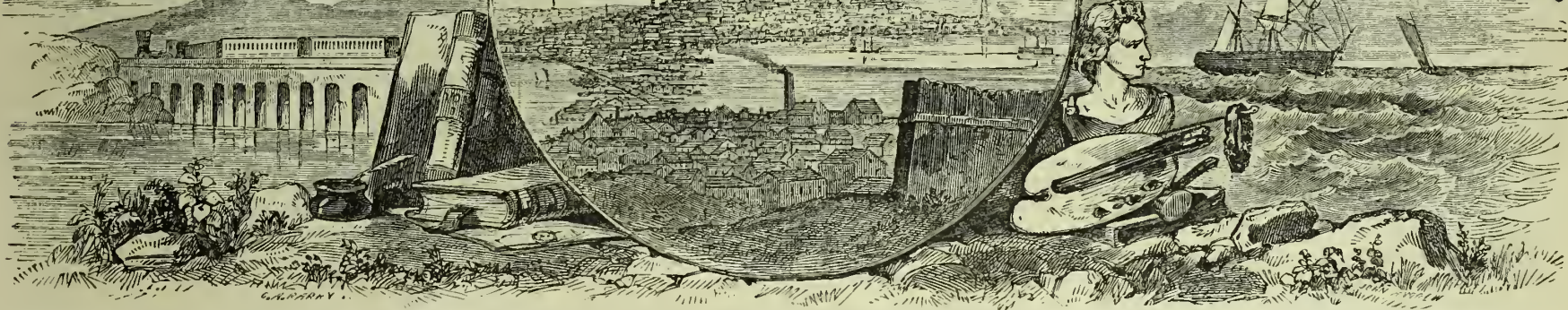
New York to Navy Bay, with six men, and commenced felling and clearing away the timber on the island of Maryanilla, the site of the town of Aspinwall, the subject of our first view. A store house, yet standing, was erected from the material which this party brought with them. In June, 1850, Mr. Stephens, President of the company, and Colonel Totten, the superintending engineer, arrived, and were joined in the August following by Dr. Rogers, from New Orleans, with an effective force of men and mules, and the work went forward with great activity. During the progress of the work large numbers of laborers died from the effects of the climate. By the commencement of fall, the houses on the point of the island, seen in the foreground of the picture, were erected. About this time more laborers arrived. During the year 1852, however, the route languished, and the road was not in running order to the Culebra, or summit station (the subject of our second

illustration), till 1854. In the interval between that period and the completion of the road, passengers and goods, on their arrival at the summit station, were taken the remainder of the way by mules to Panama—and the departure of a couple of thousand passengers in this way was an amusing and interesting scene. On the 29th of January this great enterprise was completed, and the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans are now wedded by iron bonds beyond the possibility of divorce. This gigantic undertaking presented obstacles of great difficulty to be surmounted, the most formidable of which was the difficulty of procuring intelligent laborers who could endure the trying climate. The enterprise also involved a prodigious expenditure, and yet it can hardly fail to prove profitable. Besides the American steamships now running regularly, there is also a British mail steamship route at either end of the road.



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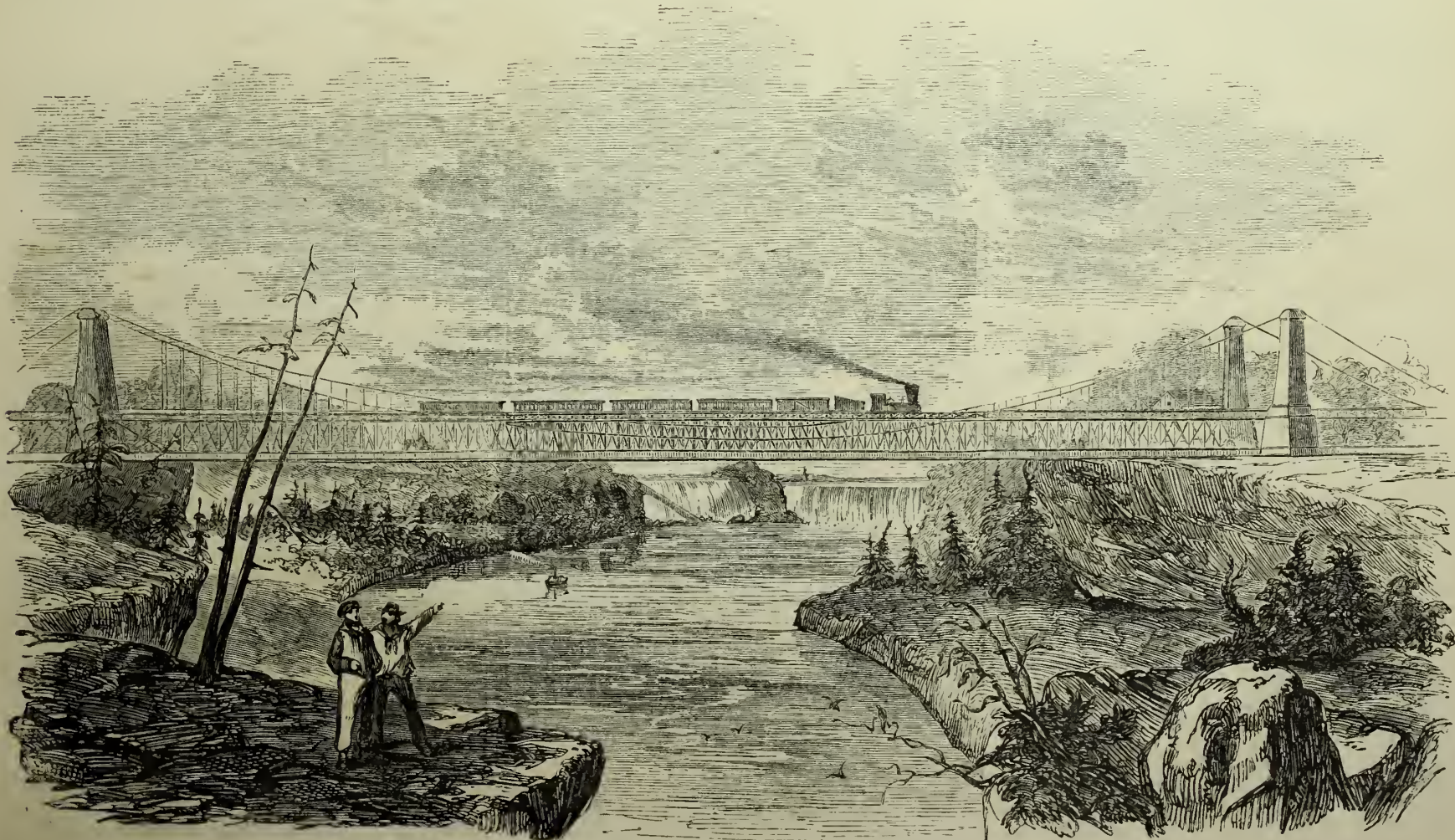
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6 CENTS SINGLE.

NIAGARA SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

The suspension bridge over the Niagara river is one of those marvels of modern science and mechanic skill which characterize our century of improvement and utility. The project of this bridge over this mighty stream, which hurries the waters of the great lakes to the tremendous falls of Niagara, would, a few years since, have been regarded as the dream of a madman. Yet the feat has been accomplished, and the apparently frail though really firm structure now stretches its length from shore to shore, affording a secure passage above the dizzying rapids, as shown in our engraving, the design of which was drawn upon the spot by Mr. Barry, expressly for the pages of the Pictorial. It is supported by cables of wrought wire, the principal ones being nearly a foot in circumference. It is divided into horizontal sections, one above the other. The upper, or railroad portion, is broad enough to admit of three separate tracks, so that trains can pass each other at all times. The lower section is narrow, and carriages at one end are obliged to wait for the passage of those coming from the opposite shore. Though perfectly safe, the passage of this bridge, with the mighty cataract thundering close at hand, is somewhat of a trial to persons of weak nerves. The whole length of the Niagara river is but about thirty-five miles. At its exit from Lake Erie it is about three quarters of a mile wide, and from twenty to forty feet deep, and at first its current flows with

great rapidity, but it soon subsides, and widens into the semblance of a lake, studded with numerous wooded islands. The rapids commence about twenty miles below Lake Erie, and three-quarters above the cataract. Grand Island divides the broad river into two arms, which unite below it. It is so called from its size, being nine miles long. Next to Grand, is Navy Island, a tract of about three hundred acres, belonging to Canada, and noted as being the rendezvous of the patriots in the attempted revolution of 1837-38. Other islands, large and small, which diversify the course of the river, are named Bird, Strawberry, Squaw, Beaver, Rattlesnake, Cayuga, Tonnawanta, Buckhorn, and Goat or Iris islands, the last mentioned being on the very brink of the falls. Various tributary streams, flowing from Canada and the United States, swell the volume of the river. Its shores are generally level, and present little that is picturesque; nor does the river offer any more striking feature than that of the current of a vast volume of water, until below Grand and Navy Islands, when the union of the divided streams, added to the narrowing and declension of the channel, begins to give it a more exciting aspect. The hurrying march of the concentrated waters has now something dramatic in its character, and prepares the mind for the grand denouement which the spectator who has followed its course from the lake will shortly witness. The fierce rapids, for three-quarters of a mile above the falls, prelude that stupendous

natural spectacle—the grandest water-works in the world. The entire descent of the river from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario is three hundred and thirty-four feet. Its general course from the former lake to the falls is about northwest by north. Thence it runs nearly due north. For about seven miles it rushes down a descent of one hundred and four feet, dashing forward with furious velocity between banks that rise to the height of four hundred feet. From just above Lewiston, it begins to subside, and the close of its course in a very broad channel is tranquil and lake like. It has been estimated that the volume of water carried over Niagara Falls is six hundred and seventy thousand tons in a minute. Recently an effort was made to sound the depth of the water just below the falls. An American engineer provided himself for this purpose with the heaviest cannon ball he could procure, attached it to a wire, and dropped it from a great height. Instead, however, of sinking, the immense weight had no power of penetrating the volume of water, but was hurried along upon the surface like a feather or a cork. This will serve to give an idea of the immense power and velocity of the current over these mighty rapids. Every year this great natural curiosity is visited by thousands from all quarters of the world, and during the present season the number of visitors bids fair to exceed that of any former year; the facilities for reaching it and for observation were never so good as they are now.



SUSPENSION BRIDGE OVER NIAGARA RIVER.

(Written for Ballou's Pictorial.)

THE

KING AND THE COBBLER.

A ROMANCE OF ANCIENT PERSIA.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XIV.—[CONTINUED.]

Rustem started back in his seat, for the youth had risen as he spoke the last sentence, and there was something so superbly grand in his very appearance that the satrap was for the moment awe-struck. But all this soon passed, for there was a stern reality staring him in the face, of which he had not yet spoken, and that weighed heavily upon his mind with more power than could all the ideas of which the youth had spoken. He made known that idea as follows:

"If you turn a deaf ear to all this, then listen while I speak one other thing: the king has also sworn that *I shall die* if you do not do as he has asked!"

"Is this true?"

"Most true."

"But the king does not mean it."

"I know he does."

"He dares not do such a thing!"

"I tell you he dares do anything. Now will you see your father die?"

"Not if I can help it. I will protect you with the last movement of my strength, and for your sake I will brave death itself."

"And you will give up this wild passion your heart has held?"

"Do you mean my love for Zillah?"

"Yes."

Feridoon did not reply at once. He arose from his chair, and paced to and fro across the room several times ere he spoke; and when he did speak, his voice was very low but yet very firm and decided.

"I wish that you might escape this affair, for no blame can be attached to you even by the king. But this last movement shows him to be worse in disposition and intent than we had even painted him. But I will not give up to him."

"Not to save my life?"

"Would you have me do it?" asked the youth, with startling energy, as he moved quickly forward and placed his hand on the satrap's arm.

"I would not die," answered Rustem.

"Nor would I sell my soul to a wicked king for the life of any man," promptly returned Feridoon. "What shall be your joy henceforth when you realize that hereafter every breath you draw is but the remembrance of another's woe? I am sorry. I will lay down my life for you, but I will not sell my own soul. So you may tell the king."

"And is this your final answer?"

"It is, most surely."

Rustem arose, and there was anger and chagrin upon his features. He could hate as strongly as he could love, and his heart could turn its tide of affection into a stream of gall at a provocation that aimed itself at his self-love. He spoke not another word, but with a flashing eye and a frowning brow, he strode from the apartment.

When Feridoon was left alone he reflected upon what had passed. He knew the temper of Rustem, and he knew that there was much love of self above all other things in his composition. And he remembered, too, how wickedly the king had acted, and he was resolved that he would not bow to such a villain in the dust of shame and agony. So he repented not of what had passed.

The evening advanced and the shades of night were gathered about the great city. The candles had been lighted in Feridoon's apartments, and he was engaged in reading a manuscript that belonged to Rustem, when a slave entered bearing a slip of parchment in his hand, which he handed to the youth. The latter took it and read, and when he had finished he started up to speak with the slave who had brought it, but he was gone.

Feridoon ran his eyes over the document once more, and then a grim smile rested upon his features. It ran as follows:

"TO FERIDOON, of the Lion Heart:

"I wish not to recount what has transpired, knowing full well that no words of mine can make it plainer to you than it now must be. But my house can no longer be your home—my roof can no longer cover you. If you cannot find it in your heart to comply with the commands I have laid upon you from the king, then must you find another home. I wish not to see you again unless you come to obey. Go your way and act your own pleasure, and remember that henceforth you are no child or friend of mine.

RUSTEM."

Feridoon rolled up the parchment and placed it in his pocket, and then he called his slaves to him and informed them that he was going out. He would not tell them where he was going, nor how long he meant to remain—he only told them he was going away, and he bade them to remain behind. After this, he dressed himself in a plain suit, taking the precaution to put on a light, firm shirt of mail which had been furnished for him when he received his lessons in warfare. What money really belonged to him he took, and then, with his faithful sword and dagger, he departed. He did not stop until he reached a point where a

view of Rustem's palace was cut off, but when he had gained this he slackened his pace and finally halted.

It was now quite dark, the night having fairly set in, and there being no moon. A sense of loneliness crept over Feridoon's soul, for he was like a stranger in the great city. For Kobad he knew not where to look. Zillah was in the royal palace, and who should tell where good Zak Turan might be? At length, however, he turned his steps to the house where the honest cobbler was wont to dwell, with the faint hope that he might find some one there who could direct him. He reached the house and found four soldiers stationed there.

"How now?" he asked, seeing that they were armed only with swords. "What do ye here?"

"We are watching for the king," replied one of them.

"Watching for the king?"

"At his command, I mean."

"And wherefore?"

"For the purpose of finding one whom the king feareth."

"And who is it?"

"Kobad, he is called, and he is an astrologer."

"Ah—then the king fears him?"

"Ay, verily—for he soweth sedition among the people."

"Is Zak Turan within the house?"

"No, for we seek him, too."

"Ah?"

"Yes. The king wants both him and his wife to come and console a weeping damsel whom he hath taken to his home with him."

"I would have seen the cobbler, but 'tis no matter now," said the youth, as he turned away from the place. He saw that the soldiers did not know him, and he had no desire that they should, so he moved on down the street towards the old sepulchre. He knew not whither he was going, neither did he care. His chief desire was to find the astrologer, but he knew not which way to turn, for he had not the least idea where the old man was.

The youth kept on until he came to the sepulchre, which was dug out from the solid cliff, and here he sat down. He gazed up at the frowning front of the place, and in the gloom he could see the quaint sculpture that stood out from its parent rock. Here was the dwelling of the dead, and he thought, as he sat there and viewed the ponderous doors of solid metal, how many mortals had ended their earthly pilgrimage there!

"Ah!" he murmured to himself, "here life's journey ends, and king and slave sleep both alike. The mighty race of kings who sleep here—the renowned Paishadians—are no more now than the slaves who cringed at their feet! Then how should the man live who would have his name remembered where memory is worth the having? Surely, honor and truth, virtue and justice, must be the properties that shall embalm it."

Thus he pondered for a while, and at length he arose and turned his steps once more towards the city. He felt strong now in his resolution, and he had prayed to God for guidance and counsel. But he had not yet a resting-place, nor did he know whither his steps would bring him.

CHAPTER XV.

DANGERS AND FEARS.

THE satrap heard Feridoon when he left the palace, and though there may have been a slight pang at the thought of thus losing his protegee, yet he was too wroth to have it pain him much. Rustem felt that the youth owed to him all the obedience of an own child, and among all the social laws of Persia there was none more binding than the reverence and obedience of parents. Rustem could have borne with Feridoon's first refusal, however, but when he came to refuse to sacrifice his whim (so Rustem called it), to save the life of his protector, his anger could be contained no longer. His heart was wholly estranged now, and he hated the youth as much as he had ever loved him. It was one of the peculiarities of the man.

As soon as Feridoon had gone, the satrap went up to the apartments he had occupied and bade the slaves go and join those below, at the same time telling them that they would serve their late master no more. The poor fellows were really wild with grief when they heard this, but they saw that the satrap was angry and they asked no questions.

When this was done, Rustem prepared to wait upon the king, for Sohrab had demanded to know his success before he slept. He called some of his slaves to attend him, and as speedily as possible he made his way to the royal palace. He found the king waiting for him in one of the private apartments, which was lighted up by hanging lamps of solid gold.

"Now, Rustem, what luck?" asked the monarch, even before the satrap had fairly let fall the arras behind him.

"It is of no use," returned the visitor, in a fearful tone. "The young man will not comply. I told him all, but it made no impression upon him. I have turned him from my gate, and no more will I give him a home, or even countenance him in any way."

At first the king became angry, but when he learned Rustem had turned the offender from his dwelling he became somewhat appeased, for it conveyed to him the simple idea that the satrap sympathized with him. For some moments the monarch paced up and down the apartment without speaking, and when he did speak he was much calmer than Rustem had dared to hope; but this calmness was the result of deep passion.

"Rustem," he said, "I shall have the youth seized and brought hither, and this time he may be assured he gets not away alive. Not only would I have him bid Zillah accept my love, but I would nip in the bud a plan of rebellion which I am sure he

countenances. By my royal head, Rustem," added Sohrab, growing more vehement in speech and gesture, "you dream not what a cloud is gathering over us. The peace of the city—ay, of the whole country, is endangered. That crazy old astrologer is doing much mischief, and I fear that this Feridoon is leagued with him in his crime. That old man must be found."

"He was in my palace this very evening, sire."

"How? In your palace—this evening?"

"Yes, sire."

"Then, by heaven, why did you not detain him?"

"I knew not of his presence there till he had departed."

"O, God give me power now over him!" exclaimed the monarch, starting across the room and raising the silken arras. "What ho, there! Slaves!"

In a very few moments a dozen slaves came rushing in. They moved more quickly than usual now, for their royal master had become of late very petulant.

"Now, Rustem, which way went the dotard?"

"I know not, sire," returned the satrap; and after a moment's reflection, he added: "but if your majesty means to send out your slaves after him, they might stop at my outer gate, and mayhap my porter can give some further intelligence."

This plan the king resolved to follow, and he at once despatched a hundred of his best soldiers, directing them to divide themselves into ten parties of ten each, and to scour the city all through.

"By my life, Rustem," he said, after the soldiers had gone, "those two rebels shall be brought, dead or alive, and when they come, if they come alive, they shall surely die! I know that they have foul plots on foot, and they shall be stopped in their wicked work. Lend me your aid, for I shall need it. Every true man must now stand by his king, for I tell you the throne of Persia topples now upon its base; and what is Persia when her throne is overturned? There is danger, Rustem! There is treason—rank, foul treason, abroad. Have ye not seen it? By my soul, I can smell it in the very air! There's a phantom about me, howling dire threats in my ear, and airy daggers are aimed at me! Can ye not see them, Rustem?"

During the delivery of this strange speech, the monarch had been walking to and fro, and his manner was vehement and excited. His face was pale and his eyes glared wildly. He stopped, as he ceased speaking, directly in front of the satrap, and gazed him in the face.

"Can ye not see them, Rustem?" he repeated.

The satrap was confounded, and he knew not how to reply. He feared the king's mind was turned—and he was not far from right.

"I was not aware, sire," he at length replied, "of so much danger."

"Were you not? But be sure I am not mistaken. Go now, and let me see you again on the morrow."

"Shall you bring the old astrologer to judgment to-morrow, if he is taken?" asked Rustem, before he turned away.

"Bring him to judgment! Do you mean, shall I bring him to the judgment hall?"

"Yes, sire."

"No! He shall die in his dungeon!"

And so the king meant he should die, for not for half of his kingdom would he have had that old man open his lips before his officers. Not for his own right arm would he have had that old man's face seen by those who might remember him as one they had seen before.

As soon as Sohrab was left alone, he commenced once more to pace the room, for he was in a state of mind bordering on craziness. His heart was torn by wild emotions, and his brain was turned by fearful phantasms. For half an hour he remained thus, and then he left the apartment and entered a long, winding corridor, which was flanked on either hand by marble pillars, and lighted at short intervals by hanging lamps of gold. His way now lay towards the chamber where Zillah was confined. He reached it and entered without ceremony; he found the maiden awake, and the attendant informed him that the physician pronounced her, not only out of danger, but rapidly gaining. The king was pleased with this information, and having ordered the attendant to leave the chamber, he seated himself by the bedside.

Zillah was awake, and a perceptible shudder ran through her frame as she thus found her royal persecutor by her side. But she did not repulse him. She knew that he would not harm her now, and she had presence of mind enough to know that it would be better for her not to exhibit her real feelings, for she was not ignorant of the fact that nothing would more exasperate a man than scorn and disgust from one whom he would conciliate. But she meant not to lie—she did not mean to flatter him by professing any feeling which did not exist in her bosom. She would conceal, but not fabricate.

"Sweet angel," said the king, in a tone as soft and tender as he could command, "you know not how happy this report of your health has made me. I trust the time is not far distant when you shall be yourself once more, and accept the fond and devoted heart I have given you. You will learn to love me, Zillah."

"Alas, sire, my poor love is not worth your seeking."

"Yes it is. By my royal crown, it is worth more than the loves of all other women beside."

"But my heart, I fear, can never learn to love you."

"Say not so. Take back that fear, and commence now to learn the lesson of love. You have loved. Is it not so?"

Zillah gazed up into the monarch's face, and after a moment of doubt she replied:

"Yes, sire, and my heart is no longer mine own."

"You loved the youth called Feridoon?"

"Yes, sire."

"Alas, sweet Zillah, you are not to blame for loving the stout youth, but I know full well that you would never live happily with him. He has a most direful temper, and over it he holds no control. He is not fit to possess so sweet a flower, for he has no shelter to offer thee—not even a roof to cover his own head."

"What mean you, sire?" the maiden asked, in surprise, for the speech of the king had a truthful sound.

"I mean that the youth has no shelter. He is but a beggar in the city."

"Is he not with his father?"

"He is not with Rustem, for the old noble has been obliged to turn him from his gates. His disposition was such that there was no peace in living with him, and the old man was obliged to turn him off. It was hard for the satrap, for he loved the youth well, but he could not put up with his evil and his hardness of heart."

"Hardness of heart, sire?" iterated Zillah, in a sad tone, and about which there seemed to be an air of reproof.

"Ay. Let me tell thee. Feridoon had formed a certain project which came in the end to endanger the satrap's life. Rustem went to him and explained this—told him that his own life was in danger from his, the young man's, plan, and asked him to give it up, and what, think you, was Feridoon's reply?"

"I know not," returned the maiden, trembling.

"It was a decided negative. He utterly refused to comply with his protector's wishes."

"But there must have been some deep principle involved—some idea of right which the youth could not overstep."

"No, not so. It was only a whim of his own—a caprice."

"Will you explain it to me? Tell me what it was he would not give up."

"Really, I cannot now tell, for I was very busy at the time upon another point, and I did not ask; but I think it was something about a female slave that Feridoon had bought. Ha, yes! I remember now," broke forth the king, to whose mind a very handy lie had come—a lie with two edges that might cut both ways. "Yes, yes, I have it now. Feridoon bought a beautiful female of a Caucasian merchant, and afterwards it proved that she had a lover among the merchant's followers. This lover was a powerful, dark man, and he swore that if his beloved was not given up to him, he would murder the satrap, for he imagined that the satrap had the power to give her up if he chose. When Rustem heard of this he was sore afraid, and he went at once to Feridoon and asked him to give up the slave, at the same time stating the danger which threatened him. But the youth turned a deaf ear to all his entreaties. He loved the beautiful slave, and would not give her up."

A sharp, cruel pang shot to poor Zillah's heart as she heard this, and a low, stifled sob broke from her lips.

"O," she at length uttered, rising half up in bed, "this cannot be!"

"It is most true, fair one."

"It cannot be. Feridoon loves no slave girl; he cannot."

"Be not deceived, Zillah. You do not know the man as others know him."

The maiden sank back upon the pillow and closed her eyes. A moment she remained thus, and when she suddenly opened her eyes again upon the king, she saw a look of fiendish triumph just curling about his mouth and eyes. In an instant the conviction went to her soul that Sohrab was lying to her, and she resolved to question him.

"Sire," she said, "when did Feridoon purchase this slave?"

"I do not know."

"But he must have had her some time, if he loves her so well."

"About a week, I believe."

Now Zillah knew that was false, for it was only the day before that Kobad had been with her, and told her all about Feridoon, and she knew that he had no slave girl then. So her mind was quickly relieved, and she knew that the king was deceiving her; but she said nothing about her conviction.

"And now," resumed Sohrab, "you shall find here a heart that shall be wholly yours. I will love you fondly and truly, and your joy shall be my joy, and your pain my pain. Shall it not be so?"

"Ask me not now, sire. My head aches and my soul is pained. Let me rest now."

"So you shall," cried the king, rising and bending over the sweet, pale face of the invalid. "You may rest now, and ponder upon what I have said. You must love me, and I know you will. Be sure that I shall make you happy."

He kissed her upon the brow as he ceased speaking, and then left the apartment. He had hopes now and so had Zillah. Kobad had assured her that she should be saved, let the king do his utmost, and she had much confidence in that old man's power to save her, for she had seen enough of his character to know that he never spoke falsely.

Very differently did those two, the king and the maiden, regard the aged astrologer. One feared him with a fear that amounted to almost a deadly power; and the other loved him with a love that amounted to a holy reverence.

CHAPTER XVI.

ANOTHER FAILURE, BUT NOT WITHOUT A SUCCESS.

WHILE the king was trying to deceive Zillah into a more favorable regard for himself, three of our acquaintances were together, planning for the future. They were Kobad and the old

cohhler and wife, and their place of meeting was in a cave not far from the one in which they were before. This cave in which they now were, was further in among the rocks, and not so spacious nor comfortable as the other. Yet it served well enough for the purpose, for its existence was not known to the soldiers, and its inmates were protected from the inclemencies of the weather.

But these three were not alone. There were three others there—three officers of the government; old men, and holding places of honor and trust. They had been conversing some time and the subject of conversation must have been one of deep interest, for the officers showed by their looks that they were astonished and interested.

"I thought that there must have been foul play," said one of them, "when he was killed. Gushtasp would not have been killed by the robbers on the desert, for all of them knew him and loved him. But how will you prove this to the people?"

"By my word," returned Kobad.

"But the king will not let you speak. He will have you seized and gagged at once."

A strange smile flitted across the astrologer's face, and for a while he gazed down upon the rock at his feet in silence. At length he said:

"Once I had some dealings with our king and he knows me well. My power is too great for him to break. I could perform some things that would make both him and you start and tremble. Sohrab cannot harm me. I am protected by a strange charm which he cannot break. You have heard often of my knowledge, and of my power as a necromancer, but you do not dream how much of that remarkable power I really possess. I do assure you that with one single movement I can so work upon the king that he shall not move except at my bidding."

The three officers regarded each other in silence and surprise. One of them at length moved nearer to the strange man, and in a low tone asked:

"You are sure Gushtasp is dead?"

"Most sure," returned Kobad; and then, with a quiet smile, he added: "you did not imagine that you saw Gushtasp now before you, did you?"

"I did not know who you might be."

"No, no," returned the astrologer, in a sad tone, "there is no such good news. Gushtasp was stabbed to the heart and killed at once. He is now in the home of spirits, where we may all meet him ere long, for age is creeping upon us apace. But let that pass. Gushtasp is long since dead, and he died by the order of Sohrab, and of that fact the people must soon be apprised. I shall need your co-operation, and in return you may rest assured that no harm shall come to you. We must meet again, and in the meantime, I would have you watch the king."

"We will," answered one of the official trio, "for such as he will bear much watching."

"Ay," added another; "and well would it have been for Persia could he have been watched as he deserved years ago."

"Better late than never," remarked Kobad. "But now our conference is ended and we may return to the city, only remember that we separate before we reach the routes of the royal sentinels."

Having spoken some words of cheer to Zak Turan, the astrologer left the cave in company with the three officers, but ere long they separated, and Kobad pursued his way alone towards that section of the city where stood Rustem's palace. He had proceeded along past the statue of Zal, and was just stepping upon a sort of low curb that was arranged upon the street-side to protect pedestrians from the horses, when he saw some half dozen dusky figures emerge from a street that cornered directly before him. He would have turned back, but the strangers hailed him and he stopped.

"Who are ye? and what do ye want?" asked Kobad.

"We are merely passing about the city as you are," replied one of the party, "and we hailed you because we would know if you had seen one of the king's enemies in your travels."

"I may have seen many," replied the old man, placing his hand upon the hilt of his sword, that he carried beneath his long robe.

By this time the strangers had come more closely up, and Kobad noticed that there were ten of them in all, and that they were gathering about him. He started back towards the nearest house and drew his sword.

"Keep your distance," he said. "I wish not to harm you, but I can allow no familiarity. Do you know who I am?"

"You are one whom we have been sent to take"—Kobad.

"Ay—I am; and if you know my power you will not molest me. I use not the weapons you use."

"And yet your sword looks very like ours."

"Does it?" returned the old man, holding the weapon higher up in the starlight. "Perhaps it does. So demons sometimes look like men. But beware how you put my weapon to the test."

The soldiers hesitated as the astrologer put this piece of artifice upon them. They knew him to be a wonderful man, and perhaps he might have some dark power hidden in his sword. They whispered together, and while they did so Kobad blamed himself for having been thus caught at a disadvantage. Had he thought of such a meeting he might have prepared himself with weapons which these men could not have overcome. He had at home a curious powder—a light, airy, imperceptible mixture—that would have struck every man blind who stood about him. A small quantity of it, cast off about him, would float upon the air in all directions, and while he kept his own eyes tightly closed, others would not discover such necessity until they felt the sharp pain in their optics—and then closing the lids would be of no use, for their eyes could be of use to them no

more. But the old man had not this thing with him, nor had he anything save just such a sword as any man might carry.

Meanwhile the soldiers had conferred together, and it was resolved that they should make the attempt at least, to capture the rebel, for in that light they viewed him. Two of their number, more bold than the rest, drew off at a short distance, and gradually worked around behind the old man, and at the moment that those in front were beginning to advance, they sprang forward and caught the astrologer by the arms, and in a moment more his sword was wrenched from him.

"Now, old man, what think you?" cried one of the party, in an exultant tone.

"I think that for the while I am your prisoner," Kobad replied, without the least trepidation.

"So ye are."

"You will conduct me to the king, I suppose?"

"Don't know exactly how that'll be."

"How? Am I not arrested by order of the king?"

"Most surely; and you are going to the royal palace, too; but I don't know as the king need to see you."

A sudden fear shot through the old man's bosom as he heard these words. He remembered how the king had been affected by his presence, and he knew, too, that the king knew his great secret—knew him!

"Tell me your orders?" he said, speaking yet calmly, but with an effort.

"We take you to the palace, and deliver you there to the master of the prison; so we must hurry, for the master may be sleepy, and he won't dare to sleep till he hears from us."

Now Kobad knew this master of the prison, and he knew him to be a most ready, unscrupulous tool of Sohrab. He blamed himself more than ever now for having allowed himself to venture forth without protection. To resist his captors would be of no avail, for they were strong men, either one of whom might have overcome him alone.

"Look here," uttered one of the soldiers, "this isn't exactly the thing. Just remember our orders. The old chap wasn't to speak, you know."

"So he wasn't," rejoined the one who seemed to have the lead in the affair. And as he spoke he drew a stout piece of sack-cloth from his pocket, and proceeded to bind it over the old man's mouth.

"How now?" the prisoner gasped, putting up his hands to stop this new movement. "Why is this?"

"So ordered the king. We wasn't to let you speak a word."

Kobad resisted this movement, but it mattered little to his captors, for very easily did they bind his hands behind him, and then the cloth was bound tightly over his mouth; and when this was done they took him by the arms and turned their steps in the direction of the royal palace.

The astrologer now felt sure that the king meditated some summary proceedings against him—that in all probability he was to be killed without further ceremony, and the more he pondered upon this the more sure did he feel of it. Surely the king feared him, and would give half his kingdom to see him dead. The inference from this was easily drawn.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HUMILITY THE HIGHEST WISDOM.

We read a pretty story of St. Anthony, who, being in the wilderness, led there a very hard and strict life, inasmuch that none at that time did the like; to whom came a voice from Heaven, saying: "Anthony, thou art not so perfect as is a cobbler that dwelleth at Alexandria." Anthony hearing this, rose up forthwith, and took his staff, and travelled till he came to Alexandria, where he found the cobbler. The cobbler was astonished to see so reverend a father come to his house. Then Anthony said unto him: "Come and tell me thy whole conversation, and how thou spendest thy time." "Sir," said the cobbler, "as for me, good works have I none, for my life is but simple and slender; I am but a poor cobbler. In the morning, when I rise, I pray for the whole city wherein I dwell, especially for all such neighbors and poor friends as I have. After I set me at my labor, where I spend the whole day in getting my living, and I keep me from all falsehood, for I hate nothing so much as I do deceitfulness. Wherefore, when I make any man a promise, I keep it, and perform it truly; and thus I spend my time poorly with my wife and children, whom I teach and instruct as far as my wit will serve me, to fear and dread God. And this is the sum of my simple life."—*Lutimer.*

HAPPINESS NOT IN STATION ALONE.

There is one experience, gentlemen, to which the history of my various changes in life has peculiarly, and, I will even say, has painfully exposed me—how little a man gains, or rather, indeed, how much he loses in the happiness of natural and healthful enjoyment, in passing from a narrower to a wider, and what some may call, a more elevated sphere. There is not room in the heart of man for more than a certain number of objects; and he is therefore placed far more favorably for the development of all that pleasure which lies in the kind and friendly affections of our nature, when the intimacy of his regards is permitted to rest on a few, than when, bustling through an interminable variety of persons and things, each individual can have but a slender hold upon the memory, and a hold as slender upon the emotions.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

MORAL HONESTY.—They that cry down moral honesty, cry down that which is a great part of religion, my duty towards God and my duty towards man. What care I to see a man run after a sermon, if he cozens and cheats as soon as he comes home? On the other hand, morality must not be without religion; for if so, it may change as I see convenience. Religion must govern it. He that has no religion to govern his morality, is not a whit better than my mastiff dog; so long as you stroke him, and please him, and do not pinch him, he will play with you as finely as may be, he is a very good moral mastiff; but if you hurt him, he will fly in your face, and tear out your throat.—*Selden.*

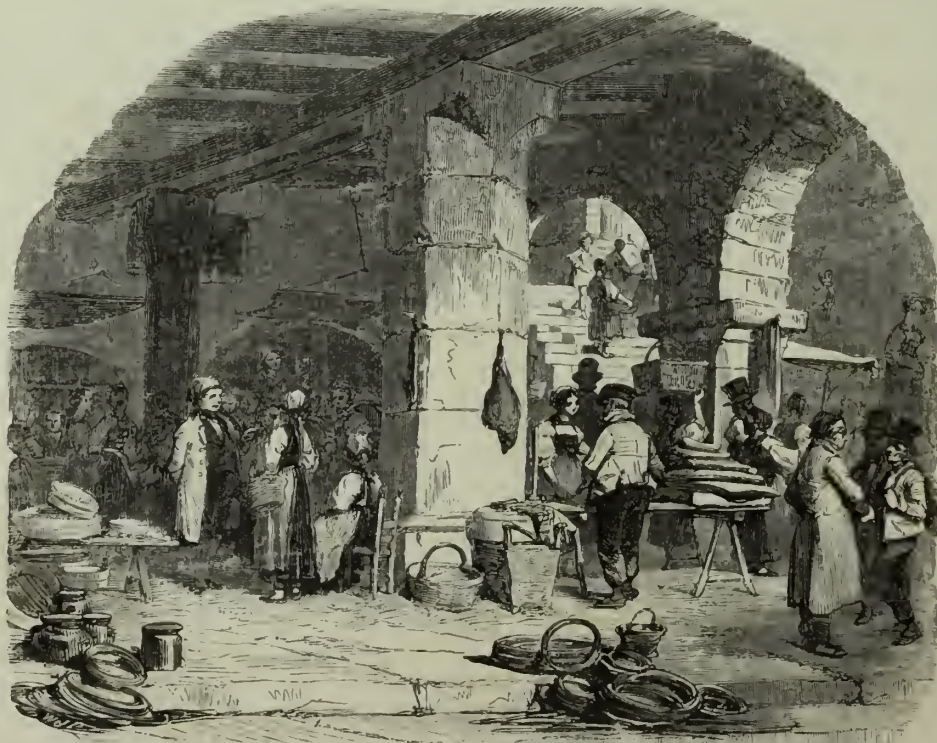
LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND.

We present our readers with two views of this pretty Swiss town, one representing a street scene, and the other the interior of its busy market house. It is the capital of the canton of the same name, and was until recently, one of the three vororts, or seats of the Swiss Diet. It is situated on both sides of the River Reuss, a branch of which is shown in the engraving, where it issues from the Lake of Lucerne. The population is about 8000. It is much visited by tourists on account of the picturesque beauty of its environs. On one side of it is the celebrated Lake of Lucerne; on three other sides it is enclosed by a wall, and it is surrounded by lofty watch-towers. Among its public edifices is a fine cathedral, founded in 695, which is noted for its organ containing three thousand pipes. The Jesuits' church and the church of St. Peter's are fine specimens of architecture. There are four principal bridges crossing the Reuse, which are covered and adorned with paintings illustrative of Swiss and sacred history, or copied from Hans Holbein's celebrated "Dance of Death." The town hall, erected in 1606, is a very handsome, though small building. The arsenal is well worthy a visit from its fine collection of suits of ancient armor, among which is that in which Leopold of Austria was killed at the battle of Sempach. Lucerne has two hospitals, an orphan asylum, a mint, a jail, a theatre, public libraries belonging to the town, the Jesuits, Capuchins, Cordeliers, etc., and a very well-endowed lyceum, with numerous professors, tutors and teachers, and a public school, of which Inglis says: "Into this school every child till the age of twelve is admitted upon payment of six francs a year, and is taught reading, writing, arithmetic and the first principles of Latin; and this privilege of acquiring in early years the rudiments of learning, is not confined to the city of Lucerne, or even the canton; persons may claim admittance from any other of the Swiss cantons, and even from foreign countries. The college and school are one establishment; and every one that has received his education in the school is immediately received as a pupil into the college, and pays nothing for his instruction there." The town contains the celebrated model in relief of Switzerland, made by General Pfyffer, and in the Pfyffer garden, outside the walls, is a monument designed by Thorwaldsen, and erected to the memory of the Swiss guards who fell gallantly at Paris, in the memorable attack of the 10th of August, 1792. The design represents a lion of colossal size, wounded mortally by a spear which transfixes him, yet endeavoring with his last gasp to protect a shield on which the Bourbon lilies are carved. The figure was hewn by Ahorn of Constance out of a mass of sandstone rock, and is twenty-eight feet long by eighteen high. The city of Lucerne was given by Pepin to the abbots of Meerbach, in 768, and about the close of the 13th century was purchased by the House of Hapsburg. In 1332, the citizens revolted and joined the Swiss confederacy. At Lucerne, the traveller finds himself in the centre of that celebrated past that makes the glory of the Swiss name, and which every Swiss ought to cherish. The city, like most of those in the same region, is particularly remarkable from its situation and picturesque effect. Critically considered, its architecture leaves something to be desired, but what human structure would not be belittled by juxtaposition with the natural beauties with which Switzerland abounds? The site must have attracted the attention of men in the remotest times, and when the country was settled, the place where the Reuse emerged from the Lake of the Waldstettes, must have appeared favorable for the establishment of a city. A tower still preserved, and a lighthouse (*Lucerna*) were, it is said, the origin of the city. It flourished peaceably for five or six centuries under the paternal administration of the abbots of Meerbach. They protected it by no other weapon than their dignity, and all the citizens desired the maintenance of their sway. The commune deliberated on the laws and taxes; the abbot nominated an "ammann" from the people, and with their assent. Their manners were hardly less rural than those of the neighboring shepherds. But in the 13th century, one of the abbots of Meerbach sold Lucerne to the son of the king of the Romans for two thousand francs and five villages in Alsace. The people of Lucerne submitted with regret to the duke of Austria; two monks were even bold enough to declare his authority unjust, and died in distant dungeons. While Rodolph of Hapsburg lived he knew how to maintain in obedience and even in devoted fidelity, the numerous possessions he had in the territories on the left bank of the Rhine. But his successors were not equally prudent. The people of Lucerne were compelled to serve them, in contravention of existing treaties, in foreign wars, and were not recompensed by a milder government. They had recourse to their neighbors of the three Waldstettes, whom they had heretofore combated in the interest of their masters. The Waldstettes heard them favorably, and resolved to receive Lucerne in perpetual alliance, as a fourth canton. The nobles of the city were opposed to this project. They plotted the arrest of the boldest among the people by troops who came from Argovia. Three hundred horsemen came towards the city in the night, but the burghers were on their guard and closed the gates against them, and soon every man was on foot prepared to repel violence. The people assembled and unanimously demanded the Swiss alliance. A few nobles left the city and departed without being disturbed; but others remained within the walls, and when the war had broken out between the freed city and the lords of the neighborhood, the partisans of Austria, the nobles of Lucerne, formed a new conspiracy. They agreed to slaughter the friends of the Waldstettes in the night time, and to open their gates to the Austrian troops. In the middle of



A STREET IN LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND.

the night the conspirators had assembled at a final meeting under the archway of an abbey on the bank of the Reuss. A boy, who chanced to be in that solitary place, heard a noise of arms and the murmuring of voices. He fled—thinking he had encountered ghosts—the conspirators arrested him. Meanwhile these men, who had sworn the massacre of their fellow-citizens, took pity on a child, and only exacted of the boy an oath that he should say nothing to their enemies. The boy escaped, and running to Boucher's inn, where there were still a few men drinking, he began to repeat, not to the men, but to the stove, what he had just learned. The odd behaviour of the child attracted the notice of the drinkers—they ran to inform the magistrates and citizens. The authors of the conspiracy, who had adopted for a rallying sign a red sleeve, were surprised in arms and thrown into prison. Messengers brought back the same night three hundred of the Waldstetten confederates. The government was entrusted to the hands of a council of three hundred citizens, and from this time (1382) Lucerne was free. This revolution cost neither tears nor blood. No one was put to death, deprived of liberty or even excluded from the magistracy. The regrets of the nobles were appeased, and they afterwards played a glorious part in the toils, dangers and victories of the republic. Lucerne is the Catholic vorort of Switzerland. In the national manners, and particularly in the picturesque costumes of the people of Lucerne, we see that grace and taste are no strangers to this fine region. The traveller would do well to pass some time here, and make many excursions among the lakes, valleys and mountains of its neighborhood. Nowhere are the sensations sought in a Swiss town more vividly felt; no place affords greater beauties or nobler memories.



MARKET IN LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND.

THE WAYS OF A BOMBSHELL.

A column of white smoke rushing up into the air expands into concentric rings—then follows the heavy, dull report, like the beat of some giant drum, and then comes the shrill scream of the shell as it describes its fatal curve, and descends with prodigious velocity, increasing rapidly every instant till it explodes with the peculiar noise of "a blast," just as it reaches the ground. At least, it ought to do so—but to-day I watched the shells one after another, and only two out of three burst properly, though the range and flight were beautifully accurate. The Russian fuses are bad, but their artillerymen are not to be excused when their practice is undisturbed. It was interesting—just as the man in "Lucretius" liked to see the sea rage when he was not on board ship—to see the shell dropping, and to see our active little allies scampering away to their cover and adjusting themselves to the closest possible connection with mother earth till the hurrying masses had gone by them. Any man with moderate confidence and experience may despise round shot at long distances, if he only sees the guns from which they come discharged. Well, we won't say despise exactly, but at all events "evade." But a shell is a diabolical invention, which no one can regard as it approaches without a certain degree of misgiving that a triangular piece of jagged iron may be whizzing through his internal economy at the shortest possible notice afterward. If it is sent from a gun, it fizzes and roars through the air, and sends its fragments before it, the cone of dispersion, which is the neat phrase used by the learned militant to imply the direction of the bits of shell (or its contents when it is filled with bullets, etc.), being in the direction the shell has taken from the gun, and the fragments being propelled with a portion of the shell at the moment of explosion. If it be discharged from a mortar, it whistles gently and delicately, giving a squeak and a roar now and then as it rises to its greatest elevation, and then rushing down with a shriller whistle toward the point aimed at. If it explode on arriving at that point, its fragments are projected all around radially, and are projected merely by the force of the bursting charge. A man behind a bomb, or at the side of it, is just as likely to be hit as a man before it when it bursts in that way;

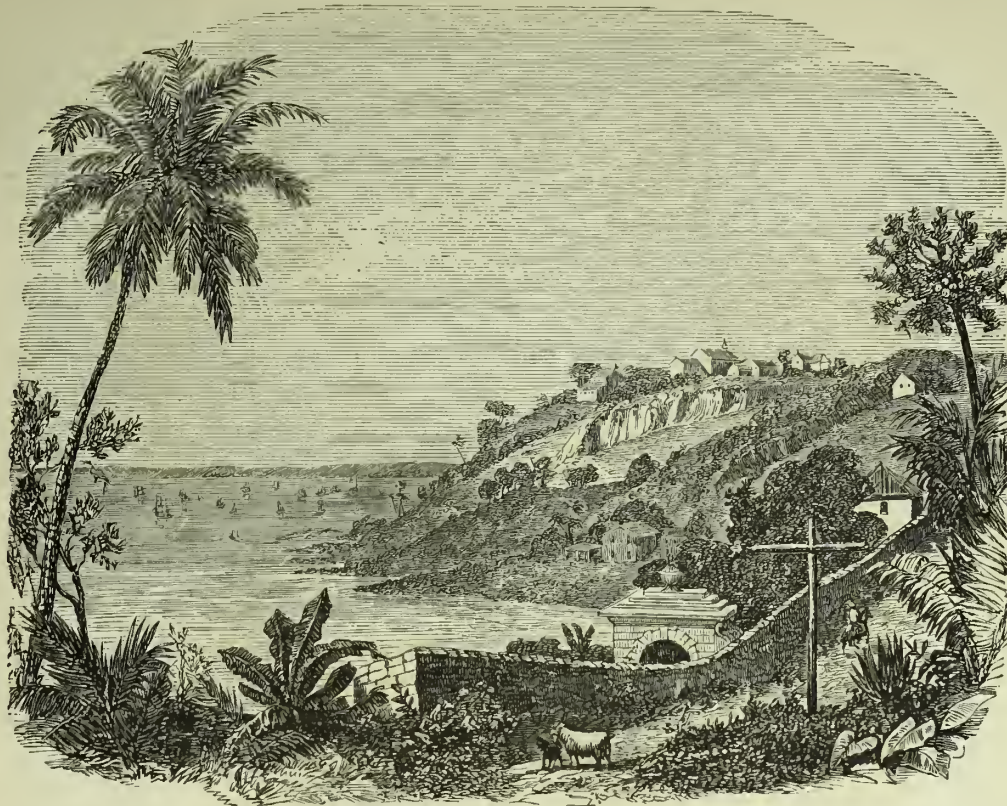
whereas the pieces of shell from a gun in nearly every instance fly forward, so that a person behind it, or outside the limits of the cone of dispersion, is safe. Unless the shell or bomb burst in the air in front of a body of men, a very considerable degree of safety may be attained by the men throwing themselves flat on the ground, inasmuch as the pieces of a shell which bursts on the earth fly upwards from the point where they encounter the maximum of resistance. Of course, if a bomb bursts over a man on the ground, or if a shell explodes in the air in front of a man, there is no great safety gained by his throwing himself down, beyond the consequent reduction of the amount of vertical exposure. This little digression is all *apropos* of the conduct of our allies which I have just mentioned, and is made in order to explain the rationale of their proceedings. It is rather an unpleasant reflection whenever one is discussing the range of a missile, and is, perhaps, in the act of exclaiming: "There's a splendid shot," that it may have carried misery and death into some happy household. The smoke clears away—the men get up—they gather round one who moves not, or who is racked with mortal agony—they hear him away, a mere black speck—and a few shovelful of mud mark for a little time the resting-place of the poor soldier, whose wife, or mother, or children, or sisters are left destitute of solace save memory and the sympathy of their country.—*Crinean Correspondence of the London Times.*

FIRE, AND SUBSTITUTES FOR IT.

Essential to man as a cosmopolite, his earthly pre-eminence rests on the exclusive use of fire. Withholding it from brutes was essential to his rule over them. Did they possess the power to elicit it, enraged by his tyranny, they would set and keep the world in flames. His superiority would wane, and his tenure on earth be uncertain and insecure. To prevent this, special provision has been made. Animals fly from fire—a dread of it is implanted in their natures. Those that prey in the night are impelled by a law of their organization to avoid it; for when dazzled by the blaze of a torch, the contraction of their pupils amounts in some species to blindness, and in all the sight is affected. Hence, though many of the lower tribes surpass man in physical energies, speed, flight, duration of life, minuteness and magnitude of their works, happily none can strike fire, nor fan it into flame. Still, lights in the night were not withheld wholly from the lower tribes. For those that required them, a special illuminating element was provided. There are some that surpass in numbers the human species, of which every individual carries a torch that rivals in brilliance the best of our candles, the materials for which they have the power to secrete. Glow worms and fire flies are familiar examples. In tropical climes, various luminous insects are attached to female head-dresses. They are used also as lamps. I have read fine print in a dark room by the light of two Long Island fire flies in a tumbler. But man was not the first to rob these living gems of their liberty and radiance. There are birds that seize and suspend them as chandeliers for their dwellings. The bottle-nosed sparrow, or baya, is one of the kidnappers. Its nest is closely woven like cloth in the form of an inverted bottle, with the entrance at the orifice of the neck. It is divided inside into chambers, profoundly dark till lit up by fire flies caught alive, and mercilessly fixed to the walls or ceiling with pieces of wet clay for sconces.—*Ewbanks' "World a Workshop."*

BAHIA, BRAZIL.

San Salvador da Bahia de Todos os Santos, and Soteropolis, are the official or scientific names of the ancient capital of Brazil, a fine view of the port of which is given in one of our accompanying engravings. The name of Bahia alone, however, is that by which it is universally known. The harbor on which this town is situated has excited the admiration of sailors in all times. The Bay of All Saints, considered in its fullest extent, forms a very deep gulf, and is nearly thirty leagues in circuit. The principal entrance is formed on the east by the promontory of Cape Santo Antonio, which belongs to the continent, and on the west by the island of Itaparica. It receives the waters of many rivers, some of which are considerable. The largest fleets might ride in safety at Bahia. In many parts, vessels anchored on excellent bottom would resist all winds, while the fertility of the neighboring shores would afford them an abundance of everything desirable in the way of supplies. On the eastern side of the principal entrance, the land rises in an amphitheatrical form from the shore. The city of San Salvador occupies a large space, and contains many fine buildings; it is built on unequal ground, with many garden plots, and is divided into an upper and lower town. After Rio Janeiro, the city of Bahia is the most important in Brazil; it contains at least 100,000 inhabitants. Several forts, built on the eminences, as well as on the lower part of the coast, command the shore and protect the city. The naval arsenal is defended by the fort "do Mar," a circular work constructed on a sand-bank. The city of Bahia is not only opulent and singularly picturesque in its aspect, but it is a city of ancient traditions, of curious souvenirs, and even of poetic legends. The entrance of the bay was, according to some authors, first explored by Christovam Jacques, who set up there one of those pillars of sculptured stone then called *padroes*, and which marked the course of navigators along the shores. Seven or eight years later, towards 1510 or 1511, the numerous tribes of Tupinamba Indians, who wandered on the fertile shores of Itaparica or Tapagipe, had had time to forget the passage of the European ship, when a vessel, employed in trading for dye-woods, was wrecked on the shoals of the smiling suburb now known by the name of Victoria. The sailors were all devoured, it is said, by the savages, with the exception of a hardy Galician, who preserved sufficient coolness in the midst of peril, and dexterity in the midst of the Indians, to save his life, and win the privileges of a chief. When brought before the Tupinambas, who received him with threatening clamors and gestures, Alvares Correa seized a harquebuss, which a wave had fortunately thrown him, together with other fragments of the wreck, loaded it, took aim at and shot a bird, and the report of a fire-arm rung for the first time on these shores. The tribe, terror-stricken, submitted to him; the daughter of a chief, the beautiful Paraguasson, voluntarily united her destiny to his; he commanded where he seemed about to perish. Wary of Indian life, but faithful to his young companion, Alvares Correa left Brazil with her, and embarked on board a Norman vessel, commanded by Captain Duplessis. But here the legend, adopting the liveliest colors and becoming animated with the most varied incidents, sets all chronology at defiance. Welcomed on the banks of the Seine by Catherine de Medicis, recently united to Henry III., Paraguasson receives baptism in an antique chapel of Paris, and takes the name of the young queen who has served her as god-mother. Satiated with the marvels of Europe, she soon quits France, with Alvares Correa, and returns to her native country. Thither she bears the fertile germs of Christianity, and afterwards it is to her that the conquerors owe the legal session of the magnificent territory on which the city is built. This legend, which is in all mouths in Brazil, and which has even given birth to a national poem, does not for a moment resist the exigency of chronology; thus the Brazilians, who latterly have studied their origin profoundly, take good care not to defend it, and content themselves with explaining it. They divide the marvellous events into two parts, and attribute them to two Europeans cast by storm upon their shores at about the same epoch. Alvares Correa, united to Paraguasson, is still the primitive founder of the city, but he does not go to France; he welcomes the first grantee, Pereira Coutinho, and he even shares his misfortunes; but still later, in 1549, when the noble Thomé de Souza is on the point of laying the foundations of a regular city in the midst of these warlike tribes, he becomes the most active agent of colonization; he is the *lingua*, that is to say, the interpreter, entrusted with conducting the difficult negotiations which must precede the erection of a capital in a savage region where population is almost unknown. With Thomé de Souza came men who are acquainted with the difficult art of subjecting these fierce people, and forcing them to obey; the Navarros, the Anchiets, the Nobregas descend the southern shores to lend their valuable assistance to the new governor, and when, in 1557, Camarouiro expires in the midst of his children, a patriarch laden with years, the towers of a cathedral are already risen on the verdant hill, upon which stands the vast college of the Jesuits. Public instruction is given in the language of a people which will become extinct in less than a century, and they deplore the



PORT OF BAHIA, BRAZIL.

death of the first Bishop Don Pedro Fernandez Sardinha, who, after having been one of the celebrated pupils of the University of Paris, is here devoured by the Indians. This rapid sketch, insufficient as it is, serves to fix at least the date of the most important monuments of the capital, structures which were continued with activity under Duarte da Costa and Mendo de Sa, the illustrious governor, whose life was prolonged to the year 1577, a year before the fall of the monarchy. The thought which ordered so many edifices showed itself more active than foreseeing. The wants of commerce increasing, they multiplied houses and vast stores, designated by the name of *trapiches*, and formed of them the immense street de la Praya, which borders the sea, but which the great buildings of the upper city constantly threaten by their fall. The disastrous events of 1671 and 1748, in which more than forty persons perished by landslides, seemed to be forgotten, when catastrophes quite as painful finally aroused the attention of the authorities. The upper city must either be wholly abandoned, or its base strengthened by the erection of gigantic foundation walls; the latter alternative has, we believe, been adopted. Among the numerous edifices which attract the attention of the stranger are the old cathedral, which dates back to 1552; the Jesuit's college, built entirely of marble, besides the valuable library founded in 1811, the funds being raised by lottery; the palace of the old governors, now occupied by the President of the Province; the mint; the theatre, built in 1808; the exchange, a vast building, finished in 1816, whose magnificent floors present, in mosaic work, the richest collection of indigenous woods known in South America. Among the innumerable religious edifices, some of the most noticeable are the great convent of San Francisco, founded in 1594; San Bento, built fifteen years before; the monasteries of Mercês, Desterro and Soledad. If we mention the little church da Graça, it is to remind the reader that it contains the tomb of Paraguasson; Nossa Senhora da Victoria, built in 1552, is the oldest of all these religious monuments. Our second engraving presents a specimen of the architecture of the eighteenth century, during

population is set as high as 160,000 by some estimates, of which a third are supposed to be whites, a third mulattoes, and a third blacks.

PORTRAITS OF WASHINGTON.

A writer in the Home Journal says he saw, some twenty-five years ago, quite a young-looking man on horseback, in a Fourth of July procession in Philadelphia, dressed in the military uniform of General Washington (blue and buff), and with the old '76 cocked hat. The resemblance was so striking to those who had known Washington, that it occasioned quite an outburst of mingled joy and emotion. He had been selected on account of his personal resemblance; the dress, no doubt, aided the effect. The writer says:—"I was walking at the time with the late lamented Judge Hopkinson, author of 'Hail Columbia,' who was quite enthusiastic when this extraordinary figure approached. 'Heavens!' he exclaimed, 'how like! There is Washington as I last saw him,' and he raised his hat and cheered with the crowd, his eyes filled with tears. 'Why,' said I, 'judge, that young-looking man can't look like Washington, except in dress; Washington was an old-looking man.' 'Old-looking man!' exclaimed the judge; 'he may look so on sign-boards. He was as fresh and young-looking at sixty-five as most men now look at thirty-five or forty.' By the way, the Hopkinson family have at this day an original portrait (cabinet size), for which General Washington sat expressly for Francis Hopkinson, father of the late judge above mentioned. This picture was painted before the general adopted false front teeth, and looks as unlike the portraits copied from Stewart, especially about the mouth, as can be well conceived; and it was pronounced at the time a perfect likeness. Among the most eminent and successful portrait painters in Philadelphia at that day—that is, during the residence there of General Washington—was Wurtmuller, a Dane or Swede; his style was accurate and pains-taking. Three portraits of Washington by this painter,

bearing his well remembered signature, are now known to exist—one in Paris, and two are here in this city. One of the latter has but lately arrived here. It was obtained, a few months since, in Switzerland, where, for the last sixty years, it has been hanging in the gallery of the family of Cazanove. This portrait was given by General Washington to the elder Cazanove, who visited this country at the close of the Revolution. This distinguished and amiable Swiss gentleman was largely interested in land operations in the State of New York; he had the honor of naming the lake of Geneva after his own native lake, and the town of Cazanovia was named after him. This portrait, by its date, was painted when the general was in his sixty-second year, and is, perhaps, among the best likenesses now extant. It seems to have been executed with great care, and its coloring gives evidence of a master skill and knowledge of that art which has the peculiar privilege of 'robbing the grave of that portion of its terrors which it derives from oblivion.' Evidences of the authenticity of this valuable picture are fully secured by its present owner. It has been in the possession of the family of Cazanove from its original owner down to his grand daughter, the present Baroness Saladin, from whose husband (the Baron Saladin) the present owner here obtained it, in September last, at Geneva, Switzerland. It is among the few portraits of Washington which marks, in an eminent degree, the leading features of his true character—dignity, mildness, intellectuality, an air of quiet reserve, and the bearing of a perfect gentleman."



CHAPEL OF SAN GONZALO, BAHIA.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MAY AND JUNE.

BY MRS. R. T. ELDRIDGE.

May throws her garlands in the lap of June
With careless grace, and balmy zephyrs sigh;
The field-bird warbles in a sadlener tone,
And tender May-flowers droop their heads and die.
June roses ope their petals to the breeze,
Grass blades grow taller 'neath the verdant trees.

Though blushing June is flattered and admired,
She cannot rival her fair sister May;
Who, in her plain and modest garb attired,
Ope for her sister June's flowery way.
Though many bow in homage to her charms,
May's genial warmth wins nature to her arms.

In June tall grass-blades wear a glossier hue,
And tender flower-stems firmly round them twine;
Made brighter by fresh drops of sparkling dew,
That on their opening petals love to shine;
The mower's scythe sweeps grass and flowers away,
And June no longer triumphs over May.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

PHILIP CARRINGTON.

BY SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.

"I AM going, mother. Words are of no use. My father mistakes me; he mistakes himself. He would shut me up in a stifled counting-house in the city, to drudge with pen and ledger from morning till night, when he knows I long for the sea. I must go."

"Then, Philip, if you will, a mother's blessing go with you. But I dread to think of your father's anger. I too, in my knowledge of your determination—in refraining from trying to dissuade you from it, play the traitor to him. I know I am doing wrong—we are both doing wrong; but I love you, my son, and I would have you happy. We may, perhaps, reflect bitterly hereafter upon this sin; yet it may find atonement."

"Mother," he said, looking down, and meeting her sad glance with a smile, that, spite of himself, was almost as sad, "don't look so troubled; I am not going this week. And, indeed, I am afraid I shall scarcely have the heart to go at all, if you do not seem in better spirits."

"O, my son—O, Philip! how can I let you leave me?" was the low, trembling, tearful cry that escaped her.

The young man turned away his head; for his lips were quivering, and the heavy tears were filling his own eyes.

"Bertha!" called a voice from the cottage door, a gentleman's voice—deep and musical.

"Your father calls me, Philip," she said. "Stay here; you had better not come in just now. I will send Mabel to you." And Mrs. Carrington went to meet her husband.

"Where have you been, Bertha?" he asked, tenderly, drawing her hand within his arm, and regarding her with an affectionate glance. One might well have thought that, reposing in the security of such a love as her husband bore her, Mrs. Carrington could not have pleaded unsuccessfully for her son; but there were points of persuasion on which even her almost all-powerful influence would have been vainly tried—had been, indeed, many and many a time. And this was one of them, as she knew it. So, to his question, she only replied, quietly: "With Philip."

Mr. Carrington's fine face slightly darkened.

"I suppose so. Bertha, you allow that boy to excite your pity too deeply. He knows the kindness of your heart, and you innocently allow him to gain encouragement from it. He meets you at every corner to pour his troubles into your ear, and harass you with the recital of imaginary wrongs. It is selfish and unkind in him, to say the least of it; and I shall tell him so. Let him content himself with the life I have marked out for him—at least, until he is of age, which will be in two years now. He has no right to disobey me before then, and by that time, if he trusts to me, he will have found that I am in the right. A common sailor's life is no life for him. Let him choose a profession, let him take to the pulpit, or the bar, or medicine. Let him be a merchant, if none of these suit him, as he says. Only I command him, by his own pride and self-respect, if he has any, not to disgrace his father's name. His family is an ancient and honorable one—yes, and wealthy, too. Let him bring shame to it, if he dare."

Ay, Richard Carrington, there spoke your pride!—heritage of your ancestors. And while you wear it, a sacred relic, in your breast, you forget that your boy, being of your blood, and flesh, and bone, was also stamped with it in the very hour of his birth; that it burns, even now, in the impetuous will, which he has not learned, like you, to curb and control, and that he will keep it still, whatever may be his mode of life. It will stand him in good stead, for his is an honest pride; it will never be tarnished. Philip Carrington is a gentleman, and he will never be otherwise."

It was nearly sundown. Long shadows were sloping across the green fields, and the waving foliage of the elms rustled and glittered in the soft breeze and the declining sunshine. Little birds, that had all day long made the air pleasant with their music, were flitting away now, one by one, to their nests in the trees and under the cottage eaves. Men, who had been at work since morning, in the fields, were going home with their scythes over their shoulders, singing as they went, and there was scarcely a thing over the face of the wide and peaceful landscape that was not happy and glad.

But Philip Carrington leaned, with folded arms, against the doorway of his father's cottage, his head bowed, and his face pale

and thoughtful. This was not his usual mood, but his hopes—the hopes and wishes of many a year—had been crossed, just as he thought they had arrived at the point of their consummation, and he could not help brooding over his disappointment, as such young and ardent natures will.

Philip's trouble was, that, to his desire to lead a sea-faring life, his father had refused to give his consent. Richard Carrington loved his son—his only son, and although he had reared and educated him with some strictness, he had never denied him anything, for which the young man thought him unreasonable, until now.

Still, Philip did not blame his father. He knew his peculiar views, and knew, too, that they could not be altered. All the love he had ever borne him was as fresh and warm in his breast now as when he was a little child; he had learned to revere and respect his father for his many good and noble qualities, and that reverence—that respect, was not one whit the less, now that the young man had resolved, in this first—and last instance, he hoped—to disobey him. For Philip Carrington, with a wild longing for the freedom of the broad blue sea, with an almost unquenchable thirst for the sight of foreign lands, had determined to forsake his home; his proud, haughty, yet beloved father, his mild, gentle, affectionate mother, and kind Mabel Beecheroff, who had been a sister and a friend to him ever since he was a child.

It was just a week now from the time when he had held that conversation with his mother by the garden gate, in which he expressed his determination to abandon his home; and now he stood in the doorway of the cottage, with the sunset glow falling in warm tints over his beautiful form, and defining it clearly, with a picture-like effect, against the dark back ground, thinking over again his plans, and silently perfecting them for execution. Mr. Carrington and his wife had gone to the village, and Mabel, after clearing away the tea-table and putting the room in order, came out with her sewing, and sat on the bench by the door.

She sewed steadily, with the last rays of the sunset light shining among the thick folds of her brown hair, and slanting across her clear white forehead, making a kind of a soft glory about it, such as Philip had seen in pictures of the Madonna, and he thought he should remember her sitting thus, many a time, when he was far away from land—away from his quiet and peaceful home, that seemed even more quiet—more peaceful and blest, for her presence.

He regarded her a little while in silence. Presently he said:

"Mabel, do you know I am going away?"

"Yes," she answered; "your mother told me yesterday." And her calm but rather sad eyes were raised to his face.

"And you have known it since then? I should not have thought it. You gave no sign."

"Why should I? It would be useless to endeavor to draw you from your design, and I thought if you wished, you would mention it first."

"Then, Mabel, you think I ought not to go?"

"I do not think you should disobey your father," she said, quietly.

"I knew you would say so; and yet I do it. I long—I pant—I thirst for the sea, Mabel,—for its wild and stormy freedom. I am stifled here."

There was a long silence. Then the young girl spoke again.

"What will you do, if you are going so soon, Philip? You have nothing ready or fit to wear at sea, and no—"

"And no money to buy any?—is that it? But I shall get it. There is no fear of that. When one is driven to desperation, there is always some way of finding relief. I shall have money enough, Mabel,—never fear."

"Where will you get it, young man?" questioned a calm, stern voice—the voice of Richard Carrington.

Philip looked up with a slight start. His parents were standing before him; they had come up through the garden, and, having approached unperceived, had overheard Philip's last words. Mr. Carrington, stately, threatening, severe, paused before his son, with his penetrating eyes fixed upon him, awaiting his answer; while the wife and mother leaned on her husband's arm, her beautiful face paler than her own snowy dress, and her lovely eyes, full of silent anguish, resting, too, on her boy's countenance, in faint, sick, terrified silence. Mr. Carrington had won it all from her—the whole story of Philip's plan, during their walk. He had suspected some such thing, and believing rightly that the young man would not take any serious step without consulting his mother, had questioned her, and found his only half-defined suspicions fully confirmed.

It was a dangerous moment. Richard Carrington stood there, confronting his son, with a stern, unwavering glance, as a judge confronts one accused at the bar of justice; while Philip, startled and angry that he had been overheard, answered at first only with deepened color, and flashing eyes, that fully expressed his indignation. Sharp and impatient words hovered on his lips; but he repressed their utterance, for he could not speak disrespectfully to his father.

"So, Philip, you were going to run away to sea, were you?" asked Mr. Carrington, in a grave, incensed tone; "after my decision that you should not go? Walk into the house, sir, and await me in the study."

Without a word, Philip obeyed. His father waited a moment until he was gone, and then turning to his wife, gently withdrew her hand from his arm, and made her sit by the door.

"Stay here a little while, Bertha," he said, kindly.

"O, Richard, do not be harsh with him," pleaded she, in a voice of distress; "speak to him gently. It was my fault—mine. I did not try to dissuade him!"

"Do not fear," replied her husband; "I shall say nothing to hurt him."

Bertha Carrington said no more, for she feared her husband, as

much as she loved him, and though he was so gentle with her, she could see that he was in a stern mood, and the fewer words she said the better. It was with a fainting heart, however, that she listened to his receding footsteps; and he traversed the passage, and entered his study.

She trembled for the proud and sensitive spirit of her son, and the merciless sarcasm and cutting anger of his father. She dreaded the conflict of those haughty natures. All her hope now was in Philip's forbearance, for she knew that his father's reprimands would try him worse than the lash of a slave driver. So she sat there, with her face buried in her hands, praying for strength and submission for him; until Mabel, with sorrowful sympathy in her clear eyes, came, and laying her arm about Mrs. Carrington's neck, kissed her tenderly.

"Take courage, mother," she murmured.

It was fully an hour before the study door opened again, and then Philip, issuing thence, passed straight up to his room.

Mr. Carrington, too, came out presently. He came to the door, and standing by his wife's side, laid his hand on her head, and regarded her gravely.

"Bertha," said he, "how dared you conceal this from your husband?"

"Because I loved my boy, Richard, and I could not bear to see him so restless—so unhappy."

"A blind affection that could induce you to cover his disobedience. Do not deceive me again," he said, sternly.

Another week had gone by, and there was a guest at the cottage; Philip's uncle, who had been in India for many and many a long year. He had returned to spend his old age in the simple home in which he had been born and reared.

"It seems as it did in boyhood, almost," he said, as he stood by the door, looking about him; "or would, if you and I, Richard, were not old men, and that your vine and olive branches are not the same that flourished here forty years ago. Yes, it is a long time since then, and things are changed. You were a little fellow, Dick, then—only eight years old when I went away; and you are eight and forty now. Not a bit altered, either, for you always ruled everything about you, from cellar to garret. 'Lord Richard' was the name you went by. I'll wager a bag of solid rupees you haven't lost it yet."

Uncle Charles had no awe of his stately brother; and he might have been in this familiar strain as often as he pleased, without danger, where others would have wondered at his temerity. Richard was not insensible to this last sly shaft, that covered his pride and imperiousness so completely, but he gave not a word of answer.

"By-the-way," said Uncle Charles, suddenly, one day, "what ails my nephew?" looking toward a distant window, where Philip was seated, reading; "he scarcely speaks a dozen words a day. Isn't in love, or anything of that sort, is he?"

Richard Carrington's lip curled with a proud smile.

"Nothing of the kind, truly," he answered. "Philip is merely out of temper because I reproved him for a fault some time ago."

The young man's quick ear had caught his father's careless words. Closing his book, he laid it down, and left the room with a deepening color. Uncle Charles, with his hands in his pockets, stood looking after him, down through the garden; there was in his face a mingling of sympathy and admiration; but he turned about, finally, with a shrug.

"I think, Mr. Richard Carrington," he observed, "your reproofs might do a little more good if they were a little less peppery—a little less sarcastic, sir;" and Uncle Charles calmly took up a newspaper, very much with the air of one who has conquered, and wants that to be the last of it.

Pitying his nephew, the old gentleman resolved to become his friend. He treated him with more than his usual kindness, that evening, and succeeded so far in drawing him out that Philip was almost cheerful. Yet at times he fell into thought, and seemed to forget everything about him, until he was spoken to. He had not yet shaken off the memory of his father's reprimand, and between the two there had been a slight coolness ever since.

It was late when they retired. As Philip bade the family good-night, there was a trembling lip—a glitter of tears in his eyes, and his face was pale. He kissed his mother, more than once, with a strange and passionate tenderness; and then entering the study, where his father had gone, he stood before him.

"Father," he said, "give me your blessing to-night. Tell me that we are not at variance with one another."

With all the old love springing up in his heart, Richard Carrington cast his arm about his boy, and murmured the benediction over his bowed head.

"Philip, forgive me," he said, his voice quivering with emotion.

A moment they stood there, in each other's arms. Sorrow, affection, repentance, mingled themselves together in that strong and tender embrace, and thus they parted.

The cottage was dark in a little while, except that the moonlight fell full and clear through one window, from which the curtain had been drawn aside; and all but one of the inmates of that house were sleeping. Until midnight, all was silence; then a noiseless footstep passed down the stairs, the door was softly opened and closed, and Philip Carrington emerged into the moonlight. He moved quietly down the garden, under the shadow of the hedge, and took the high-road that led to town.

The next morning, Mr. Carrington was seated by a window, with a newspaper, before breakfast, when Uncle Charles came down from his chamber, and joined the family. There was an expression of thought in his face, a perplexed and somewhat grave air, as he bade them good-morning.

"Charles," said his brother, cheerfully, "what affects you so? are you not well?"

"O, yes, well enough—well enough, Dick."

"What then? you must have had unpleasant dreams."

"No—no dreams, even. The fact is, I'm a little at a loss to account for—" he paused a moment, and then said: "Dick, did you hear any unusual disturbance in the house last night?"

"None, I think. Why do you ask?"

"Because somebody must have entered here to rob. A sum of money I placed on my table last night—five thousand dollars—has disappeared. Not a trace of it is remaining."

"Strange," said Mr. Carrington, with much surprise, "robbers never have been heard of in this neighborhood before, I believe. Are you sure the money has not fallen on the floor—become lodged in some corner?"

"Quite sure. I looked for it carefully."

"Your window was open, I suppose?"

"Yes—wide open. Do you think the thief entered there?"

"Most probably. You must have slept soundly, not to be awakened."

He mused a moment, and then rose—going to the foot of the staircase, he called "Philip!" No answer came.

"Philip!" he called again, somewhat sternly; and scarcely waiting an instant, he ascended the steps to his son's room. A moment's space, and he returned, with a face of deadly paleness, and stood before them.

"He has gone!" he said, "escaped, like a felon, in the dead of the night! *Philip Carrington is the thief!* He said he would have money." And without another word, he left the room, and locked himself alone in his study.

What a moment for his unhappy family! The dreadful words of Mr. Carrington, issuing with such stern, despairing violence from his lips, were like the shock of an earthquake. Mrs. Carrington sunk fainting to the floor, and Mabel and Uncle Charles, in silence, and with troubled faces, hastened to her assistance. She revived in a short time under their continued cares, and with the first return of her senses, she feebly but earnestly said:

"My son is innocent. Richard is mad to utter such words as he did. A moment's reflection ought to tell him his boy never could commit such a terrible crime!"

"You are right, Bertha," answered Uncle Charles, a glad, genial smile lighting up his sorrowful countenance. "You are right! Philip is an honest boy; his father is too hasty. But Richard takes everything in such a way. Coming in in that desperate style, and frightening people out of their wits! But I suppose he couldn't help it," and the old gentleman winked away a tear.

Mabel, who all this time had been hatching Mrs. Carrington's head, had gradually lost the extreme paleness that at first settled over her face. She had been horror-struck at Mr. Carrington's sudden exclamation, but a moment's rapid thought had dissipated every shadow of its influence. She reposed a proud security in Philip Carrington, for she loved him.

"Mabel what are you thinking of?" asked Mrs. Carrington, looking up with anxious eyes, in the young girl's face. "You surely do not doubt my son?"

"No," she said, with a calm and cheerful smile. "He is as innocent as I am. His father will see this, after a little reflection."

But Richard Carrington did not see it. All that day he remained locked in his lonely study, nursing the demon of an idea that came well nigh driving him mad.

The next day he mingled with the family as usual, but with a forbidding silence that awed them all, and not least his wife, who never, during her whole married life, had beheld him in such a mood as this. His reserve seemed to prohibit even her approach, and in his lone and weary misery, he dwelt, as in a dungeon, day and night. Nothing could persuade him that his son was not the guilty one; and he, crushed beneath the ruins of his former pride, almost cursed his memory.

Weeks and months went by, and though, in every respect, life apparently passed with all its olden tranquillity at Richard Carrington's cottage, yet it might have been seen that there was a difference now. The master's brow was traced with many a line of thought and care, and many a glittering thread of silver shone among the waving curls that had been raven black the night that Philip went away. He shut up his grief in his own heart, and seemed, to all appearances, the same proud, cold, reserved man as ever; but there was a power stronger than his pride, mightier than his will, that had stricken him sorely. His wife, though she wept for Philip's absence, and was unhappy in her husband's silent misery, yet bore up, with quiet cheerfulness, in the midst of it all. Her only trouble was for Philip's safety. She never once gave way to doubt concerning his innocence.

Uncle Charles, on his side, was not so blithe as formerly. Firmly believing, like Bertha, in his nephew's innocence, he was yet troubled and secretly unhappy in the mystery of the affair—in Philip's absence, and in Richard's gloomy unhappiness. Mabel pitied them all from the depths of her heart. She had no miserable and anxious suspense; no wavering or uncertainty was in her breast. Through all this trial, she kept her faith in Philip. Her love for him increased; and with unfaltering trust, she waited for his return.

One afternoon, some six months after Philip's departure, she was sitting on the bench, outside the cottage door, with her sewing. Mr. Carrington stood near, with an open book, from which he gathered no ideas, for his glance rested unquietly on Mabel's pleasant face. Almost unconsciously, he was yielding to the influence of those about him, and impelled by an irresistible desire of the sympathy he had so long shunned, he had waited there, wishing, yet dreading, to speak of his son.

"Mabel," he said, closing his book, "are you happy—perfectly happy?"

"As much so as I ever have been, or ever hope to be," she answered.

"And why?" he pursued. "Do not past hours of guilt and disgrace have no darkening influence over you?"

"I have never known the things you speak of," she said, calmly; "they have never touched me or mine."

"Never touched you or yours?" he echoed; "then you refuse to believe in Philip's guilt?" trembling, as for the first time for months he uttered that name.

Her clear glance was fixed upon his face.

"Philip is not guilty, sir," she answered.

"But the evidence?" he persisted; "what could be stronger?"

"There was no evidence. There was simply a coincidence, Mr. Carrington. Philip is your son. He has been, from his birth, as upright, as honorable as yourself. From your own proud and sensitive nature was his own moulded. He never was open to any imputation of misdemeanor, until that night when he left your roof, and then his greatest crime was disobedience. He had never disobeyed you before. Philip had always been a good son. Why doubt his honor now?"

He looked at her a moment, with a countenance of uncertainty. Then slowly turning away, he entered the cottage. Day by day, he gradually became softened and imbued with hope; and though the change was most imperceptible to himself he became less inclined to his late mood, every day.

There were strange noises about the cottage, heard in the dead of the night. They were like footsteps, and doors opened and shut, and somebody was passing over the staircase. They came only at intervals, sometimes of three or four days, sometimes of weeks. Mabel heard them at first, and for many a night she listened to them, thinking at first it was nothing more than the wind, or, perhaps, her own fancies. That there was something mysterious about these sounds, she frankly confessed to herself. It was plain that they had been heard by no other save herself, for not a word was said on the subject by any of the family, and she wished, if possible, to ascertain the nature of them. But many nights of sleeplessness wearied and made her nervous, and finally she resolved to mention the circumstance.

"Mr. Carrington," she said, suddenly, one morning, while they were at breakfast, "it seems to me strange, to say the least of it, about the various pieces of furniture in this house. I have concluded that they are accustomed to ramble around at night, for their own amusement, and other people's annoyance. I can account in no other way, for the strange sounds I hear." And to his questioning, she gave him a description of her midnight watches.

Mr. Carrington listened with some interest, and promised to investigate the matter. As Mabel had supposed, she was the only one who had been disturbed. Uncle Charles expressed his desire of watching with his brother that night. Accordingly, they two took their stations near the staircase, and waited untiringly until the dawn; but to no purpose. The house was still, and morning rose upon a fruitless vigil.

The next day, Uncle Charles went to town on business, and being too late to return home in the evening, remained over night at the hotel.

Mr. Carrington devoted a part of this night, also, to watching, but vainly as before, and a little after one he retired, while the house remained silent until morning.

On that day, Uncle Charles returned in excellent spirits, bringing with him an old friend—Mr. Woodley, who had been connected with him in business in India. Both had known this gentleman from childhood, and he was pressed to make a visit of some length with them. Among other things, during dinner, the subject of their nocturnal disturbances was discussed. Mr. Woodley entered with some interest into the affair.

"Who do you say has heard these sounds?" he asked of Mr. Carrington.

"Mabel only."

"And you," pursued their guest, turning to Uncle Charles, "you were troubled by them?"

"Not in the least, my dear friend."

"No?—ah, well." He mused for some time, and then changed the conversation. The subject was not resumed. Towards evening, Mr. Woodley asked Mr. Carrington for a few minutes private conference; they proceeded accordingly to the study.

Mr. Carrington drew up seats to the table for his guest and himself, and awaited with silent curiosity Mr. Woodley's communication.

"My dear friend," said that gentleman, at length, "I have taken a great deal of interest in the accounts given me of this nocturnal disturbance of yours, because, after a little serious reflection, I believe I have arrived at a knowledge of the immediate cause. These steps which are heard, are, of course, made by the action of flesh and blood; something or somebody causes them. Now, certainly you do not believe in ghosts, and if not a ghost, this intruder must be somebody who walks up and down stairs, who opens and shuts doors. Now, is it a person who comes to plunder your house?—of course not, for doors and windows, you say, are fastened in the morning, as you leave them at night. It is plain, then, it can be no one who enters from without. Having gone so far, I will leave you to consider for awhile." And leaning back in his chair, with folded hands, he fixed his eyes quietly upon his host.

"What then?" said Mr. Carrington, earnestly. "You leave no supposition for it to be any other than one of my own family."

"Well, can your wits stop there?"

"Who, in my family, would wander about the house at night, to disturb others? Certainly not myself, nor my wife; and Mabel, having been the one to listen to these mysterious sounds, cannot surely have been the one to make them. And as for Charles, he is so sound a sleeper—"

"Ay, there is where it is," interrupted his guest; "he is so

sound, and yet so light a sleeper, that he knows nothing passes around him, and surely cannot be responsible for his own actions."

"What do you mean, Woodley?" asked Mr. Carrington, anxiously, a glimpse of his guest's true meaning breaking in upon him.

"In so many plain words, I have undeniable evidence that Charles Carrington is a somnambulist."

"You astonish me," said Mr. Carrington. "Charles a somnambulist?"

"Unquestionably. I know this, because, on more than one occasion, before we parted in India, I have observed him rise from his couch at night, and write, or go for some water to the pitcher that stood by his mattress; and sometimes I have known him to sit by the window for an hour in sleep, having arisen from his couch, when a careless observer would have pronounced him to be awake."

"But," said Mr. Carrington, "did you never tell Charles of this?"

"I mentioned it to him—yes. But I believe we never, either of us, gave the matter any serious thought. He has no suspicion that this habit of his has caused all the disturbance in your house. I suppose he lost it for awhile after he came home here, and that is the reason why you have not been annoyed before."

So it was arranged that Mr. Woodley and Mr. Carrington, saying nothing to the family of their suspicions, should watch together that night for the object of their curiosity. It was plain that Uncle Charles could not watch for his own shadow, so, although he protested against retiring, Mr. Woodley and his brother insisted on his doing so.

The two took up their station, after it was ascertained that he was fast asleep, near his chamber door, and waited, but Uncle Charles was too thoroughly fatigued to favor them with a demonstration that night; but on the next, Mr. Woodley persuaded his host to retire, and leave him to share Uncle Charles's quarters, which he did. They spent some time, after retiring, in talking over old times; but, finally, Uncle Charles fell asleep. Mr. Woodley, however, remained awake. His friend's slumber was plainly imperfect; and soon slowly displacing the bed clothes, he rose, and putting on a dressing-gown, walked across the room. The moonlight shone full through the window. Mr. Woodley's eyes followed the sleeper's steps, taking care to keep perfectly quiet himself. Uncle Charles first proceeded to a small cupboard, unused for some years, on the opposite side of the room, opening the door of which, he drew from one of the apparently vacant shelves a small package, neatly tied up in white paper. Shutting the cupboard door, he slowly came back, and laid the package on the table by the bedside, where, pausing, he sighed heavily, and laid his hand on his forehead, as if in trouble. Standing a moment in this position, he turned, and slowly left the room. Mr. Woodley rose silently, threw his dressing-robe about him, and followed. Uncle Charles was moving, with the same slow pace, down the entry. Just as Woodley issued from the chamber, he encountered Richard, who had been listening, and was finally aroused by the footsteps passing his door. The guest raised his finger, with a warning for silence, pointing to Uncle Charles, who, by this time, had reached the end of the passage. He paused before the door of the room—the long-closed door of Philip. He tried the handle. It would not yield, and after trying again and again, he desisted; a deep moan came from his lips, and sinking on a chair by the wall, he clasped his hands together. "O, Philip—Philip, come!" he murmured, in a tone of great distress. "Come!"

The violence of his emotion shook off the sleep that cumbered him. Great drops of perspiration stood out on his pale forehead like dew. His lips were white and quivering.

"Richard—Woodley—what is it?—what has happened?" he said; "and why am I here?" observing those near him.

As soon as he could collect his half-bewildered senses, an explanation followed. The parties hastened back to their respective couches, and once again the cottage was silent. But there was no more sleep for its inmates that night. Mr. Woodley quietly possessed himself of the package Uncle Charles had taken from the cupboard, and concealed it.

The next morning, at breakfast, when the story was told, he drew forth the package, and laid it by Uncle Charles's plate, giving an account of its sudden appearance from the old cupboard, and adding, in a jesting way: "I'll warrant you have put it there sometime while you were asleep."

With a pale face, and hasty fingers, Charles Carrington untied the string, opened the packet, and drew forth a roll of paper.

"Richard—Bertha—Mabel!" he exclaimed, "IT IS MY LOST MONEY!"

The Carrington family were seated, that evening, around the cottage doorway, once more a happy—a truly happy group. Richard Carrington himself sat dreaming over the past. Thoughts of his beloved—his innocent boy, came thronging about his softened heart in this hour. He longed to clasp him in his arms; with bowed head and humbled heart, he prayed for his return.

Two years went by, and that last prayer was granted. He came home—handsomer, nobler, more affectionate than ever, and his first words were a plea for forgiveness.

"I have had many joys and many sorrows since that night when I fled from home," he said, "but the deepest of either was mingled with the thoughts of my family. I have suffered, father, often, for my disobedience to you. But yet I am not cured of my love for the sea," he added, with a smile.

"And you may go till you are, Philip, if you desire it, though I should like to have you always near me."

Philip Carrington did make a few more voyages, and then, as owner of the vessel he first sailed in, returned from his wanderings, weary of the sea at last. He is married, and has been for some years, and—Mabel is his house-keeper.



MR. POPE'S RESIDENCE, HIGHLANDS, ROXBURY.

SUBURBAN RESIDENCES.

In an article in our last number, we spoke of the aspect of the country in the immediate vicinity of Boston, and of the various improvements which have been carried out, and alluded to the villas and cottages which embellish the landscape. We now present our readers with some accurately drawn views of gentlemen's residences in the adjoining city of Roxbury and the town of Brookline, designed by Warren, and engraved by Andrew, expressly for our paper. They will revive pleasant memories among those familiar with the spots, they will also show the variety of tastes and styles exhibited in domestic architecture, and may afford hints to those about to erect dwellings for themselves. The first of our series is Mr. Pope's residence on the Highlands, Roxbury—so noted of late years for its elegant and tasteful private dwellings. This house is of considerable size, and is of the English architecture of the time of Elizabeth. There is a certain quaintness about the curves of the gables and roofing, which is not without a picturesque effect. The second engraving shows Mr. Blake's house, also on the Roxbury Highlands. This is in the Italian villa style, and appears well adapted to the locality. There is a certain simple elegance and fine proportion about this mansion, which render it a pleasant object in the landscape. The third illustration in our series is an accurate view of the handsome and substantial building, erected a few years since on the old Warren estate, Roxbury, and substituted for the old house in which the patriot Warren was born, in 1740. We have next, Mr. Henry Burroughs's house, Oak Street, Roxbury. It is of a composite style of architecture, partaking largely of the Gothic elements, and harmonizes with the surrounding scenery. Next in order is Mr. Isaac Babbitt's cottage, Forest Avenue—a pretty building in

the Gothic style. Mr. W. R. Carnes's villa, on the Roxbury Highlands, of which we give a remarkably correct drawing, is a showy structure in the Italian style. We will now pass from Roxbury to Longwood, Brookline, where we have selected four subjects for illustration. The first is the residence of Mr. Amos A. Lawrence. It has been much admired for its substantial character, its harmonious proportions and its elegant simplicity. Mr. Crowningshield's house is of a different style, that of the French chateau. Its surroundings enhance the beauty of the edifice. Mr. Wm. Amory's house is in the cottage Gothic style, and forms an agreeable feature in the landscape. The residence of Mr. F. Sears, Longwood, completes the set. It is in the Gothic style, which appears, on the whole, to be the most popular for country residences. Longwood is a beautiful tract. It is laid out on a liberal



MR. BLAKE'S ITALIAN COTTAGE, HIGHLANDS, ROXBURY.



THE GENERAL WARREN HOUSE, ROXBURY.

scale, fine roads and carriage ways intersect it in various directions, the noble woods are clear of all underbrush, and there are many fine hedges, lawns and opening vistas, commanding beautiful views. It reminds the travelled man of that English scenery which is so renowned all the world over. The great diversity of style in our modern country houses is worthy of remark. Nothing like it was exhibited half a century ago. Then, if you knew how much money a man had expended on his country seat you might pretty safely describe it without ever having set eyes on it. It was apt to be quadrangular in form, and to have a cupola on top; it might or might not have pilasters. These houses differed somewhat from each other in ornamentation, but were generally very like each other. The stables were invariably of one model. Not that we would say a

word in disparagement of these old school mansion houses. On the contrary, we admire them; we cherish them as relics of past time; we respect them for their air of gentility, their solidity, their well-to-do appearance. We have in our mind's eye one of these old houses, which we regard with a great deal of reverence, and which we think quite beautiful, though we are not certain that the magic of association and memory does not somewhat beguile our taste and judgment. It is a square house, three stories in height, surmounted by an octagonal cupola. Over the entrance door, which is in the centre, there is a small figure of Fame blowing her trumpet. The front of the house is ornamented with six pilasters, with Corinthian capitals. The hall is of generous dimensions. The stairs ascend to the cupola by many stages, stopping every now and then to take breath at large square landing-places. They are defended by curiously twisted banisters, surmounted by a very heavy mahogany rail. There was no danger of a guest retiring to his bed in the "wee sma' hours" of the morning after an exhibition of that hospitality which, in the anti-Maine law days, was sometimes carried to imprudent excess, breaking down the balustrade as he surged against it. Those banisters would have sustained the pressure of an insane elephant. Entering either the right or left hand parlor, you are surprised at the lowness of the ceiling, traversed by its heavy beams. The fireplaces used to be vast, but they are now replaced by grates—a very inharmonious improvement. The deep window seats used to have lockers under them, and to be furnished with cushions, making admirable places for confidential *tele-a-tes*, particularly when the heavy curtains were drawn before them. The panes of the windows were very small—totally unlike the large Claude Lorraine plates that now admit every ray



HENRY BURROUGHS'S GOTHIC COTTAGE, HIGHLANDS.



I. BABBITT'S GOTHIC COTTAGE, ROXBURY.



WM. R. CARNES'S VILLA, HIGHLANDS, ROXBURY.

bound to keep it running to the carriage-painters. No! the ponderous mass of timber, iron, steel, leather and glass, once purchased, it became a sort of heirloom, a sacred representative of the family it belonged to. It slowly moved with them to church—it was too dignified to run, it was quite incapable of being hurried. It attended funerals, it carried joyous groups to assemblies, in fits of jocular condescension it went on bridal tours sometimes, but never long ones, for it was heavy and short winded. Sometimes the family carriage would go as far as Saratoga Springs—but this was an exploit like Napoleon's invasion of Italy, an event of an age. No gentleman's carriage in the olden time was ever sold at auction. Nobody set up a carriage who was not determined to keep it up as a permanent establishment. The idea of putting off the old carriage and getting



AMOS A. LAWRENCE'S HOUSE, LONGWOOD, BROOKLINE.

without deflection. This house looks out on a very pleasant but very formal garden. Landscape gardening was not invented at the time it was laid out. Along the front wall a dozen chestnut trees are drawn up like a guard of soldiers in a regular line presenting arms. The walks are laid out at right angles. If there is a plum tree on one side, there is a plum tree on the other. Syringas and lilacs are planted out at regular intervals. The flowers are hearty, old-fashioned flowers—such as peonies, London pride, monkshood, Canterbury bells, larkspurs, damask and moss roses—and there are little beds of medicinal and pot herbs, so dear to the housewife's heart in days when our grandmothers made soups, and concocted diet drinks and sovereign remedies for all the ills that flesh is heir to. Such is one of the country houses of the old time, a few of which are still remaining in good preservation, in spite of modern innovations, just as a few of their owners are living to give our young men an idea of the sort of person that used to patronize powder and pigtails and think Pope a poet. The style of living, like the standard of wealth, has changed very much, say within half a century. Fifty or sixty years ago, though no man was "passing rich on forty pounds a year," yet a man who enjoyed three thousand a year, passed as pretty well to do in the world. Of course flour was not fourteen dollars a barrel and butter fifty cents a pound. The man who kept a horse and chaise, and a male domestic in addition to a couple of servant girls, and maintained this state in the country, was looked upon as a pretty rich man. The proprietor of a carriage and horses was a sort of Astor, and his goings and comings were the theme of gossip far and wide. And the gentleman who kept a carriage did not change it every three or four years, or feel



MR. CROWNSHIELD'S HOUSE, AT LONGWOOD, BROOKLINE.

nade, with the pillars representing the jointed stalks of maize, the ear and falling leaves the capital, might not be amiss in a rustic dwelling. But so long as our architects have all countries and all time to borrow from, we fear that there will be little done in the way of original invention. But in borrowing designs from European authorities, and particularly for the purposes of rural residences, we must pay strict attention to the localities where they occur. A French chateau, with its steep roof, is not displeasing, but it does not look well in a sandy plain, or rising without the relief of foliage. But place it under the shadow of heavy trees, or in the glade of a piece of woodland, approached by an avenue of oaks, surround it with a wall, give it the necessary adjuncts, and you produce its full effect. So with a villa in the Italian style. It will not do to erect an Italian villa unless we are resolved not to neglect the landscape around it. We must plant vines and train them on trellises and trees, we must have large-leaved shrubs and plenty of flowers, vases, terraces, balustrades and steps, if we would keep up appearances. Above all, in copying, let us not serve our models as gipsies do stolen children—disguise them to avoid their being recognized. And let us be modest withal. Let us not seek to improve what the voice of all ages has pronounced absolute perfection. If some Yankee sculptor should undertake to improve the Venus de Medici, by straightening her up, enlarging the size of her head, and giving her more the air of a strong-minded woman, we should think him a presumptuous puppy, and yet we daily see the Parthenon disfigured, without a protest against the profanation. We see it perforated with windows and fitted with Venetian blinds, tricked up with fancy iron balconies, and crowned with cupolas.

a new one never entered the head of a solid man of 1799 or 1800. He would as soon have thought of getting rid of his wife by divorce and marrying again. And then his horses; what noble, steady animals they were. No 240 in them. Between three and four miles an hour satisfied their ambition. But we are dwelling too long on the manners of the past. We started with the idea that uniformity of taste characterised the old school, and diversity the modern. Of the ten houses on this and the preceding page, no two are exactly alike. We should like very well to see an American order of architecture. Charles Fenno Hoffman suggested some years since, an order, the basis of which he would copy from the Indian corn plant. The idea is rather fanciful and poetical than practical, but we do not see why something could not be made of it. A colou-



WM. ANORY'S GOTHIC COTTAGE, LONGWOOD.



F. SEARS'S COTTAGE, LONGWOOD.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MARY DE VERE.

BY A. ALPHONSO CLOYES.

Again within that dim old church,
The silent house of prayer,
I heard the organ's solemn tone
Float on the summer air.

Since last I sat beneath that roof,
O'er many a land I've roved,
But now my footsteps brought me back,
Where dwelt the friends I loved.

And when the organ's solemn tones
Mid the high arches stole,
They calmed the passions that swept
So fiercely o'er my soul.

But when, low mingling with the strain,
I heard her voice arise,
So sweet, it seemed the echo low
Of harps in Paradise.

O, then within my heart awoke
The love my boyhood knew,
The gentle form—the kisses warm,
The eyes of sunny blue.

Sadly we hear by Rome's gray wall,
The Tiber's dirge-like moan,
And sigh to see the red sand sweep
O'er fallen Babylon.

More sad than kingdoms passed away,
Than empires overthrown,
Are the dark wrecks of broken hearts,
With which life's shore is strown.

* * *

'Twas eve—within the gay green wood,
I wandered to and fro,
I sought each spot made holy by
The love of "long ago."

The breeze among the pine trees sung
A dirge for the love now fled,
A solemn hymn, a requiem
For the "unburied dead."

I sat upon the very seat
Where we sat long ago,
While o'er my head the pine tree waved,
A sable flag of woe.

Mary de Vere, thou still art dear,
Still dear to me as ever,
The love I knew while thou wast true,
Can be forgotten never.

This struggling with a broken heart,
It may not, cannot last,
O, could I break the golden band
That bind me to the past!

No more my heart beats quick to hear
The bugle-blast of fame,
No more I trim the midnight lamp,
To win a deathless name.

Mary de Vere, the end is near,
The noon-day sun grows pale,
White wings flit by 'neath twilight sky,
Low tones sweep on the gale.

When violets wave upon my grave,
Shall I forgotten lie?
Dear one, shall we not meet in heaven,
And love eternally?

I know, I feel that we shall meet,
Beyond the shores of time,
And that our love shall cloudless be,
In that blessed Aiden clime!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

CONQUERING A SEA-DOG.

BY WILLIAM T. LEWIS.

SOME years ago, when the old ship "Lightheart" was new and staunch, and when I had command of her, there happened on board an incident, over which I have laughed many a time, when memory has brought it back to me. I loaded at Mobile with cotton, and ran to Liverpool. Among my crew was a man named Rannot—*Sam*, we always called him. He was one of the largest framed men I ever saw, and came from somewhere in New England. He stood six feet and five inches in his bare feet, and was as stout and bulky in proportion. He had one fault, and that was an inordinate pride of strength. He was not quarrelsome, nor had he a revengeful point in his character, and yet he was continually pestering and annoying the crew. Hardly a day passed that he did not give one or more of them bodily pain by his freaks. He would catch a poor fellow by the legs, and swing him over his head, at the imminent risk of smashing his brains out against the mast or bulwarks, and then he would laugh hugely at the poor man's fright. Sometimes he would seize a man by the arms, and lay him upon the deck, and in no very easy manner, either. It was of no use for the men to remonstrate, for he would be sure to punish them in some way.

Of course I forbade Sam from doing such things; but he could not remember my orders longer than over one night. The love of "fun," as he called it, was fixed too strongly upon him, and it could not be taken out of him. He did not realize how unpleasant his pranks were, nor did he know that the rest of the crew had grown to dislike him. They had adopted many expedients to cure him, but they all failed, and though he had often been

made the butt of practical jokes—such as sudden drenchings of cold sea-water while he slept, and other things equally unpleasant—yet he always paid his tormentors off with interest. He was, in fact, the worst practical joker I ever saw, and not a whit did he care, so long as he exhibited his herculean strength, and broke no bones.

When my ship arrived at Mobile, on the return voyage, another cargo of cotton was ready for me, and I was ordered to load and be off as quickly as possible. But no sooner was the ship cleared, than my men—all but Sam Rannot—came and informed me that they could not go with me again unless Sam were discharged. I was not prepared for this. At heavy work Sam was worth any three other men on board, and always willing and ready. Yet I knew how the crew suffered from his thoughtless pranks, and I could not blame them. I told the men to come to me on the following day, and I would give them an audience.

At first I thought of promising them that I would see that the old sea-dog did not annoy them any more, but I soon convinced myself that that would be of no use, for Sam would cut up his capers when I could not see him, and the men would not report him every time he hurt them. But soon a new idea entered my head. I had a brother, who owned a large cotton plantation on the Chickasaw. His place was not over fifteen miles from Mobile, and he had just the man I wanted—or, he did have when I saw him last. So out to my brother's I rode that very night, and the first person I met near the house, was the very man I wanted. It was Cato, a negro about thirty years of age, and built after the fashion of a Devon bull. I knew the boy had the reputation of being the strongest person in the State, and I think he was. He was not over five feet ten inches tall, and though he was built thick and strong, yet he did not show the half of his muscular power when covered with his usual clothing. His big arms were like iron, and his breast and shoulders like a great bundle of wire done up in raw ox hide.

I bawled my brother to let me have Cato for one or two voyages. "Take him in welcome," said he. "He's getting too important here."

"What—is he ugly?" I asked.

"O, no; just the other way. He's too good natured altogether. He sets the very *sancho* into the other boys. I've made too much of him."

"But will he work?"

"Yes."

So I got Cato for twelve dollars a month as long as I wanted him, with the privilege of having him for one cruise only for nothing. But I took him "for better or for worse," and agreed to pay for his services.

On the next day I went on board the ship, and when the men came to me for my answer, I asked them if they would sail with Sam if I would produce a quiet, inoffensive man who could handle him, and take said man to sea with me. They said they would. I knew they would—they would have gone with me for nothing for the sake of seeing Sam conquered. I told them he should be, and enjoined them to secrecy, which they promised.

When Cato learned that he was going to sea with me, he was beside himself with joy, and when I came to tell him what I wanted of him, he laughed till the tears rolled down his great black cheeks.

On the very day of sailing I brought Cato on board. At first the men exhibited some signs of dislike, but when they found what a jolly, good-hearted fellow he was, they gave him their hands. Sam Rannot winked prodigiously when he saw the new man, and more than once he whispered to those near him: "There'll be fun afore long."

On the third day out we had got everything snug and trim, save clearing and covering the long-boat, and now the crew could find time to snooze by daylight. It was in the afternoon, the wind was from the southward and westward, and we had it upon the starboard beam, the ship bowling along at the rate of about six knots. Cato sat upon the combings of the main hatch, and Sam was slowly approaching him, not very unlike as a dog sometimes approaches a smaller animal which it never before saw.

"Say, blacky, git up," ordered Sam, with a grin, at the same time looking around to see if the rest of the crew were ready to enjoy the sport.

"A-yah—yah—wouldn't make a poor feller list now, eh?"

"Yes, git up."

"Don't."

"I say—git up!"

"Wha' for?"

"Fun."

"Now you jes' look heah, Sam: you s'pose you fool wid dis ehile, eh? If you do, it's all right. But I s'pees you'll git hurt, and den you'll git mad, eh?"

This was spoken with the most imperious gravity, and the negro slowly arose while he spoke, looking as demure as a child.

"Who'll git hurt?" asked Sam, with a flourish.

"I s'pee's you."

"How?"

"Foolin' wid me."

"Now you jes' set rite down on them com'in's agin," uttered Sam, at the same time laying both his hands on Cato's shoulders.

The negro's brown eyes sparkled, and a broad grin broke over his face as he felt Sam's hands upon him; but without speaking, he placed one of his huge black paws upon the joker's jacket collar, and with the other he seized him by the seat of the trousers. One deep breath came up from Cato's throat like the puff of a

locomotive—then the great cords of his neck and arms started out like hawsers, and when he lifted himself up, the giant form of Sam Rannot was swayed aloft above his woolly head. A moment he looked about him, and he saw the long-boat behind him, nearly half full of rain-water.

"A-yah—yah, mas'r Sam. Cool 'um off!" And as he spoke, he dumped the astounded giant over into the long-boat, and as he let go his hold, the massive body splashed in the deep, dirty water.

All the night before it had rained hard, and as the large boat had not yet been covered, and the plug being in, she was of course well filled. At any rate, there was enough water there to completely submerge the victim. In an instant all hands gathered about the boat, myself among the rest. First we heard a terrible sputtering, and puffing and blowing, like a hippopotamus just come to land, and in a moment more Sam's sandy head, all dripping and soaked, appeared above the rail. He saw us all standing there, with convulsions of restrained mirth upon our faces, and for some seconds he moved not a hair. Never before did I see such utter misery—such unmitigated woe, as dwelt upon that face. Edwin Forrest's

"Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!"

is nothing to it. Most truly had Sam lost all his "pride, pomp, and circumstance."

"Spec's I didn't hurt yer much, eh?" uttered Cato, with becoming gravity.

But it was too much for us. Poor Sam's look at the black conqueror upset the cup, and we burst. With a deep groan the vanquished man crawled over upon the other side of the boat and got out, and then made his way below. Half an hour afterwards he came on deck with dry clothes on, and having hung his wet ones in the rigging to dry, he turned to where Cato stood. He surveyed the negro from head to foot several times, and finally he placed his hand upon the arms that had lifted him so easily. He felt of their cable-like surface a moment, and then he said, in a sad tone, while he shook his head dubiously:

"It's no use! You're a great nigger!"

And that was the last of Sam Rannot's mischief. His pride of physical power was broken, for he had found his superior, and he settled down into a quiet, orderly seaman. I feared at first that he might seek some revenge upon Cato, but he was too noble for that. He knew that he had invited the attack, and as soon as the first smart of pain had gone, he and his conqueror were fast and firm friends.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A JOURNEY THROUGH THE CHINESE EMPIRE. By M. HUC. 2 vols. 12mo. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855.

Mr. Huc is a Frenchman, who resided many years in China, and enjoyed remarkable facilities for becoming acquainted with its religion, manners, customs, governmental policy and scenery. During the tour, which he here so graphically records, he enjoyed the protection of the emperor, travelled with an imperial escort, and was brought into contact, not with the lower classes, but with the magnates and literati of the land. This book is as interesting as a romance, and will be read with avidity by those who read for excitement, as well as those who seek to increase their store of useful information. It may be obtained in this city, of Burnham Brothers and Redding & Co.

HISTORY FOR BOYS: OR, *Annals of the Nations of Modern Europe*. By JOHN PHOAR, author of the "Boyhood of Great Men," etc. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. 18mo. pp. 451.

A capital book, embracing some of the most thrilling historical events of the European kingdoms, and well calculated to make the youthful reader fond of historical study and research. There is not a dry page in it, and it cannot fail to be popular. For sale by Redding & Co. and Burnham Brothers.

LITERARY AND HISTORICAL MISCELLANIES. By GEORGE BANCROFT. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855. 8vo. pp. 517.

In an age where periodical literature is made up, not of careless contributions, written on the spur of the moment, but of thoughtful and elaborate essays, it is the duty of authors of reputation, like Bancroft and Macaulay, to rescue their writings from the evanescent pages of reviews and magazines, and give them to the world in a more enduring form. American literature is indebted to Mr. Bancroft for the gift of this volume, which contains some of the best things he has written. It consists of essays, studies in German literature, studies in history, and occasional addresses—and there is not one article in the book unworthy of a place in it, or of the name with which it is now associated. For sale by Redding & Co. and Burnham Brothers.

OUR COUNTRYMEN: OR, *Brief Memories of Eminent Americans*. By BENSON J. LOSSING. Illustrated by Lossing & Barritt. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. 12mo. 1855.

Mr. Lossing deserves great praise for his indefatigable exertions in the good work of popularizing American history and biography. A self-taught artist and engraver on wood, and, we believe, a self-educated man, his pen, pencil and graver have each produced works that reflect very great credit on his talent. His "Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution" has preserved the features of some of the most interesting places in the republic. His "1776" is a text-book for young Americans. The present work embraces biographical sketches of a very large number of distinguished Americans, three hundred and three of the biographies being illustrated by authentic portraits. The work is admirably executed, and a copy should be in the hands of every family. It may be procured of Redding & Co. in this city.

WOMAN IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By MARGARET FULLER OSSELL. Edited by her brother, ARTHUR B. FULLER, with an Introduction by HORACE GREELEY. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 428.

This volume, announced some weeks ago, has made its appearance in a style of publication worthy of its contents. The principal essay, which occupies more than half of the work and gives it its title, is the production of a thoughtful and original mind, in which reason and imagination were happily blended. It is valuable for its ideas and its suggestions. The remainder of the volume is occupied by lighter essays, and by some very agreeable private letters. It is superfluous to predict an extensive sale for a work so brilliant and powerful.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN DRYDEN. With Life, Critical Dissertation and Explanatory Notes. By REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN. 2 vols. 8vo. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855.

None knew better how to "build the lofty rhyme" than "Glorious John;" and though the taste for which he catered is now extinct—though the persons and events which prompted many of his efforts are forgotten, still his model versification, his brilliant genius, the true fire that blazes in his lines, commend him to the consideration and admiration of every lover of the art poetic. The present edition is superbly printed, and free from errors. The "Life" is rather a meagre affair, and is stamped with the conceit of the writer, Giffillan. For sale by Redding & Co.

TWO GUARDIANS: OR, *Home in this World*. By the author of the "Heir of Redclyffe." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 338.

The popular authoress of the work before us, we are glad to see, does not intend to permit her genius to die of inactivity. And we perceive no diminution of vigor in her later works—the present being quite up to the mark. The present story is designed to "set forth the manner in which a Christian may contend with and conquer this world, living in it, but not of it, and rendering it a means of self-reuniciation." For sale by Redding & Co.

ROBERT GRAHAM. A Novel. By CAROLINE LEE HENTZ. Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan. 12mo. pp. 256. 1855.

This story is a sequel to "Linda and the Young Pilot of the Belle Creole," a deeply interesting fiction, and is by no means inferior in ability or dramatic interest to that popular work. The heroine is carried through a series of adventures to a most satisfactory denouement. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SPES EST VATES.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

There is a dogma of the ancient sages:—
No noble human thought,
However buried in the dust of ages,
Can ever come to nought.

With kindred faith, that knows no base defection,
Beyond the sages' scope
I see, afar, the final resurrection
Of every glorious hope!

I see, as parcel of a new creation,
The beatific hour
When every bud of lofty aspiration
Shall blossom into flower!

We are not mocked; it was not in derision
God made our spirits free;
Our brightest hopes are but the dim pre-vision
Of blessings that shall be!

When they who lovingly have hoped and trusted,
Despite some transient fears,
Shall see Life's jarring elements adjusted,
And rounded into spheres!

THE RIFLE SHOT.

BY FRANCIS A. DUKIVAGE.

It is midnight. The stealthy step of the restless maniac is no longer heard in the long, cheerless corridors; the ravings of the incurable cannot penetrate the deep walls of the cells in which their despair is immured; even the guardians of the establishment are asleep. Without, what silence! The neighboring city seems like one vast mausoleum, over which the silent stars are keeping watch and ward, and weeping silvery dew like angels' tears. Only crime and despair are sleepless.

To my task. They allow me a lamp. They are not afraid that the madman will fire his living tomb and perish in the ruins. Wise men of science! Cunning readers of the human heart, your decrees are infallible. I am mad. But perhaps some eager individual whose eyes shall rest upon these pages will pronounce a different sentence; perhaps he may know how to distinguish *crime* from *madness*.

A vision of my youth comes over me—a happy boyhood—a tree-embowered home, babbling brooks, fertile lawns—a father's blessing—a mother's kiss that was both joy and blessing—a brother's brave and tender friendship—and first love, that dearest, sweetest, holiest charm of all. O, God! that those things were and are not! It is agony to recall them.

Pass, too, the brief Elysian period of wedded love. Julia sleeps well in her woodland grave. I was false to her memory.

If my boyhood were happy, my manhood was a melancholy one. A morbid temperament, fostered by indulgence, dropped poison even in the cup of bliss. I loved and I hated with intensity.

To my widowed home came, after the death of my wife, my fair cousin Amy, and my young brother Norman. Both were orphans like myself. Amy was a glorious young creature—my antithesis in every respect. She was light-hearted, I was melancholy; she was beautiful, I ill-favored; she was young, I just past the middle age of life, arrived at that period when philosophers falsely tell us that the pulses beat moderately, the blood flows temperately, and the heart is tranquil. Fools! the fierce passions of the soul belong not to the period of youth or early manhood. But let my story illustrate my position.

Amy filled my lonely home with mirth and music. She rose with the lark, and carolled as wildly and gayly the livelong day, till, like a child tired of play, she sank from very exhaustion on her pure and peaceful couch. Norman was her playmate. In early manhood he retained the buoyant and elastic spirit of his youth. His was one of those natures which never grow old. Have you ever noticed one of those aged men, whose fresh cheeks and bright eyes, and ardent sympathy with all that is youthful and animated, belie the chronicle of Time? Such might have been the age of Norman, had not — But I am anticipating.

Between my cold and exhausted nature and Amy's warm, fresh heart, you might have supposed that there could have been no union. Yet she loved me warmly and well—loved me as a friend and father. I returned her pure and innocent affection with a fierce passion. I longed to possess her. The memory of her I had loved and lost was but as the breath on the surface of a steel mirror, which heat displaces and obliterates.

I was not long in perceiving the exact state of her feelings towards me, and with that knowledge came the instantaneous conviction of her fondness for my brother, so well calculated to inspire a young girl's love. I watched them with the keen and angry eyes of jealousy. I followed them in their walks; I played the eavesdropper, and caught up the words of their innocent conversation, endeavoring to turn them to their disadvantage. By degrees I came to hate Norman; and what equals in intensity a brother's hate? It surpasses the hate of woman.

In the insanity of my passion (then I was insane indeed) I sought to rival my brother in all those things in which he was my superior. He was fond of field sports, and a master of all athletic exercises; he was fond of bringing home the trophies of his manly skill and displaying them in the eyes of his mistress. He could bring down the hawk from the clouds, or arrest the career of the deer in full spring. I practised shooting, and failed miserably. His good-natured smile at my maladroitness I treasured up as a deadly wrong. While he rode fearlessly, I trembled at the

thought of a leap. He danced gracefully and lightly; my awkward attempts at waltzing made both Amy and her lover smile.

But in mental accomplishments I was the superior of Norman; and in my capacity of teacher both to Amy and my brother, I had ample opportunity of displaying the powers of my mind.

Amy was gifted with quick intelligence; Norman was a dull scholar. What pleasure I took in humbling him in the eyes of his mistress! what asperity and scorn I threw into my pedantic rebukes! Norman was astonished and wounded at my manner. As he was in a good degree dependent on me, as he owed to me his nurture, sustenance and training, I took full advantage of our relative position. With well-feigned earnestness and sorrow, I exaggerated my pecuniary embarrassments, and pointed out to him the necessity of his providing for himself, suggesting, with tears in my eyes, that he must adopt some servile trade or calling, as his melancholy deficiencies precluded the possibility of his success in any other line.

Norman had little care for money. Before the fatal advent of Amy, I had supplied him freely with the means of gratifying his tastes; but when I found that he expended his allowance in presents for his fair cousin, on the plea of hard necessity I restricted his supplies, and finally limited him to a pittance, which only a feeble regard for the memory of our indulgent mother forced me to grant.

One day (I remember it well) he came to me with joy depicted in his countenance, and displayed a recent purchase, the fruits of his forced economy. It was a fine rifle; and he urged me and Amy to come and see him make a trial of the weapon. I rebuked him for his extravagance with a sharpness which brought tears into his eyes—but I consented to witness the trial. His first shot centred the target; he loaded again, and handed the weapon to me. My bullet was nowhere to be found. Norman's second shot lapped his first. Mine was again wide of the mark. Norman laughed thoughtlessly. Amy looked grave, for with a woman's quickness she had guessed at the truth of my feelings. I cut the scene short by summoning both to their studies. That morning Norman, whose thoughts were with his rifle, blundered sadly in his mathematics, and I rebuked him with more than my usual asperity.

Be it understood that my character stood high with the world. I was not undistinguished in public life, and had the rare good fortune to conciliate both parties. I was a working man in many charitable and philanthropic societies. I was a member of a church, and looked up to as a model of piety. As a husband and brother, I was held up as an example. I had so large a capital of character, I could deal in crime to an unlimited amount.

Some days after the occurrence just related, I was alone with my brother in the library.

"Come, Norman," said I, "leave those stupid books. Study is a poor business for a young free heart like yours. Leave books for old age and the rheumatism."

Norman sprang up joyously. "With all my heart, brother; I'm with you for a gallop or a ramble."

"I'm but a poor horseman, and an indifferent walker," I answered. "What do you say to a little rifle practice? I should like to try to mend my luck."

Norman's rifle was in his hand in a moment, and whistling his favorite spaniel, he sallied forth with me into the bright, sunshiny autumnal day. We hied to a hollow in the woods where he had set up a target. He made the first shot (a splendid one), and then re-loaded the rifle.

He was twenty paces off—his back turned towards me. I lifted the rifle, and covered him with both sights. It was the work of a moment. My hand touched the trigger. A sharp report followed, the puff of blue smoke swirled upward, and my brother fell headlong to the ground. The bullet had gone crashing through his skull. He never moved.

A revulsion of feeling instantly followed. All the love of former years—all the tender passages of our boyhood—rushed through my brain in an instant. I flew to him and raised him from the earth. At sight of his pale face, beautiful in death, of his long bright locks dabbled in warm blood, I shrieked in despair. A mother bewailing her first born could not have felt her loss more keenly, or mourned it more wildly. Two or three woodmen rushed to the spot. They saw, as they supposed, the story at a glance. One of those accidents so common to the careless use of fire-arms (and I was proverbially unacquainted with their use) had produced the catastrophe. We were borne home, for I had fainted, and was as cold and lifeless as my victim. What passed during a day or two I scarcely remember. Something of strange people in the house—of disconnected words of sympathy—of a coffin—a funeral—a pilgrimage to the woodland cemetery, where my parents and my wife slept—are all the memory records of those days.

Then I resumed the full possession of my senses. Amy's pale face and shadowy form were all that were left of her—my brother's seat at the table and the fireside were empty. But his clothes, his picture, his riding cap and spurs, a thousand trifles scattered round, called up his dread image every day to the fratricide. His dog left the house every morning, and came not back till evening. One day he was found dead in the graveyard where his master had been laid.

Amy clung to me with despairing love. She would talk of the lost one. She would find every day in me some resemblance to him. Perhaps she would even have wedded in me the memory of the departed. But that thought was too horrible. I loved her no longer.

Friends came to condole with me. Every word of sympathy was a barbed arrow. I could bear it no longer. Conscience stung me not to madness, but confession. I repelled sympathy—I solicited denunciation. I told them I was my brother's mur-

derer. I forced my confession on every one who would hear it. Then it became rumored about that my "fine mind," so they phrased it, had given way beneath the weight of sorrow. I was regarded with fear. A physician of my acquaintance made me a friendly visit, and shook his head when he heard my story. One day this gentleman invited me to ride in his carriage. He left me here. Society believes me mad—that I am not, is to me a miracle.

O, ye wise ones of the earth—legislators of the land—would ye avenge the blood that has been spilt by violence on the ruthless murderer, would ye inflict punishment upon him, spare and slay him not. Take down the gallows, and in its place erect your prisons doubly strong, for there, within their ever-during walls of granite, lies the hell of the villain who has robbed his brother of his life.

THE IVORY TRADE.

Nine-tenths of all the ivory brought directly to the United States comes from Zanzibar, in Africa, to the port of Salem; and this is all large—a lot of 20,000 pounds, which we saw, averaging eighty pounds to the tusk. It has been conjectured that eventually the supply would be stopped, on account of the extinction of the animal; but this, we are informed by those conversant with the subject, is not probable, large quantities being brought from the unexplored interior of Africa by the natives, and sold to traders on the coast, of which a part is obtained from animals who have died naturally; the elephant being too large game to be seriously affected by the weapons of savages. The dealer can readily discern by the appearance of the tooth whether it is taken from a freshly slain animal or not. Some of them, broken and mutilated, give evidence of deadly encounters their proprietors have had in their native jungles, while others are gnawed by African rats probably, for the teeth marks are large and deep incisions. The English traders, owing to their superior facilities, have the monopoly of the market in India and Africa, and the choicest articles can only be obtained from them. In price it varies from 75 cents to \$1 75 per pound net, which are the extremes for corresponding qualities. Within five years past, owing to its extended appropriation to purposes of art and luxury, it has increased twenty per cent. in cost, and great economy is requisite to work up the scraps and clippings to advantage, as its curved form will not admit of straightening, without destroying the texture, which would be fatal to its usefulness and beauty. Nothing, however, is permitted to go to waste. The refuse is carefully calcined, and when ground upon a marble slab, yields a jet black velvety pigment, used by artists to paint "Uncle Toms," broadcloth coats, and other matters requiring a particularly jetty hue. Next to the Chinese, the Germans excel in ivory carving and ornamental work, most of the beautifully embellished umbrellas and cane knobs being made by them. These, according to the amount of work lavished upon them, range in price from three to ten dollars each.

The most beautiful piece of art we ever saw was a marine landscape in *alto relievo* upon the lid of a small ivory box, and the connoisseur who possessed it valued it at \$500, but would not dispose of it at any price.

The curiously carved ivory balls which are brought from China, each containing several halls within them, and apparently entire, puzzling the senses to conjecture how they could possibly be made, are not really entire; but are joined so accurately as to be imperceptible even under the glass of a microscope. Subjected for a time, however, to the action of boiling water, they separate, and the wonderful ingenuity of the Chinaman is revealed.

Ivory is dyed of various colors by contact with chemicals, though no art has yet succeeded in imparting a color deeper than the surface, and this will eventually wear off. The quantity imported into England, last year, foots up about 6000 tons, and into the port of Salem about 250,000 pounds. In the business of the ivory dealer may also be included the manufactures of boxwood, lignumvitæ, and other hard woods, which are to a greater or less degree substitutes for the former. The nearest resemblance that any article bears to ivory, is found in the ivory nut, a vegetable production of South America. These are much like a horse-chestnut in appearance, but about twice their size, and when turned into articles of fancy or ornament, are exceedingly clear, and of an alabaster appearance. They do not wear, however, are brittle, and soon become discolored and opaque. They may be seen in the form of infants' rings, needle boxes, etc., in any of the fancy stores.—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

NATURE'S SANITARY LESSONS.

All the invaluable laws and methods of sanitary reform, at best are but clumsy imitations of the unseen wonders which every animal and leaf have been working since the world's foundation, with this slight difference between them and us—that they fulfil their appointed task, and we do not. The sickly geranium which spreads its blanched leaves against the cellar panes, and peers up, as if imploringly, to the slip of sunlight at the top of the narrow wynd, had it a voice, could tell more truly than any doctor in the town, why little Maggie sickened of the scarlatina, and little Jokey of the whooping cough, till the toddling wee things who used to pet and water it were carried off, each and all of them, one by one, to the kirk-yard sleep, while the father and mother sat at home, trying to supply by whiskey, the very vital energy which fresh air and pure water, and the balmy breath of woods and heaths, were made by God to give; and how the little geranium did its best, like a heaven-sent angel, to right the wrong which man's ignorance had begotten, and drank in, day by day, the poisoned atmosphere, and formed it into fair green leaves, and breathed into the children's faces, from every pore, whenever they bent over it, the life-giving oxygen for which their dull blood and festered lungs were craving, but in vain! fulfilling God's will itself, though man would not, and was too careless or too covetous to see why God had covered the earth with grass, herb and tree, a living and life-giving garment of perpetual health.—*North British Review.*

MURILLO.

The Church of San Francisco, at Cadiz, now attached to the hospital, contains the splendid "Marriage of St. Catherine," the last work of Murillo, and which caused his death, as he fell backward from the scaffold while receding to see it better. It is a precious relic of art, and the gem of this great master. The church itself was almost ruined—it was in such a state that divine service could not be performed in it; the roof was falling in; and very shortly the rain and wind would have driven this picture out of the place where Murillo had placed it himself. In allowing this church to go to decay, under the unpardonable indifference of the Cadiz authorities, there was a sort of double irreverence; and Lord Howden (English ambassador) has, therefore, entirely restored it at his own expense, opening it again to public worship, and preventing this splendid picture of Murillo being taken from the place which has acquired so peculiar and melancholy an interest from the circumstances attending the death of the painter.

EDWIN FORREST, THE TRAGEDIAN.

[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MANSURY & SILSBEE.]

The accompanying head, drawn for the Pictorial by Mr. Barry, and engraved in the highest style of art, is an excellent likeness of Mr. Edwin Forrest as he appears off the stage. This gentleman is not only the best tragedian which this country has yet produced, but he is the best tragedian now upon the stage, English or American. In a wide range of character he stands without a rival, nor can we call to mind one performer of note who has been so uniformly successful. It matters not in what city he plays, east, west, north or south—he always plays to overflowing houses. Now and then he has been fiercely assailed, rather than severely criticized, by individual presses, but the popular verdict has pronounced him "the noblest Roman of them all." Mr. Forrest was born in Philadelphia, March 9th, 1806. His parents designed him for the pulpit, a vocation for which he seemed fitted by the earnest attention he paid, when a mere boy, to the sermons he listened to, and the happy manner in which he recited the long passages which dwelt upon his memory. But the death of his father in embarrassed circumstances, leaving a large family to be provided for, and the consequent necessity of immediate exertion, cut short the project, if it was ever seriously entertained, interrupted the education of young Forrest, and compelled him to enter a store. The performance of a company of theatrical amateurs, developed a passion for the stage, and gave aim to his vague longings, and he first trod the boards a member of the Thespian troupe which had given him the first insight into the mysteries of the drama. His first public debut was as young Norval, at the Walnut Street Theatre, and he there performed several youthful characters with a success which fixed his destiny in life. In 1822, when, it will be remembered, he was but sixteen years of age, he entered into an engagement with Messrs. Jones & Collins to perform at Cincinnati, Pittsburgh and Lexington. He played in tragedy, comedy, farce and ballet. During Edmund Kean's visit to this country he played at Charleston and at Albany, under the management of Gilfert, the second parts to that great actor, who, on more than one occasion predicted his future greatness. In July, 1826, he made his first appearance in New York at the Park Theatre, as Othello, on a benefit, and produced no marked impression; but on the first of November following he played the same character at the Bowery Theatre, with great success. He was the leading attraction of the house during that season. The ensuing year he performed eighty nights for the manager of the Bowery at \$200 a night—the preceding season he had received but twenty eight dollars a week. The proceeds of his first years of remunerated toil were devoted to purchasing a house for his mother and sisters, and securely investing a large sum for their support. Fame and fortune were now lavish of their smiles. An engagement of two weeks at the Park Theatre in 1830, on the terms of half the nightly receipts after the deduction of the expenses, yielded him \$5500, a larger sum than either Cooke or Kean had ever received in the same time. In the year 1834 Mr. Forrest sailed for Europe, where he travelled for two years, as



EDWIN FORREST, THE AMERICAN TRAGEDIAN.

a private gentleman, seeing everything worthy to be seen, and storing his mind with memories of the marvels of art and nature, and with the manifestations of human character gathered in the yet inexhausted fields of the old world. In 1837 he a second time crossed the ocean, and performed with the greatest success at the principal theatres of the United Kingdom. On his return he was honored by a splendid banquet, offered by his fellow-citizens of Philadelphia—he has received several similar ovations in the course of his career. Even in this brief notice we should not forget the encouragement Mr. Forrest has given to American dramatic authors: for meritorious plays by Mr. Stone, by Dr. Bird, Judge Conrad and others he has paid liberal prices—in one case giving a thousand dollars for a tragedy unfitted for the stage, though rich in literary talent. In 1838 Mr. Forrest delivered an

oration on the 4th of July before the Democratic Republican Committee of New York city. This production evinces a knowledge of American history and politics, an ardent patriotism, and sound statesman-like views. In 1845 he made a second professional visit to England. Mr. Forrest, now in the zenith of his powers, a finished actor, but still a zealous student of Shakspeare, and adding daily to his knowledge of his art, is the most attractive performer on our boards. He alone is sure of commanding overflowing audiences, wherever he appears. It is fortunate for the public that the charms of his splendid estate on the Hudson, Fonthill, and of that magnificent library which he has accumulated with such cost and care, have not weaned him from his profession. He appears to feel the same enthusiasm for it which inspired him in the heyday of his youthful blood, and his delineations are full of energy and fire.

SCENE FROM THE OPERA OF WM. TELL.

The engraving below represents a thrilling scene from Rossini's William Tell, as performed lately at the Boston Theatre, where Mr. Barry produced it with his usual good taste and liberality, and with complete success. The design was made for us by that promising young artist, Mr. Champney, who has furnished us with many spirited drawings. It represents the true climax of the play, though it occurs in the third act. The Austrian tyrant, Gessler (Rocco), has erected a pole, on which he places a cup, commanding the Swiss to pay homage to it as to his own person. William Tell (Badiali), refuses to submit to the degradation, for which he is denounced to the governor by his satellites. The governor, knowing the fame of Tell as a marksman, commands him to shoot an apple from his son's head—the alternative being the death of both. Tell reluctantly consents, and the boy (Signora Bertucca-Maretzek) calmly awaits the result, relying on the skill of his father. The arrow flies, and the apple is cloven, without a hair of the boy's head being harmed. As Tell sinks, overpowered with emotion, into the arms of his friends, an arrow falls from his vest. Gessler demands to know why it was secreted. "To kill thee, had I slain my son." Tell is then seized. He subsequently shoots the tyrant, and the Swiss, rising in arms, throw off the

Austrian yoke. For dramatic effect, the piece is far inferior to Knowles's popular play of the same name. As an opera, its chief strength lies in the chorusses. There is a fine duo in the first act, and a brilliant trio between Tell, Walter and Arnold, which are quite worthy of the fame of the maestro. Signor Bolcioni is a good representative of the character of Arnold, and Coletti of Walter Furst. To the prima donna, Stefanone, is assigned the character of Matilda, an Austrian princess. This personage is a new character, and one which is not found in any other dramatic version of William Tell. She is introduced for the purpose of enlivening the march of events with the interest of a love affair, but adds very little to the true effect of the piece, and, in our opinion, is rather an incumbrance. There are some pretty airs assigned to the character, which Stefanone renders well.



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EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The new kind of fuel which has been invented by a New Orleans gentleman, and about which so much has been said, consists of 140 parts of fine earth, thirty parts of lime, twenty of coal dust, two of carbonate of ammonia, three of resin or pitch, two of clinkers or iron dust, and eight of sawdust. The whole is mixed together with water, and then dried in lumps. — Judge Kent says: "There are very few evils to which a man is subjected that he might not avoid, if he would converse more with his wife, and follow her advice." — A company of capitalists have commenced the manufacture of plate glass at Williamsburg, N. Y., casting plates sixty by one hundred and twenty inches square, with every prospect of success. About \$500,000 worth of plate glass is now imported annually from Europe. — There are 19,429 volumes in the Boston public library. — The Star says that a London bookseller has recently been in Washington hunting up and purchasing copies of everything published in this country on military science. It is judged among the Washington booksellers that he came to fill an order for his government. — It was recently decided in a Milwaukee court, by Judge Larrabee, that a lawyer is not liable for an action of slander for words spoken in arguing a case before a jury or court. — Out of more than twelve million passengers who were carried during the last year over sixteen of the main railroads of New York, only twelve were killed, and of the twelve eleven were standing on the platform when they met their death. So says the report of the State engineer and surveyor, and travellers on railroads should remember and "keep off the platform." — Donald G. Mitchell (Ik Marvel) has returned from Europe—the husband of a wife, the father of a babe. — Towards the middle of the seventeenth century, a man is stated to have been killed by the famous clock in the square of St. Mark, at Venice; while repairing the clock, he stopped his head in such a place, and in such a nick of time, that the quarter-boy struck it with his hammer, and knocked him over the battlements. — The celebrated lion tamer, Herr Driesbach has married and settled down at Potosi, Illinois. — A big tooth of a fossil elephant has been found near Enon, Clark county, Ohio, which, with the roots attached, would have weighed fifteen pounds, as in its fragmentary condition it is eleven inches long, and three inches thick. The Dayton paper supposes the head of the animal must have weighed four thousand pounds. — Great preparations are making in Springfield, Mass., to celebrate "Fourth of July" with becoming fitness. — Smithson, the benevolent Englishman, who founded the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, was so expert in minute chemical analysis, that on one occasion he caught a tear as it was trickling down the face of a lady, and though he lost half of it, succeeded in analyzing the remainder, and in detecting in it several salts. — France and England have about 25 American ships under charter, in conveying troops and munitions to the Crimea. — A ship canal from the St. Lawrence to Lake Champlain was the subject of debate in the Canadian Parliament recently. The importance of the measure was conceded, and it was only opposed in consequence of the present embarrassed state of the treasury. The estimated cost of the projected canal is about \$5,000,000. — Dr. Tinsley, of Cuba, claims to have discovered that vaccine virus, after passing through the system of a negro, is valueless for the white race. — A negotiation is said to be on foot between the British and Argentine governments for the tract of country known as the Grunchaco, for the supply of cotton in case of any difficulty with the United States. — Col. Steptoe has declined the governorship of Utah, and Judge Kinney, chief justice, has stated that he will accept the appointment. — Strenuous effort is now making in Louisiana for the suppression of the practice of carrying concealed weapons. The new law passed by the legislature of that State makes the carrying of concealed weapons a misdemeanor, and subjects those who are accused of it to a trial before the criminal court.

SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL.—The number of guns used at Sebastopol, during the late bombardment, was 500. Each gun fired 120 rounds of shot per day, which gives a total of 60,000 rounds each day. The fire lasted thirteen days, making an aggregate of 780,000 missiles. Estimating the weight of each shot at 45 pounds, the total for thirteen days was *thirty-five million, one hundred thousand pounds!* First cost of the iron, without reckoning the expense of transportation to the Crimea, \$313,380—enough to lay one track of a railroad 150 miles, or to extend in a single bar, 332 miles. Quantity of powder used in the thirteen days' siege, 4,680,000 pounds; cost of the same, \$702,000. Total cost of powder and ball, \$1,015,000.

LITERARY VANITY.—It is said that Scribe has earned by his pen not less than £120,000, or thereabouts; that he drives very hard bargains with his publishers and on the theatrical managers; and that having perceived, when drawing up a list of the three hundred and fifty pieces which bear his name, that their titles began with every letter in the alphabet except K, Y, Z, he had the childish weakness to make the alphabet complete by writing three new pieces, with titles commencing with those letters.

VALUABLE INVENTION.—We have seen a process of obtaining "a dry cold atmosphere" from ice, discovered and patented by Mr. John C. Schooley, of Cincinnati, which seems to us admirably adapted for application to refrigerators, meat curing, preserving of fruits, and ventilation of public rooms during the summer.

A CURIOUS BLUNDER.—In a work published in London, called "American Liberty and Government," by a Mr. Kyle, it is stated that "America is the ally of Russia," and that "in New York, the principal hotel is dedicated to the Russian saint, Nicholas!"

Wayside Gatherings.

The State prison at Auburn has, within the last year, paid \$10,000 into the State treasury.

Colt is erecting an immense establishment in Hartford for the manufacture of his famous pistols.

Six sisters were recently married on the same night, at their house in Somerset county, Pa.

Accounts from the upper Missouri represent the Sioux as very hostile, and assembling to make war on the whites.

Passengers are now taken from Philadelphia to Niagara Falls, by way of the Reading railroad, in sixteen hours.

The New York Express affirms that there is still a prospect of the annexation of the Sandwich Islands to the United States.

Kossuth is announced as a regular weekly correspondent of the New York Independent. He will be paid, it is said, \$50 per letter.

The annual discourse before the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, at its late celebration 4th inst., was preached by the Rev. George D. Wildes, of Brookline.

An American gentleman, writing home from Berlin, says that the venerable Humboldt still sleeps as little and works as incessantly in the cause of science as in past years.

Henry C. Buffum, a journeyman printer, ran around the Common outside of the fence, in six minutes and forty seconds. The distance is one mile and an eighth.

The cost of the Norwalk disaster to the New York and New Haven Railroad has been \$280,000, and there are still unsettled claims against the company outstanding.

The prospect of an abundant harvest is good in most parts of the South and West, although there has been some damage from the drought in portions of Texas and other Southern States.

Army clerks are not regarded as beneficiaries under the late (or any former) bounty land act. In the act of March 3d, provision is made for such clerks as served in the navy during a time of war.

Prof. B. Silliman, Jr., has been testing the rock oil, or petroleum, in Venango county, Pennsylvania, and finds that it is equal in illuminating power to all the gases or fluids commonly in use, and superior to most of them.

R. D. Shepherd, Esq., of New Orleans, has given two squares of land in that city for the erection of an almshouse, and in addition has promised \$50,000 towards a fund for sustaining the institution when established.

The Illinois Central Railroad Company have received the contract from government for carrying the river mail between Cairo and New Orleans at the rate of \$180,000 per year. This is a heavy contract.

The water in use at Trenton, New Jersey, has acquired the offensive effluvia and taste noticed in the Boston Cochituate. A short time since the water was discharged from the hydrants, and considerable numbers of dead fish were found.

A late California paper mentions a duel which was fought between a Yankee and an Englishman in a dark room. The Yankee, not wishing to have blood on his hands, fired his pistol up the chimney, and to his horror, down came the Englishman.

About twenty-five years ago, only, the insane were treated like criminals. There are now in the United States thirty-two insane hospitals, in active operation, and nine others in construction. Twenty-eight of these are State institutions, and the number of the insane is nearly 20,000.

The Newark Advertiser says the New Brunswick banks have discontinued the custom of sending notices to parties having notes due there. It was discontinued on account of the law requiring advance payment on letters. Many who have relied upon such notice being given, have been surprised to find their notes protested.

We learn from the Washington Union that about a hoghead of acorns of the cork oak have been introduced by the agricultural division of the Patent office, from the south of Europe, and distributed in the Middle and Southern States for experiment, or to test their adaptation to the climate.

The Pomfret boy, with eleven grand-parents, will have to present his hat to Harley Nelson, son of Alonzo D. and Dulcenn Pearce, of East Calais, Vt., who has twelve grand-parents, all living, including four great-grandfathers and four great-grandmothers, whose ages average about eighty years, and all reside in Washington County.

There are but four cities in Russia that contain a population of more than 50,000 inhabitants. They are St. Petersburg, with 470,202; Moscow, with 340,068; Warsaw, with 154,700, and Odessa, with 60,155. Sebastopol has a population of 41,155. There are only twenty-five other cities which are inhabited by more than twenty-five thousand persons.

The small lakes in the interior of New York are indulging in some strange freaks. Cayuga Lake, following the example of Seneca, suddenly rose, recently, about three feet five inches, and remained at that height six or seven minutes, then sunk to its original level, and then rose again, turning up several old wrecks of boats.

The Baltimore Republican has an account of a revolving battery, invented by Shaw & Ames of that city, which may be loaded, primed, fired and swabbed, with one simple movement of a break, at the rate of *eighty times in one minute!* It consists of a stationary barrel with a cylinder, moving horizontally, containing chambers. The gun is prevented from being over-heated by a simple arrangement.

There is some confusion at the Canadian custom-houses in levying duty on the packages that contain goods entering free under the recent reciprocity treaty. The journals ridicule the uncertainty and irregularity that prevail, and call for an entire suppression of the charge. It is a second edition of the late cow and milk question. The cow crossed the border free; the milk was taxed.

The London News has an article on the shipping of the world, which shows that the floating tonnage of the civilized world, excluding only China and the East, consists of 136,000 vessels, of 15,500,000 tons. The number of seamen it sets down at 800,000, and including the Eastern and other States, of the maritime population of which we have no accounts, there must be at the least a million of persons engaged at sea, and generally on the ocean.

On a recent trial in Paris, a letter of Louis Napoleon was produced in court, written in 1844, when the present emperor of the French was a prisoner at Ham, in which he offers to write the article on artillery in the *Dictionnaire*. The article was written accordingly, and eight years afterwards, when a second edition of the work was in preparation, Louis Napoleon, then president of the French republic, made additions to, and corrected, in the *salons of the Elysée*, the proofs of the article he had originally contributed from the dungeons of Ham.

Foreign Items.

Eugene Sue has been attacked by ophthalmia, and is threatened with total loss of sight.

The British have 217 steamers engaged in the transport service for the war.

Miss Nightingale's marriage with a distinguished member of the medical staff at Scutari, is rumored.

The French soldiers in the Crimea fight on New England rum. It makes them very spirited.

Sir Colin Campbell stops the grog of all his men, in the Crimea, who do not occasionally write home to their parents.

Mr. Samuel Rogers, the poet, is greatly improved in health, and is now enabled to take airings daily.

Gren' preparations were making in Warsaw for the coronation of the czar as King of Poland. The ceremony was to be performed in June.

A fifth of the bees in France have been killed by the severity of the winter, and much of the honey was so severely frozen as to be spoiled.

A governor in Ceylon, thoroughly impregnated with the spirit of the British constitution, impelled a jury of Mussulmans on a man found drowned, and they returned the solemn and significant verdict, "His time was come."

Japan was visited with a most severe earthquake on the 23d of December last, whereby the city of Ohosaca, the largest city in Japan, and the town of Simoda were destroyed, and Jeddo much injured.

There have been fearful inundations in Hungary and the Banat. The river Theiss and its tributaries have inundated about 1200 English square miles of land, of which 800,000 acres were sown with corn.

Sands of Gold.

... He that sips of many arts, drinks of none.—*Faller*.

... If the rose be called the queen of flowers, why not "charity" the rose of human virtue?—*Kozlay*.

... Woe to him who smiles not over a cradle, and weeps not over a tomb.—*Deluzy*.

... I can forgive a crime—it may have some grand motive; but never an awkwardness.—*Mad. Recamier*.

... The woman who is admired is almost always an admirer of herself.—*Deluzy*.

... A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this, that when the injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on ours.—*Tilloison*.

... The good will of the benefactor is the fountain of all benefits; nay, it is the benefit itself; or, at least, the stamp that makes it valuable and current.—*Seneca*.

... Man is the only creature endowed with the power of laughter: is he not also the only one that deserves to be laughed at?—*Greville*.

... One of the saddest things about human nature is, that a man may guide others in the path of life, without walking in it himself; that he may be a pilot, and a cast-away.—*Blake*.

... 'Tis the property of all true knowledge, especially spiritual, to enlarge the soul by filling it; to enlarge it without swelling it; to make it more capable, and more earnest to know, the more it knows.—*Bishop Spratt*.

... Knowledge, economy and labor are virtues of a civilized man; they form the most durable basis of society, and the surest spring of individual welfare. Riches consequently are the fruit of knowledge, economy and labor.—*Kozlay*.

Joker's Budget.

The great value of arithmetic is to add up the number of one's lovers and dresses.

Since beef has been so outrageously high in price, it is generally considered to be *dear* meat, if not venison!

The bank where the wild thyme grows has declared a dividend of ten "seents" to the share.

There are two bores in society—the man who knows too much, and the man who knows too little.

"See here, Grippe, I understand you have a superior way of curing hams. I should like to learn it." "Well, yes; I know very well how to *cure* them; but the trouble with me, just now, is to find out a way to *pro cure* them."

A Western writer thinks that if the proper way of spelling *tho* is *though*, and *ate eight*, and *bo beau*, the proper way of spelling potatoes is *poughtlightcaux*. The new spelling for softly is *psoughtleigh*.

A sexton being very familiar with a physician, was asked whether he had entered into partnership with him. "O, yes," said he, "we've been together for some time—I always *erry* the doctor's work home when it is done."

"I will not strike thee, bad man," said a Quaker, one day, "but I will let this billet of wood fall on thee," and at that precise moment the "bad man" was floored by the weight of a walking stick that the Quaker was known to carry.

The following, worked out by a blue-eyed angel, is given as the arithmetic of love: After introduction, 4 compliments make 1 blush; 8 blushes make 1 tender look; 4 tender looks make 1 ramble by moonlight; 2 rambles make 1 proposal; 2 proposals (1 to pa) make 1 wedding.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

An elegant, moral and refined *Miscellaneous Family Journal*, devoted to polite literature, wit and humor, prose and poetic gems, and original tales, written expressly for the paper. In politics, and on all sectarian questions, it is strictly neutral; therefore making it emphatically A PAPER FOR THE MILLION, and a welcome visitor to the home circle.

It contains the foreign and domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of intelligence. No advertisements are admitted to the paper, thus offering the entire sheet, which is of the MAMMOTH size, for the instruction and amusement of the general reader. An unrivalled corps of contributors are regularly engaged, and every department is under the most finished and perfect system that experience can suggest, forming an original paper, the present circulation of which far exceeds that of any other weekly paper in the Union, with the exception of "BALLOU'S PICTORIAL."

TERMS—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

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4 subscribers, " " 7 00
10 " " " 15 00

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One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, \$4 00 per annum. Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU, Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS—One page only of this paper is devoted to advertisements. The immense circulation of the PICTORIAL (being over one hundred thousand copies weekly), forms a vehicle of advertisement that is rarely offered to the public. Another fact which greatly enhances the value of the PICTORIAL as an advertising medium is, that it is preserved, and not destroyed after being read, being regularly bound up every six months, so that each advertisement (all being placed on the inside of the paper) becomes a permanent card of the advertiser's business for years to come.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING—Fifty cents per line, in all cases, without regard to length or the continuance of the same.

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Whether we may regard it as a delicious love story—and we unhesitatingly commend it to "all true lovers"—or as a well knit intrigue skillfully managed with a view to intensity of interest, happy conclusion, pleasant description and incident, or any of the usual excellencies of a work of fiction, we are prepared to accord to it our vote and sanction—as the best new novel before the public, and as likely to continue so for a long season. It will have a splendid run here, and will, undoubtedly, be reprinted in England.—*New York Express*.

We predict for it a success of no ordinary character.—*Boston Atlas*.

Of superior interest and power.—*Boston Traveller*.

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which so deeply engrosses the minds and hearts of all our people. Its characters, incidents and scenes are all our own, and of our time. It is vividly and effectively written, and the Truth of History and the Charms of Romance render its pages at once CAPTIVATING AND CONVINCING. It shows the wrongs and cruelties inflicted upon

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and the bondage in which the slave power attempts to hold TWENTY MILLION FREEMEN!

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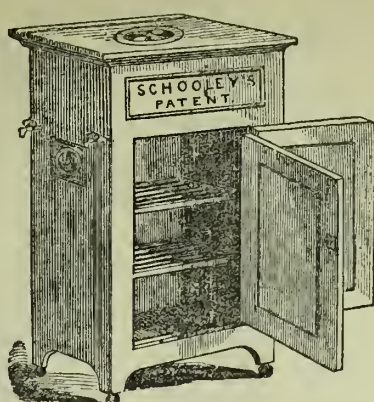
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CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE. By CHARLES READE.
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June 9 2t

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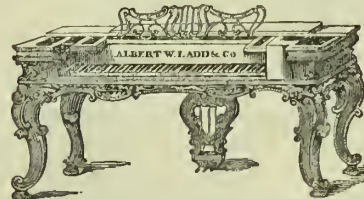
JOHN C. SCHOOLEY, Patentee,
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IT is now conceded by competent judges that these are the BEST SQUARE PIANO FORTES MADE IN THE WORLD. For Evenness, Purity and Brilliance of Tone they stand UNRIVALED. Among the many improvements which we have made during the past year, is our 7 octave Piano Forte, constructed upon an entire new principle—the base strings being elevated above the others, and running diagonally, by which we get a longer string, increasing the volume of tone, and combining all the qualities of the Grand Piano, with a beautiful exterior. We were the ONLY BOSTON HOUSE to whom a MEDAL was awarded for superior Pianos exhibited at the

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THIS PREPARATION has been in use more than twenty years, and proved a certain cure in nearly every case. A person taking it will rarely have a second chill; and if taken in small doses by those who are exposed to Fever and Ague, it will act as a preventive. It is recommended and used by physicians throughout the country. Orders by mail promptly attended to. Prepared and sold wholesale and retail by HEGEMAN, CLARK & Co., Chemists and Druggists, 165, 273, 511 and 756 Broadway.
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BOSTON. June 16

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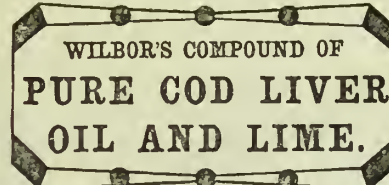
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This Company confines itself to a legitimate Express business in the Atlantic States—extending to New Orleans on the South, and St. Louis on the West.

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A SURE and expeditious cure for CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, and all SCROFULOUS HUMORS. This popular preparation is not only more efficacious, but more pleasant to the palate than the plain cod liver oil, and is regularly prescribed by the medical faculty. Manufactured only by

DR. ALEXANDER B. WILBOR, Chemist,
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For sale in New York, by J. Milhan, 183 Broadway; Philadelphia, by T. W. Dyott & Son, 132 North Second Street. June 16

WILSON'S

PERFECTED DYSENTERY POWDERS.

AFTER using these POWDERS in his practice for over five years, never in a single case failing to give instant relief to his patients, Dr. WILSON, at the solicitation of friends and others, who feel that to this remedy they are indebted for their lives, has at length been induced to offer them to the public as an infallible cure for

DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA, AND OTHER BOWEL COMPLAINTS.

As the Dysentery season is approaching, no family should fail to procure immediately this invaluable remedy. A box containing one dozen of the Powders, with full directions for their use, will be forwarded by mail, free of expense, to any part of the United States, on the receipt of \$1, in a letter addressed either to Dr. J. V. WILSON, Proprietor, Norwich, Ct., or to WEEKS & POTTER, No. 151 Washington Street, Boston. For sale by Druggists generally. June 9

HUMAN HAIR RESTORED,

OR NO PAY ASKED.

DR. M. JACOBY, No 2 TREMONT TEMPLE, undertakes to restore the human hair, and asks no pay until it is accomplished. His discovery consists in restoring the human scalp where the epidermis, dermis and curion are diseased, even in cases of many years standing. Ladies who have not yet availed themselves of Dr. Jacoby's services, are informed that he guarantees a complete restoration to the health and life of the hair. Effectually destroys the hair-eaters, or hair-worms, and it shall be forever delivered from the attacks of this troublesome destroyer. Dr. Jacoby gives particular attention to all diseases of the skin, such as Salt Rheum, Scrofula, and principally to the complexion of the skin. June 16

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.—A retired Clergyman, restored to health in a few days after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescription used. Direct, the Rev. JOHN M. DAGNALL, No. 59 Fulton St., Brooklyn, New York. 2t June 16

Good.—The Balsam of Wild Cherry, by Dr. Wistar, is doing a vast deal of good in this season of coughs and bronchial troubles. There are few cases but what can be easily cured by this medicine. Give it one trial at least.

MASSASOIT SALVE cures Piles, Burds, Scalds, Inflammations, etc. SULLIVAN BLACKING COMPANY, Proprietors, 127 Congress St. tf June 16

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ROBERT LOGAN & Co.,
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DYER'S HEALING EMBROCATION has been thoroughly tested, and pronounced an unfailing remedy for all the ills that flesh is heir to. Sold by all Druggists. June 16

J. H. THOMPSON'S INSTANTANEOUS

LIQUID HAIR DYE.

THIS Dye is, without any exception, the best ever manufactured; nothing sold in America or Europe of any other make will bear the least comparison with it. The proprietor publicly guarantees that it will dye red or grey hair to any shade of brown or black in one minute, and that so long as the hair remains upon the head, it will not fade or change color. It differs from all other dyes in its effect upon the fibres of the hair—as, instead of making the hair harsh, it renders the most stubborn pliant and tractable. It is beautifully scented with violet, and will not stain the skin. The following is the

CERTIFICATE OF DR. CHILTON.

"Having examined the Hair Dye prepared by Mr. J. H. Thompson, I can recommend it as being properly prepared, and well calculated to answer the purposes for which it is intended. JAMES R. CHILTON, Chemist.
"New York, June 8, 1854."

This certificate from a scientific gentleman so well known as Dr. Chilton, renders the publication of any other certificates unnecessary, as it is a sufficient guaranty of the genuineness of the article. Sold wholesale and retail, by J. H. THOMPSON, 6 Warren St., New York.

Price, \$1 and \$2 per case. Sent by express to any part of the United States. Country merchants, upon application by post, will receive a trade circular, containing list of prices, terms, etc. 4t May 26

BOUND VOLUMES OF THE PICTORIAL.—We sell the bound volumes of our illustrated journal to those who wish to sell again at a very low rate, so that a handsome profit is realized by the retailer. Any information given by addressing this office, by letter, post-paid.

THE HAIR AND COMPLEXION.

BOGLE'S CELEBRATED HYPERION FLUID is the Great American Tonic for the growth of the hair, moustache, etc. BOGLE'S AMERICAN ELECTRIC HAIR DYE is the greatest wonder of the age, and BOGLE'S HYPERIONA, or, Balm of Cytherea, stands unrivalled for beautifying the complexion. These articles are all warranted to be the very best in the world. For sale by the proprietor, WM. BOGLE, Boston. A. B. & D. Sands, New York; J. Wright & Co., New Orleans; W. Lyman & Co., Montreal, Canada; R. Hovenden, 20 King Street, Regent St., London; J. Woolley, Manchester, England, and chemists and perfumers throughout the world. eoptf Jan 13

THE

SPORTSMAN'S PORTFOLIO

OF

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TWENTY ILLUSTRATIONS,

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TWENTY-FIVE CENTS!

It can be sent by mail to all who desire it, and any one enclosing twenty-five cents to the office of publication, shall receive a copy at once. It will also be for sale at all of the periodical depots throughout the Union.

Newsmen should send in their orders at once, as this is a work which will sell rapidly on account of its attractive pictorial character and cheapness, and we print but a limited edition.

M. M. BALLOU, Publisher,

Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Streets, Boston.



PALMER'S PATENT LEG received the Prize Medal at the WORLD'S GREAT EXHIBITION, in London, in 1851, and New York, in 1853, as the best in Europe or America—and is now manufactured at 375 Broadway, New York, 376 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, and Springfield, Mass., by PALMER & Co. tf May 12

WILSON'S PERFECTED DYSENTERY POWDERS—sold by Dr. J. V. WILSON, Norwich, Ct., WEEKS & POTTER, 154 Washington St., Boston, and Druggists generally. June 16

PRINTING INK of all grades and colors from the celebrated PERMANENT MANUFACTURE OF W. F. PROUT, New York, for sale by JOHN K. ROGERS & Co., Agents, at the BOSTON TYPE FOUNDRY, SPRING LANE.

This Ink is constantly used on the PICTORIAL and FLAG, and purchasers are referred to its pages as specimens of its color and quality. lam Jan 6

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.—A retired Physician, who possesses a prescription that proved effectual in restoring him to health in a few days, after years of suffering from general nervous debility, is anxious to make it known. Will send free the prescription used. Direct to Dr. ED. WILLIAMS, 206 Washington St., Brooklyn, New York. 2t June 9

IMMENSE SUCCESS!!

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

DESIGNED FOR EVERY AMERICAN HOME.

Since its commencement, on January 1, 1855, this popular Monthly has run up to an unprecedented circulation, being positively

A MIRACLE OF CHEAPNESS,

containing one hundred pages of reading matter in each number, being more than any of the \$3 magazines, and forming two volumes a year of six hundred pages each, or twelve hundred pages of reading matter per annum, for

ONE DOLLAR!

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY is printed with new type, upon fine white paper, and its matter is carefully compiled and arranged by the hands of the editor and proprietor, who has been known to the public as connected with the Boston press for nearly fifteen years. Its pages contain

NEWS,

TALES,

POEMS,

SKETCHES,

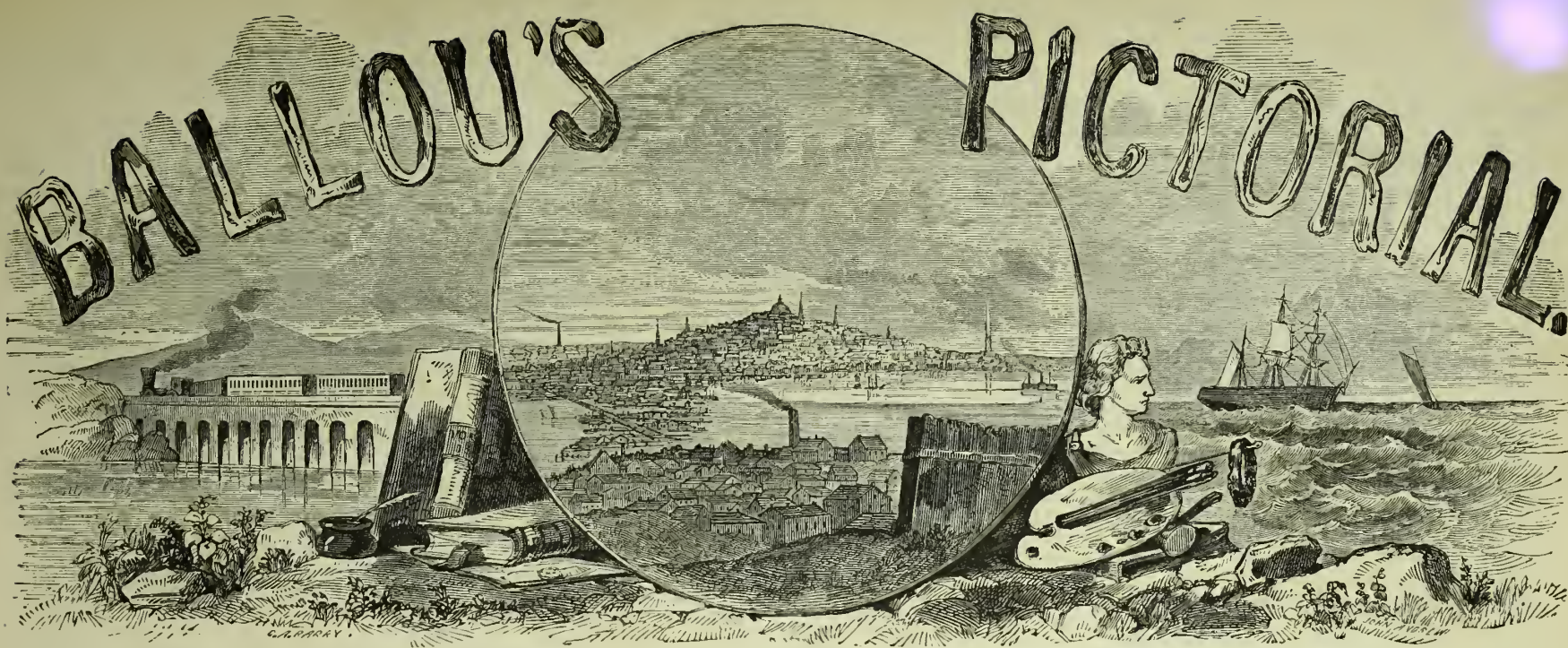
MISCELLANY,

ADVENTURES,

BIOGRAPHIES,



SCENES AND OCCUPATIONS CHARACTERISTIC OF NEW ENGLAND LIFE.



M. M. BALLOU, { CORNER OF TREMONT
AND BROMFIELD STS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1855.

\$3.00 PER ANNUM. { VOL. VIII., No. 25.—WHOLE No. 207.
6 CENTS SINGLE.

VIRGINIA.

"The 'Old Dominion,' as the 'mother of States,' and 'birth-place of Presidents,' merits a prominent place in the chronicles of the republic. Our artist has sketched the landing at Jamestown of the English under Captain John Smith, that adventurous voyager, who was rescued from death by the beautiful Pocahontas. The settlement received the name of 'Virginia,' in honor of Queen Elizabeth, although the appellation rightly belonged to North Carolina, as will be seen in our chronicle of that State. On the other hand of the armorial bearings, is represented a modern political meeting—for Virginians have been noted politicians since their first determination to govern themselves, long, long ago, as is narrated in the story on page 395. At these gatherings the young enter the arena, and wrestle like gladiators in intellect-

ual debate. This brings them forward while their ambition and capacity for labor are greatest, and before their minds feel the chill of age. In 1790 the population of Virginia was 748,308—in 1850 it was 1,421,661. 1646 of her free male inhabitants, at the latter period were in the civil service of the government, 274 were in the army. In the occupation of her entire male population we find 1995 engaged in mining; 318,771 in agriculture; 6361 in commerce; 54,147 in manufactures; 582 in ocean navigation; 2952 in internal navigation; 1384 lawyers; 2163 physicians; and 58 editors. The annual agricultural products of Virginia were returned in 1850, as 56,803,227 pounds of tobacco; 35,254,319 bushels of corn; 11,212,616 bushels of wheat; 10,179,144 bushels of oats, besides cotton, potatoes, rye, barley, buckwheat and valuable products of the dairy, the orchard and the garden. A new

impulse has of late been given to agriculture, and by the aid of guano, waste lands are fast becoming fertile fields. Virginia has valuable mines of gold, iron and coal. An extension of her lines of railroad will better develop these, and other internal resources of great value, at present unproductive, and will add to her great wealth. There are in Virginia 13 colleges, with 1097 students—482 academies, with 11,083 students—and 1561 primary schools, with 35,331 scholars. These are in many instances handsomely endowed; and the school fund income, added to the taxation for educational purposes, yields a handsome income. Virginia has 2383 churches, of which 1025 are Methodist, 649 Baptist, 240 Presbyterian, 173 Episcopal, and others of various denominations, excepting the Orthodox Congregational and Unitarians, of which there were none. Estimated value of church property, \$2,856,076.



[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE

KING AND THE COBBLER.

A ROMANCE OF ANCIENT PERSIA.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVI.—[CONTINUED.]

For sometime the party kept on without meeting any human being. They had passed Rustem's palace, and were crossing the great square in front of it, when a single human figure was seen crossing towards them. He stopped as they came close to him, and was upon the point of turning one side to let them pass, when a sudden exclamation broke from his lips. It was too dark to recognize countenances, even at a short distance, but the glittering whiteness of the old astrologer's beard was visible while a face could not be seen at all. The dusky figure from which this exclamation had come moved nearer up and peered with its eyes into Kobad's face.

"Kobad?" it said, interrogatively.

Of course the old man could not reply, but one of the soldiers immediately spoke for him.

"This is Kobad. Now who are you, and what do you want?"

"I want this old man," said the new comer, who seemed to be a youth.

"If you were the king you might have your will, but seeing that you are not, you'll just move out of the way, or we'll take you too."

"Ha! You take him to the king, then? Is that your wish?"

This last question was addressed to the astrologer, and then, for the first time, the intruder seemed to notice the gagging of the mouth.

"Do you want to go with these men?" the youth asked.

The old man shook his head quickly and energetically.

"Here—take this piece of impudence, and let's carry him along, too," cried the leader of the party, turning to his followers.

Half a dozen of the soldiers moved forward at this order, and they were somewhat surprised to see the stranger start back and draw his sword; but more surprise awaited them, for on the next instant he was at them, and as the man nearest to him fell to the earth, he cried:

"Leave this old man to me. I am FERIDOOX, of the *Lion Heart*. Give him up and it shall be well with you, but put me to the task and ye shall all fall!"

From the impulse of long habit, the soldiers clung to their prisoner, but the moment they heard that dreaded name they drew Kobad after them.

"Will you make your own deaths?" asked Feridoon, raising his sword.

"Now let not a boy overcome us," cried the soldiers' leader.

"Let us show him that our swords are good and our arms strong. He may have swept down men with his club, but our swords are as good—"

Thus far had the leader spoken when a smart blow upon the head from the pommel of Feridoon's sword laid him upon the ground. At this, those who held Kobad let him go and drew their swords. Feridoon saw the movement, and quick as lightning did he sweep his sword about him. His own weapon was heavy and sharp, and beneath its blows the lighter blades of the soldiers snapped like sun-burnt reeds. They might as well have tried to withstand a hurricane, so rapid and strange were the movements of their adversary. In less than three minutes not one of them had a weapon in his hands, and only two of ten were upon their feet. These two hesitated a moment after their swords were gone, and then they started away across the square.

Feridoon watched them until they were lost in the thick gloom, and then he turned to the old man. First he threw off the gag from his mouth, and then cast off the lashing from his arms.

"Thank fortune!" he murmured, as he threw the cord away, "I came this way most opportunely."

The old man laid his hand upon the youth's head, and with fervent tones he blessed him; and then, as they turned to walk away, he asked:

"But how came you out so late from your home?"

"Home?" repeated Feridoon, in a tone half of sadness and half of bitterness. "I have none."

"But the satrap?"

"Has turned me from his doors."

"When?"

"This very night."

"And for what?"

"Because I would not write a letter to Zillah, and bid her turn her thoughts forever from me and obey the king in his demands."

"And has Rustem become such a tool?" uttered the astrologer, in a tone of regret.

"He did it through fear. The king had promised him to take his life if he did not succeed in bringing me to his purpose. I could not sacrifice my soul to such a cause. I told Rustem I would lay down my life for him, but I would not sell my very heart—my every principle of honor—to the bidding of such villainy. Yet I am sorry that Rustem is so situated."

"O, you need not fear for him. The king will not afford to take the satrap's life. If he made such a threat, it was only to spur him up to the work of serving him."

"Hark!" uttered the youth, whose quick ear had caught a sound that Kobad could not yet hear. "There are footsteps coming this way, and quite a number, too."

"Mayhap it is another party in search of me," said the old man, stopping to listen. "I heard those who held me when you came, speak of other parties which were out upon the search, and this is surely one of them. Let us conceal ourselves somewhere."

Feridoon had no desire to seek a conflict, so he looked quickly about him for a place of concealment. He remembered a place he had just passed, and upon going back he found a narrow gateway with an arched top, the gate of which was partly open, swinging inward. They both went in and closed the gate, and there they remained. The coming men soon reached the spot, passing close to the gate, and from their remarks it was evident that Kobad's suspicions were correct. They did not stop at the gate, however, and ere long, our two friends resumed their way.

They spoke but little, for both seemed to have plenty of thought that the circumstances had called up. It was very quickly and readily arranged that Feridoon should remain with the astrologer for the present, and hence the latter led the way. He walked more quickly than one of his advanced age could generally do, and at the end of half an hour he entered a narrow, dark lane, near the eastern cliffs, where the dwellings were sparse and poor. At the door of one of these he stopped and knocked, and ere many moments had elapsed a voice asked, from within, who was there. Kobad answered, and soon afterwards the door was opened by a black servant, who held a lamp in his hand. This latter individual led the way to the back part of the building, where our hero found a room not only well furnished, but displaying some signs of wealth. The slave disappeared and the old man and the youth sat down together.

"One question I must ask," said Feridoon, whose feelings were now centered upon one point. "Is Zillah safe?"

"Just as safe as though she were here," confidently returned Kobad.

"But she is within the power of the king, and you know what base passions move him."

"I know all that, but Zillah is not in his power, even though he may think she is. There is one ever near her who will watch over and protect her."

Feridoon looked puzzled. The astrologer noticed the look and quickly added:

"It is not an imaginary personage of whom I speak, but I have been to the bedside of Zillah, and I know there is one there who will easily and promptly stop any wickedness the king may attempt. So make yourself easy on that score. As soon as the maiden is perfectly recovered, I can remove her from the palace without trouble; but nowhere else can she receive better medical treatment than there."

"But she is not very sick?"

"No. Her constitution will easily throw off the malady. In a very few days, at the farthest, she will be as well as ever."

The youth seemed satisfied with this, and he spoke to that effect. There were many things he would have liked to know—many things that seemed strange and marvellous to him, but he let them pass, having become assured that Kobad liked not to be questioned on that point.

It was now sometime past midnight, and having called the black slave into the room, the astrologer bade him conduct Feridoon to a place of rest. The youth followed his sable guide up a flight of narrow, wooden stairs, then down another flight into a sort of hall, where a door opened into a back yard. Our hero saw a high wall that enclosed this yard, and wondered exceedingly when he saw his guide step out upon the dew-wet pavement; but he followed without asking any questions. The next movement was more strange still, for the slave proceeded directly to the brick wall, and having stooped down and removed a brick from its resting-place and moved some secret spring which was hidden within the aperture thus revealed, he raised up a slab of stone from the pavement, and then motioned the young man to go down.

"Fear not," said a voice; and, on turning, our hero found Kobad standing by his side. "We have cause for care, you know. Go down and I shall quickly follow."

Thus bidden, Feridoon moved to the place and stepped upon a ladder that he found there, and having descended he waited at the foot for the old man, who soon came with the lamp. After passing along a narrow passage the youth found himself in a very neat and comfortable apartment, in which were two beds. The old man pointed him to the one that he might occupy, and without further remark than to wonder at the ingenuity displayed in the concealing of the place, he undressed himself, and soon afterwards he had begun to dream.

CHAPTER XVII.

FRIENDS, AND HOW THEY WORKED.

On the morning following these events, the king was early astir, and when he reached the apartment where he usually gave audience to his officers and heard the reports of the night, he found some half dozen of his officials there, and he noticed at once that they were troubled countenances. At first he felt misgivings, for of late he had become used to disasters and disappointments. His first question was of the old astrologer—to know if he had been captured. Of course he received a negative answer to this question, but he saw that that was not all, and he asked what more. After some hesitation and an interchange of quick, furtive glances among the officers, one of them related to the monarch the circumstance of there having been found eight

men in the great square near Rustem's palace—that six of them were dead and two of them so injured that they had but just recovered their speech.

Sohrab started first forward with his hands extended, and then he started back again. He trembled violently, and for some seconds tried to speak without being able to articulate. But at length he managed to give the order for having those two men sent up to him, and ere long afterwards they made their appearance, one of them limping along with much difficulty and the other brought in a chair borne upon two spears.

"Now," whispered the king, "what is it?"

The soldier who had walked up told the story. He told how his party had found the old astrologer and how they had gagged and bound him and started to bring him to the palace. Then he told of the coming of Feridoon, and of the part that young man had acted. The poor fellow upon the chair not only corroborated the statement, but he gave some further light by repeating the language used by Feridoon.

"But here are only eight of your party accounted for," said the king, showing by his tone and manner that he hardly knew what he said.

"The other two must have fled," returned one of the officers, "probably fearing your majesty's wrath."

But his majesty paid no attention to this answer. He had walked to the opposite side of the apartment, where he remained, with his back turned to his officers, for some minutes. When he returned, his face was very pale and rigid as marble. His teeth were set and his hands clutched tightly together. He gazed around upon his subjects some moments, and when he spoke his voice was firm and strong, though a close observer might have seen from the marks upon his brow that he suffered much pain.

"Go and set every officer of my guard upon the watch," he said. "Of the five thousand soldiers who are quartered here, take every one if necessary, and spread them through the city. Let every street, square and every nook, of whatever kind, be searched and watched. I would have that old man, and that young one, too, brought before me. Let it be alive, if you can, but dead if it must be. And be ye sure, also, that their mouths be stopped. Let it appear that either of them have spoken after their capture and those who do the neglect shall surely die. Can you remember this?"

The officers assured their royal master that his commands should be obeyed, and then they set off at once to see the thing done, and the two soldiers were conducted back to the place from whence they had been taken, considering themselves fortunate in having escaped alive. They did not know that their lives, that were of such consequence to them, gave their king no more weight of thought than two flies. He happened to forget them in the press of more important business.

In one hour from that time, the citizens were not a little astonished at seeing great numbers of soldiers spreading themselves over the city. Into every street and place they entered, and little lanes that had never before received such marked distinction, were now guarded by live soldiers. What it meant people could not imagine, but they knew something strange must have happened, though they could not even have dreamed of so strange a thing as the sending out of all these soldiers after two men—one of them a man far gone on the down-hill of life, and the other a youth just at the foot of life's ladder.

Meanwhile the king remained in the apartment where we left him. He was all alone, not even one of his eunuchs being with him, and most of the time he had been walking up and down the paved floor. But he had stopped now, and his hands were clasped upon his brow, and thus leaned against one of the marble pillars. At length he started back, and as he brought his hands together with an energetic movement, he said:

"And all this is about a girl!"

No, no, king, it is not all about a girl. Had you never seen that girl, the same cloud that now hangs over you would have opened its storm upon your head.

"And I must fret and rave just for that which is all my right if I please. By my life, the pretty piece of trouble is mine, and this very night shall she become my wife. She is well, now. I saw her up this morning, and the rose is back on her cheek. I need not fear that old—"

The king stopped here, and the ashy pallor once more came to his face; but he soon overcame the fear, and just as he would have gone into another soliloquy, one of his eunuchs entered his presence and asked him if he would give audience that day, at the same time informing him that many people had assembled in the audience chamber.

Sohrab bade the slave tell his officers that he would be with them soon. Then he went and swallowed a bowl of wine, and after this he went down to the great hall where he was wont to give his judgment on all cases his subjects chose to present. People saw that something ailed the king, and several of the citizens withdrew without presenting their cases, for they saw that he rendered his judgments most wildly, and sometimes without any possible reference to the case in hand.

One old man, who had three slaves, made complaint against a merchant for having seized one of his slaves for trespass, and put said slave to hard work in his own shop. The complainant was willing, he said, to pay whatever money might be due for the trespass, but he wanted his slave. The king heard the case, and he decided that all three of the slaves should be given over to the merchant.

It so happened that the merchant had only kept the one slave out of a whim, and when he got out of the audience chamber, he laughed heartily at the strange ruling of the king, but at the same time assured the old man he should not take the slaves.

Sohrab was so fairly out of his head that every one noticed it, and by the time he had rendered judgment in a dozen cases those who dared stole away, and some of the others presented false statements, plaintiff and defendant agreeing thereto.

After all the business was disposed of which came up, the king entered into a private business with some of his own officers, so that he did not get away from the great hall till near the middle of the afternoon. He then went to his dinner, and after having taken a few turns in his garden, he went to see Zillah.

The maiden was sitting by the open window when the king entered, and she did seem about well of her sickness. It had been but a slight attack of fever, which had yielded at once to skilful treatment; and the constitution which no irregularity of life had ever shattered, arose quickly above the malady. Sohrab entered the room and motioned the attendant away, and in a moment more the monarch and the maiden were left alone.

"Now, sweet Zillah," commenced the royal suitor, "the time draws nigh for the bliss of our loves. You will soon be mine. Since yesterday you have recovered wonderfully, and it almost seems a special work of God in my favor. Are you not nearly recovered?"

Zillah could not deny it, for she felt that she was physically well.

"I am not so weak, sire, as I have been, and I think that health has been once more restored to me."

"And do you not feel thankful?"

"I do, most surely."

"But you cannot feel so joyful as I do, for the hour that gives you health gives to me the most beautiful wife on earth."

As the king thus spoke, he placed his arm about the maiden's neck, and would have kissed her, but he saw that she had turned deadly pale, and he started back.

"What is it?" he quickly asked.

"O, spare me! spare me!"

"Spare you? And from what?"

"From the dreadful fate you have mentioned."

"Do you mean the marriage with me?"

"Yes, sire," faintly uttered Zillah. She had made a mistake in her choice of words, but she was too much moved to see it.

"And do you call becoming my wife a *dreadful fate*?" hissed the king, in rank madness.

"Alas, sire," uttered the poor girl, hardly knowing what she said, "how can I look upon the crushing of my heart without dread?"

"And is it thus you meet my love? Is it thus you will receive the proffered affection of your king? Speak to me, girl, and tell me if you mean thus to treat me."

"O, spare me! Let me rest now! Come to me—"

"When?"

"Never! never!—O, never!"

And Zillah, as she thus gasped, bowed her head and groaned aloud. She was frantic, and knew not how or what to speak. Her mighty love for one whom she believed to be noble, generous, virtuous and pure, was stout within her, and she could not give it up. But she could not help fearing the king, for she read in every line of his features the passion that raged within him. Sohrab gazed upon her awhile after she had given utterance to that last incoherent sentence, and at first he seemed almost bewildered by the words, the tone and the manner; but soon he found his tongue, and in a thrilling whisper, he said:

"I see that words will be of no more avail. This very night you shall be my wife! Now mark me. *This very night!*"

"For the love of God!" shrieked Zillah, sinking down upon her knees, and raising her clasped hands towards the king, "spare me! spare me! I will be your slave—your meanest slave. I will shelter with the Ethiop, and drudge with the very beasts—but O, spare my love! break not my heart! tear not my soul in pieces!"

The king gazed down upon the imploring maiden, and a wicked smile worked upon his features.

"Girl," he said, and his tone was cold and decided, "as sure as we both live, you shall be my wife this night! I have no more to say now. Your own sense will tell how best to prepare for my coming."

So the king spoke, and then he turned from the room. Zillah arose to her feet and threw herself upon a couch, but soon she felt a hand upon her head, and she looked up. It was her attendant who was with her, an old female slave who had long held the station of nurse to the royal wives.

"What is it?" she asked, raising the unhappy girl to a sitting posture.

"Alas, Thais, I am doomed!" the frantic maiden murmured.

"Doomed?" repeated Thais. "But how?"

Zillah repeated all that the king had said.

"To-night?" muttered the old nurse, to herself. "By my life, but Sohrab hastens the matter with a haste most unseemly."

"And my last of earthly joy is gone from me forever! No more shall the sun rise to give me blessing in his golden beams, no more shall the soft zephyr come to impart freshness to my cheek, nor can the tender breath of friendship, even, be a source of joy to me more!"

"Be not too sure," answered Thais, in a matter-of-fact sort of way. "The king has forgotten himself. Be sure you shall see no more of him to-night."

Zillah started up and caught the old woman by the arm, and gazed half wildly into her face.

"What mean you?" she gasped.

"Just what I say. The king shall not trouble you to-night."

"O, if I could be sure of this!"

"I swear it."

"And you will save me?"

"Yes."

The maiden threw her white arms about the nurse's neck, but Thais soon shook them off, saying, as she did so:

"I must away now and attend to this matter. Fear not, Zillah, for as I live, the king shall not harm you."

Thais went to a little cot on which she slept, and from beneath the bedding she drew a small paper parcel, which she hid in her bosom, and then having once more bade the girl be of good heart, she left the room. She traversed many passages and corridors, and at length she reached that part of the palace where the king's own apartments were situated. She looked into several of them, but she found not the one she sought, and she sat down to await his coming. She waited there full fifteen minutes, and at the end of that time some one approached. She moved out of the way, but not far, for she soon saw that he whom she sought was he that now came. It was one of the king's eunuchs, Bahboul, whom we have already seen in confidence with the monarch. Thais called to him as he came near, and without asking any question he followed her until they came to a secluded place.

"Now, Bahboul," spoke the nurse, hurriedly but distinctly, "the king has planned to make Zillah his wife this night."

"Are you sure?" asked the eunuch, somewhat nervously.

"Most sure. He has sworn it with a solemn oath."

"Then our course is clear. Have you got the powder?"

"Yes. Here it is. Now remember—fix it so that he shall be sure to drink it."

"I will do my part."

That was all that was necessary in that quarter, and Thais returned to the chamber of her charge.

Bahboul went at once to the apartment where the king always supped, and there he waited the coming of his master, for the time of his usual coming was near at hand. Just at dusk Sohrab made his appearance, and ordered his wine immediately.

He always did this, and for this moment had Bahboul waited. The eunuch hastened to obey the order, and with a dexterous movement he emptied a portion of the powder into the bowl. The king took it and drank; then he ate some slight quantity of food and called for his bowl again. After this he arose and went into another apartment. In an hour more he would have gone to claim the sweet Zillah, but a strange drowsiness had come over him, and he thought he would take a short nap, bidding his slaves awaken him in just one hour. At the end of the time they tried to obey him, but they could not awaken him. They shook and rolled and punched, and lifted him up and let him fall, but all to no purpose. The sleep would not let go its hold upon him, and at length they gave it up in despair.

So that night the maiden passed in peace, while the king slept on, all unconscious of what strange scenes were awaiting him.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

CHINESE VIEW OF EUROPEANS.

The Chinese of the interior, whom business takes to Canton or Macao, always go the first thing, to look at the Europeans on the promenade. It is one of the most amusing of sights to them. They squat in rows along the sides of the quays, smoking their pipes and fanning themselves, contemplating the while, with a satirical and contemptuous eye, the English and Americans, who promenade up and down, from one end to the other, keeping time with admirable precision. Europeans who go to China, are apt to consider the inhabitants of the celestial city very odd and supremely ridiculous, and the provincial Chinese at Canton and Macao pay back the sentiment with interest. It is very amusing to hear their sarcastic remarks on the appearance of the devils of the west, their utter astonishment at the sight of their tight fitting garments, their wonderful trousers, and prodigious round hats like chimney pots—their shirt collars, adapted to cut off the ears, and making a frame around such grotesque faces, with long noses and blue eyes, no beard or moustache, but a handful of curly hair on each cheek. The shape of the dress coat puzzles them above everything. They try in vain to account for it, calling it a half garment, because it is impossible to make it meet over the breast, and because there is nothing in front to correspond to the tails behind. They admire the judgment and exquisite taste of putting buttons as big as saucers behind the back, where they never have anything to button. How much handsomer they think themselves, with their narrow, oblique, black eyes, high cheek bones and little round noses, their shaven crowns and magnificent pigtailed hanging almost to their heels. Add to all these natural graces a conical hat, covered with red fringe, an ample tunic with large sleeves, and black satin boots with a white sole of immense thickness, and it must be evident to all that a European cannot compare in appearance with a Chinese.—*Hue's Chinese Empire.*

A MODERN SOLOMON.

The other week, says a British contemporary, the spiritual guide of a Tyneside congregation, which meets in a chapel bearing the name of the patron saint of Melrose and Lisdarne, was informed by one of his flock, a poor widow woman, that a pig, to whose sale, when fattened, she was looking forward with no little anxiety as the sole means of paying her rent, had been stolen, and that she suspected a certain Irishman of her acquaintance to have done the deed. Father —, one of the worthiest men alive, promised to do everything in his power for its restoration, and went about it as follows. Next Sunday he took a stone with him into the chapel, and laid it down beside him during the service. That concluded, he took it up, and, remarking that he supposed his hearers wondered what he was about to do with it, told the story of the widow's loss, and added, "I am now going to throw the stone at the head of the man who stole the pig," looking hard at the same time at the suspected Celt. He then lifted his hand and made as if he were going to fling the stone; when the man taking guilt to himself, dodged aside that it might not hit him. "Let the pig be restored instantly," continued the priest, "or, depend upon it, worse will come of it." Next morning the widow to her great delight found her *protege* in the sty.

The lightsome countenance of a friend giveth such an inward decking to the house where it lodgeth, as proudest palaces have cause to envy the gilding.—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

CAPRICES OF COMPOSERS.

Musicians and poets are privileged to be fanciful, and are not supposed to work and plod like other people. It is curious to trace the various habits of some of these *maestri*. Auhcr, for instance, cannot write a bar of music as long as he is in a city. Adam can only write when within hearing of the din of the town—he abhors the country. Donizetti, when he had a melody to find, first laid down to sleep for an hour or two. Paer liked to write in the midst of the bustle of the household, and the noise of his children around him. Cimarosa wrote best when surrounded by his friends in social conversation. Sacchini lost the thread of his inspirations unless in company with his favorite cats, who would sit on his writing-table, blinking and winking at him as he wrote. Sarti could not compose by a bright light. Spontini dictated his compositions (a wonderful achievement for a musician), being himself in a dark room, and his secretary in an adjoining one. Salieri prepared his mind for composition by rambling through the streets, and eating an unusual quantity of confectionary with which his pockets were stuffed. Haydn, on the contrary, previous to writing his sublime compositions, sat perfectly still, plunged in profound thought for two or three hours. Gluck had a table, with his writing materials and paper, carried into a shady part of his garden; but, in addition to the writing materials, were two bottles of champagne. He sang and acted as he proceeded, all by himself, as he supposed the actors for whom he was writing would sing and gesticulate. Handel wrote often on the green turf of the quiet graves, in some small country churchyard. Paisiello wrote in bed. To Mehul the perfume of flowers was necessary, and his writing-table was always covered with roses. Mozart played his compositions on the harpsichord before he wrote them, but never until he had read some of his favorite authors—Homer, Dante, or Petrarca. Mercadante composes on paper; he has no piano in his house, and never hears the various *morceaux* of his operas until the first rehearsal. Rossini writes very fast, after a good, substantial breakfast; he does not care about interruptions, but can laugh and joke with true Italian spirit even while in the very act of composing. Verdi, before he writes, reads either Schiller, Shakspeare, Goethe or Victor Hugo. Verdi's first opera was written by his mother's sick bed, and hastily finished to pay the expenses of her funeral.—*Musical Review.*

THE FUTURE OF THE REPUBLIC.

The Albany Knickerbocker says: "Dr. Colton a short time since delivered a lecture on 'The Future of the American Republic.' The doctor looks forward to some brilliant results, and justifies that look by the facts and figures that have come to the surface during the past few years. Look, for instance, on the new world that has sprung up on our Pacific border within the last seven years—not ten years, for that would carry us back to the war with Mexico. This has not been simply a conquest of arms, but of civilization. We have already built 19,266 miles of railroad, nearly all on this side of the Mississippi, and are now completing an average of more than two thousand miles a year. In 1852, it was 2413; in 1853 it was 4500. It is less than 2000 miles from any point on the Mississippi to the Pacific; and does any one imagine that that little length of railroad—less than what we are now completing annually—will not be built, when all the world on this side the continent, and all the world on that side—when all Europe on our east and all Asia on our west, are calling for it so loudly? The annual value of our common exchanges which pass between Europe and Asia, around the Cape of Good Hope, is \$250,000,000, employing 2000 ships and 50,000 sailors. When the railroad across this continent is completed, all this commerce will pass this way. No merchant can trade against a competitor who carries his goods into market six months in advance of him! But the time saved between Europe and Asia by this road, and by steam on the two oceans, will be three-fourths of that now required to go around the Cape of Good Hope; or the time of realizing returns will be reduced from one to four! The expense of the transport across the continent will be about the same as it is now around the Cape. It is certain that when the Pacific Railroad is completed, there will be little or no trade between Europe and Asia on the old routes. How will this affect New York? Why, it will make her the greatest city the world has yet seen."

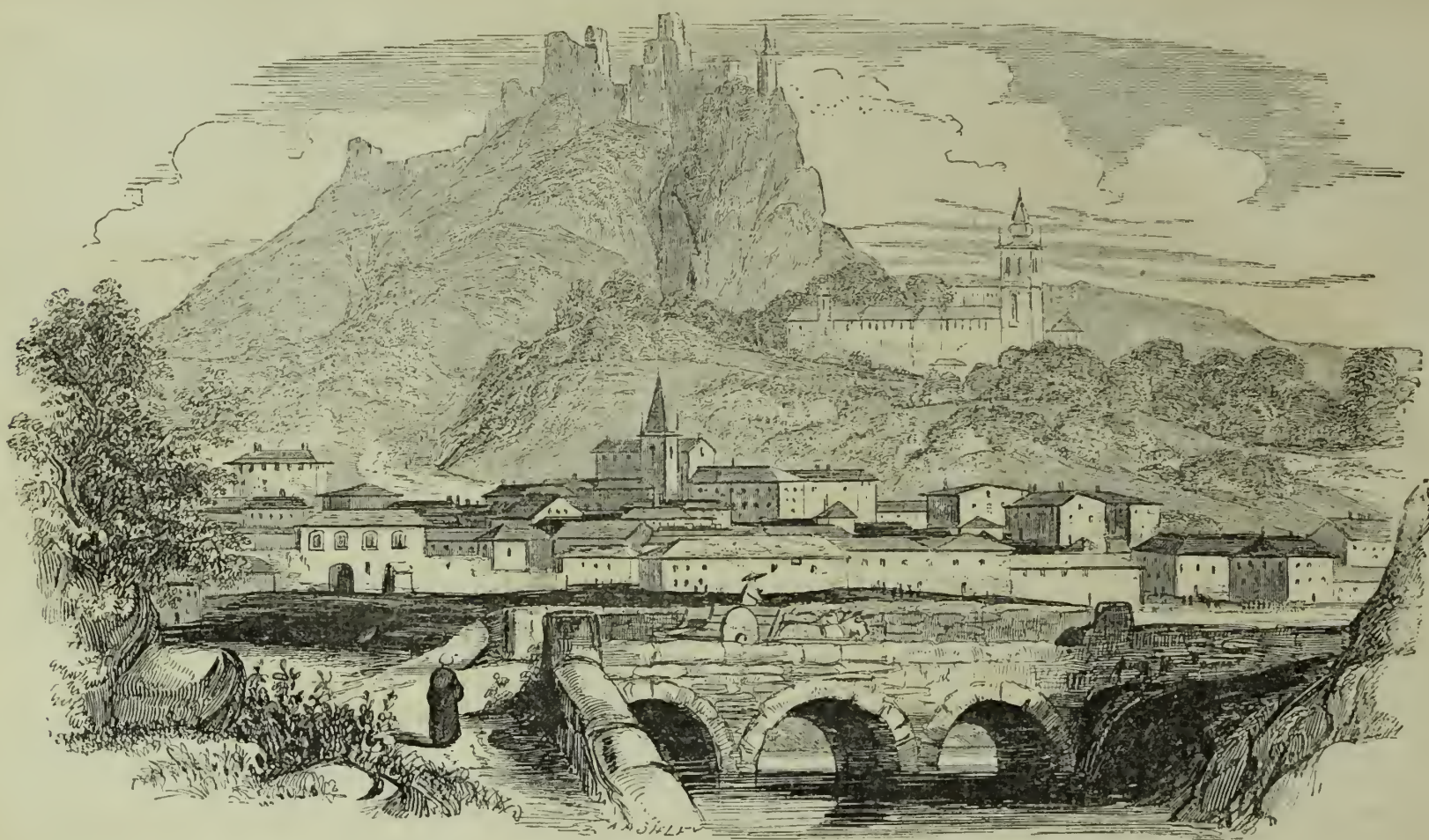
FISH AS FOOD.

There is much nourishment in fish, little less than in butcher's meat, weight for weight; and in effect it may be more nourishing, considering how, from its softer fibre, fish is more easily digested. Moreover, there is, I find in fish, a substance which does not exist in the flesh of land animals, viz., iodine—a substance which may have a beneficial effect on the health, and tend to prevent the production of scrofulous and tubercular disease, the latter in the form of pulmonary consumption, one of the most cruel and fatal with which civilized society, and the highly educated and refined, are afflicted. Comparative trials prove that, in the majority of fish, the proportion of solid matter—that is the matter which remains after perfect desiccation, or the expulsion of the aqueous part—is little inferior to that of the several kinds of butcher's meat, game or poultry. And if we give our attention to classes of people, classed as to the quality of food they principally subsist on, we find that the ichthyophagous class are especially strong, healthy and prolific. In no class than that of fishers do we see larger families, handsomer women, more robust and active men, or a greater exemption from the maladies just alluded to.—*Dr. Davy's "Angler and his Friend."*

DAGUERREOTYPES.

One reason why the daguerreotype portraits are in general so unsatisfactory, may perhaps be traced to a natural law, though I have not heard it suggested. It is this: every object that we behold, we see not with the eye only but with the soul; and this is especially true of the human countenance, which in so far as it is the expression of mind we see through the medium of our own individual mind. Thus a portrait is satisfactory in so far as the painter has sympathy with his subject, and delightful to us in proportion as the resemblance reflected through his sympathies is in accordance with our own. Now in the daguerreotype there is no such medium, and the face comes before us without passing through the human mind and brain to our apprehension. This may be the reason why a daguerreotype, however beautiful and accurate, is seldom satisfactory or agreeable, and that while we acknowledge its truth as to fact, it always leaves something for the sympathies to desire.—*Mrs. Jameson.*

INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.—If we wish to know the political and moral condition of a State, we must ask what rank women hold in it. Their influence embraces the whole of life. A wife, a mother—two magical words—comprising the sweetest sources of man's felicity. Theirs is the reign of beauty, of love, of reason. Always a reign! A man takes counsel with his wife; he obeys his mother; he obeys her long after she has ceased to live, and the ideas which he has received from her become principles stronger even than his passions.—*Amie Martin.*



THE CITY OF LEIRIA, PORTUGAL.

THE CITY OF LEIRIA, PORTUGAL.

This city, situated on the Lis, a river of inconsiderable size, is located in the province of Estremadura, 52 miles south-southwest from Coimbra, and 72 miles north-northeast from Lisbon. The population does not exceed three thousand. It is situated in the heart of a very fertile country, but it cannot be commended for its cleanliness. Nor has it many attractions for the traveller. It is chiefly remarkable for the number of its churches, there being

no less than nineteen, one of them a large cathedral, within its limits. An annual fair is held here on the 25th of March, which attracts persons of both sexes from all the country round about.

NETHER TABLEY, CHESHIRE, ENGLAND.

The spirited engraving herewith presented, shows the east part of Tabley Hall, Cheshire, one of the most perfect specimens of the Elizabeth style of architecture now extant. It stands on an

island situated in a noble lake, and access to and from the main land is had by means of a handsome bridge. It was originally quadrangular in form, but only the east part is now remaining, and that mantled by ivy, presents a most attractive study to the artist and antiquary. In the hall is a large bay window, ornamented with the Leicester pedigree in stained glass. It is one of the most interesting remnants of antiquity to be met with in the county of Cheshire, and attracts large numbers of visitors.



NETHER TABLEY, CHESHIRE, ENGLAND



BOULOGNE, FROM THE BANKS OF THE LIANE.

BOULOGNE, FROM THE BANKS OF THE LIANE.

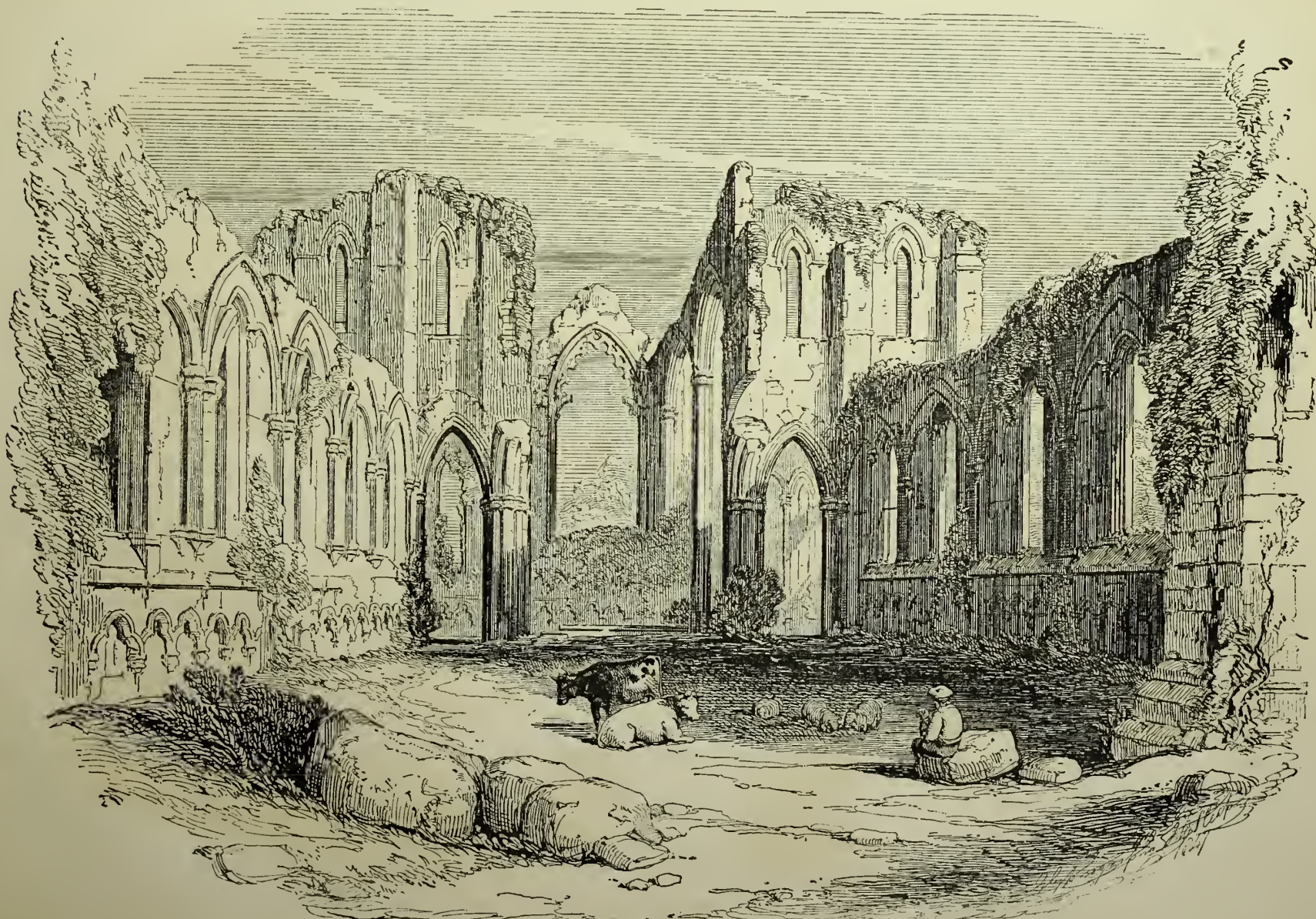
Our engraving gives a correct representation of this picturesque French town, with the houses clustering on the brink of the water, the churches crowning the heights, the opening to the port and the shipping in the distance. In the foreground we have one of the old-fashioned French diligences, with its three divisions for passengers, the price varying according to the accommodation afforded, and the team consisting of five horses, three harnessed abreast as leaders, and two attached to the pole, though the artist has assigned it a rate of speed which the old-fashioned diligence rarely attained. A few of these cumbrous contrivances are still running on some of the roads in France. Near Boulogne is a column erected by Napoleon to commemorate his proposed inva-

sion of England. Boulogne has been in the possession of the English, they having captured it under Henry VIII. Vast numbers of English now reside in Boulogne from economical motives. The town and its environs abound in historical monuments, and the manners of the inhabitants of the Bas Boulonois are well worthy of observation and study.

FOUNTAIN'S ABBEY, BURIAL-PLACE OF ROBIN HOOD.

Robin Hood, the "English ballad singer's joy," as Wordsworth calls him, figures in much of the lyrical and legendary lore of "Merrie England." Every schoolboy has read about the bold archer of Sherwood Forest, about Little John, Maid Marian, the

friar and the rest of his companions of the green-wood. Learned commentators suppose that he was an outlawed Earl of Huntingdon, placed under the ban in the reign of Richard II. Fountain's Abbey, his reputed burial-place, is in York, and its picturesque ruins sufficiently attest its former splendor. Of his death there is a legend, that being sick, and finding his end drawing near, he called for his bow, shot an arrow from the window of his chamber, and desired to be buried where the shaft fell. The Harleian MS. says that "he fell sick at a nunnery in Yorkshire, called Birkley's (Kukley's ?), and desire there to be let blood, hee was betrayed and made to bleed to death." It is by no means certain, however, that the remains of the renowned outlaw really repose in Fountain's Abbey.



FOUNTAIN'S ABBEY—THE BURIAL-PLACE OF ROBIN HOOD.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LIFE LESSONS.

BY MRS. A. D. BAILEY.

Oft when love-light shines the brightest,
And my heart is beating lightest
 'Neath its magic beam,
 Floats a little cloud of sadness,
 Half prophetic to my gladness,
 O'er my fondest dream.

'Twas not ever thus: I mind me
 When an opening blossom charmed me
 Into perfect bliss,
 And no undertone of sorrow,
 Whispering, "it will fade to-morrow,"
 Marred my happiness.

Song of bird, or streamlet glancing,
 Sent such thrills of pleasure dancing
 Through my childish heart,
 That the very memory gleaming
 Through the tinted glass of feeling,
 Still doth joy impart.

But since then, so oft hath pleasure
 Paled in pain—earth's richest treasure
 Dimmed in sorrow's night—
 That my heart is always fearing
 Lest the present joy is bearing
 With its bloom a blight.

Once a little bud I cherished,
 In its early fragrance perished
 On my stricken heart;
 And as other jewels cluster
 Round my home, its missing lustre
 Bids the tear-drops start.

Thus my sunlight still is shaded
 By the thought of beauty faded
 From my earthly way,—
 Though at times a brighter vision
 Tells my heart of joys Elysian,
 In love's perfect day.

And again that fresh young feeling,
 Sweetly o'er my senses stealing,
 Comes like angel guest,
 Whispering still of thornless roses—
 Skies where no dark cloud reposes—
 Ever, ever blest.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

MY MARIA.

BY ELLEN ALICE MORIARTY.

I LOVED Maria Spriggins. Now do not smile, sir, for once in your life you loved a Maria Spriggins, not from necessity bearing the same name as my Maria, but one as beautiful, as artless, as amiable, and, it may be, as rich as my Maria. When I first saw my dear girl, she was seated at the window of her father's mansion in Grove Avenue; my aunt, whom I was visiting, tenanted a pretty but somewhat humble cottage in the same aristocratic location. And aristocratic it was, I can tell you. The Cooks, the Hopkins, the Jones, merchants—moneyed merchants, mind you, with names suggestive of a plum, had their residences there, and used to drive out from the city every afternoon in their smart phaetons; but the richest and the honored of all was Mr. Anthony Spriggins, father of my Maria.

It was on the first day of my summer vacation from the dingy counting-room of Griggly, Storks & Griggly that I first saw my Maria, and, to use the words of the poet,

"Put to see her was to love her,
Love but her and love forever."

"Don't be looking over there, Tom Tilley," said my aunt. "She is a sweet girl, Tom, but as far above you, dear boy, as that white cloud up there is to its twin sister gleaming in the blue Thames beyond. Don't be looking over there, please, Tom."

"Well, aunt, you are the queerest," said I, "to think that a man can't admire a pretty girl without falling in love with her;" and here I tried to look irresistible, for I detected the bright eyes of Maria glancing over at myself. And, when she retired from the window, I took occasion to strut around the room, and survey my fascinating exterior in the looking-glass, whereupon my aunt said:

"You're a simpleton, Tom Tilley." And then, good soul, she put her handkerchief to her eyes and began to cry. "I dreaded it all along," she sobbed, "his coming down here. I knew he would see her, and it will be like his father and mother; my poor dear boy will die of a broken heart."

Now I had no recollection of my father and mother, and consequently no tender memories were revived on hearing them mentioned; but this I knew, that my mother was pretty and penniless, that a rich but dissipated gentleman married and then deserted her, and, after a career of folly and extravagance, he was laid in the cold earth, to which his unfaithfulness had long before sent his poor wife.

"Ever since I came to live here, and saw that pretty girl," still sobbed my aunt, "I knew that my poor Tom would be unhappy on her account. O, Tom, dear, promise me that you won't think anything about her."

"What nonsense, aunt!" I exclaimed, reddening; for within the last few minutes I had grown strangely sensitive and bashful. "Why should I be made unhappy by Miss Spriggins, or any other young lady?" and here I compressed my lips and elevated

my brows, thereby, as I imagined, investing my countenance with a strikingly lofty and intellectual expression; for I saw a form, Maria's, of course, passing the opposite window.

For the two weeks following the day that her bright eyes met mine, I never caught even a stolen glance of Maria, at our cottage, still I fancied that my existence was not unknown to her, that my Maria was not displeased at my becoming a fixture at my aunt's window. I say my Maria, because that was what I called her in the thrilling dramas my fancy created, in all of which I, the hero, rescued her from danger and death, receiving her heart and hand as my reward. And in the night I used to sit in my darkened room and watch her house, and what a deadly enmity I bore in my heart to that conceited young Hopkins who visited there; and once I saw him turning over the pages for my Maria when she was playing on her piano. I saw it all; yes, sir, I saw it all, and I sprang up and rushed out into the air and tried to cool my rage, and tried to think how wicked it was to hate that fop, young Hopkins, because he was privileged to go to her house and turn over the pages for my Maria.

One day my aunt had a visitor—a gentlewoman of family but little fortune, who resided at the entrance of the avenue, and who, in the course of conversation, soared into the highest regions of my veneration and admiration; for she mentioned that she was distantly related to Mr. Spriggins, and that she was god-mother to my Maria. I attended Miss Lethesby home, and all the way she spoke of Maria, and what a dear, good, sensible girl she was, though she had been educated at a seminary at Richmond, and how kind she was to her, coming every Thursday evening to read to her since her sight began to fail; and how certain she was that, in all England, one could not find a dearer or a better girl than her god daughter.

On the next Thursday evening, uninvited, but love over rules ceremony, I rapped at Miss Lethesby's hall-door, and was ushered by a servant into a cheerful little parlor, where were seated that lady and my Maria. A kindly smile from Miss Lethesby proved that my intrusion was not unwelcome, and a blush, beautiful as the rosy flush of sunset, colored the fair cheek of my Maria. From that moment I knew that my Maria was mine.

We met often after that night, sometimes by appointment on the avenue, oftener at Miss Lethesby's; that kindest and best of elderly unmarried women delighted in our attachment, conveying, one day when illness confined Maria to the house, a little billet from me to her, portraying my inexpressible anxiety until I should again behold my dear girl. O fatal billet! How a prying maiden aunt snatched you from my Maria's trembling grasp! how an angry mamma received you from her spiteful hands! how you were taken, with passionate vehemence, into the library, where he was seated and prodded before Mr. Spriggins's astonished eyes! and how Miss Charlotte, that meddling aunt, held you on the point of the snuffers to the blazing taper until you burned away, like the hope in your poor writer's heart, and only ashes remained!

The next morning, at daybreak, Miss Charlotte, the spiteful, carried off my Maria to some hidden region where I might not penetrate, and, after an interview with Mr. Spriggins, in which I was informed that the treadmill for life would be a lenient punishment for my presumption in aspiring to an alliance with his daughter, I returned to my labors in the counting-room of Griggly, Storks & Griggly, conscious that henceforth there was a vacancy in my life that my Maria alone could fill.

After many months, there came to me a letter from Miss Lethesby, telling that Maria was again at home, and if ever there was a dear Tom loved in the world that Tom was myself. At my urgent entreaties, Griggly, Storks & Griggly granted me a week's leave of absence, and I hastened secretly out to my aunt's. In the shadow of evening, I walked over to Miss Lethesby's, where I once more met my dear girl, and rejoiced in her unaltered affection.

We were happy for a little while, but one evening Maria came to Miss Lethesby's, who, kind heart, feigned illness to Mrs. Spriggins, knowing she could thereby secure Maria's society, her sweet gaiety clouded, for Miss Charlotte had arrived on that day, and my dear girl would now have a watch over her that she could not evade.

"She seemed so surprised to hear from mamma that I came so often to see my dear god mother, and she reminded mamma of their suspicion that Miss Lethesby was aware of our—" and Maria blushed and faltered, and did not complete the sentence.

"I think, my dears," said our kind friend, "that we will take tea up stairs, in my little study. It opens on my chamber, where Mr. Tom could hide if your aunt, Maria, my love, came in unexpectedly."

"O, famous! capital! women are the children of invention," I exclaimed.

And my Maria smiled, and said:

"It would be so odd and so pleasant."

So tea was accordingly served in Miss Lethesby's study.

Stories of her girlhood were told by Miss Lethesby, and, as they were very tender and very romantic, they quite agreed with Maria's feelings and mine, and we listened, forgetting angry papas and mammas and malicious aunts, until a very expressive reminder startled us. Footsteps and the rustle of silk dresses were heard on the lobby outside the door. Pale consternation flashed across the faces of Miss Lethesby and my Maria. I darted into the next room, and had barely time to shelter myself behind the snowy curtains of Miss Lethesby's window, when the voices of ladies were heard in the outer apartment.

"One would think your mamma and myself were hob-goblins, you look so frightened, Maria," said the sharp tones of Miss Charlotte. "How d'ye do, Miss Lethesby? you've been ill, I

hear. You are looking dreadfully pale and thin, and your hair is changing too, I declare."

"My hair is natural, Miss Charlotte, and you forget that cosmetics were never used by me," retorted Miss Lethesby.

"How ridiculous in both of you to be talking so!" said Mrs. Spriggins. "Maria, my love, we called to take you home. Get your things, my dear; Miss Lethesby will excuse you to-night."

"Yes, mamma," Maria replied, and coming into the room where I was hidden, took her bonnet and shawl off the bed and went out again. My eyes followed her. Ah! if they then had known how many years would glide into desolate decay before they would again behold that sweet vision, they would have wept, as they afterward did often—yes, often, and I am not ashamed to confess it. I heard them wish Miss Lethesby good-evening, and think Maria and her mother were half-way down the stairs when a shriek burst from the lips of Miss Charlotte, who had lingered curiously behind.

"O, what duplicity! and this old woman its contriver. Mrs. Spriggins, come back here."

"Why, what is the matter, Charlotte?" Mrs. Spriggins said, in a surprised tone, hastening into the room.

"O, the wretches! Didn't I tell you that deluded girl was coaxed here by this artful, designing woman to meet him? Don't let your daughter come in here, madam. To think of your child deceiving you so!"

"Go down and wait in the carriage for me, Maria," said Mrs. Spriggins, authoritatively.

I heard the door closing upon my dear girl.

"Now what do you mean, Charlotte?"

"Mean, madam! Look at that table. Three cups and saucers. Tea in each cup! Whose third plate is that? whose toast is that? as if they could escape my eyes."

And what a storm there was! Miss Charlotte screaming, Mrs. Spriggins furious, Miss Lethesby defying. Then there was a momentary lull in the little study, for two angry women had invaded my retirement, and the parasols of Mrs. Spriggins and Miss Charlotte were being broken on my shoulders. They left the room passionately, as they had entered it, and in a few minutes I heard their carriage rolling down the avenue.

Humbled in spirit, and tortured by unavailing regret at the unhappiness I had brought upon my dear girl, I went back into the study, finding Miss Lethesby in tears, and disposed to be angry with me—Heaven knows why, and we quarrelled, and so we parted.

That night Maria's maid brought me a letter from my dear girl, blotted every line of it with her tears, and she bade me a long farewell, saying "that she made a solemn promise never again to speak or write to me without her parents' consent, and that would never be—" and then there was a blot and a dash, and so it ended.

I strongly suspect that Mr. Spriggins, who was commercially acquainted with Griggly, Storks & Griggly, induced that respectable trio to desire my services at their establishment in Calcutta. I went to India, not to gratify them, but because England was a Sahara to me since the stern rock of parental authority interposed itself between me and my Maria.

Nine years went over me, leaving their shadows on my life. My dear aunt wrote to me by every mail, but never mentioned a word of Maria. In the opening of the tenth year I received a letter from Miss Lethesby, the only reply elicited from her, though I had sent her many missives imploring her to give me some information of my dear girl, whom I knew not was living or dead.

"I kept silence, my friend," she wrote, "because from Maria's continuing so long unmarried a hope might be revived in your heart that can have no realization. When this reaches you she will be the wife of a wealthy baronet, many years her senior. Shortly after your departure, Mr. Spriggins retired from business and returned to Dorsetshire, his native county, to live. The unfortunate denouement of my sanction of your love affair induced a coldness between the family and myself, and it was only a month ago that I again met our dear girl. I had gone down to Dorsetshire on a visit to some relatives, and, on the day after my arrival, was told that a lady desired to speak with me. I went into the drawing-room and saw a pale, thoughtful-looking woman seated by the window. She turned, and, with a faint cry, threw herself into my arms. It was my dear girl, but O, how altered! how sadly altered! We sat down together, and she told me such a sad story of reverses of fortune and the bitter cares that always attend them. Extravagance and unsuccessful railway speculations have reduced Mr. Spriggins's thousands to hundreds; they are, I fear, in very straitened circumstances. Some months ago, a rich old baronet saw Maria, and has since addressed in the language of love. They want her to marry him, and there is a house full of young brothers and sisters. For their sakes she will become his wife, my dear girl."

"She told all this to me, my friend, with the agony of her heart lying white upon her face, and a strange cold glitter in her sweet eyes; but all at once the dear old look came back, and she burst out crying. 'O, my dear,' said I, 'you are thinking of him,' meaning you. 'I am,' she said, hiding her face upon my shoulder, and sobbing as if her dear heart would break. 'O, I am always thinking of him—my poor Tom!'

"And yet, loving you as your faithful heart deserves to be loved, she will marry this rich old man to keep poverty a stranger to her family—a family who cannot appreciate the sacrifice she makes. And her future husband bears your name, with the gilding of a title—Sir Thomas Tilley."

Then followed words of consolation, but they had no harm for me. Of late I had accustomed myself to regard Maria as married, but I seemed to see a distant day when she might again be free, and I might happily win her; but now the darkness of des

pair shivered over me, and I sank tottering into a seat. Sir Thomas Tilley was my father's oldest brother, and were Maria a widow to-morrow, I could never be united to my uncle's wife. Delusive hope restored my failing senses. She might not yet be married; might I not reach England before she severed us for time and eternity? That hope sustained me through the long voyage I undertook on the following day; but it vanished when I stood once more on the steps of my aunt's cottage, and felt how soon it might indeed prove a delusion.

I entered the hall. The parlor door was ajar, and within I saw my dear aunt seated at her old place by the fire, and, standing beside her, was a dapper little man, with an important air, talking so earnestly, and my aunt listening so joyously, I may say that, eagerly as I longed to embrace her, I held back, coming to the conclusion that I had an uncle and she a husband.

"Well, my dear lady," he said, rubbing his hands briskly together, "I will write at once to acquaint Sir Thomas of his accession to the title and estates. Pleasant news—most agreeable news; ha, ha, ha!"

"To be sure," half-sobbed my aunt; "my dear boy—"

"Is here, aunt!" I cried, and the next moment my aunt was in hysterics on the sofa.

When she grew composed, and became convinced that the sun-browned face before her was mine, the little lawyer, no lover as I had supposed, announced to me that Sir Thomas Tilley, who had come up to town to attend to marriage settlements, had, that same day, died suddenly of apoplexy, I, being next heir, coming into possession of the estates and title.

"Marriage settlements!" I exclaimed. "Then he was not married?"

"Very near it, Sir Thomas. A beautiful lady, sir,—the daughter of an old client of mine."

I hastened to the window to hide the joyful emotion that blinded my eyes, and stirred within my heart a fountain of gratitude to Heaven.

"Old lovers," said my aunt, in an audible whisper.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the little man, in some surprise. "How very fortunate! No occasion to cancel the settlements now, I suppose."

"In what part of Dorsetshire does Mr. Spriggins reside?" I asked, turning from the window.

"O, they were to come into town to-night, Sir Thomas, so your poor uncle told me. The marriage was to have taken place at Miss Lethesby's, a friend of the family's."

"Is Miss Lethesby aware of my uncle's decease?"

"Not yet, Sir Thomas."

"Then I will inform her myself."

I went over to her house, and my kind friend rejoiced at my unexpected appearance, and the still more unexpected blessings fortune was about conferring on me. Then, before I returned to my aunt's, it was decided that, though her parents were to be informed, my dear girl was to be kept in ignorance of Sir Thomas's demise and my return.

On the next morning, I again appeared at Miss Lethesby's, and Mr. Spriggins, now a seedy, humble-looking individual, with his wife and Miss Charlotte, both the worse for wear, protested—vehemently protested that I alone was worthy of their darling Maria.

"Where can I see your daughter?" I asked, with assumed haughtiness.

"She awaits her future lord, Sir Thomas," Mr. Spriggins replied, with a tragic wave of his hand, "in the drawing-room. My child told me this morning she wished to speak a few words in private to her intended husband. Bless her dear heart, she little dreams the joy that's in store for her. She always loved you, Sir Thomas. She always loved you, sir."

This speech had been uttered while we were crossing the hall, and then Mr. Spriggins threw the opposite door open, saying:

"Sir Thomas Tilley, Maria, my love."

He closed the door, and left me alone with my dear girl, who was sitting on the sofa, her face hidden in her hands. I went over and stood beside her. She did not raise her eyes, but she trembled like a leaf. She spoke at last with an effort.

"When my dear papa accepted in my name your kind offer, Sir Thomas," she said, faintly, "I desired him to tell you that I had no heart to bestow in return for the honor you have done me. I find he did not mention this to you, and painful, bitterly painful as it is to me, I will not do you so great an injustice as to leave you ignorant of what might so nearly concern your happiness."

I sat down at her side, but she did not change her position, and continued, still shading her face with her hands—my dear girl was weeping now.

"We were parted years ago, but I have always loved my poor dear Tom. And he may be dead, or he may have forgotten me; but, living or dead, I will forever love him, and can never, never think dearly of any one but him. O, Sir Thomas, if you can take as a wife one who cannot give your tenderness its merited return, I—" and here my dear girl lifted her sweet eyes mournfully to my face, and then, with a wild cry, sank lifeless into my arms.

Joy is a ready restorer. In a few minutes, her dear eyes unclosed upon me, her voice pronounced my name. A grateful tear trickled down my cheek and fell upon the fair forehead pillowed on my breast. It was the baptism of our happiness—my Maria's happiness and mine.

Here is a gentle lesson for those who will never cease their garrulity about the "good old times." Tacitus says: "In the early ages man lived a life of innocence and simplicity." Upon this a critic remarks, "When was this period of innocence? The first man who was born in the world killed the second! When did the time of simplicity begin?"

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

VENICE.

BY REV. F. W. HOLLAND.

THE Venetian's gondola is the heaven of motion. Not even Hillard's elaborate description can overdo its exquisite luxury. The soft cushions, the gliding motion, the graceful oarsmen, the fairy-like palaces, between which you float in a half-dreamy state, harmonize so admirably with the magnificent corpse around, that your hearse-like barge seems moving towards the grand funeral. Although there are many streets, since they cross the perpetual canals by bridges with flights of steps, no wheels are possible, no horses are to be found, and the business as well as the pleasure of this Queen of the Adriatic floats silently over the all surrounding waters, among these seventy-two islands. So that, while most of these deep-shaded lanes are but four feet wide, the Grand Canal is nearly two hundred in width, and lined for two miles with noble edifices, which, even in their decay, contrast wonderfully with the unornamented, prison-like surfaces which border the footpaths in their rear.

The central glory of Venice is still the cathedral of San Marco. It stands too low, and is said to be sinking into the salt marsh. Its pillars and other ornaments are too crowded. Its thefts from other lands want harmony and fitness. Still, faded as it is, tarnished, perhaps, by the corroding air, it has a barbaric splendor which is all its own. Built by Byzantine architects, nearly a thousand years ago, it combines Saracenic profusion with Christian emblems, it weaves in porphyries from Egypt, pillars from St. Sophia, a corner-piece from Acre, with a forest of Grecian columns. Over its portal are the four famous horses of Lysippus, stolen so many times it is hard to say now where they belonged; monuments at once of the departed greatness of Chios and Constantinople, of Venice and Napoleon. Beneath them a whole church history is told in mosaics, that gleam upon you even by moonlight—the only pictures that never fade. Five domes seem crushing down this chief mourner over departed grandeur. But solemn, even gloomy as is the over-decorated mass, there are memories here which cannot pass away. In one mosaic Frederic Barharossa lies humbled before Alexander, that haughty pontiff pressing his jewelled foot upon the emperor's neck; historians now believe that Frederic never went farther in humiliation than kissing Alexander's foot. However, the spot is marked upon the pavement by a lozenge of red marble. Here, too, another historical drama was enacted; heroic Dandolo, blind and near a century old, addressed the crusading nobles and knights, in these words: "You are the first gentry in the world banded for the noblest cause, I, a feeble old man, needing rest. But, ill-fitted as my body may be, there is no one who can so well lead you as I, your lord. If you will suffer that I take the cross to watch over and lead you, I will go forth to live and die with you." And there was one shout in reply, "Amen!" But a nobler answer was, that, in storming Constantinople, this old doge was the first to leap ashore, and that the first nomination for emperor was Henry Dandolo.

In this mosaic covered cathedral, I witnessed the benediction of the Austrian emperor by the Catholic archbishop. Thousands of soldiers as well as of citizens filled every part of the vast edifice; delicious music, sometimes plaintive, sometimes jubilant, filled the air; the famous altar blazed with gold and precious stones, only to be seen on great days like this; and there this young ruler knelt down, while the old priest prayed for him and his house; the full choir of priests lifted their chant, and then from voices gathered all over Italy came such melody as angels might have bent to hear.

That evening the three lofty masts in front of St. Mark spread their ancient banners; military music charmed the hours away; a grand illumination brought out in their old splendor the doge's palace and all the government buildings; the young emperor proceeded among a throng of splendidly-dressed officers to the theatre, and the city streets seemed reeling for joy over their just-restored freedom. Alas! that it must come too late. The tyranny of their aristocracy, the servility of their mechanical art, the diversion of the East India trade, the filling up of their ship channel, the steady decrease of commerce, tell the story of the boarded-up palaces on the Grand Canal, and the poverty stricken state of the common people.

The lofty Campanile in front of the cathedral, reaching to a height of three hundred and twenty feet, and occupying more than two centuries in its construction, is made classic by the successful labors of Galileo. But the doge's palace on one side of this noble square impresses one delightfully by the grandeur of its dimensions and the unity of its design. As you ascend the "Giant's Staircase," so called from the colossi Mars and Neptune at its foot, there face you the two lions, within whose bronze lips were dropped such accusations and impeachments as men feared to make openly. Hermetically sealed as they are now, they stand, a true expression of Austrian indifference to the wants of the oppressed. But, passing beneath the glorious frescoes of the Inquisitor's Hall, beyond an apparently unused library, you find yourself looked down upon by the portraits of all the doges save one, Marino Faliero, whom Byron has made immortal. A libeller of himself having been too slightly sentenced by the senators, the incensed old man determined to wreak his unappeased vengeance upon these. But his plot against their lives was detected, and his own head paid the just forfeit; and now his picture, shrouded with black crape, attracts more attention than any other, and were revenge anything but hell-born, might win some pity for his previous nobleness, and the fortitude with which he died.

The famous "Prisons," connected by the "Bridge of Sighs" with this place of trial, were not so dreadful as we expected. No more so than any of the mediæval dungeons. Had they been assigned to none but real criminals, had justice as well as humanity presided over them, instead of systematic cruelty and heartless tyranny, they would never have seemed so terrible; those "leads" of poor Pellico, the garret prisons might have been rather agreeable in the winter season, and far from intolerable in the summer; if the prisons were not chained to one spot, and the windows commanding such fine views of garden and ocean were kept open.

The other churches of Venice follow somewhat the plan of the cathedral, and yet their variety is one of their chief attractions. That of the Jesuits, for instance, whose completion taxed the whole world, even this hemisphere as well as the other, surpasses every other by its curious marbles, the pulpit curtains, the carpet upon the altar stairs, and all the inside walls were of costly and varied colored marble, and so exquisitely wrought that at a little distance the deception was perfect; here, as in St. Mark, lapis lazuli, verd antique, jasper, porphyry, and other stones, which we account precious, were in abundance. Evidently the world had been ransacked to make this unequalled display of a very doubtful taste.

The common invitation of our favorite gondolier, the only boatman who talked French at all, was to see the "bella pittura—multa bella"—the gems of the Venetian school of paintings at the different altars.

Some of Titian's best pieces, I think his first and his last, Tintorettoes in abundance, the most celebrated pieces of Paul Veronese, and many other Italian masters hardly to be seen out of Italy, Salvati, Bellini, Padovanino, Perugino, etc., make a perpetual feast, and attest that overflowing wealth of former days, which attracted these great artists to the spot, in whose embellishment they spent their lives, and amidst whose faded glory their honored dust remains.

The church of the "Frari" deserves special mention. It is the Westminster Abbey of Venice, being crowded with curious monuments to doges and men of genius, some of them ridiculous enough, and all erected at the most lavish expense. One doge, Antonia Bregni, is commemorated by nineteen full length figures in six stories. But the Pesaro monument out does every other in absurdity; bronze skeletons bear up heraldic scrolls, two dragons sustain the coat of arms, and at each corner stands a gigantic Moor, his black skin bursting through the white marble dress at the elbows and the knees. One would think the delicate Parian stone would groan at such profanation. Close beside it is the celebrated tomb of Canova, an inferior copy of one designed by himself at Vienna. Imagine a large pyramid of white marble, at whose open door several emblematic figures—Art, Religion, Charity—are about to enter, bearing the great artist's urn. One other monument, over a Venetian general, delighted me for its simplicity; it was simply a triumphal arch. Titian's tomb was proceeding very slowly, having been commenced in 1845, and nothing of it could be seen, as the work appeared to be suspended, probably was in execution at some private studio, and only to be brought to the church upon its completion.

There is nothing so tiresome and tantalizing as the description of paintings which the reader has no opportunity to see either in the copy or the original. Besides the palaces, which are thrown freely open as far as they are occupied, and which yet contain treasures which even Napoleon could not buy, there are two large public collections; among which I remember, besides an abundance of Flemish paintings not to be noticed in such company, a Magdalen by Titian, and another by Correggio, Raphael's Deposition from the Cross, Murillo's Shepherd, Perugino's Christ Washing the Feet, Caracci's Flight into Egypt, the original Laura and Petrarch, ugly almost to hideousness, Veronese's great Supper piece, and multitudes more of Scripture pieces, alike in the Manfrini Palace and the Academy.

Delightful as it was to glide, without effort, by those marble palaces on the Grand Canal, the Manfrini and Pisanis, the Barberigos and Foscari, the residences of the Duke of Bourbon, Madame Taglioni, the Infanta of Spain, the Queen of Cyprus, etc., each different from the rest, and all in the ornamented Byzantine style, I could understand why some Americans had warned me against Venice, so sad was the dilapidation and so frequent the desertion in the wealthiest parts of the city. Rough boards closed many an unvisited window, mean garments hung on many a balustrade to dry. It is splendid misery, grandeur in rags, a mocking ghost of past renown. No argosies now are bound "for Lisbon, Barbary and Ind." No princely merchants meet now on the Rialto. I found one Jew broker near where Shylock may have stood. Though the last defences of the city was the noblest thing the present Italy has done, the people seem to hug the gilded chains of Austrian despotism. Austrian guards swarm, and police regulations exceed even the usual enormity of that old tyranny. We felt tongue-tied; a few free words would have stopped our sight-seeing at once, and hurried us, if not to prison, away from Austrian Italy.

Lady Morgan tells a story, too good to be forgotten, of the free Armenian press here. "Can I print anything I like?" said she, to the director. "Certainly, anything for your ladyship." "But may I say what I please of the emperor?" "Of course, not that." "But may I abuse the pope?" "O, by no means." "Then I may write as I like about the grand signior?" "Worse and worse, madam; he is too powerful." Such is a picture of Italian liberty generally, even to-day. No wonder that the arts languish; it is a wonder they are not dead. No wonder that the population decreases, the channels choke up, the nobility hide their heads, gaiety seems forced and hilarity unnatural, and even religion has shrivelled into a ghostly form!



A DOMESTIC PARTY IN BOSTON, IN 1776.

A DOMESTIC PARTY IN BOSTON IN 1776.

The engraving which we give above is from a design by Mr. Champney, and carries us back three quarters of a century into the inner domestic life of our great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers, to the days of refined elegance, liberal hospitality, and polished manners, of respect for age, of chivalrous devotion to woman,—in a word, to the era of old fogydom. But it is impossible to smile at the fashions of the old school, associated as they are with so much that was high-toned, refined, generous and noble. Powdered hair and prim earlocks do not provoke a smile when we remember they were worn by Washington, and Knox, and Hamilton, and Lincoln, and Schuyler. Stiff brocaded petticoats, and long pointed waists, and curious head gear, acquired a sort of respectability, from the fact that they were worn by the ladies of the Republican Court. A party in the olden time, as sketched by our artist, was a somewhat different affair from a party in these days. It was not considered a *sine qua non* that more guests should be invited than the drawing and dressing-rooms and staircases could possibly hold. Neither did guests arrive at eleven or twelve. In fact, an old school party broke up just about the time that the moderns assemble. Perhaps it was owing to the reasonable hours they kept that the belles of those days enjoyed a long period of bloom, and gradually, very gradually ripened, than faded into the freshest, cheeriest and kindest of old ladies. And the men of the revolutionary era; where are we to look for their counterparts now a-days? Where do we

see the octogenarian vigor that used to display itself in the last century? We have now feeble senility tricking itself in the garb of youth; fashionable old men with black wigs and dyed mustachios, taking lessons in the polka and the German, throwing bouquets to danseuses, and piping bravo and brava at the Italian opera. Perhaps the irreverent tendency of the times to disregard old age as slow has prompted these insane endeavors at its annihilation.

A DOMESTIC PARTY IN BOSTON IN 1855.

Mr. Champney has given us the engraving below as a companion piece to the first picture on this page, in the shape of a modern fashionable party of the present day. The contrast is sufficiently striking. Woman is still the cynosure of all eyes, and receives as much homage, at least, externally as of yore. The actors and actresses in the drama of life have the same passions, emotions, hopes and fears, as their ancestors, exaggerated only, perhaps, but they have changed their costumes and surroundings. Hair powder has gone out and mustachios have come in. As the nether limbs of beaux have diminished in size, the garments that encase them have become ampler. The stately manners of the last century have given way to a freer and easier social style. Children who are admitted to parties dare now to speak before they are spoken to. There is no particular virtue in shutting the door after you, the omission of which was once a deadly sin, because our homes are all heated by hot air or hot water. But there are no draughts,

there are no firesides. Once upon a time, to regulate the vast walnut fire required a nerve equal to that of Shadrach, Meshech and Ahednego. Then, if gaslight is not quite so favorable to a fading beauty as is spermaceti, you are spared the agony of dancing between lustres shedding streams of grease upon your shoulders and sleeves. Our artist has shown us one of the more decorous parties of our Athenian city; he has shrunk from the task of following the howadji into Mrs. Potiphar's supper-room, nor has he dared to depict the blinking dowagers sitting in the "wee sma' hours" of the morning, waiting the descent of damsels, who are whirling like so many dancing dervishes in the ball-room to the bewildering, the maddening strains of Strauss and Jullien. We have indeed a social gathering which would be pronounced "slow" by the amateurs of the exceedingly fast style of entertainments which of late years has been so successfully introduced by the *nouveaux riches*. Some of the most expensive parties given by the wealthy of our great cities are the least attractive. Where the primary object of the host is to assemble the greatest crowd possible, there can be little chance of rational enjoyment. Even the lavish sums expended on flowers, music and the table are thrown away. "Confusion worse confounded" reigns. Everybody is glad when the fete is over, and the host and hostess, exhausted by the fatigues of the social campaign, retire to dream over ruined carpets, broken mirrors, torn hangings and shattered glass, miseries incurred to gain an eclat which will, perhaps, be eclipsed by a grander display on the part of some pertinacious rival.



A DOMESTIC PARTY IN BOSTON, IN 1855.



ALGER'S IRON FOUNDRY, FROM SOUTH BOSTON BRIDGE.

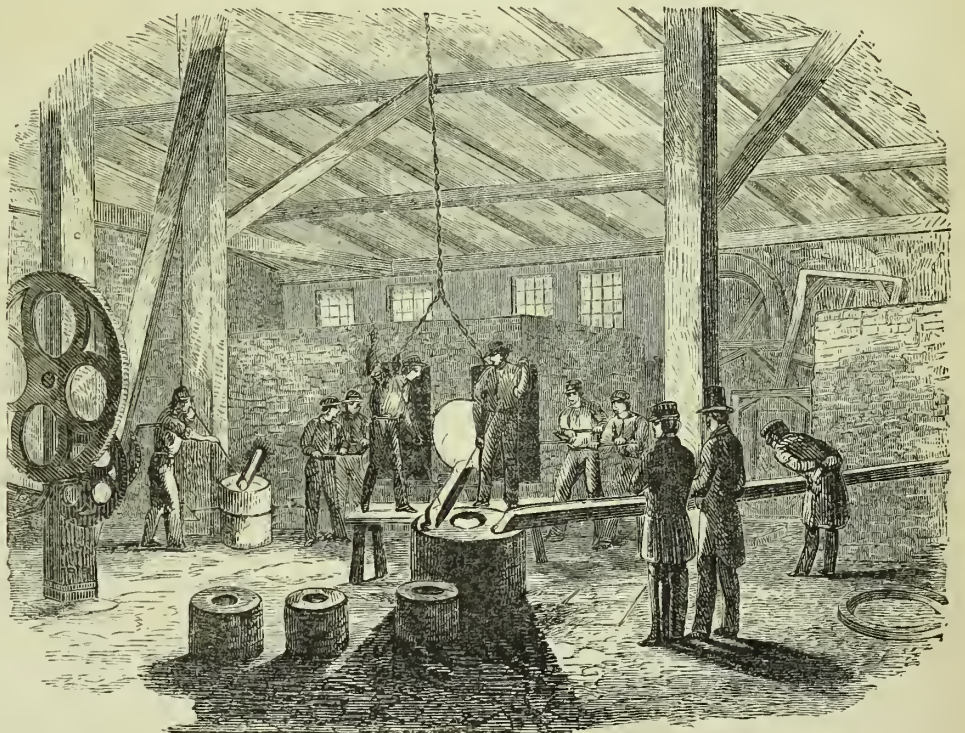
ALGER'S FOUNDRY, SOUTH BOSTON.

The stranger, who passes over the new bridge that leads to South Boston, observing objects of interest on his way, cannot fail to note a very large pile of buildings on his right, with huge chimneys constantly emitting smoke, and premises reaching to the water on one side and to the street upon the other. This establishment is an extensive foundry, known everywhere as "Alger's," and the general exterior aspect of it, as alluded to above, is admirably represented in the first of our series of designs, by the faithful and elegant pencil of William Warren. The second view takes us into the Cyclopean interior of the casting house, where bold and practised hands are taking the initiative steps in forging the "thunderbolts of war." The huge furnaces, with their intolerable heat, have reduced the hard metal of which cannon are composed, to a state of fusion, and it is now almost as fluid as water. The fiery streams are conducted into moulds and the metal, after being suffered to cool completely, an operation which requires some time, is subjected to the nice process of boring and finishing; after which their accuracy and strength are severely tested, and if they sustain the ordeal, the completed and proved cannon become the armament of ships of war and of land batteries. The third engraving presents an exterior view of the casting house. The present establishment, which comprises the South Boston Iron Company's Works, owes its origin and present extent to the enterprise of Mr. Cyrus Alger, who came from Bridgewater in 1809, and commenced business in company with General Winston, near the foot of Dorchester Street, in a small furnace employing about ten men, and melting nearly two hundred and fifty tons per annum. On a dissolution of the partnership, Mr. Alger removed to a new site, nearly opposite to his present residence on Fourth Street. Here he continued until 1827, when the present company received a charter from the State, incorporating Messrs. Cyrus Alger, W. H. Howard, Caleb Reed, George Thatcher and others, under the title of the *South Boston Iron Company*, and who purchased the present location of the works, which then included all the flats and wharves lying west of Foundry Street, between the two bridges, although it has since been reduced by sales to various parties to about four and one-half acres. The works comprise a foundry building of about three hundred and twenty five by one hundred feet, a machine and smith shop two hundred by fifty feet, brass foundry, ware and pattern houses—making a continuous range of buildings two stories high and over four hundred feet long by forty feet in

width, built in the most thorough manner. About two hundred and seventy five men are employed in all departments, and nearly 2500 tons of coal and from 3000 to 4000 tons of iron are used annually in the manufacturing of great varieties of iron castings, furnished for the construction and repairs of railroads, mills and engines. The great variety of patterns for machinery of all descriptions, makes this establishment one of the most complete in the United States, and enables the millwrights and engineers to plan and finish their work with the least outlay for expensive models. Since 1830, the manufacture of ordnance for the United States has been a large branch of their business. Guns of all sizes and calibres, from swivels of one inch bore, weighing 50 pounds, to a Columbiad of twelve inch bore and weighing 25,500 pounds, have been here manufactured, equal in quality of material and accuracy of finish to the

best of other countries. At present they are executing an extensive order for heavy guns intended to arm the steam frigates now building at the different navy yards. These guns, designed by Lt. Dahlgren, of the navy, are of peculiar form and are intended to command a range exceeding the ordinary armament of seventy-fours, and must give to the frigates under ordinary circumstances, a marked superiority over all others of their class. There are also being made Columbiads of eight and ten inch bore, designed for the defence of our harbors, which will be formidable obstacles to the entrance by sea of an enemy, however powerful and determined he may be. Mr. Alger, besides being the active manager of this large foundry, has erected a large forge, where steam boat cranks and shafts are made, under a powerful steam-hammer of 6000 pounds weight, while rolls and smaller hammers reduce blocks

till the close of that century. The name of cannon is derived from the French word *canne*, signifying a reed. The first cannon were made of wooden tubes wrapped in linen and hooped with iron. They were conical in form, the muzzle being the widest part. Afterwards they became cylindrical. The first iron guns were made of bars, and hooped with iron like a bucket. Between 1620 and 1632 the Swedes made use of lead cannon, lined with tubes of wood or copper, and secured by iron rings on the outside. In 1740, cannon made of iron were fired at St. Petersburg, projecting balls of great weight without injury to the pieces. In the early part of the 16th century, Maurice of Switzerland discovered a method of casting cannon whole and boring them so as to draw out the interior in a single piece. A kind of breech-loading cannon was invented by Daniel Spekle during the same century. In the garden of the Palais Royal at Paris, there is a gun over the touch-hole of which a burning glass is suspended at such an angle that when the sun reaches meridian, its concentrated rays set fire to the priming and the piece explodes. Half the watches in Paris are set by this cannon clock. When first introduced, it was customary to give a name to every cannon. Louis XII. gave the names of the twelve peers of France to twelve pieces which he had cast for him. Charles V. had twelve, which he called the "twelve apostles." A sixty-pounder at Dover Castle is facetiously called "Queen Elizabeth's pocket pistol," and it is a popular belief that it can send a ball across the channel. An eighty-pound piece at Berlin is called the "Thunderer," one at Malaga the "Terrible," and two sixty-pounders at Bremen were entitled "Messengers of bad news." Afterwards individual names were abolished, and guns were classed according to their calibre, as cannon royal or carhouns, culverins, demi-culverins, sakers, basilisks, serpentes, dragons, sirens, falconets, moyens and rabinets, the latter carrying only 16-ounce balls. To make good castings of cannon or any other objects in iron or bronze, requires a very considerable amount of skill. Metals which melt at temperatures above ignition, are cast in moulds of sand, that being preferred which has a sufficient portion of argillaceous matter to render it moderately cohesive when in a damp state. The mould is made by burying in the sand a wooden pattern of the exact shape and size of the article to be cast. The sand is most commonly enclosed in square wooden frames, called flasks, resembling boxes, open at the top and bottom. Sometimes, articles of simple forms, such as wheels,



CASTING CANNON AT ALGER'S FOUNDRY.

and bars of ugly forms to axles, shafts and anchors of all sizes. Of the formidable weapon to the manufacture of which Mr. Alger has devoted so much time, labor and capital, a few words may not be inappropriate. The invention of cannon has been attributed by some to the Chinese and by some to the Arabs. It is said that cannon are extant in China to this day, that were made within the first century after the birth of Christ. In the latter part of the seventh century they were made known to the Greek emperor Constantine Pogonatus. It is said that Solomon, king of Hungary, used bombards at the siege of Belgrade in 1073. They were certainly, however, used in Europe about the middle of the 14th century. In the beginning of the next century, nearly all the countries of Europe were supplied with cannon, with the exception of Russia, who did not commence the manufacture of them

are cast in the sand on the floor of the foundry. When, however, the pattern is of a peculiar or complicated form, two flasks are necessary, having half the mould formed in each. White or burned sand is sprinkled over the surface to prevent the two flasks from adhering, after an impression of one half the pattern has been taken in each flask. When the two flasks are brought together, pins with corresponding holes having been made to ensure the exact fitting of the two parts, the molten liquid is poured in through one or more holes left for its admission and for the escape of steam and air. The metal for small articles is usually dipped up by iron ladles coated with clay. Cannon balls are sometimes cast in a mould made of iron, and, to prevent the metal from adhering, the interior of the mould is covered with powdered black lead. Rollers for flattening iron are cast also in iron cases; the method is called chill casting, and its purpose is to harden the surface of the iron, an object which is thus secured. These rollers are afterwards turned smooth in a powerful lathe, which has a slow motion, that the cutting tool may not be heated by the friction. Another kind of casting which requires great dexterity is that of making bronze statues. This is not performed at Mr. Alger's foundry, and we merely allude to it incidentally as connected with the subject. Statues intended for exposed situations are usually cast in bronze, a material which resists not only mechanical injuries but the decay produced by atmospheric influences. One of the most successful castings of bronze undertaken in this country, was that of Mills's equestrian statue of General Jackson, now erected at Washington. The moulds in which bronze statues are cast, are made on the pattern or model, out of plaster of Paris and brickdust. The parts of this mould are covered on the inside with a coating of clay as thick as the bronze is intended to be. The mould is then closed and filled on the inside with a nucleus or core of plaster and brickdust, mixed with water. When this is done the mould is opened and the clay carefully removed. The mould with its core is then carefully and thoroughly dried, and the core secured in its central position by short bars of bronze which pass through it and the external part of the mould. The whole is then bound with iron hoops, and when placed in a proper position for casting, the melted bronze is poured in through an aperture left for the purpose. The fluid metal fills the same space that was before occupied by the clay, entering into every cavity and indentation of the mould, and giving a perfect copy of the original model.



EXTERIOR VIEW OF CASTING HOUSE, ALGER'S FOUNDRY.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE BRAVE COMMODORE.

[DEDICATED TO COMMODORE ISAAC MAYO.]

[The following lines were written on board the Constitution by one of her officers. The frigate was homeward bound, but when within 300 miles of her port of entry, Portsmouth, N. H., her commander received some American papers, recounting the Cuban difficulties, and the prospect of a war with Spain, whereupon he immediately bore away for the Gulf, and all the preparations incidental to getting a man-of-war ready for action were made without delay, as detailed in the poem. The frigate was off Cuba on the 1st of May—the night of the eclipse. The non-nautical reader is reminded that the "hulk-heads" referred to are equivalent to the interior walls and partitions of a house on shore.]

The stars and stripes are floating
Around green Cuba's wave!
The life and drum are beating
To quarters all the brave!
The Frigate Constitution
Is on the sea again,
All cleared for dreadful action,
Upon the bloody main!

Our martial band is playing
Our Hail Columbia hymn!
The earth, its shadow throwing
Upon the moon, 'tis dim!
And blood red is their color,
And doomed is their estate;
And terrible their dolor,
Who tempt the just and great!

Our commodore has taken
His cabin bulk-heads down;
He's like an eagle flying,
Through heavens of renown!
Our fathers sailed the ocean,
To fight in freedom's night!
The world is in commotion,
And we are armed for right—
The Lord of Hosts is with his saints
In every holy fight!

J. C. N.

THE STAR OF THE HAREM.

BY MATURIN M. BALLOU.

CONSTANTINOPLE! what a crowd of oriental images throng before the mind's eye at the bare mention of this beautiful city of the East, with its curiously mingled population; the crafty Jew, the quiet Armenian, and the haughty Mussulman, each with his varied and peculiar costume; with its hundreds of mosques all capped with golden minarets, its seraglio gardens, its closely-guarded harems, and above all its matchless Bosphorus, its bosom covered by the curiously-rigged crafts of this section of the globe, bearing the flags of Palestine, and the far East.

There is a beauty connected with this gem of the Orient that does not inspire the traveller on entering the older cities of Europe; in them he is interested from the historical lore that he has stored in his memory while yet a child, but this fairest metropolis of the Mahomets is still a living picture of all that fires the imagination of the curious traveller. It is not a pile of ancient classic ruins that attracts him, but the present belongings of a strange and peculiar city, with realities of beauty and wealth that rival fairy tales.

It was twilight in the East, and its golden hues glanced athwart the sky that arched above the glassy Sea of Marmora, while the rising moon, just tipping the golden crescents of the mosques, silvered the light waves of the Bosphorus. Near its banks at this hour sat a couple of turbaned youths, dressed in the loose male attire of the Armenian people. On a near approach it was easy to discover that one was a female evidently seeking to disguise her sex, the youth by her side being her lover, to meet whom alone she had hazarded this exposure by the water's side.

"Ah, dearest Zillah, would that we had been born far beyond the sea from whence comes yonder noble ship with those stars dotting her azure flag, for in America I am told, that religious belief is no bar to the union of hearts."

"Nor should it be here, Al Hassan," replied the gentle girl by his side, "did our noble Sultan understand the best good of his people; may the prophet open his eyes!"

"Though I love thee, Zillah, far beyond all else on earth, yet can I not abjure my religion for thy sake, for at best we can be here but a short time only, and if I was unfaithful in my holy creed, then I could no longer hope as I do now to meet thee, let what may betide us, in paradise."

"And thus, Al Hassan, are you doubly true to me, for though my father has educated me in the studied rules of Mussulman faith, yet I am far from heeding such minutiae as would entitle me to bear the name of a bigot; no, no; I love you the more that you are true to your religion."

Zillah was a child in years; sixteen summers had not yet developed their power in her slight but beautiful form, and yet it was rounded so nearly to perfection, so slightly and gracefully full, as to captivate the most fastidious eye. Her face was classically beautiful, with a Grecian cast of features, and eyes that were almost too large and too brilliant. The acknowledged children of the Turks can hardly escape being lovely in personal attractions, for their parent who becomes the favorite, is the chosen beauty of the harem, selected from out a host of Georgian or Circassian slaves, any one of whom would form a worthy subject for the artist's model. And such was Zillah's mother—a Circassian by birth; she had been brought by a Trebizond slave ship to Constantinople, and purchased by her father, the richest bey in the Turkish metropolis.

Al Hassan was a young Armenian merchant, of rich parents and good family. By some chance he had met Zillah, and done her an important service at imminent risk to himself, by saving her from the deep river that encircles the city. A caïque in which

she was crossing, having by some mischance overturned while he was near the spot, he sprang into the water, and swam with her to the shore. With the suddenness of oriental passion, they loved at once, but their after-intercourse was necessarily in secret, since they knew full well that the bey would at once punish them both if he discovered them, for how could a Mussulman tolerate an Armenian?

Al Hassan was well calculated to captivate the fancy of Zillah. He was four years her senior, well formed, and bearing a countenance which, besides being remarkably handsome, was truly intellectual in its expression. Though young, he seemed to possess many years of experience, and an unflinching steadiness of purpose, which together formed a character that Zillah not only loved most dearly, but respected. Al Hassan had travelled much already in his business, and had improved opportunities for acquiring knowledge, which rendered him in advance of many of those who were about him; besides which he seemed to avoid by instinct the growing vices of his people and the Mussulman.

Zillah and Al Hassan had often met as we have described, but always with the utmost caution; for the close watch and restraint enforced upon the women of Constantinople is proverbial even with us in America, and indeed, the females themselves seem fully to approve of their veiled customs, inasmuch as it is rarely the case that they voluntarily depart from them. But this was an instance when the heart claimed sway, and breaking through all the restraint of forms, sought the object of its devotion, nearly heedless of the risk, or the cost of detection. But at last Zillah was discovered by her father, the bey, to be absent from the harem. None knew whither she had gone, nor how she had escaped; but the father's suspicions were aroused, and ever after, so strict was the watch that was kept over her, she found it impossible to escape even for a moment, and of course to communicate with the young Armenian in any other way, was out of the question. Thus rendered miserable, "The Star of the Harem," as Zillah was called, grew sick, and paler and paler each day, until the old bey, now thoroughly aroused, was extremely anxious lest she would be taken to the prophet's bosom. The best sages and doctors to be found, were summoned, and constantly attended the drooping flower, but alas, to no avail; their art was not cunning enough to discover the true cause, nor would she tell it; but knowing the hopeless character of her love, she nursed it in secret, and kept, ah, sadly kept, the secret locked fast within her breast.

The cold-hearted old bey never dreamed of the true cause of her illness. True, he had suspected her of being too unguarded in her habits, and had laid restrictions upon her as to the liberty that should be permitted for her enjoyment; but as for disappointment in love being a cause sufficient to wither the beauty and health of his child, the cool, calculating old Turk could realize no such thing. In vain were all the remedies prescribed by the physicians that attended her, and at last the father, who really loved his child, perhaps the only being on earth that had ever engendered an honest affection in his heart, determined to seek the confidence of Zillah. He entered the gorgeously furnished apartments of the harem, and seating himself on a rich divan of satin, he tenderly drew his child towards him.

Zillah loved her father, and at this unusual token of kindness from him, tears flooded her eyes and cheeks, and she buried her face in his broad mantle, and wept aloud.

"My child," said the old bey, encircling her slender waist with his arm, "tell me the true cause of thy sickness. Surely you must know what robs thy cheek of its color, thine eye of its brilliancy, and thy form of its strength. Speak, Zillah, as you would open your heart to the prophet."

"Ah, father, let me die in peace, since I know full well how hopeless is my malady; I love thee, and do not complain."

"Nay, Zillah, my child," said the bey, earnestly, "tell me what this secret is—I charge you in the name of the prophet."

The eyes of the beautiful girl sought the rich carpet, and a gentle blush stole across her pale face beneath her now almost transparent skin, and thus she mused for a single moment.

"Speak, my child, speak!" said the bey, reading the half-formed resolution in her expressive face.

"Yes, I will reveal to you the truth, my father. You remember the youth who saved me from a watery grave?"

"That youth; what of him, Zillah?"

"Father," she whispered, "I love him."

"What, Zillah, thou lovest a Christian, a vile Armenian?"

"I have spoken," said Zillah, modestly.

The bey knew his daughter to be fixed in her feelings, and that all his rage was only thrown away. She frankly told him that she could never be happy unless the young Armenian, Al Hassan, was her husband. The embarrassment of the Mussulman was great in this dilemma. He had recourse to the most eminent physicians to know if a malady caused by love could ever prove fatal. They assured him that this had frequently been the case, and that his daughter was in a most critical situation. All this rendered him quite miserable, for he could not for a moment entertain the idea of his child's becoming the wife of one of that most hated Christian race. Besides, the laws prohibited such inter-marriages in the most positive and decided manner, affixing the most fearful penalties to a digression from the rule established. He thought long, and smoked many pipes over the matter, coming at last to the conclusion that there was but one way both to save his child and to respect the laws, and his plan of action was accordingly formed in his own mind.

He repaired to the young Armenian's shop, and purchased some rich goods, directing that the proprietor, Al Hassan, should see them delivered at his palace, and be there in person to receive his pay.

The terms of the bargain were strictly adhered to, and the young

merchant attended upon the delivery of the purchase in person. He received full pay for his goods, and a rich present besides, with a message that if he would follow the slave who gave them to him, he should be conducted into the presence of the bey, who would be happy to receive so reputable a merchant. Al Hassan followed the messenger through several winding passages, until at last they stopped short, and suddenly, when the slave threw open a secret door, and the astonished Armenian found himself within the sacred precincts of the bey's harem, and within a few steps of Zillah herself. His wonder soon gave way to the joy of meeting her whom he loved so dearly, and in spite of all penalty, the two were the next moment embraced in each other's arms! The emotion of the gentle Zillah was too much for her debilitated strength, and she fainted. Al Hassan laid her upon the rich divans, yielding her to the host of attendants that thronged to her side.

At this moment the wily Turk entered, and with well feigned surprise declared that the Armenian had profaned his harem, at the same time sternly ordering his slaves to seize and confine him in the keep of the palace. But his stratagem was too shallow to deceive. Al Hassan, as he was being conducted away, turned and said:

"Think not that I am deceived by this hollow pretence; for I know full well your object in thus betraying me."

"Be this as it may, young man," replied the Turk, "there remains but one mode for you to escape from death. By virtue of the laws, you must now embrace the Mahommedan faith, and marry my child, or your life is forfeit."

"There is a God in heaven!" replied Al Hassan, as they hurried him away to the gloomy keep.

A week passed by, and still was the young merchant confined in the keep. Each morning a slave appeared before him, stating that if he were prepared to comply with the laws, he should be released; if not, a few more days would seal his fate. The old Turk thought that Al Hassan thus pressed, would finally yield and choose to renounce his faith rather than to die; but he knew not the sustaining and actuating motive of this Christian captive, whose answer was still unchanged. At last the bey sent for him to appear before him.

"Do you still adhere to your dogged purpose?" he asked.

"I have spoken," replied the Armenian.

"And dost prefer death to a life of peace with Zillah?"

"Ah, deeply, severely am I tried," said Al Hassan; "no torture could make me acknowledge so much, for as the apple of mine eye do I love thy daughter, cruel bey."

"The choice is with yourself; life with her, or a fearful death."

There was a momentary struggle in the Armenian's mind—for but a moment did he hesitate and pause to consider.

"Speak for the last time," said the bey, "ere I hand thee over to the mercies of the criminal tribunal."

"My trust is in Heaven," said the Armenian, calmly.

"Enough," said the Turk, "bear him away to the court."

And Al Hassan was led like a traitor or a felon before the cruel judges whose words were fate, and who were actuated by all the prejudices of their countrymen against the hated sect to which he belonged, but he was innocent and knew no fear.

Boldly and without hesitation did the bey charge him before the tribunal, of profaning his harem—a crime whose penalty as all Constantinople knew, was death, unless the culprit became at once a follower of the prophet, and in an instance like the present, married the female.

The Armenian commenced his defence in a bold and manly strain. He confessed at once his deep, unchanging love for the beautiful Zillah, and acknowledged the charge preferred against him, of being found in the harem. But he showed also how he came there; that it was by treachery and design on the part of the slaves that conducted him thither.

These were sent for and examined, and the Turkish tribunal were forced to acknowledge in their own hearts that Al Hassan was innocent. But he was found in the harem; no matter how he came there; he was a Christian, and the law provided for such cases was imperative. He was condemned to be beheaded.

"Is there no hope?" cried the half-distracted Zillah to the judges—"must he die because he is a Christian?"

"There is no alternative for us, my child," said the chief judge; "we are but the agents of the law—its humble servants."

"The Sultan! the Sultan!" cried Zillah, as if a new thought had possessed her, at the same time leaving the hall of justice.

She sought the palace of the "brother of the sun," and regardless of all ceremony, threw herself at his feet. She related in most eloquent terms the true state of the affair that so nearly affected her. She told the Sultan, too, of the part her father had acted, but with all delicacy and consideration, and with her earnest but simple and true tale, engaged and interested the monarch. He sent at once for the judges, and listened attentively to their version of the affair, also receiving from them a recommendation of mercy. The Sultan turned his face towards the east, and for a moment seemed lost in prayer. Then Al Hassan was ordered before him.

"Thou lovest the bey's daughter as truly as she doth thee?"

"I have long loved her thus truly, noble Sultan."

"And thou, Zillah, dost love the Armenian, and wouldst thou become his wife?"

"O, noble Sultan, it is the only wish of my heart ungratified."

"If I err, the prophet forgive me," said the monarch, again bowing his head towards the east; "rise and go hence; you are from this hour married to each other, and may the prophet open the eyes of all unbelievers!"

Under such countenance as this, none dared to complain, and the happy Zillah and Al Hassan would not have changed their lot for an accepted Peri's place in Mahomet's Paradise.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TRUST IN GOD.

BY ESTHER D. STRATTON.

["This little fellow," said Martin Luther, of a bird going to rest, "has chosen his shelter, and is quietly rocking himself to sleep, without a care for to-morrow's lodging, calmly biding to his little twig, and leaving God to think for him."]

Yes, the little birds find shelter,
And hum their evening prayer,
And close their weary eyelids,
Without a thought of care.
They droop their glossy heads
Mid the feathers on their breast,
And leaving God to watch them,
Thus sweetly fall to rest.

Dear cherished little sleepers,
Their merry song is still—
No care for morrow's lodging,
Their gentle bosoms fill
Guardian angels round them,
Watch with a silver rod,
For they've left their every sorrow
All in the care of God.

And if birds so trust our Father,
Who giveth them a home,
Why should our hearts murmur
When evil shadows come?
If God will feed the raven,
And think for all the birds,
Will he not love his children,
And listen to their words?

Ay! let us trust His goodness,
His promise and his love,
And, like the birds, be happy
With his blessing from above.
Have not a thought of trouble,
While future paths are trod,
But keep our hearts from evil,
And leave our care with God.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

LOYALTY OR LOVE.

A TALE OF THE FIRST FAMILIES OF VIRGINIA.*

BY BEN. PERLEY POORE.

IN the autumn of 1674, the present site of Richmond was divided into two plantations, belonging to Colonel Byrd and Nathaniel Bacon, the mansion of the latter standing upon what is now called Shockoe's Hill. It was one of those fine old mansions patterned after the baronial halls of old England, and since unequalled upon this continent. A spacious hall, decked with portraits, large parlors with furniture of carved oak, a dining-hall where a hattalion could banquet, and a library with a bow window commanding a prospect of picturesque magnificence, especially when autumn has touched the foliage with his magic pencil. The bright scarlet of the maple, the deep crimson of the dogwood, the mellow brown of the ash, and the lively yellow of the chestnut, contrasted strikingly with the deep evergreen of the cedar, pine and hemlock, scattered through the forests. Below, the river foamed over its rocky bed, to spread out into a lake-like sheet, and was dotted with small islands, whose shadows reach far down into the earth-tinted tide.

Nathaniel Bacon, the master of the establishment, was a hale and handsome man, with a thick black monstache, clear black eyes, and a florid complexion. Educated in England during the convulsive struggles between the throne and the parliament, he believed that popular rights were equal, at least, to royal sway. Not so his sister Henrietta, who had passed a winter with the governor's family at Jamestown, where she had learned to reverence "the right divine" of her sovereign. Her age at this time was about eighteen, and although her form was not what the voluptuary would have called perfect, or her face one that a sculptor would have selected as a model, yet there was a winning expression in her eyes and a grace in her movements that enabled her to charm all who knew her.

At the time when our story commences, she had just opened a letter, from which a printed packet fell to the floor.

"Here, brother Nat," said she, "is one of his excellency's letters to the privy council, sent back in good London print. Will you read it?"

Bacon took the document, but as he read it a flush came over his cheek. At length he exclaimed, in an angry tone:

"Hear how Governor Berkley closes his account of us.

"I thank God there are no free schools nor printing, and I hope we shall not have these hundred years; for learning has brought disobedience, and heresy, and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them, and libels against the best government; God keep us from both!"

"Excellent, I declare!" said the fair loyalist.

"Excellent! Do you call that excellent, girl? Why, I have half a mind to sell my plantation and remove to the North."

"Ah, brother Nat, you would have your nose frozen off; even if you only go among the Manhattan Dutchmen, and—"

Here the laughing girl was interrupted by the entrance of a stranger, who presented a letter to Mr. Bacon. Glancing at the exterior, he introduced the new comer to his sister as Mr. Rupert Wythley, of Accomac, and breaking the seal, read the contents.

"I am happy to see you," said he, when he had perused the epistle, "and regret much to hear of the course of the governor

in disbanding the volunteers. Can it be possible that at this time, when the yell of the savage resounds through our woods, Virginians must retire to their plantations, there to remain until they are scalped?"

"Ah, I am glad to hear you talk so," replied Rupert Wythley, "for I have come expressly to request your acceptance of the commission of general. Here it is, signed by over five hundred as brave men as there is on this continent."

"You surely are not asking my brother to take up arms against Governor Berkley's will?" said Henrietta, with a smile.

"Nay, miss; but the country is in danger," said the young man, who already had begun to admire the fair Henrietta.

"It is a grave question," remarked Mr. Bacon, "and I must ponder over it; meanwhile, my sister will escort you to the falls, and to the rock where Pocahontas preserved the life of Captain Smith. At dinner time I will give you my answer."

Rupert Wythley was a wealthy young planter near Jamestown, who, with a well proportioned person and a manly countenance, possessed a noble heart and cultivated intellect. His ideas of female excellence had been formed upon an ideal model of perfection, in which he had blended the accomplishments of all the heroines of poetry and romance. Vain had been his search hitherto, but ere he had been long with Henrietta, he imagined, if her qualities of mind corresponded to her personal charms, he had, at length, found the *beau ideal* of female perfection.

Meanwhile, her brother had been sorely troubled at heart by the invitation to lead his fellow-citizens. Like every true Virginian, he felt that the country was in danger; for death was ravaging the land under the hideous forms of savage cruelty. The force out under Captain John Washington had proved entirely insufficient, yet the governor, instead of adding to it, had rebuked them for killing a party of chiefs, because it injured the beaver trade, of which he held a monopoly. That an armed resistance to the Indians was necessary, he did not doubt, but the thought of rising in arms against the will of the king's governor rather staggered him.

"At any rate," said he, to Wythley, as they sat enjoying their wine after dinner, "I will go to Jamestown, and see how matters stand. Let the news reach me that a single white man has been harmed by the savages, and I will lead you on to vengeance, commission or no commission."

A long storm, at the conclusion of which the fords were impassable, detained Rupert Wythley a week with the Bacons. He well improved the time, for, ere he left, Henrietta acknowledged that she was not disinclined to treasure up the rich harvest of affection which he laid at her feet. Nay, she was rather disposed to become more republican in her feelings, and to admit that Virginians might be capable of self-government.

Weeks passed, and in vain did Nathaniel Bacon urge Governor Berkley to abandon his scheme of detached forts, and authorize a volunteer force of riflemen. At last he left Jamestown in despair, and, ere going home, paid a visit to Henrico, where the sharpshooters were encamped, unappalled by the edicts of the governor commanding them to disperse. The men soon went on parade, under the command of Rupert Wythley; but ere he had heard the reports of sergeants, a horseman approached at full gallop. Riding up in front of the line, he checked his foaming steed, and shouted:

"The savages are at the falls of James River, killing and plundering. Turn out! Turn out!"

"Where are they?" asked Bacon, pale with apprehension.

"They first killed all at the mills, and then camped around Bacon's house on the hill. They say it is Powhatan's council-ground, and no white man shall possess it."

"And Miss Bacon?" eagerly inquired Wythley.

"I heard they'd got a white gal prisoner, and meant to torture her, in a few days, at a grand war dance."

"Bacon," exclaimed Wythley, "do you now hesitate?"

"No! no!" Then raising his voice until it rung in trumpet-tones over the field, he continued: "Virginians, forgive my hesitation. Now, that my own home is desolate, can I ask you to follow me, to the rescue of a loved sister?"

A loud shout of "lead on!" made the hearts of Bacon and Wythley beat high again, nor was it many hours ere the force was in motion. A braver set of men never hastened to the fray.

The sun had sat in clouds behind the Blue Ridge, and the woods grew dim, as the Virginians approached the house of their general. Scouts, who had been sent in advance to reconnoitre, reported that there was an entrenchment around the house, within which a huge council-fire had been lighted exactly at sunset. It was evident no time was to be lost. The mounted cavaliers, under the command of Wythley, were ordered to sweep around to the right, while General Bacon led the bulk of the force directly up the hill, against the frowning, silent breastwork.

On they moved, with cautious tread, uncertain as to whether their coming was known to the entrenched foe. But when they were within about twenty paces of the breastwork, there came along from its whole front a cloud of arrows, making many a brave man hite the dust. The scene which followed is described as one of deadly warfare, for no sooner had the Virginians reached the breastwork than a yell was given, and the rude terrace swarmed with painted warriors, each bearing in his left hand a blazing pine torch, and in his right a war club. Springing into the midst of their assailants, the savages dealt their murderous blows on all sides, often thrusting their burning torches into the faces of the whites, who could not use their fire-arms, so close was the encounter.

"Sound a retreat!" shouted General Bacon; and in obedience to the brazen trumpets, his men fell back. At that moment, the cavaliers under Wythley charged through the savages, and when

they had passed, the infantry, hastily formed into line, passed in murderous volleys. Again the cavaliers mowed off a swarth of the now discomfited savages, again a storm of iron hail swept through their painted ranks, and then, with a cheer, the entrenchment was stormed. At the head of those who first entered the breastwork, fighting like a very demon, was Rupert Wythley, and at the door of the old mansion, as he rode up to it, with a heavy heart, he saw his own Henrietta.

"Safe! safe! Thank God, she is safe!" he shouted, and in an instant he had reached her side, and she was clasped to his heart.

Our limits will not permit us to portray the story of her imprisonment, as she narrated it that night around the family hearthstone. Destined for a sacrifice, she had been carefully treated, and allowed the unmolested liberty of her own room. But that night was to have witnessed her immolation. A Divine Providence had nerved her heart, though escape appeared impossible, and she was already summoned to the burning pile when a scout gave the alarm-cry. Then, by the light of the torches, she plainly witnessed the fray, imploring, upon her knees before the window, that a heavenly arm would sustain those whom she loved so well.

Morning dawned, and a horrible scene presented itself around the house. There—where St. John's Church now stands—lay mangled corpses in the stiff attitudes of death, and the stream near by was tinged with life-blood. The wounded were cared for, the dead interred, and by dinner time the horrors of "grim visaged war" no longer met the eye. The last council-fire of the Indian race at James River Fall was extinguished, and the few surviving descendants of the tribe of Pocahontas began their funeral march towards the setting sun.

Success ensures success. Had Bacon been defeated, he would have been shot as a traitor to his king; but now the haughty governor rewarded him, and he was hailed by the Virginians as their defender. Marching to Jamestown, he forced the governor to adopt new laws, which code was completed July 4th, 1676—one hundred years to a day before the Congress of the United States, adopting the declaration framed by a statesman of Virginia, began a new era in the history of man. The eighteenth century in Virginia was the child of the seventeenth; and Bacon's rebellion, with the corresponding scenes in Maryland, and Carolina, and New England, was the early harbinger of American Independence.

And where was Henrietta, that sturdy loyalist? Not in the stately saloons of the governor, but with the sisters of her affianced lover, Rupert Wythley, who had a residence at Jamestown. Her dreams of royal protection and a noble husband had vanished during her terrible captivity, and she now bowed in homage before her heart lord. Soon they were married, and returned to the plantation, which Nathaniel Bacon gave his sister as a dowry. Some clouds darkened their pathway of life at first, but they lived many years in as perfect happiness as mortals can enjoy; nor did she ever forget in after years in narrating to her grand-children the events of her rescue, to add: "For all that, my dears, your grandfather did not hold the king's commission. Virginians would act for themselves."

Years rolled on. The Old Dominion became the leader in a great movement, and while the name of the Wythleys is remembered by many who visit the beautiful locality of their home—once the scene of deadly slaughter—history sounds the praise of Nathaniel Bacon, and inscribes his name, in golden letters, high upon the architecture of our National Pantheon.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HOWARD GREY. *A Story for Boys*. By a Young Lady of Philadelphia. Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan. 1855. 18mo. pp. 231.

The object of this little book is to show the results of perseverance illustrated in the career of a boy who wins his way to the highest academic honors—an old theme, but handled in a perfectly charming style. The work may be obtained of Phillips, Sampson & Co.

A PRACTICAL SYSTEM OF BOOK-KEEPING BY SINGLE AND DOUBLE ENTRY. By IRA MAYHEW, A. M. New York: Daniel Burgess & Co. 1855. 18mo.

A capital condensed treatise on the important science of book-keeping. It is written very intelligently, and the book is printed neatly. The author is already known by a treatise on popular education.

DANGER IN THE DARK. *A Tale of Intrigue and Priestcraft*. By ISAAC KESLO. 10th Edition. New York: A. Ranney & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 300.

As this romance is strongly imbued with a sectarian spirit, we cannot, in accordance with our principles, attempt to analyze and criticise it. Those interested in the war of Protestantism against Roman Catholicism must judge it for themselves. An elaborate advertisement of it has already appeared in our advertising columns; and we take this occasion to say, that while those columns are open to any advertisement, provided it be decent in its character, we take no part, editorially, in any religious or political controversy, our intention being never to touch any bone of contention in these pages. We leave controversial publications of every kind to speak for themselves, and never indulge in the expression of our own private or political views.

BLACK DIAMONDS. By JULIUS CÆSAR HANNIBAL. New York: A. Ranney. 1855. 12mo. pp. 364.

These humorous sketches were originally published in the New York Pleasure, and were so popular, that there was a call for them in book form. To all who love genuine humor, satire and sentiment, in whatever garb it may be clothed, this book, written in the negro dialect, which appears to be a medium peculiarly adapted to the expression of droll ideas, the volume will prove very acceptable. It is just the book to take with one on a journey; for it can be laid aside and resumed at any moment, each topic being handled with commendable brevity. Julius Cæsar Hannibal is an unparalleled wag.

A TREATISE ON LAND SURVEYING, ETC. Illustrated by 400 Engravings, and a Magnetic Chart. By WM. M. GILLESPIE, A. M., Civil Engineer. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 8vo. pp. 463.

We have no hesitation in pronouncing this one of the most complete treatises on the theory and practice of land surveying which has been issued from the American or English press. The author is professor of civil engineering in Union College, and that he is a thorough teacher is evident by the perspicuity and amplitude of his directions and explanations, as well as the thorough systematic arrangement of his materials. Any intelligent man or youth can, by means of this book alone, qualify himself to perform the duties of a surveyor. The student is led on from one problem to another by sure degrees, and every difficulty is smoothed as he proceeds. Every point requiring illustration, is illustrated by admirable engravings. The use of the various instruments is lucidly explained, and the tables are ample and correct. A knowledge of arithmetic, and a slight acquaintance with geometry, are the only preliminary qualifications necessary to the understanding of this treatise. It may be obtained in this city of Messrs. Crobey, Nichols & Co.

THE MAGIC WORD. By ALTON. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 183.

We presume this volume of poems to be written by a young man—they have the passion, energy and exuberance of youth. They have something more than this—a delicate fancy and a command of versification. The minor lyrics are better than the longer attempts. An over-fondness for conceits, and a too free use of compound and new-coined words are some of the more prominent blemishes; but there is fair and goodly promise in these poems.

* This tale is based upon one of the most important events in the history of the "Old Dominion," and embraces allusions to her earlier history, in connexion with the engraving and its accompanying description on our first page.

HENNESSY & CO.'S AUCTION STORE.

Boston, from its peculiarly central location, and its unrivalled means of access from foreign countries and the other portions of our own country, is a vast distributing mart for goods and merchandize of all kinds. For the convenience of prompt sales and quick returns, the auctioneering establishments with which this city abounds, present signal advantages, and we are glad to see that the business is well patronized, and is in a flourishing condition. There are about fifty auction stores in Boston, the greater number of which are devoted to the regular and legitimate purpose of effecting an interchange of property between the buyer and seller; and not one of them that we know of comes under the ban of "mock auctions"—a nuisance with which our sister city of New York is extensively cursed. Property of every description, including real estate, staple goods, works of art, and articles of taste and vertu, to an aggregate amount of over ten millions of dollars per annum, is disposed at these stores, and generally to the mutual satisfaction of buyer and seller, showing that this immense business is conducted with fairness. Among the principal establishments of this kind is the auction house of Hennessy & Co., now conducted by Col. Isaac H. Wright, formerly Navy Agent at this port, and also an officer in the late war with Mexico. Col. Wright is admirably adapted for the calling of an auctioneer, and by his frank and business-like manner, and strict attention to the interests of his consignors, commands the confidence and respect of all parties. The store of Hennessy & Co., of which we present an accurate engraving, is situated in Winter Street, one of the most frequented thoroughfares for persons of taste and fashion, and, of course, commands a large share of public notice. It is a handsome structure of brown freestone, of spacious proportions, and adapted with singular perfection to the business of public sales of every description of goods. Besides the extensive sales-room on the lower floor, by far the largest of the kind in the city, it has a very large hall above for the display of furniture, etc., and a picture gallery capable of displaying four or five hundred ordinary sized paintings at once, and in a light unrivalled by any gallery in Boston, public or private. The view of the building which we present to our readers, will familiarize them with its appearance, for the drawing is very correct—and we would advise all who have an hour to spare, to take a look into the store, on any day of the week, for there are always objects of interest to be seen there. Public sales are held almost every day, and the large throngs of well-pleased buyers that attend them, prove conclusively that good bargains are sold there, and that purchasers receive what they buy. There is an elegance and completeness about the above establishment which renders it peculiarly attractive, while its situation, in the centre of fashionable promenading, leaves nothing to be desired.



NEW STORE OF HENNESSY & CO., WINTER STREET, BOSTON.

THE THREE NAPOLEONS.

We present herewith equestrian portraits of Napoleon I., Napoleon II. (the Duke of Reichstadt), and Napoleon III. How large a space in history does the first fill! He is the representative of glory. The second was a fine flower, that withered in its bloom. The Duke of Reichstadt is a name and a regret. The third Napoleon has attained power and wide-spread notoriety through the prestige of relationship to the head of the family, much shrewdness, some talent, and the audacity of desperation. The first Napoleon will be remembered to the end of time. No greater man ever existed—no more powerful intellect. Thrown upon the pathway of greatness by the surging wave of revolution, he alone had the power to re-organize and control society. Whatever may be said of him, his career was at least sullied by no petty crimes. If he approached nearer to Cromwell than Washington—if inordinate ambition, the guilt of great minds, had a share in many of his actions, still that he loved France and the French people, that he respected and encouraged the arts of peace, that he was a friend of justice, no unprejudiced person can deny. That he was enthroned in the hearts of the French people is equally true; and that he would have proved the wisest and best ruler France ever knew, had the fate of Waterloo been different, it is safe to assert. The fall of Napoleon rolled back the great republican movement of the age at least half a century. It substituted for the visions of hope the certainty of an iron reality; it took from all Europe freedom of movement, and surrendered it, bound hand and foot, to the despotism of the Holy Alliance. Napoleon sent a brother to govern Spain; the Holy Alliance gave her back the Inquisition. The finest monument of Napoleon's head and heart is the Code Napoleon—whose laws will be remembered when many of its author's battles are forgotten. Had the Duke of Reichstadt lived, he would now be sitting on his father's throne. This the cabinet of Vienna foresaw and feared, and hence the passions of the young duke were stimulated, every means of gratifying them afforded, and he perished ingloriously at an early age. What will be the fate of the present Napoleon it is impossible to predict. It is hardly probable that the son of Hortense and nephew of the Great Napoleon will die upon the throne. The career of Louis Napoleon thus far, has been one of those exceptional phenomena which sometimes occur in history, and which proves that that science does not always teach the future from the past. He owed the success of his usurpation to very peculiar circumstances. Had not the Assembly shown themselves as false to the people and their oaths, as Louis Napoleon was disposed to be, he never could have accomplished his ends. But for the disgust of and distrust in their representatives, the 100,000 fighting men of the faubourgs St. Antoine and St. Marceau would never have permitted him to grasp the reins.



NAPOLEON I.



NAPOLEON II.—DUKE DE REICHSTADT



LOUIS NAPOLEON.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL. LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

WAITING FOR NEWS.

We are so tired of waiting for the news of Sebastopol having been taken, that we have about given up all hopes of the reduction of that fortress. Steamship after steamship has arrived, with "nothing important from the seat of war," "matters remaining in statu quo," and such like unsatisfactory phrases. If we, who are only remotely interested in the struggle, as members of the great human family, feel thus, what must be the feverish expectation and heart-sickening disappointments of the French and English, who have a vital interest in the strife, and whose fortunes are in a great measure staked on the issue of the war? We are afraid that the issue of it will be a peace disgraceful to the allies, however much the terms of the treaty may be disguised by pompous verbiage. Russia has, we think, proved herself invincible, and the great question, of Cossack or Republican? appears to be about to be decided in favor of Russian autocracy. If France and England are baffled in this their gigantic struggle, then they will hold their independence only at the mercy of Russia. That power, stronger than ever, will, slowly or rapidly expand its area, multiply its resources, and develop its already formidable means of attack and defence. Then will be enacted again the old historic drama of the victory of the frozen north over the south and west of Europe. The strange civilization of Russia will then give its stamp to the continent, and perhaps those now living may behold the Cossack steed pasturing on the banks of the Seine, and the Russian eagle floating on the Tower of London.

PAUPER EMIGRATION.—H. Keenau, U. S. Consul at Cork, writes to the mayor of New York, that an effectual stop might be put to the transportation of convicts and paupers from foreign countries to the United States by a requisition that all emigrants or passengers procure a certificate from the nearest U. S. Consul to their European residence, that they are not paupers or convicts, but able-bodied, respectable persons, capable of maintaining themselves.

NIAGARA FALLS AND THE WEST.—Persons travelling for pleasure will find the route to Niagara and the West, by Vermont Central and Ogdensburg Railroads, connecting with the Lake Ontario steamers, exceedingly agreeable and pleasant. The scenery is diversified and charming.

ARISTOCRACY.—Punch gives the following definition: "A class of persons who despise the public, and are venerated by the public for that very reason."

SPLINTERS.

.... Mayor Wood, of New York, has been distributing rewards to his well-organized police for good conduct and efficiency.
.... The doctors in Havana are disagreeing and fighting, as doctors do everywhere—the war rages on paper.
.... A man in Connecticut has been fined for shouting "Amen" too vehemently in church time.
.... A British sailor in the Crimea on landing, found all three of his brothers lying dead in the trenches.
.... A woman in Baltimore was burned to death by the explosion of a camphene lamp while she was asleep.
.... Louis Sanders Noble, a trooper in Marion's legion, lately died in Georgia, at the age of 104.
.... Vestvali, of the Italian opera troupe, is magnificent in her male attire as Maffio Orsini.
.... Mexico is in as much of a mixed up mess as ever. By last accounts the insurgents were undermost.
.... A gang of counterfeiters was lately broken up in Brooklyn, New York. They were ingenious rascals.
.... Mehmet Ali Pacha's daughter has lately been giving money and shawls to the band of the 10th Hussars.
.... Dr. Nivisen, who lectured lately in New Bedford, is a feminine M. D.
.... The correctional institution at Deer Island has lately been liberally patronized. It is full of company.
.... An editor was lately offered by a gentleman 25 cents for the privilege of looking at a sirloin steak he carried!
.... On Mayday the Tiptop House on Mount Washington was surrounded by banks of snow and ice.
.... General Scott, contrary to report, enjoys vigorous health. Few young men can keep up with him in walking.
.... A gentleman retiring from a public meeting in this city, found a gold watch suspended to the button of his coat.
.... Foot races are all the go. Mr. French ran round Boston Common the other day in six minutes and two seconds.
.... The leading actress at the Boston Museum next season is to be Mrs. H. F. Nichols.
.... The Floral Procession on the 4th of July will be this year one of unusual attractiveness, it is said.
.... The English contributors to the New York Exhibition say their articles have been returned badly damaged.
.... The corps de ballet at the Italian opera, London, is composed of more than two hundred persons.
.... The island of Cuba has been released from the state of siege. The Crooles breathe a little freer.

TRAVELLING.

The season for travelling has at last arrived. We are now in the plenitude of summer. Go in what direction you please out of town, you see the forest and the orchard in the full glory of expanded foliage. The strawberry beds are red with their luscious harvest; the cherries are blushing on those graceful trees that lately reared their heads aloft with pyramids of snowy bloom. And the sun is in nearly his fullest fervor, at least his rays are quite warm enough to satisfy sanguine temperaments. In view of all these facts the denizens of our cities are growing uneasy. The natural restlessness of Yankeeedom displays itself in various ways. The Bostonian steals away to Hingham, or Nahant, or Gloucester, or Newport, for the seaside is beginning to be attractive, returning that day or the next to babble of dashing surf, and flying sails and piscatory exploits among the rock-haunting tribes of the sea. The New Yorker commits himself to his glorious Hudson, or makes little incursions into Long and Staten Islands, or the precincts of New Jersey. The Philadelphian indulges in Lemon Hill or Wissahiccon. But these pleasure-seekers who cling to the city, and only leave it for a few hours, are not to be ranked as travellers. Neither can we call that man a traveller who steps into a railroad car, carpet-bag in hand, to go to New York. Once it was travelling to go to New York, now it is a mere excursion of a few hours. The *bonafide* travellers are those who leave home for a long period, boldly to invade Canada, adventurously to explore the far West, heroically to brave the annoyances of Spanish officials at Havana, or bravely to venture their persons on the broad Atlantic, with the resolution to sacrifice six weeks to the European continent. We have more than once assisted, as the French people say, at the departure of a Cunard or Collins steamer for a summer voyage to Liverpool, when the skies were bright and smiling, the ocean equally radiant, and everything promised a delightful trip. The deck, the saloons and the passages are thronged with ladies and gentlemen, not all outward bound, many to take leave of friends and acquaintances. It is very easy to distinguish those who are embarking for the first time from the seasoned and accustomed travellers. They have anxious faces, and are constantly starting at every sudden sight or sound, like a colt the first day's breaking.

Your old traveller is as unconcerned as if he stood upon *terra firma*. He is very apt to be smoking a cigar, and to be looking down from a quiet corner on the bustle around him with the most philosophic indifference. That man has seen the elephant. He has seen icebergs as large as cathedrals; there is frequent mention of water-spouts and sea-serpents in his journal, and he professes to have weathered many a hard gale. The hum, bustle and racket cease when the last warning-bell rings, when "all ashore!" has been vociferated from stentorian lungs, when the gang plank has been removed, and the pawing paddle wheels back the leviathan bulk of the steamship clear out into the bay. All this time hands and handkerchiefs are waving mute farewells, huzzas rend the air, the interest has nearly reached its climax. And now, in the strife between art and nature, the former is the victor, the steamship begins to move against the strong tide. Crash! go the guns in token of farewell and victory. God speed the gallant craft! At this moment a belated traveller is driven at a mad gallop in a carriage to the end of the pier. He madly flings himself from the door and a handful of change to the driver. His effects are transferred to a row boat, he seats himself in the stern, tearing his hair, stimulating his oarsmen by offers of gold, and urging on their utmost speed. But human muscles cannot compete with machinery and fire. The steamer has got her headway, and the baffled voyager returns. It is safe to bet any amount that he will be punctual to the hour of departure of the next boat.

We Yankees are certainly a nomadic race. A love of locomotion was the mainspring of the civilization of this continent, and now, with our fortunes made and our homes beautified, we hate to remain in the houses we have built. England, France, Italy, the Rhine, Constantinople, Egypt, no matter where we go to, provided we keep going. Custom-house exactions and vexations, the insolence and faithlessness of couriers, ignorance of the language, history and monuments of the countries he visits, deter no man from travel. Even parsimonious men open their purses when this fever is on them, and a miser at home becomes a prodigal abroad. But if, from their foreign tours, our adventurers come back with deepened love for the institutions, the beauties and society of our country, the general result, it must be confessed, of foreign travel, then we have not a single word to say against travelling.

A NEW HEADING.—With some modifications and improvements, we shall, in number one of the new volume of the Pictorial, to commence July first, replace the old and favorite heading of our paper. It gives a better idea of Boston, the city from which our paper is issued, than the present one, and we replace it to comply with the express wish of many.

"SPES EST VATES."—Did any of our readers fail to admire John G. Saxe's poem, written for our last number, and thus entitled? We have few poets in America who can lay claim to the name more justly than this favorite and successful writer.

PURE MOCHA, AND CHINESE TEAS.—Redding & Co. at their establishments, 198 Washington, 78 Hanover, and 68 Beach Streets, supply the very best kinds of these luxuries. Their coffee is roasted and ground every day.

NOVEL.—The Chinese in California publish a neat paper, which looks exactly like the outside of a tea chest.

WAR.

War! war! The drums beat—the clarions sound, the artillery thunders, the earth quakes beneath the gallop of squadrons of cavalry. All is lost in a cloud of dust and sulphurous smoke. There are confused shouts, the flash of swords, the wave of banners, a convulsive *mêlée*, which rolls along, leaving behind it a long trail of blood. But at last the noise is hushed, the cloud reopens, the victors reappear with conquered standards and captured cannons, and a humiliated and unarmed mass of men, who are doomed to expiate the chance defeat as if it were a crime. Let the cities now curl flowers to deck triumphal arches! Let constellated stars shine on bosoms swelling high with pride! Lo! the poets tune their lyres in honor of the victors. But look—what spectacle is that beside the vanquished? Instead of arches of triumph, long, yawning ditches, in which men are silently arranging corpses; instead of hymns of thanksgiving, a vast chorus of sobs. For war, like the ancient Janus, has two faces; one sparkling with joy, the other pale with sorrow, and each of these two faces looks alternately on every nation; for none has known success without reverses, or glory without humiliation.

THE PICTORIAL.

One more number will complete the *eighth* volume of our illustrated paper, and those whose subscription expires at that time will bear in mind the necessity of renewing their subscriptions at once, in order to secure the work complete. We shall be prepared to bind up the numbers of the past volume as fast as brought in to us, and return the volume, elegantly and perfectly bound in full gilt, in one week, at the regular charge, as heretofore, of one dollar, supplying an illuminated title-page and complete index.

We would suggest to our readers to turn over the back numbers of the present volume, and observe whether we have not fully kept our promise of improvement and liberality. The present is universally acknowledged, by all parties, to be far the most valuable volume of the paper yet published. The paper is finer, the illustrations more elegant and expensive, and the reading matter by the best of American writers. The readers of the Pictorial have learned to understand that we make no backward movement, but that the paper is constantly improving with the facilities afforded by art and machinery, as they are better and more fully developed.

PRECOCITY.—Boys that are philosophers at six years of age, are generally blockheads at twenty one. By forcing children, you get so much into their heads that they become cracked in order to hold it.

MARRIAGE EXTRAORDINARY.—Tom Thumb, the celebrated little great man, is married to a Miss Vinton, of Bridgeport, Ct.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Charles H. Shaw to Miss Mary Chipman; by Rev. Mr. Coolidge, Llewellyn True, Esq., of Portland, to Miss Charlotte E. Willis; by Rev. Mr. Cox, Mr. Gustavus Parker, of Plympton, to Miss Harriet Nye, of Sandwich; Mr. Nathan Nye to Miss Ella S. Richards, both of Sandwich; by Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Lewis L. Buzzel to Miss Ann M. Lawrence; by Rev. Mr. Howe, Mr. Thomas Vance to Miss Sarah E. Wormwell.—At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Tappan, Mr. L. Patterson to Miss Emily Fernald, of Ossipee, N. H.—At Lynn, Mr. Samuel Graham to Miss Nancy Ella Philbrook; Mr. Justin M. Hatch to Miss Caroline B. Fall.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Hanks, Mr. John A. Wilson of Lawrence, to Miss Sarah W. Fox, of Meredith Bridge, N. H.—At Marblehead, by Rev. Mr. Allen, Mr. William H. Powers to Miss Mary Ellen Hooper; Capt. John Cole to Miss Sarah Treffry.—At Beverly, Mr. Alfred Corning to Miss Lydia A. Stevens.—At Wenhams, by Rev. Mr. Reding, of Beverly, Mr. Joel Kimball, of Beverly, to Miss Elizabeth Standley.—At Taunton, by Rev. Mr. Atwater, Mr. Grafton L. Daggett to Mrs. Elizabeth C. Luce, both of Taunton.—At Easton, by Rev. Mr. Sheldon, Hon. O. W. Fullerton to Miss Angeline Reynolds, of North Bridgewater.—At Springfield, Mr. Andrew McElwaine, of South Hadley, to Miss Bridget Fitzgerald, of Chelmsford.—At Worcester, Mr. Jeremiah J. Goldsmith, of Lancaster, to Mrs. Marion E. Davidson, of Princeton.

DEATHS.

In this city, Capt. John Smith, 74; Miss Adeline B. Cushman, 18; Mr. Thomas Reed, 39; Mr. Justinian E. Holden, 56; Mrs. Lucretia, wife of Mr. Jacob Hodgdon, 48; Mr. Thomas H. G. Hapgood, 31; Mr. Joseph M. Carr, 23; Miss Elizabeth Ann Wilson, 24; Mr. Lawrence Stone, 27.—At Dorchester, Aaron, son of Mr. William Childs, 18.—At Charlestown, Deacon Chester Adams, 75.—At Somerville, Edmund Truitt, Esq., 59.—At Cambridgeport, Mrs. Ann E. Howard, 58.—At West Roxbury, Mr. Francis Merriam, 30.—At Medford, Mr. Kendall Parker, 79.—At Milton, Mr. Joseph Glover, 40.—At Waltham, Miss Lydia Pierce, 75.—At Lynn, Mrs. Mary A. Chase, 46; Widow Mehtable, Wheeler, 89.—At Salem, Mr. Ezra Northern, 78; Capt. Benjamin B. Swasey, 48; Mr. Joseph Smith, 25.—At Marblehead, Widow Elizabeth Russell, 75. Capt. John Gridler, 67.—At North Danvers, Miss Hannah Putnam, 71.—At South Dedham, Mrs. Angeline S., wife of Mr. Abram Roberts, 35.—At South Natick, Miss Josephine Norris, 17; Mrs. Mary White, 48.—At Portsmouth, N. H., Dr. Josiah Wright, 80.—At Amherst, N. H., Timothy Danforth, Esq., 71.—At Kittery, Me., Mrs. Joanna Mitchell, 82.—At Belfast, Me., Mrs. Lydia P., wife of the late Rev. William Frothingham, 65.—At Ellsworth, Me., Mr. George Brimmer, 94.—At Annapolis, Md., Commodore Henry C. Ballard, of the U. S. Navy, 70.—At Walpole, Mass., Mr. Ebenezer Hartshorn, 77. (Western and southern papers please copy.)

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION. [LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

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EDITORIAL MELANGE.

As illustrative of the 'universality of musical taste and perfection in Italy, an American there writes: "It seems a little strange to hear one of those fine operatic airs which our young ladies scream at for a long time, and then never learn, whistled 'first rate' by a little, ragged, smutty-faced, capless boy in the street. Everybody here seems chuck-full of music."—An Albany woman has been arrested for stealing old iron; she had 14 pounds of it secreted in her bosom. Her offence must have weighed very heavily upon her. — Alfred Tyler, who murdered his wife in Onondaga county, N. Y., has been sent to the Utica Asylum for the Insane. He was not insane when he committed the murder, but has become so since. Should he recover his reason, he will be removed to prison, and in due time executed in pursuance of the verdict of the jury. — In the town of Liberty, Texas, a fine of \$25 is imposed on any individual using profane language in the hearing of females. — Oyster knives are much cheaper this year. This cheapness, we understand, is principally owing to the large number of razors that have been thrown out of employ by the beard and moustache movement, and that have been driven, poor blades, into the oyster line, to find an opening for their talents. — A locomotive on the Lake Shore railroad, recently ran into a flock of sheep in Erie county, Ohio, and destroyed upwards of sixty of them. — Hope of notoriety is assigned by the New York Herald as the motive which prompts individuals so often to attempt the assassination of monarchs. The next time a monarch is shot at, it is best not to take any notice of the circumstance. — The state department decides that hemlock bark, to be used for tanning, is entitled with all other species of barks, to free entry under the reciprocity treaty. — Astronomers are to be on the alert during the present year, to decide, if possible, an important question that has lately arisen with respect to Saturn—namely, the collapsing of his rings. Compared with drawings made two hundred years ago, a considerable difference is now perceived, as though the rings were gradually falling in upon the body of the planet. — Barnum has now on exhibition a bearded lady and a dumb lady. Which is the greatest curiosity? — Henry Colman, in his readable and gossipy volumes upon agriculture abroad, gives us some idea of English estates. One lord can ride forty miles in a straight line, and style himself monarch of all. Lord Lovat recently sold his estate in Aberdeenshire for upwards of six hundred thousand dollars. — Boston Common is the handsomest public ground in the country. So say the Boston newspapers; yet Uncle Sam has got lots of handsomer ground amid the broad prairies of the far West.

SAVINGS BANKS.

In these days of luxury and reckless expenditure, and of all sorts of gambling financial operations, it is encouraging to know that the Savings Institutions in various parts of the country are flourishing beyond the expectations of the most sanguine, and that whatever may be the want of thrift of individuals, the people are imbued with those habits of care and produce which it was the benevolent design of the founder and originator of the savings bank system—an English lady—to inculcate and foster. By means of these banks, small sums of money which would otherwise have been squandered, or saved unproductively, subject to the attacks of fraud and violence, are made to yield a handsome return to their possessors. The combination of small sums contributed by individuals, forms a large aggregate capital which can be so profitably and at the same time safely invested, that an experience of many years has shown these savings banks to be more profitable than any other kind of bank. Each contributor becomes a stockholder, and receives his share of all the earnings of the aggregate capital, after the deduction of the lowest necessary expenses, and the reservation of a certain amount for a contingent safety fund. The success of savings banks, in which no smaller deposit than five dollars was admitted, has led recently to the establishment of banks where deposits as low as five cents are received, with great good to the poorer classes of the community. One of the most promising institutions of this kind is the People's Savings Bank, No. 145 Hanover, corner of Union Street, in this city—William Adams, Esq., president, Isaac F. Shepard, Esq., secretary and treasurer. The list of vice-presidents is headed by the mayor of the city, and some of the most reliable business men of Boston are trustees. Deposits from five cents to one thousand dollars are received, and five per cent. interest on three dollars and upwards is payable semi-annually, with an additional dividend every five years. This bank offers the strongest inducements to depositors, and is in every way worthy of the popular confidence.

REGATTA.—In our advertising columns will be found the advertisement and prizes relating to the regatta to come off on Charles River, Boston, July fourth. This will be a brilliant affair, and will be worth a journey of a hundred miles to witness. The contest is open to all, free of charge. It will be a brilliant day in Boston.

STATUE OF JUDGE STORY.—The statue of the late Judge Story, executed by his son, William W. Story, and designed to be placed in the chapel at Mount Auburn, is larger than life, and is represented in a sitting posture. It is said by those who have examined it to be a good likeness, and a fine work of art.

VIOLINS.—At a recent sale in London, a violin by Stradivarius, was sold for \$1000; a violoncello, by Amati, brought \$500.

Wayside Gatherings.

Powdered charcoal, placed around rose-bushes, or other flowers, has the effect of adding greatly to the richness of the colors.

At least 2000 emigrants have been returned to Europe since April 20th by one shipping firm in New York.

The prospects of Oakland College, Mississippi, are very encouraging. Fifty thousand dollars have been raised toward its endowment.

Professor Gillespie, of Union College, Schenectady, is about making the tour of Europe to examine the methods and courses of instruction there in practical science.

It is an interesting fact that the first emigration of colored people from the United States to Africa was conducted by a colored man, Captain Paul Cuffee, who had amassed a fortune.

A trial in New York for selling liquor without a license has decided the fact that until the new law goes into operation, on the 4th of July, although liquor dealing is unlawful, yet the sellers cannot be punished!

The Cincinnati Times gives an account of an attempt by a woman to starve three step-children to death at Covington, Kentucky. The children were taken away from the woman in a critical condition.

At Ship Cove, near Trinity, Newfoundland, a sad accident recently occurred. During the absence of Mrs. Day from her house in the evening, it took fire, and six children, three boys and three girls, perished in the flames.

Com. Henry E. Ballard died at his residence near Annapolis, Md., lately. He was over 70 years of age, and entered the service April 2d, 1804. As an officer he was held in high estimation, as a man he was universally esteemed.

Broom corn is a native of India, and was introduced into this country by Dr. Benjamin Franklin, who found a seed in an imported whisk, and planted it, and from this small beginning arose this valuable product of industry.

The steamer Henry Morrison, purchased in New York for the Boston city government, is intended to run between this city and Deer Island, for the transportation of paupers, and to carry supplies to the public institutions on that island.

Mary Ann Wilkinson, 18 years of age, residing with her parents at Saratoga Springs, was poisoned by taking a dose of acid by mistake for a preparation for a cold. She had dressed herself to attend church, but the dose quickly laid her in the arms of death.

The Florence correspondent of the Newark Advertiser writes that the late Milan papers are abundant in compliments to the American debutante, Miss Hensler, who seems to have passed the La Scala ordeal to the entire satisfaction of her friends.

Mr. Chauncey H. Winship, of Hartford, showed the editor of the Hartford Times a hen's egg, lately laid by a common barnyard fowl—a native—that weighs 6 1-4 ounces, and measures nine inches one way, and eight inches the other!

The contract for the new custom house at Providence has been awarded to Albert Curry, of Newburyport, at \$151,600. The structure is to be three stories high, fire proof, and to embrace ample accommodations for the custom house, post-office, and United States courts.

John C. Stevens, commodore of the New York yacht club, organized in 1844, has resigned. There are twenty-five boats belonging to the club. William Edgar, the original treasurer, has risen to be the successor of Commodore Stevens. John C. Jay is corresponding secretary.

The siege of Sebastopol has been compared to that of Troy. There is one important difference between the two sieges: in the latter there was but one Nestor among the besiegers; in the former there are many, but they unfortunately are Nestors in nothing but senility.

Miss Elizabeth Farr recently died in Maryland, bequeathing five negro slaves to a Catholic priest, Rev. James Moore. Her legal heirs disputed the legacy, and the court before which it was tried decided that it was void under the 35th article of the bill of rights, which annuls all gifts to members of the gospel as such.

Fernando Wood is said to have been a cigar-maker by trade, next he became a ship chandler, and then entered the shipping business, at which he amassed a handsome fortune. He is a native of Philadelphia, and twelve years ago was a member of Congress.

In deepening a well at Mobile, a few weeks since, a cypress stump, which bore *axe marks*, was discovered at a depth of eighteen feet. Remains of trees are frequently found deeply imbedded, but we do not remember that marks of cutting have ever been found in them.

Rev. T. Turcott, Catholic priest at Troy, New York, has been arrested on a charge of defrauding his church of about \$8000. He had sold the church ornaments and retained the money, besides appropriating the church funds, and, not obtaining bail, lies in jail for trial.

The Baltimore Sun has received a bunch of asparagus, a stalk of which measured three inches in circumference and eighteen inches in height. A note from Mr. F. W. Bennett states that this is only a fair specimen of sixteen acres on his farm near Reisterstown.

The Norfolk Beacon says that a party of gentlemen killed, during an eight days' sojourn at Cobb's Island, on the eastern shore of Virginia, 1605 birds, consisting of sand birds, curlews, plover, gray backs, sea crows, ducks, etc. Their greatest day's work was 463.

In Mexico is the largest pyramid in the world. Tourists, historians and geographers have made us familiar with the pyramids of Egypt, among which that of Cheops looms up a wonder among wonders. But Cheops is a pigmy compared with that of Chulula in Mexico.

R. W. Cameron, of New York, now in England, has obtained the contract for the conveyance of the English mails from Panama to Australia once a month, at the rate of £7000 for the round trip. Two first class steamships are to be built in England and two in this country, for the use of the line.

Two young gentlemen of Portland, rival aspirants for the affection of some ladye fayrie, met near that city, recently, and decided their claims by a pugilistic encounter—the defeated party relinquishing all right, title and interest, in the lady's heart, to his victor.

A bee-hiving extraordinary came off in Houston, Texas, a few days since. The swarm was passing over a train of cotton wagons, when they became confused by the noise and descended, choosing as a settling place the hat of a waggoner, on which they piled up after the style of an old-fashioned grenadier's bearskin. The hat was then removed to a wagon and conveyed six or eight miles, and the bees securely hived.

Foreign Items.

The consumption of tobacco in England is over one pound for every man, woman and child in the United Kingdom, and the consumption is on the increase.

Cardinal Oppigori, who is just dead at Bologna, received the cardinal's hat in 1804 from the hands of Pius IV. He was the oldest member of the sacred college, and had been Archbishop of Bologna for the last fifty-two years.

The alabaster manufactures of Florence are said to be of the most purely beautiful description possible. The material is found in abundance in the mines of that region, and there are numerous establishments which reproduce, in portable sizes, the antiques and famous statues of the world.

To reduce the cost of bread, a Paris baker puts in one part of rice to five of wheat flour, and the economy effected is one sou in each two pound loaf. The government has had the bread examined, and authorized the sale of it at a less rate than fixed by the police. The demand is such that the baker cannot supply it.

The Spanish poet, Quintana, was publicly crowned with laurels at Madrid, as an acknowledgement of his genius. The ceremony took place in the palace of the Senate, and the queen and the king presided over it. The ministers, the foreign ambassadors, and many personages of distinction were present.

There is a religious sect in Russia, called Philippons, whose priests are old men, recruited from among young boys whom their parents dedicate to this ministry in their youth. As soon as the child's vocation is decided, he no more touches animal food, renounces all strong drink, and remains unmarried all his life. They cannot take an oath, but must substitute the words "Yes, yes, in truth."

The largest room in the world under a single roof and unbroken by pillars, is at St. Petersburg, and is 650 feet in length and 150 in breadth. By daylight it is used for military displays, and a battalion can conveniently manœuvre in it. In the evening it is often converted into a vast ball room, and 20,000 wax tapers are required to light it. The roof of this structure is a single arch of iron.

Sands of Gold.

.... If ever I am an instructress, it will be to learn more than to teach.—*Deluzy*.

.... Truth is also an inexhaustible fountain, from which nobody knows how much he draws.—*Kozlay*.

.... When we love a little, we love too much; when we love much, we do not love enough.—*Deluzy*.

.... That the stream of literature has passed over a mind, should be apparent only from its fertility.—*Miss Edgeworth*.

.... Real friendship is a slow grower; and never thrives unless engrafted upon a stock of known and reciprocal merit.—*Chesterfield*.

.... An act by which we make one friend and one enemy is a losing game, because revenge is a much stronger principle than gratitude.—*Colton*.

.... The prosperity of man lies in this one word, "education." Convey humanity to this fountain of happiness and you bestow everything; all means of power and greatness.—*Kozlay*.

.... To be influenced by a passion for the same pursuits and to have similar dislikes, is the rational ground work of lasting friendship.—*Sallust*.

.... If a man does not make new acquaintance as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friendship in constant repair.—*Johnson*.

.... The great moments of life are but moments like the others. Your doom is spoken in a word or two. A single look from the eyes, a mere pressure of the hand, may decide it; or of the lips, though they cannot speak.—*Thackeray*.

.... Weak motives are sufficient for weak minds. Whenever we see a mind which we believed a stronger than our own, moved habitually by what appears inadequate, we may be certain that there is, to bring a metaphor from the forest, more top than root.—*Landor*.

.... Preserve proportion in your reading, keep your view of men and things extensive, and depend upon it a mixed knowledge is not a superficial one; and as far as it goes, the views that it gives are true; but he who reads deeply in one class of writers only, gets views which are almost sure to be perverted, and which are not only narrow, but false.—*Dr. Arnold*.

Joker's Budget.

Worldly Wisdom.—The greatest rogue generally contrives to get the most credit.

A correspondent of the Boston Journal, speaking of the ill-requited labors of inventors, says: "The discoverer of tannin went barefoot to his grave!"

"Sam, did you see Mr. Jenkins, the new overseer?" "Yes, massa, I meet him down by the cotton-gin." "He's a good-looking fellow, isn't he?" "Well, massa, he talks like a good-looking man; he made a bow, dat's all he said."

A wag in New York, standing at the corner of Oliver and Cherry Streets, opposite to one of the "Catskill ice" carts, drew a piece of chalk from his pocket, and marked M before the word "ice," which of course made it read, "Cats kill mice."

A lady paying a visit to her daughter, who was a young widow, asked her "why she wore the widow's garb so long." "Dear mamma," replied the daughter, "it saves me the expense of advertising for a husband, as every gentleman can see for himself that I am for sale by private contract."

If your husband is in the habit of sleeping after dinner, never, as you value good temper, think of disturbing him; because I have learnt this through life, my dears, that if a man is not allowed to take his 'forty winks,' he invariably feels (s)nappish for the remainder of the evening."

A gentleman, at table, remarked that he could not endure fish unless it was well cooked. "This," said the waiter, as he handed him a plate of the desired dish, is, I hope, sufficiently cooked to suit, sir?" "Well, yes," replied the gentleman, as he tasted it, "it's done a good deal better than I anticipated it would be."

Some one was telling Sam about the longevity of the mud turtle. "Yes," said Sam, "I know all about that, for once I found a venerable old fellow in a meadow who was so old that he could scarcely wiggle his tail, and on his back was carved (tolerably plain, considering all things), these words—*Paradise, Year 1, Adam*."

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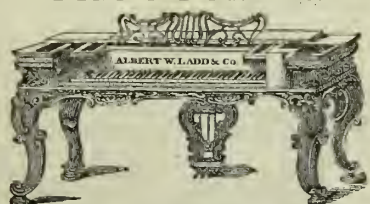
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ter guns. Their complement of officers, men, marines and boys is 24. They are wick d-looking and saney little craft.

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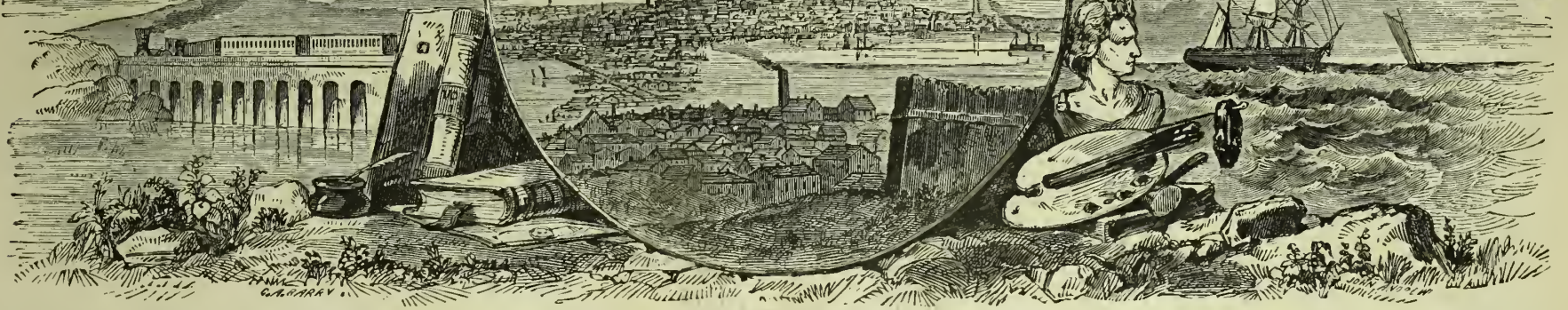
We present herewith a new view of this renowned city of the East, once the residence of the sovereigns of Syria, but now cov-

ering only one-sixth of the area of the ancient city, and only interesting from the associations and memories that yet cling to it. The Orontes (Aaszy) yet flows past its mouldering walls, but the splendors it once reflected in its bosom are no more. Here and there a Turkish minaret glitters against the horizon, but its magnificent baths, its theatres and circus have all crumbled into dust.



VIEW OF ANTIOCH, THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF SYRIA.

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AND BROMFIELD STS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1855.

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6 CENTS SINGLE.

VIEW OF BEACON STREET.

The view of Beacon Street, drawn for us by Mr. Warren, is taken from the upper part, looking down towards Charles Street. It is one of the most delightful streets in the city, occupied exclusively by private residences, and, from its circumstances and position, secure from the invasion of trade and commerce. Merchants may live there, but it is quite unlikely that warehouses will ever occupy its high grades. On the right, are seen the houses which form the corner of Hancock Avenue, with a glimpse of the old Hancock mansion, one of the few relics of past time which have survived the modern changes of the city. On the left, are seen the range of magnificent elm trees which shade the upper mall. From the Beacon Street sidewalk a view is obtained, over the roofs of the lower part of the town to the high lands, far beyond.

Crowning the distance, is seen the bold outline of the Blue Hills, a most interesting feature of the landscape. The air here is always pure, sweeping, as it does, either from the blue waves of the bay or the perfumed woodlands of the surrounding country. Beacon Street is, and always will be, a favorite promenade. Yet, with all its architectural wealth and beauty of adornment, it is quite of modern origin. At the period of the Revolution, the Hancock house was almost the only one that stood upon the slope of Beacon Hill. The summit of the hill was much higher than at present, the base of the beacon standing as high as the eaves of the present State House. The whole tract at the west end, now covered with elegant buildings, was waste land, with here and there a clump of huckleberry bushes. The prophet who should have pictured its present appearance, would have been

looked upon as a lunatic. Mute witness of the changes that have taken place, the old Hancock house might tell of stirring scenes and events, had it a tongue or pen. It beheld the encampment of British troops on the Common, heard the roll of their drums, and witnessed their morning and evening parades. Its old oaken tables groaned with every luxury, when, after the evacuation of Boston by the British, its hospitable occupants entertained the officers of the French fleet, at which time Mrs. Hancock levied contributions on the cows that pastured on the Common for the supply of her extensive tables. *Eheu, fugaces!* the times have changed. Hosts and guests have all gone; the cows are banished, but still the old house stands, a stalwart and time-honored memory of the past, while the associations connected with it are fast being identified only with the chronicles of things that were.



VIEW OF BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE

KING AND THE COBBLER.

A ROMANCE OF ANCIENT PERSIA.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XVIII.

CLOUDS AND LIGHT.

WHEN the king arose he rubbed his eyes and looked about him. He found the sun shining into the apartment, and he thought he must have made some mistake when he laid down. He thought it was near sunset then. It was some minutes before he noticed that the sun was in the eastern heavens, but when he did notice it, he started forward and grasped one of his trembling eunuchs by the arm.

"Villain! dog!" he gasped. "What means this?"

The terrified slave gasped for breath, and after a while he related what had occurred the previous night. He told how they had tried to wake him—how they had done all they dared do, without effect.

This set the king pondering for a moment, and then he knew that he had been drugged in some way. A few moments more of thought and he knew that he must have had it in his wine. Then he turned upon his slaves, and with a harsh oath his hand leaped for his sword, but he could not find it.

"Slaves!" he roared, "where are my weapons?"

"Bahboul took them from you while you slept, sire. He said they would prevent your resting easy."

"Ha! And was't not Bahboul who gave me my wine last night?"

"Yes, sire."

"He dies! Go send him hither."

Some of the slaves withdrew, but they returned without finding Bahboul. The king now literally frothed at the mouth with rage, and, for a while, he was totally unable to speak; but at length he managed to mutter, in a hot, hissing tone:

"'Tis a plot! I see! But now they shall be overtaken in their work! This very hour—this very minute—I go to Zillah—and henceforth she is mine! And then they shall all be mine—and they shall die. But what of the astrologer? Has he been captured?"

"He had not, an hour since, sire."

"Be sure that I know when he is taken. Remain you here. I go to the lady Zillah."

The king hastened out of the room as he thus spoke, and with quick strides he made towards the damsel's apartments. He found her already dressed, but he did not wonder at this, for the sun was more plain here, and he saw that it had been up many hours.

"Ah," he said, after he had closed the door behind him, "you escaped me last night. Did you know I should not come?"

"I prayed to God that you might not," Zillah replied, in a trembling tone.

"You did, eh? But let me assure you 'twas not God who answered your prayer. There were human hands in that work. Did you know it?"

"I know nothing, sire, save that you did not come."

"I believe you speak falsely," muttered Sohrab, eyeing the maiden keenly. "But it won't save you, for now I have come to fulfil my pledge. Are you ready?"

Zillah did not speak, for she knew not what to say. She cast her eye upon Thais, but this latter personage was busily engaged in pulling a flower in pieces which she had plucked from a vine that grew up by the window. The king noticed the direction of her glance, and he turned his own attention for a moment upon the nurse.

"Slave!" he cried; "you know something of this affair."

"Me, sire?" exclaimed the old woman, looking up with well feigned wonder upon her face.

"Yes—you. You know something of this."

"I only know that I waited here until long after midnight, to deliver my charge into your hands, and that you did not come."

The monarch could read nothing but open truth upon the face of the nurse, and he thought she might be guiltless. But one thing troubled him, or perplexed him, at least. Zillah did not seem so frightened as she did before, and he thought she regarded him with a sort of cool indifference. Could the king have seen what she had seen, he would not have wondered at this, for behind the heavy arras that covered the entrance to a small closet, stood a stout, dark form, armed with a sharp sword. That form was Bahboul, and the sword was for the king ere harm should come to the maiden.

But Bahboul was not destined to slay his royal master, nor was Zillah destined to see the bloody work done, for just as the king was moving towards her, two eunuchs unceremoniously entered the place.

"How now, slaves?" cried Sohrab, in quick, passionate tones. "Why come ye here?"

"Sire," spoke one of them, while they both knelt, "the audience chamber is crowded, and many people demand the royal presence."

"Then go bid them wait our pleasure."

"But, sire, your ministers demand that you shall come. It is now one whole hour past the time."

"And let it be an hundred hours. The king is not tied by his subjects."

"And I shall we tell them to wait!"

"Yes. Tell them I have business of more importance."

"And what shall be done with the prisoners?"

"Prisoners?"

"Yes, sire. The old astrologer and Feridoon."

"Ha! Now, by the gods, ye move me. Go tell the minister I'll be there quickly."

The eunuchs withdrew, and the king turned to Zillah.

"Be sure," he said, "that I shall return very soon. I shall quickly shake this business from my hands, and then you'll be fully in my power. When I do return I shall be yours alone to love."

Shortly afterwards Sohrab entered the great audience hall attended by his eunuchs and four of his chief household officers. With a quick step he ascended the royal throne and seized his sceptre. He stepped thus quickly, that his tremulousness might not be seen. He gazed about him, and amid the throng he saw the tall, venerable form of Kobad, and next to him stood the firmly knit person of the Lion Heart.

"How now?" the monarch cried, in a passion. "'Twas my order that these rebels should be gagged. Who has dared to disobey me?"

"Sire," spoke an old officer, named Ban, "Saffo, Lonza and myself brought the prisoners hither, and we knew nothing of this order."

The king gazed upon the three men thus designated, and he liked not the looks they gave him. They were the same three whom we saw with Kobad in the cave.

"Slaves, stand before me!"

At this order, twelve stout, black slaves moved out in front of the throne.

"Now listen to my order, and upon your lives let it be quickly obeyed. Bind those two men and take them hence. Take them to the dungeon where the youth was once before."

The slaves bowed, and then turned to the spot where the accused men stood.

"Hold one moment!" spoke Kobad. "I must speak ere I am condemned."

"Not a word! Not a word!" shouted the king. "Off with him!"

"Now, by the justice of heaven and the laws of Persia, I demand to speak!" uttered the old man, stepping upon the back of one of the marble lions, and gazing around upon the assembled multitude.

The people had flocked hither now because they knew the astrologer and Feridoon were captured, and a murmur, loud and deep, arose in the audience chamber.

"Let him speak!" were the words that greeted the ears of the king.

"By the gods of my country, he shall not speak!" roared the king. "Off with him, I say. Slaves, do my bidding, or you die on the spot! Call in the soldiers, and bid them clear the place. We'll see who is king in Persia!"

"Sire," spoke Kanah, in a low tone, "you had better let him speak."

"What! and do you, too, turn against me?" uttered Sohrab, gazing angrily into the face of his old counsellor.

"I speak for you, sire. Let him speak. It is but simple justice, and the people will most surely demand it."

As Kanah thus spoke he stepped back from the throne, and as the king followed him with his eyes he saw that all his officers remained passive and silent. No—not wholly silent, for they whispered together with anxious, nervous looks.

Meanwhile, both Kobad and Feridoon moved towards the throne, and just as the king was upon the point of ordering his slaves to seize them, he noticed that one of his old generals, at the head of a hundred stout soldiers, was following them up.

"Now Foaz," the monarch uttered, addressing the general, "what means this? Have ye come to help me?"

"I have come to aid justice, sire," returned the old warrior; "the prisoner must be heard, for he has matters of importance to communicate."

The king sprang to his feet and clapped his hand upon his hip, but his sword hilt was not there. Then he sank back upon his throne, and his face turned deadly pale—so pale that all the blood settled back into his coward heart, and left him too weak to stand.

"Kobad," said the general, "you may speak now; and," he added, turning his eyes upon the royal slaves, "the first man who dares to interrupt you dies."

"My countrymen—"

"He is an Arabian!" gasped the king.

"I am a Persian!" spoke Kobad, nobly and clearly, "and to my noble countrymen would I speak. Do ye not all know that Persia is not now what she has been? Her glory is fading, and the energies of the people are going out. Ere long some envious prince will make war upon us, and we are lost, if we have no king!"

Sohrab started up from his throne, but he did not speak.

"And whence comes all this?" the old man continued. "Is it not a judgment of an offended God for the crimes of him who calls himself king? Listen to me. You all remember the noble Gushtasp—you who are old enough. Did you not love him?"

A low murmur broke from the multitude, and it grew louder and deeper, and the people all said yes.

"But who shall tell the deep crime that deprived you of that noble man? You know he was murdered, and ye think the robbers of the desert did it. No, no. Sohrab feared that Gushtasp

would be made king, and he sent out his own slaves to murder him as he came home to attend the funeral of the dead king. Those slaves most faithfully did the work, and when they returned with Gushtasp's life upon their hands, Sohrab killed them every one with poison—and he thought the secret of his crime was safe!"

"Black, accursed liar!" shrieked the king, starting up again; "how is your soul sworn to falsehood. My people, he is crazy. Listen not to him! Slaves—take him away!"

But the slaves dared not stir. The old man gazed a moment into the face of the frantic monarch, and then he resumed:

"I know of what I speak, for I saw the deed done. I saw those murderers, and I knew them for Sohrab's slaves; but I was too late to stop the murder. Gushtasp spoke one word to me ere he died, and that word was—Sohrab! But look into the coward's face, and see if the guilt is not there!"

Every eye was turned upon the king in an instant, and some almost pitied him for the dreadful terror he suffered. His face was now fairly purple with suffocation, and the power of speech was gone from him.

"And now listen further. Know ye not how for years Sohrab has trodden upon your liberties, and sacrificed your interests to his own base passions? Even now he has within his palace a poor maiden whom he has snatched from her home, and against every plea of mercy and justice would he sacrifice her. You know the laws of Persia. What must be the penalty of all these crimes?"

"Death!" murmured a hundred voices.

"Ay—and let the sentence be carried out."

"But we have no law that can put a king to death," gasped Sohrab, seizing upon this one hope. "'Tis open treason to speak of the thing!"

"'Tis true," uttered Kanah. "We cannot put a king to death."

And so all the ministers said. The king was above the reach of human law.

"And now let the traitor be led away," cried Sohrab, now almost himself again.

"Not yet," pronounced Kobad, while a strange light shone in his still dark eye. "There is a matter of justice to be done yet. Here is an old man who has come to demand his child, and he must be heard."

At this juncture Zak Turan came forward, and close by his side came his trembling wife.

"Now," resumed the old astrologer, "let Zillah be brought."

"No! no! It shall not be!" cried the king.

"Justice! justice!" answered Kobad. "Bahboul, go and lead the maiden hither."

And from behind one of the great pillars stepped the old eunuch. He bowed to the astrologer, and then, before the astounded king could prevent him, he had left the hall.

Once more that purple hue came to the face of the king, for he was fearful yet. A new cloud arose before him, and it was so black that the one which had just passed seemed all light by its side.

CHAPTER XIX.

CONCLUSION.

Ere long, the lovely Zillah was led into the audience chamber, and a murmur of surprise and delight arose from the lips of the people as her transcendent beauty shone upon them. She was pale with excitement, but her face flushed when she saw Feridoon, and she did not shrink from his impulsive embrace. Next she saw the good Zak Turan and Rudabah, and she forgot her sorrows.

As soon as this scene was passed, Feridoon sprang upon the back of one of the marble lions which supported one of the corners of the throne, and in a clear, bold tone, he cried:

"My countrymen, I demand at your hands the death of him who murdered my father!"

For a few moments all was hushed with astonishment, but an old soldier cried out:

"'Tis Gushtasp himself!"

And at that moment hundreds recognized the remarkable likeness.

"No, no," spoke Kobad, "it is not Gushtasp—it is his son, and he shall have the boon he craves."

"It cannot be," pronounced the old counsellor, "for the person of the king is sacred. But you may now speak of the maiden."

"Ay—and so I will," returned the old man "for she stands the same as stands the noble youth—with a sad, strange story of her life. Now listen to me, for your very souls shall start in horror at what I shall tell!"

Once more the king started from his throne, but he could not stand, and the words he attempted to speak only gurgled in his throat. The astrologer looked pityingly into his face for an instant, and then went on:

"You all remember Kei Khosrou. He was a king who at least loved his people and feared not their enemies. You remember when the insurrection occurred in Khorason. The king went thither with only a few of his people, knowing that his presence would quell it. Gushtasp was away, and when the king left he gave the throne in charge to Sohrab. Sohrab felt the golden seat beneath him, and he wished to possess it for his own—and with the wish came the purpose. He called two of his trusty messengers to his side and bid them go out and hang upon the king's course, and when he stopped at night, they were to draw the king away by persuasion, and when they had got him at a safe distance from his retinue, they were to kill him and secure

the body, and then return to the city with it, and then he would say the king had returned sick and out of his reason, and died.

"The two messengers went out, and they came up with the royal retinue; and at night they made their way into the king's tent, and under a false pretext they drew him away. When they had gone far enough, and the king demanded to know their business, one of them struck him upon the head; but the king fell not. He drew his sword, and the villains set upon him fiercely. One of them the king killed, but the other struck him down at length, and believed him to be dead. Yet the surviving villain was too weak from loss of blood and exhaustion to either move the king's body, or to bury it, and he crept in among the bushes to recover himself. In the morning the king's retinue found no king when they awoke, and one of them said—"he has ridden on alone." They hunted some time for him, but not finding him they started on towards Khorason, thinking that he must have hastened on in advance.

"The wounded assassin saw them depart, and just then some peasants came that way, and seeing the body of the king, they picked it up and bore it away. The assassin dared not reveal himself to them, and when they were gone he crept out from his hiding place and made back towards the city, and there he told Sohrab what had happened. Other messengers were at once sent out, and they found the peasants after two days' search, and the peasants said they had buried the body in the sand, and that the jackals had unearthed it and eaten it up. Then these messengers returned, having first been assured that the peasants knew not whose body they had buried, and told their success to Sohrab. Then he caused some crafty workmen to set at the task of making an image of clay to resemble the king—and it was made, and so truly was it colored that it looked like a human corpse. Then Sohrab gave out that the king had returned sick and crazy, and that he had died; and he caused this image to be dressed in grave-clothes and exhibited it in the hall of judgment, and a barrier was built about it that no hand might profane it. And he told that the queen had become crazy and fled. He meant the king's favorite wife, Roxana, for it was known that she was soon to give birth to a child."

The old man stopped a moment to overcome the emotion that worked upon him, and while he did so his eyes sought those of the king, but the latter could not speak. At length the speaker went on.

"But, my countrymen, those peasants spoke falsely to the messengers who came to them. The king was not killed. Those honest people nursed him, and it was at his command that they told the messengers he was dead and buried. The king knew who his enemy was, and his only care was to save his favorite wife and child, for Roxana had already given birth to a daughter. One of the peasants had a brother in the city, named Zak Turan, a poor cobbler. The king gave to this peasant his royal signet, and bade him hasten to the city and see Roxana—to see her without Sohrab's knowledge—without the knowledge of any but the women. He did so—he was bold and witty—and Roxana received her husband's warning in season; and she took her infant and fled to the house of the cobbler, where she represented herself as the widow of a poor merchant who had been cruelly put to death by the temporary ruler. And there she found a shelter and a home; but she lived not long—only two short months—and then she gave her infant princess to the cobbler's wife, to care for and love.

"Khei Khosrou got well in season to witness the cruel butchery of the noble Gushtasp, and he saw the general's wife flee with her infant son, but he could not find them. Some of you already know the strange story of that son—how his mother must have been devoured by the wild beasts, and how he was suckled and reared by the wild goats, until Rustem found him. But Khei Khosrou came to the city in disguise. He saw the wicked Sohrab upon the throne, and all sick at heart he turned away from the scene. Royalty had no charms for him—he felt easier with the yoke from his neck, and he resolved to travel. He saw his infant, but he did not tell the good people who protected it that it was his child, and then he started off. He visited Arabia and Egypt, and other countries. A few years since he returned to this city, and ere long his heart was pained at the wickedness he saw. But his child had grown up beautiful and good, and that gave him joy. Ere long he learned, through an old teacher, of the youth Rustem had found upon the Hetzendarras, and when he saw the youth he knew 'twas Gushtasp's son. Then there came a strange, wild hope to his bosom. He saw that the youth was noble and good, and he hoped to make that youth the husband of his own sweet child—and then give to his wronged and suffering people a virtuous, just and fearless king and queen! *His work is almost done!*"

As the old man ceased speaking, he bowed his head, and big tears started from his eyes. Soon he felt a hand upon his knee, and when he looked down he found Zillah and Feridoon both at his feet. He raised them up, and with deep cries of joyful emotion they sank upon his bosom.

"My father!" murmured Zillah, "O, my father!"

"Yes, sweet one, I am thy father. I am—I am!"

One moment the old man stood thus, and then he pushed his children from him and started up the steps of gold that led to the throne. With one hand he seized the jewelled sceptre, and with the other he caught Sohrab by the throat and hurled him from the throne.

"Out, dog!" he shouted, while his eyes flashed fire. "What ho! slaves, seize the murderer! People of my kingdom, once more behold your true king, come to set you free from a monster, and to restore joy once more to your hearts, peace to your homes, and plenty to your garner!"

Who doubted that tongue now? Who now did not know those features, all changed as they were by time and troubles? Not one. All gazed a moment at the venerable man who held the sceptre, and then they fell upon their knees and shouted with all their might in tones of mad joy.

* * * * *

Sohrab had been led away by the very men who had been so lately wont to obey him, and he spoke not a word ere he went. Not one lip fell from his lips, but groans, deep and heavy, could be heard away down in his bosom. He was led away, and that very night he died in his prison-room. He took his own life, for he was found the next morning weltering in his own blood, which came from a wound in the neck made by a small knife. None mourned for him, not even his wives, and his body was placed in a low, dark sepulchre, away off under the mountain, where reposed the bones of malefactors.

Kei Khosrou explained to his friends how he had obtained the assistance of Bahboul and Thais by telling them who he was, and also how he had been obliged to reveal himself to Ban, Saffo and Lonza. And he explained other things, too, until they all wondered they had not known him when first he came among them.

A few days passed away, during which time the restored king was at work night and day in giving order and harmony to the several departments of government. One evening, while he and Kanah were at work among the parchment rolls of the late ruler, the latter opened one of them, and as his eye ran over it, he uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"What is it?" said the king.

"Light upon a dark subject, sire," returned the old counselor. "You remember how quickly the insurrection was quelled of itself at Khorason, after you were supposed to be dead?"

"I do remember it, and I wondered greatly at it."

"Then wonder no more, for see here," uttered Kanah, as he passed over the parchment.

It was a simple document, and told that Sohrab had got up the insurrection in question himself.

"Never mind," said Kei Khosrou, as he rolled the missive up, "he will not breed wickedness any more."

At length the business was all regulated, and then the old monarch saw Feridoon and his own sweet Zillah made man and wife. Then he collected all the nobles of his kingdom, and before them all he resigned his crown to Feridoon, for he was too old to do the duty, and yet he could work when there was need, for his counsel and advice should ever be free while he lived.

Rustem had remained away from the royal palace, for he feared the wrath of the young monarch, but Feridoon recalled him to court, and placed him in a station of honor about his person, and treated him so kindly and generously that even Rustem himself forgot the harshness of which he had been guilty.

And Zak Turan cobbled sandals no longer. He became a man of vast importance at court, being made one of the ushers of the royal apartments and a sort of officer at large, to go and come when he pleased. His wife seldom scolded now, for she was made busy with the young queen's slaves, keeping them in place and at their duty, and what she had of harmless venom she could vent upon them. But they rather enjoyed it than otherwise, from the fact that she was so kind to them always, that they loved to see her have these little spells of selfish enjoyment.

And Persia saw better and happier days. Her commerce with other nations expanded, her laws were improved, her home interests were faithfully looked after, and through all the length and breadth of the land went up praises of love and gratitude to the youthful king, for he was all that a nation, jealous of its honor, and ambitious of its prosperity, could ask.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

WHITE HANDS AND MUDDY COFFEE.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

HENRY THORNTON had been a married man just two months. He was proud of his wife's glossy ringlets, her brilliant eyes, pretty mouth, and, last of all, her small, white hands. He never once asked himself whether these same hands could iron a shirt, make bread or mend a pair of socks. Not he; it was enough to know that they could make trills on the piano, work worsted dogs and horses on crickets and ottomans, and paint something styled a landscape. She was not literary, either. Henry Thornton couldn't tolerate that kind of absurdity. In his opinion, a woman had much better be asleep than putting her thoughts upon paper. He thanked fortune, too, that she never took to reading dry disquisitions, tedious essays, or egotistical criticisms on egotistical books. Besides, his Helen didn't care about politics, being a regular "Know Nothing" in regard to the interesting item of who stood the best chance of being the next president. As to the war in the East, she could not tell positively whether Sebastopol was up or down; or whether it was in the hands of the Allies or the Russians. Reformatory topics she never broached, either. Anti-Slavery was a bore, and forced her to think too much of "those dirty negroes." Woman's Rights was masculine, and terribly out of taste, while Temperance was only fit for drunkard's wives to talk about. So it will be perceived that Helen Thornton was not a "strong-minded" female; a fact upon which her husband felicitated himself not a little.

We have said that two months comprised the married life of the latter. It would be gratifying to add that his happiness was complete—that he had nothing to wish for; but candor compels me to say that he had discovered a little, a very little alloy in his gold. To be sure, it would pass for pure metal, but close exam-

ination disclosed the fact. In a word, his coffee had been exceedingly muddy for more than a week, and when he cautiously dropped a hint to the effect that if her personal attention were given to the matter, the evil might be remedied, she rather tartly responded "that coffee making was not her business," moreover shutting herself up in her chamber, in a piff, thus depriving him of her precious company for the rest of the day. A kiss and a new scarf set the matter right the next morning, however, Mr. Thornton throwing in gratis an apology for his ill timed suggestion. He remembered that mankind (and we may as well include womankind) seldom attain to perfection; that roses always grow in the immediate vicinity of thorns, and that rainbows and black clouds are often seen together.

It is a curious fact, but no less true, that love scarcely ever outlives bad bread, smoky tea, thick coffee, hard boiled eggs, discolored silver and soiled table linen. After all the romance and rhapsody laid to his charge, the little gentleman deals in practicalities. He likes bread and butter, and he wants the bread light and the butter sweet. He is a little exacting, too; insisting that gaiters look better neatly laced than when open and flapping at the sides, with the strings trailing on the ground. He was even known, once, to take an abrupt leave of a lady, on the ostensible plea of dissimilarity of disposition; but shrewd people suspected that the true reason was because she wore dirty collars. He may be whimsical, flighty and extravagant sometimes, but he is just as sure to leave his air-castles and settle down quietly to three meals a day and a cigar in the evening, as a feather is certain to obey the laws of gravitation. He writes tender poetry, too; but generally inspiration seizes him after eating heartily of roast beef; the sly rogue knows that an empty stomach is not favorable to smooth rhyme or soft sentiment.

The honeymoon had just expired, or rather the months allotted to that interesting period; for it has been ascertained that that season can be protracted, by proper means, to an indefinite length of time. The twain were seated at the breakfast-table. Mr. Thornton looked dubiously at the burned and dried steak on the platter before him, made a wry face at his cup of coffee, took one mouthful of the clammy, leathery toast, and then spoke.

"My dear Helen."

"Well, Mr. Thornton."

"Did you ever eat any of my mother's bread?"

"No—why do you ask?"

"Because she makes the best biscuit I ever saw."

"Undoubtedly! A man's mother is generally his wife's superior in everything. I only wonder he is ever persuaded to leave her!" responded Mrs. Thornton, drily. It was the first time she had ever spoken sarcastically, and Henry was puzzled.

"I merely referred to my mother because she superintends the bread making herself. I wish you could be induced to do the same."

The lady lifted her taper fingers.

"Do you really wish me to putty my hands with pie-crust, and bury my arms in dough, Mr. Thornton?"

"No—not that exactly, my love; but you could overlook Biddy, and teach her to make better stuff than this," he added, pointing to the toast. "That wouldn't spoil your hands, would it?"

"I don't know how; besides, Biddy don't want me in the kitchen, and I'm not particularly attracted there. I don't mean to spend my life doing housework, or fretting about servants. I'm not able to do anything more than wait upon the table and entertain visitors." The bride sighed and leaned back in her chair.

"But your cousin Mary keeps no help, and still gets time to—"

"My cousin Mary is very foolish to do so much more than she need to! And then her hands are as brown as a gipsy's!"

"I never happened to notice them. I only remember that she makes delicious pastry, and plays the piano nearly as well as yourself," rejoined Mr. Thornton, soothingly.

"I wish you wouldn't quote cousin Mary! I don't like comparisons. She's a drudge and a blue. You said you didn't like blues."

"I don't—blondes are my favorites; and you are as pretty a blonde as I ever saw."

"She's an advocate for woman's rights, too. How often you've said you were glad that I don't interfere with subjects which don't concern my sex. And now you're finding fault with my house-keeping."

"That's the very idea, my love. I'm only regretting your non-interference in matters that *do* concern your sex."

Mrs. Thornton "defined her position" immediately. She did not design hurrying herself in the kitchen, or attaching herself to Biddy. She had married for a home and a maintenance, not to spend her life in rolling pie-crust or moulding bread.

Henry Thornton looked surprised, and no wonder, for he felt surprised. That his adorable Helen could be perverse when it suited her, he well knew; but that she should "put down her foot" so determinedly, set him to thinking. The young husband did not wish his wife to perform the duties belonging to a domestic, but he hoped she would take the general supervision of matters. He was a clerk, with a moderate salary, and prudence was indispensable to his situation. The story need not be lengthened. Waste and improvidence in the kitchen soon brought pecuniary embarrassment, while in the parlor, incapacity and ignorance of what constitutes a true woman and a real lady, laid the foundation of much discord which time did not lessen. The charm of the "white hands" had departed. Mere personal beauty, without intellectual attainments, a fund of common sense and moral worth, cannot long prove attractive. Think of it, ye Benedicts in search of connubial felicity!

THE PINE APPLE.

This delicious fruit, which, though a native of the tropics, is susceptible of exportation to great distances, and which is common and cheap in our northern markets, is one of the most delicious that the earth produces. We think it was old Izaak Walton who said, "Doubtless God could make a finer fruit than the strawberry; but doubtless God never did." We think he could hardly have eaten a rich, well ripened pine apple. No wonder that in Oriental countries, where religion is deeply tinged with sensuality, the consumption of fruit is closely associated with ideas of Paradise. The heaven of Mahomet would be nothing without its citrons, its palm nuts and its clusters of grapes; with the Jews, the vine and fig tree are still the popular emblems of peace;



THE PINE APPLE PLANT.

and in India the pomegranate is the recognized badge of wealth, royalty and happiness. The belief that fruit is the best gift of Heaven, and that it constitutes the natural luxury of man, is, in short, an established point in the creed of all the children of the sun. It is only of late years that the pine apple has been common in northern latitudes. In the time of Charles II. of England, a single pine apple was considered a present fit for a monarch. It is the fruit of the *Ananassa sativa*, a native of South America and some of the West India Islands, and a member of the natural order *Bromeliaceae*. It has become naturalized in Asia and Africa to such an extent that many have supposed it indigenous in those continents. In the Malay archipelago there is a variety called the double pine apple, each pip of the fruit growing into a branch producing a new pine apple. It was first introduced into Europe from South America about the middle of the 17th century, making its first appearance in Holland. It was introduced into England in 1690. The culture of the pine apple under glass is very expensive, but it is quite extensively pursued by wealthy amateurs in England. They require a rich soil, frequent waterings with manure water, plenty of light and a tolerably high temperature. Pine apples have been produced in England weighing thirteen and fourteen pounds each. In the royal kitchen garden at Kew, very fine pine apples are produced. It should be observed that the market gardeners in the vicinity of London, find it profitable to raise them for the market.

THE ITA PALM.

This curious and valuable tree, also called the *Murichi*, is a native of British Guiana, and is found in a tract of country comprising an area of about 550,000 square miles. The Spaniards have given to it the title of "Arbol de la Vida," or tree of life, a name which its utility may be said to justify. Its sap furnishes an invigorating drink of a sweetish taste, when unfermented. From the flowers a liquor resembling champagne is produced by fermentation. The pith yields sago of the finest quality. Other portions of the trunk are prepared in a manner peculiar to the natives, and when mixed with water and baked, makes very palatable bread. Various articles of household furniture, domestic and other implements, are made from the leaves and trunk. The leaves, dried and woven together, make strong hammocks. A closely fitting sheath, which forms an envelop for the budding leaves, is used by the Indians as a cap, and makes a very serviceable one. Its fibres supply a strong thread, used by the Indians for sewing their garments, and the different species of the weaving birds for the constructing of their nests. It is a very curious sight to observe a clond of these birds clustering upon the Ita palm and stripping the fibres from the bark. The birds alight upon the top of the trunk, and catching hold of a branch of threads with their bills, flying rapidly downwards, pulling off a spiral ribbon the whole length of the tree, which averages about fifty feet in height. In the decayed wood of this palm are found the

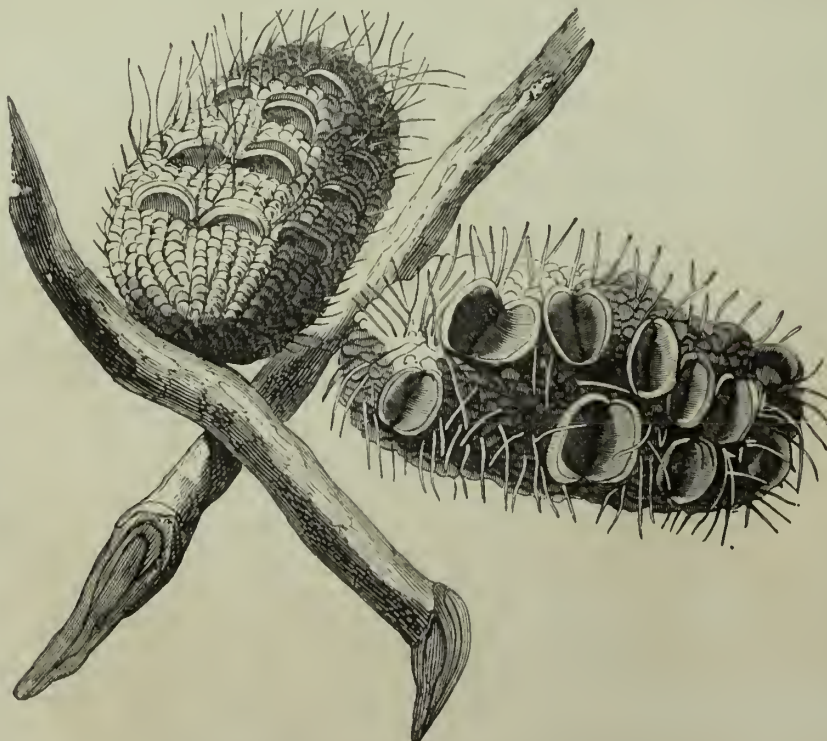


THE ITA PALM.

larvæ of a great beetle, the "*Cureulio palmarum*," which the Indians and colonists roast and eat, averring it to be a great delicacy, resembling the taste of the marrow of a beef bone.

MAIZE, OR INDIAN CORN.

This is one of the finest of the cereal grasses, and the Indian corn of America is the finest in the world. In the south of France, Spain, Portugal and Lombardy, a smaller variety is cultivated, and there is yet a smaller kind, coming early, which, it is thought, might ripen in England, though it is questionable whether there is sun enough in the country to bring it to maturity. William Cobbett, who learned its agricultural value in this country, was of opinion that it might be acclimated in England. The English certainly possess no vegetable production for fattening animals at all comparable to our Indian corn. At the time of the famine in Ireland, when we exported so much corn and meal to that unhappy country, this question was revived. A yet undecided question is also the native country of Indian corn. It is usually attributed to America, where the natives cultivated it at the time of its discovery. Yet it has not been found growing



SEED VESSELS OF THE BANKSIA AUSTRALIS.

wild by any botanist in any portion of our continent. It is equally certain that its culture did not attract any attention in Europe, Asia, or the north of Africa, until after the discovery of Columbus. None of the early travellers in Asia or Africa make mention of this plant, even when they give full details of the botany of the regions they visited. Neither do we find in any ancient author, or in any painting or sculpture that has come down to us from antiquity, any description or delineation of this valuable plant. Some contend that it originated in India, and thence found its way through Persia to Africa. It is neither more nor less than a gigantic grass, having all the characteristics of the family of grasses. Scientifically it has been thus described: it is annual and herbaceous, the root is fibrous, the stems rise to the height of four to ten feet, and are furnished with knots or joints at intervals. The leaves are alternate, sessile, sheathing at the base and slightly pubescent on their superior surface, and ciliate on their margin; they vary in length from one to three



THE MAIZE PLANT.

feet, by three or four inches in breadth. The male flowers are disposed on several spikes, which, together, form a large pannicle at the summit of the stem. The female flowers are very numerous, sessile, and disposed in the axillæ of the superior leaves, upon a common axis, which is surrounded by foliaceous sheaths or husks; the styles are very numerous, six to eight inches long, and hang down like a silken tassel from the extremity of the foliaceous envelop; the seeds or grains are rounded externally, angular and compressed at the sides, and tapering towards the base, and are disposed in several longitudinal series. Some varieties come to perfect maturity in six weeks from the time of the sprouting of the grain. By paying proper attention to the variety, therefore, it may be raised wherever the heat of summer is intense, even though it be of brief duration. Thus excellent corn is produced in Canada. The stems contain a large quantity of sugar, and attempts have been made in France to extract it, but thus far without profit, the method employed being costly.

SEED VESSELS OF THE BANKSIA AUSTRALIS.

The flora of Australia is so rich and curious that it has received much attention from naturalists. Our engraving shows the seed-vessels of the plant known to scientific men as the "*Banksia Australis*." The seed is fully protected by the hard cone until perfectly ripe; when matured, the seed-vessels open spontaneously. It is a curious illustration of the completeness with which nature manages her productions.

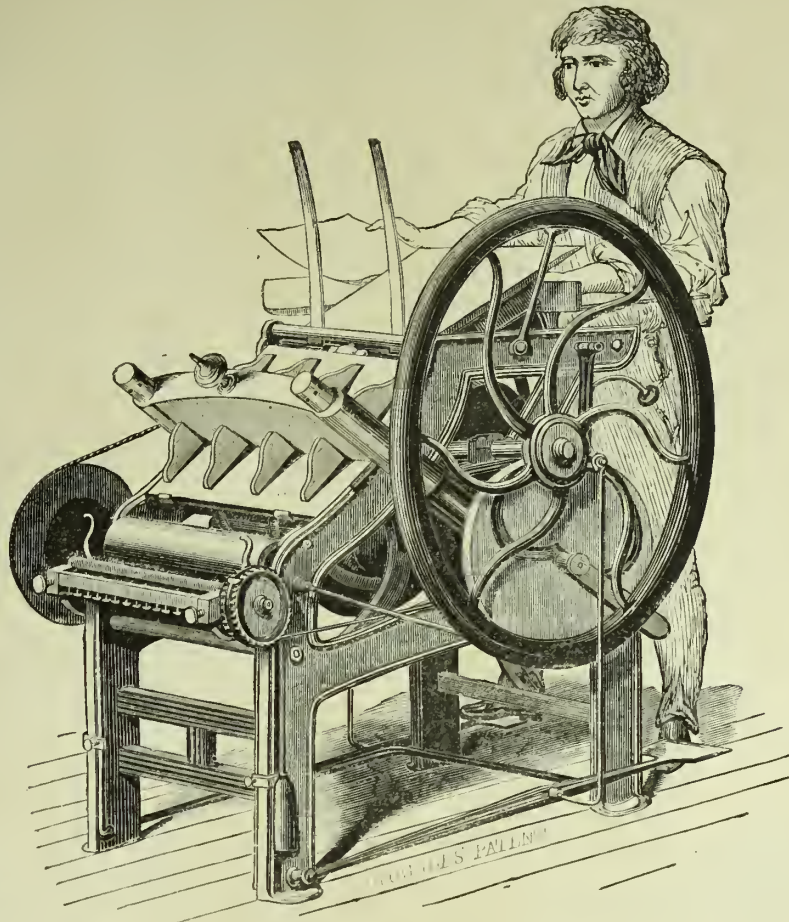
CORK.

Not the city, but the article used to stop small beer bottles, etc. This valuable substance is nothing more or less than the bark of an evergreen oak, growing principally in Spain, and other countries bordering on the Mediterranean. In English gardens it is only a curiosity. When the cork tree is about fifteen years old, the bark has attained a thickness and quality suitable for manufacturing purposes; and after stripping, a further growth of eight years produces a second crop; and so on at intervals, for even ten or twelve crops. The bark is stripped from the tree in pieces two inches in thickness, of considerable length, and of such width as to retain the curved form of the trunk when it has been stripped. The bark peeler or cutter makes a slit in the bark with a knife, perpendicularly from the top to the bottom; he makes another incision parallel to it, and at some distance from the former, and two shorter horizontal cuts at the top and bottom. For stripping off the piece thus isolated, he uses a kind of knife with two handles and a curved blade; sometimes, after the cuts have been made, he leaves the tree to throw off the bark by the spontaneous action of the vegetation within the trunk. The detached pieces are soaked in water, and are placed over a fire when nearly dry; and acquire a more compact texture by being scorched. To make them flat they are pressed down with weights while yet hot.—*Scientific American*.

THE S. P. RUGGLES'

POWER PRESS MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

The accompanying engravings present a coincidence, and suggest a reflection. The birthplace of Franklin, the immortal printer, is a fitting neighborhood for the distinguished Power Press Manufacturing Company, whose place of business is here represented. The discrepancy between the facts of the present time and the prediction of Franklin, when he invented his famous printing press, forcibly illustrates the uncertainty of reasoning from fixed and known conditions in the present, to the changing and unknown of the future. He supposed that two or three of his hand presses would supply the whole demand of the country; yet now, almost upon the spot hallowed by his birth, an incorporated company, established for the manufacture of the lighting *Power Printing Presses*, distributes them by hundreds and thousands throughout the United States, and has only been enabled to keep pace with its orders by trebling the number of its operatives and increasing its capital. Our great philosopher's error was the common one of all who suppose that labor-saving machinery is a foe to the laborer. It is the cost of supply that regulates demand, and the instant any luxury can be furnished at a low price, thousands who never dreamed of indulging in it before, find it within their means, and it becomes a necessity with all. This principle has so strongly obtained, in regard to all productions of the printing press, that the facilities of supply have hitherto been inadequate to the demand, and, since the days of Franklin, the ingenuity of man has been racked to devise rapid printing presses. Among inventive geniuses, in this and many other departments, no one name better deserves perpetuation than that of STEPHEN P. RUGGLES, the President and Superintendent of the Press Manufacturing Company which bears his name. The interesting record of his inventive life is, in some sort, the history of the corporation over which he presides, and whose splendid machinery is diffused far and wide over the Western continent. Mr. Ruggles is a practical printer, as well as a thorough mechanic and gifted inventor. He fully understands the wants of printers, having served a long apprenticeship to their honorable art. While an apprentice in the office of the "Vermont Republican and American Yeoman," he made the first attempt, ever tried in this country, to ink the types, on a hand press, by means of a roller. When hardly out of his time, he invented and made, with his own hands, a large cylinder power press, which was easily worked by one person, and turned off "good book work" at the rate of 750 sheets per hour. The "Ladies' Magazine" was printed upon it, in this city, at the office of Putnam & Hunt. Immediately after, he made, and exhibited in Pendleton's lithographic establishment, in Boston, a working model of a double frisket platen press, but, from want of means, was unable to build a machine of full size, upon this principle, at that time. Subsequently, however, he did build a large press upon the plan of this model, in New York. The platen of this press was over the bed, which, with the form, was raised up and the impression given by a powerful compound toggle joint. The friskets were on each end of a carriage that held the ink rollers in the centre. While one frisket was under the platen the other was out, delivering and receiving its sheet, thus changing places alternately. Poverty and a groundless rumor that something vastly superior was about to appear in New York, alone prevented the successful introduction of this improvement as early as 1827. In 1830-31, Mr. Ruggles invented and built, in Minor's machine shop, New York, the first card press ever made in the world. It was the first press ever constructed to receive on its platen the card, or paper, to be printed. Until the invention of this press, no printer had succeeded well in printing enamelled cards, and they were not used in ornamental letter press work. To the invention of this press the card manufacturers and printers owe the first impetus given to the immense business now done in enamelled cards. Few men have had more laborious lives. From 1833 to 1838 his employment was especially honorable to himself and dear to the cause of humanity. During those years, he was constantly engaged in experiments connected with the education of the blind. The form and size of letters, the types, the paper, and the ponderous embossing engine, before unknown, the maps, with a changeable type of great ingenuity, and the only globe ever made for the use of the blind, were all, and each of them, the results of his experiments and the work of his own hands. He reduced the expense of printing to one hundredth part of its former cost, and gave to the blind the famous American edition of the Bible. On relinquishing his engagements with the Perkins' Institution for the Blind, he returned, true to his instincts, to the improvement of printing presses again, and soon produced the presses now so widely known, both in this country and Europe, as the "Ruggles Printing Engine" and the "Rotary Card and Job Presses." The demand for these presses has been enormous, and increasing every year; but, as if invention could not tire, he has, within the last few months, given to the world a novelty, surpassing everything of either kind, and which he calls the "Combination Job Press," an engraving of which we present above to the reader. This press is worked by a treadle, with the foot or steam power, the same as his other presses are, and throws off, with astonishing rapidity, the best quality of work. An important and valuable feature in this press is a simple arrangement by which the impression may be increased or diminished with great ease and expedition, and another which ensures the perfect working of the form, however small in size it may be, whether it is placed in the centre or in one corner of the bed. We cannot here enumerate all its peculiar advantages, but we may say it has many, and that above all others it has been the particular aim of the inventor, in its general construction, to avoid every difficulty that might



THE RUGGLES PRINTING PRESS.

arise from having it worked by careless boys, or other persons of little skill or judgment in the management of machinery. Among the establishments that use the embossing presses, and different kinds of job printing presses, invented by Mr. Ruggles, is the extensive and well-known engraving and printing house of E. Ketterlinus & Co., No. 40, North Fourth St., Philadelphia, whose exquisite specimens of richly gilded and embossed cards, labels and ornamental printing fully equal the best productions of the French and English press. Mr. Ruggles has also made many other improvements in the arts, among which most conspicuously stands his celebrated Rotating Shears, now owned and manufactured by the Cutting Machine Manufacturing Company, of Boston. These shears will cut tissue paper, or noiselessly divide the longest and heaviest boiler iron plates in thirty seconds, leaving the cut edges square and true. Simplicity of mechanism is the great beauty of this machine, and this quality results from a close adherence to nature. In this excellence, Mr. Ruggles is, perhaps, unrivalled, and a single instance will suffice for an example. Every pedestrian feels the importance of a flexible ankle joint, to enable the foot to greet the ground evenly at the instant of contact; and every commercial man knows how illegible the post marks are upon his mailed letters; but no one saw the connection between the ankle and the stamp, until Mr. Ruggles invented the flexible hand stamp now manufactured by the Boston Hand Stamp Company. With this simple device any child can print a hundred legible impressions per minute. The S. P. Ruggles' Power Press Manufacturing Co., who manufacture all the presses of this invention, are now preparing to develop a new power book press, of great perfection, which he has recently constructed, and which will be offered to the public as soon as the company shall have filled the bulk of their orders for the "Combination Press," and others.

VIEWS IN PAWTUCKET, RHODE ISLAND.

M. M. BALLOU, Esq., Dear Sir:—Thinking that it might be a matter of interest to your readers to know somewhat of the perambulations of your corps of artists, in search of material wherewith to grace the weekly board spread before them, and the better to demonstrate to their minds the facts that the viands are fresh from the field, and gathered expressly for their enjoyment, I have concluded, with your consent, to give, in connection with the sketches of prominent places which I furnish you from time to time, a narrative of my experience *en passant*. I am actuated also, in so doing, by a desire to return thanks for the many kindnesses which I receive on all hands in the various places I visit, and which I am only able to do by adopting the narrative style of writing my descriptions. It is true, such attentions are rendered not to me in my individual capacity, but simply to the artist for Ballou's Pictorial; yet, as they show the high appreciation of all classes for the paper, and a desire to extend every facility towards the adornment of its columns, they are not the less worthy of note on my part. My most recent trip in search of objects of interest was to Pawtucket, R. I., and vicinity. I left New York on the 31st of March last, by the New Haven train, for Hartford and Providence. Stopping in Hartford over Sunday, I reached the thriving city of Providence on Monday, about 11, A. M. A cold, blustering northwest wind betokened little comfort in out-of-door sketching, and I laid over until the following day, hoping that the weather would prove, on the morrow, more propitious to my object. I experienced the less annoyance on account of delay, from the fact that, having drawn my first breath in Providence, and having troops of friends there, I spent the interval, during which rude Boreas interdicted my sketching, in the most agreeable manner. On Tuesday, however, the weather promised to be more favorable, and a friend drove me over the beautiful macadamised road leading from Providence to Pawtucket, in his own carriage, and seldom have I had, for so short a ride, such a pleasant one. I need not inform you, perhaps, that the New England States are far ahead of all others in their turnpike roads. With true Yankee feeling, nothing but the best will suit their citizens, who believe that "what is worth doing at all, is worth doing well." The charter for the road between Providence and Pawtucket was granted under the following conditions. The company to build the road and keep it in repair, and when the income, over and above the expense of repairing and maintaining it, was sufficient to repay the capital invested and a certain amount of interest, then the road was to become public property. This will account for the fine state in which the road is kept. The travel over it is so great, and its receipts so bountiful, that the company spend all that can be spent advantageously upon it, to prevent it from going out of their hands. The road enters Pawtucket from a gentle elevation, descending which you get a beautiful view of the river, the falls and the mills, similar to that shown in the first large engraving, except that the former has all the advantage of life and activity, color and a bright sunlight, to recommend it to the eye of the most careless observer. We drove at once, on entering the town, to the hotel, which is situated on the Massachusetts side of the river, and taking the necessary ablutions after a somewhat dusty ride, we sallied out to find the editor of the Gazette and Chronicle, a weekly paper of much merit and interest. To this gentleman I am indebted for many favors and attentions during my short visit. Though an entire stranger to him, the fact of my being connected with the Pictorial, and visiting Pawtucket professionally, was a passport to his favor, and he devoted himself to making my time pass both agreeably and profitably. He invited me to step into his gig, and drove me to the various points of interest in and about Pawtucket, giving me much valuable information *ad interim*. Pawtucket is situated upon the Pawtucket River, which is the dividing line between the States of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. Above the town the river takes the name of the Blackstone. It rises in Worcester County, Mass., and pursuing a southeast course, empties its waters into Narragansett Bay, at Providence. Pawtucket is essentially a manufacturing town, and contains nothing of startling beauty to attract the traveller or mere tourist; but there is a mine of interest in a visit to her various manufactories, which amply repays the time spent in going through them. Its water power is its principal resource and dependence, and was the attraction to the first settlers of the place. Let us glance at the history of the town. For most of the facts contained in the following brief synopsis I am indebted to a series of articles published in the Gazette and Chronicle, of great local and considerable general interest. According to tradition, the land on which Pawtucket is situated was originally owned by Ezekiel Hollman, one of Roger Williams's associates. The first settlement was made near the falls by the family of Jenks, at a period nearly coeval with the settlement of Providence, in which town it was included for nearly a century, until North Providence, to which the Rhode Island side belongs, was set off in 1795. Joseph Jenks, the founder of the family, came from Lynn, Mass., in 1670. In 1789, Samuel Slater, then a young man of 21 years, came to Pawtucket, and introduced cotton spinning by machinery, until then a mystery. He was born in England, and his father, on his deathbed, indentured him to Mr. Jedediah Strutt, the proprietor of an extensive cotton mill at Belper, in the county of Derby. When his apprenticeship expired, he determined to come to America, and fearing the jealousy of the government with regard to all attempts to carry away the art of cotton manufacture, he resolved to study the machinery so thoroughly as to be able to carry the patterns in his memory, and from the reflections of his own mind and judgment lay the foundations of this branch of manufacture here.

[SEE PAGE 408.]



THE RUGGLES POWER PRESS MANUFACTORY, WASHINGTON STREET.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

INKERMANN.

BY H. L. SPENCER.

The moon rose calmly o'er the field of glory—
The stars their radiance shed
Over the plain, where lay in vestments gory,
The dying and the dead.

No more was heard the cannon's roar, the rattle
Of shot that fell like rain;
No more arose the lurid smoke of battle
From the ensanguined plain.

Some for their much loved fatherland did rally
And mingle in the fray;
Some who, too restless were in peace to dally,
Thitherward bent their way.

Some to the battle went with aspirations
Soon to be overthrown;
Many who hoped to hold in awe the nations,
Thence passed away unknown.

No more, when firm and strong the conflict rages,
May they the foremost lead,
And those who follow, upon history's pages
Their names may never read.

Over the world in majesty stalks sorrow—
Death proudly rides before,
And millions cry, O, when will dawn the morrow
Of peace, forevermore!

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

ADVERTISING FOR A HUSBAND.

BY AGNES LESLIE.

"HURRAH! I know what I'll do; I've been bored to death all this horrid dull winter. Now I'll have some fun," and the speaker, a young belle in her second season, flung down the newspaper which she had been perusing very intently, and began to practise a new Redowa before the pier glass. Her companion, a grave, handsome girl, some years her senior, looked up from her drawing with a half smile, as she said:

"I should think that was anything but a variation to your usual amusements; I believe you have practised those same steps a dozen times before to-day."

"La, you don't think my only chance of fun is my last dancing lesson? I must be a leader of a forlorn hope indeed, in that case."

"What then?"

"Really have you condescended so much from your dignity, as to exhibit curiosity about so vulgar a thing?"

Jane Van Veecon made no reply to this rather rude remark, but silently kept on sketching, while Mabel went to the window, hummed a few bars from Zampa, keeping up a running tattoo accompaniment with her plump white fingers upon the broad sill, and then whirling round, dropped down upon the carpet at her sister's feet.

"I'm going to advertise for a husband, Jane."

"You are not going to do any such thing, Mabel!"

"You see!" and reaching out her hand she pulled an ivory cup and ball from the what-not, and commenced tossing it up and down with a very decided look on her little independent face. "Yes, I'm going to advertise for a husband; it will be prime fun."

"But dangerous fun, perhaps, in the end, Mabel; it may draw you into a very unpleasant affair. Don't think of it, I beseech you."

"Nothing venture, nothing have," and throwing down the pretty plaything she held, she went to the small fancy desk, and began scratching away with a pen, in much such a giddy, rapid manner as she moved and talked.

"You're really not thinking of this thing seriously?" said Jane, for the first time putting down her crayon, and looking in quite an alarmed way at her daring young sister's face.

"Seriously? Why, yes, in one way. I'm serious in my design of advertising; but I don't even think seriously of honoring the gentleman with my hand. It's the drollery, the mystery, the newness of the idea, in short, which tickles my imagination."

Jane came and looked over her shoulder, and started back in horror as she read the following:

"A young lady of highly respectable family (not, however, belonging to 'Mrs. Potiphar's' circle), of some personal attractions, and, what is of still greater account, considerable property, is desirous of entering into matrimonial negotiations with a young gentleman of like position."

"Now you shall not do this, Mabel. I have a right to interfere, for I stand in the place of a mother to you."

"You sha'n't interfere, Jane Van Veecon; I'm not a baby, I'd have you understand, but old enough to know what is proper;" and Mabel's black eyes flashed angrily on her calm sister.

"You are only seventeen, Mabel; I was quite a child at that age—a school girl; while you have been flirting—yes, actually flirting, for a whole year!" and the pure cheek faintly colored.

"Yes, I dare say you were a child then, Jane. But I'm not going to be kept in the background in the hey day of my life, even if some selfish people do want to be thought so very youthful;" and the pretty little vixen flounced down into a great chair with curling lips and flashing eyes. It was a hard, ungrateful thing for her to say to that good, unselfish sister, who had striven so faithfully to fulfil a mother's duties to her, a more difficult labor than it might, under other circumstances, have been, for the fa-

ther was a stern, sour old man, needlessly jealous of his pure young wife when living, and suspicious of her children. Mabel was too like her mother in her gay, harmless pranks, her beautiful face and musical voice, not to fall very often under her father's displeasure, and the injustice of this embittered her loving but wilful nature in secret, and sometimes open rebellion against him.

Jane made no remark to her sister's passionate outburst—she never did to Mabel's explosions; and if the tears gathered to her eyes, as she thought of the many years of her own life which had been devoted to this thankless child, her sister did not see them, for she went quietly away and resumed her crayon, sitting with her back to the little turbulent figure in the easy chair. But Mabel felt very uncomfortable; she always did after defying Jane's wise authority; conscious that she was in the wrong, yet too proud or too cowardly to make any concessions. To use her own language to a friend—"how can I own up to Jane? she is so passionless herself." That was it. Jane was so passionless, so cold and calm, everybody said, and everybody thought, save one, and he, alas! was Mabel's lover.

How Philip Kennedy laughed when Jane told him, as she felt in duty bound to do, of Mabel's project. He took the very way of all others to exasperate her, for even worse than her sister's coldness, she hated this careless ridicule. She wouldn't he laughed out of it, at least. They were all seated in the drawing-room, Jane busy as usual, and Mabel, little, idle, good for nothing Mabel, sitting on a low stool before the fire, her hands folded in her lap, and her Jewish black eyes watching the fitful blue blaze with moody gravity; while her lover was half reclining upon the sofa, his handsome head thrown back, and that gay, good natured laugh still lingering round his lips.

"Ha, ha, *Ma belle!* come, this is rich; you advertising for a husband, with half a score of adorers at your feet already, to say nothing of your humble servant."

She turned round upon him her angry face.

"How much fuss, one way and another, there has been made about this little harmless bit of fun! Jane preaches and you ridicule; but, let me tell you, neither of you will carry the day, for I shall do as I please. I'm not going to be scolded out of it, or laughed out of it."

Philip's face assumed a graver expression, as he saw how angry in earnest she was; and he said, gently:

"My dear child, it may seem harmless to you, but the consequences, as Jane has said, might be very unpleasant to us both. It will hurt your delicacy, if it transpire, to have your name made a jest of;" and, getting up and coming to her side, he said, in lower tones: "I don't want my affianced wife spoken of lightly, even if in sport, by young men of fashion. I wish you held yourself as sacred as I do, Mabel."

This was an unlucky speech; it angered Mabel still more, and without a word she started up from her seat, and brushing laughingly past him, ran up stairs to her own room.

"He and Jane," she exclaimed aloud, "think I haven't common sense, I believe. Wish I held myself as sacred as he does me, indeed! I guess I know how to take care of my dignity. And he's always bringing that up; his wife! as if it was the greatest honor in the world for me. I'll advertise now, if I die for it!" Which threat, it is needless to say, she speedily put into execution.

Philip Kennedy went back to his seat on the sofa after Mabel had so unceremoniously left the room; and, after a sad pause, he said, in a low, grave voice, to his remaining companion:

"What can I do with her, Jane? She tries me severely."

And then the faithful sister's sweet, patient heart broke out:

"Bear with her, Philip, she is so young; by-and-by, when she comes to be your wife, it will be different. I have been thinking perhaps we expect too much of her, and that I am not a fit companion for her. She needs more sympathy, and I am so unlike her that I fail to give it, when I would be mother and sister both. Just think, I am eight years her senior," she concluded, with a shadow of a smile.

"Are you twenty-five, Jane?" he said, dreamily, without replying to the subject of her remarks.

"In my twenty-sixth year," was the quiet answer.

He laughed.

"There, that's like nobody in the world but Jane Van Veecon. What other woman would have taken the coming year? They usually stay with the past as long as possible."

Jane smiled too, but not very cheerfully; she could not help thinking how carelessly he had dismissed Mabel and her shortcomings. There he stood right before her on the hearth rug, his back to the glowing grate fire, talking in the same half-serious, half-jocular way which was peculiar to him, not about his betrothed or anything concerning her. And Jane listened, and at last gave herself up to the delightful pleasure of his conversation, now and then contributing an original remark, such as only Philip Kennedy could elicit from those calm lips. It was strange how he had ever come to attach himself to Mabel Van Veecon, with her youth, and follies, and fickleness. He had a quick, strong temper, and vivacity enough for both; tempered as her's was not with a firm self-control. He was altogether too gay and careless in his outward manner for her, too fond of bantering her in his half-satirical way, which she did not like, and would not understand.

"What's new in the papers this morning, Harry?"

"Nothing that I see. Nothing later from Europe; no change in the markets, no anything. Yes—stop; look here, Morris!" and, brightening up, he read, with some fun in his eyes and voice, Mabel's droll advertisement. "There! I'll bet ten to one," he

exclaimed, throwing down the paper, "that the writer of this is some *harum scurum* girl, who does it for the joke of the thing; it sounds a good deal like one my cousin Grace inserted for sport last year."

Morris picked up the paper and read the advertisement with a half smile upon his serious face, then letting it slip from his fingers to the carpet, he resumed his position of repose against the sofa pillows. He was really, in spite of his indifferent manner, much more amused and curious than he would have cared to own, and after his friend, Harry Neal, had left the room, his thoughts took a definite form, and, getting up, he went to his writing desk and penned quite a long letter in reply to that odd advertisement. It was not sentimental, but in the same spirit which characterized Mabel's wild adventure, full of a quaint, quiet humor, too, which would have done him no discredit as an author. Directing as specified, he dropped it into the post-office as he went down town.

Morris Jackson was accounted a queer fellow, an odd stick, eccentric, etc., and all because he was rich and undissipated. He never drank wine, he never played at any of the fashionable gambling games, and rarely went to the theatre. Yet it was not from principle; he had no taste for such things; it was all a bore to him. He went to church because he *had* a taste for eloquence, and the Rev. Dr. D— was a very eloquent man; he liked the singing, too. His tastes made him fortunately a man of unblemished character, and thus life had gone on for him in this aimless, unsatisfying way for five and-twenty years, and with no near relative to care for and care for him, it was no wonder the rich, idle man's curse—*ennui*—took possession of him. There was something in our young heroine's satirical advertisement which struck his dormant fancy, and called forth such unusual demonstration; and when she received that delicate perfumed epistle, with its fine graceful hand writing and finished composition, her spirits rose afresh, and all the remorse and little fear of consequences which had disturbed her mind vanished under its fascinating influence. With womanly tact, she refrained from revealing the success of her undertaking to either her sister or lover. The letter invited a correspondence, and the mystery, which was certainly not a vulgar mystery, charmed her into compliance. Lincoln Morris was the not unmusical title which Jackson had adopted for his *nom de plume*, and thus, without the knowledge of any other party save their two selves, several letters were interchanged. Morris was no less pleased with her sprightly epistles than she with his graver ones, and he was no less sure that it was a person of refinement and good social standing.

For a while this entertaining mystery did very well, but people won't be satisfied with mystery forever, and after a time there arose a very natural curiosity to behold each other bodily. Thus the very snare they warned her against was fast enclosing her in its meshes. Indiscreet Mabel!

From the gay laughter-loving, pleasure-seeking girl, she became more pre-occupied and thoughtful, and this did not escape the watchful eyes at home.

"What in the world has come over you, Mabel?" said Philip Kennedy, one day, when she had been unusually silent and submissive. "You are no more like the little gay creature of two months since than I am like the President of the United States."

She gave him a sidelong glance from her upturned black eyes, in her saucy way, and said:

"I thought you liked proper people?"

He laughed.

"Yes; but you are not proper all the time; you are as changeable as a chameleon. Come, you've been sinning, I know; you've got something on your mind, some new prank which you can't reconcile with your conscience. If it wasn't for that big bump on the top of your head, I don't know what would become of you, Mabel."

Hastily drawing her hand away, she cried out as if in pain:

"You hurt me!" But she could not deceive Philip Kennedy so; for her eyes were full of tears, and her voice tremulous with emotion. She looked very pretty as she sat there, rubbing one little hand with the other, her cherry lips parted, and the color flushing all over her face. But he far from suspected the real cause of her agitation; he thought she felt sad and sorry for some of her whims and petulance, and with much such a feeling and motion which one extends to a child, he put his arm around her, saying, at the same time:

"My dear child, what troubles you?"

It was the same old cause of irritation; she was always treated like a child; and repulsing his clasping arm, she drew away from him, and with real womanly reproach and haughty anger, exclaimed with deepening color:

"Why, in heaven's name, Philip Kennedy, did you ever ask me to be your wife, if you regarded me as a child?"

"Because I loved you, Mabel Van Veecon."

"It is false! you never loved me. How could you—a man of your character, love a woman whom you could tease and banter into a childish passion, as you have me? No—you never loved me, so don't perjure yourself with another lie, Philip Kennedy."

"Mabel!"

"Stop, I know all you would say. You would beguile me again with those fascinating tones, ah! too well I remember them. What right had you to steal all my happy freedom away, and make such a poor return?"

He strove to soothe her, but ere he was aware of her purpose, she had left the room, and he could hear her little fleet footsteps flying up the stairs, and scarcely knowing, in his pre-occupation, whither he was going, he went out into the hall and opened the door of the dining room, where he found Jane with her sewing. He threw himself down on a lounging chair and related what had passed, adding, in conclusion:

"Jane, what shall I do? That girl will drive me mad!"

She put down her work and turned her pale, distressed face towards him.

"O, Philip! how will all this end for my poor child?"

"End? I will tell you; if she persist in this way after we are married, the result will be—a heartless woman of fashion, and a hardened man of the world!"

"Philip, Philip, 'judge not, lest ye be judged.'"

"Jane," and his voice was husky with emotion; "Jane," he repeated, "why, in heaven's name, did you encourage my blind partiality for her? and why, O, Jane," and he came and stood before her, "why did you turn from my love? You knew it was love I felt for you, the truest and fondest man ever felt. You weep! O, Jane, Jane, God forgive you, if, from a mistaken idea of justice towards your sister, you have made us both miserable!"

The tears were raining down her pallid cheeks, and she covered her face with her hands, and sobbed aloud.

He knelt by her side and drew the drooping head to his shoulder.

"Jane, you are the only woman I ever really loved, the only woman I shall ever love. It was your rejection of my suit which drove me on to the last year's mad passion. Mortified and humbled in my haughty pride by that refusal, the flattering reception your sister gave me, when she returned, in all her youth and beauty, was a great temptation. She did not turn coldly from my professions; she did not scorn my suit, though far less passionately urged than to yourself. For a time I thought I was happy; I did not think it was merely the tranquillity of my flattered vanity, my soothed self love. I have awakened to the reality that I have sinned against God and her; I have perjured myself, as she said, but I will take care that it is for the last time. Before another day, we must understand each other; this miserable mistake must be remedied."

The bowed head was lifted from its resting place, as if with great effort, and the broken voice said, hastily:

"I will never, so help me God, make my happiness on the ashes of her's!" and ere he had time to detain her, she had fled from his presence.

When Mabel so unceremoniously left Philip, she went to her usual place of refuge—the how window in her dressing-room, and there indulged in bitter tears, and bitterer reflections. These were broken in upon by some one turning the handle of the door, and a gay, cheerful voice exclaiming, as the owner entered, bringing in the fresh March air:

"What's in the wind now, *chère petite*? Come, dry up your eyes and let me take you out. I've got an invitation for you to the most charming place—Mrs. Dacre's. Excuse the lateness of the invitation. I've just returned from out of town myself, and received her note only fifteen minutes ago. She is very urgent you should come. Will you, *ma belle cousine*?"

"Why, Walter, I never saw her but once, when I was with you, one day, at the exhibition."

"That's nothing; you are both perfectly aware of each other's position. You both belong to one of the first families," he said, with a laugh, "so it's all *au fait*; only, you will find her's not quite so much tintured with that old puritan ancestor whose grim portrait hangs in your father's library."

It needed not many arguments to persuade Mabel to accompany her only cousin, and, indeed, her only relative in the world save her father and sister. They had been brought up together until Walter's strong will rebelled against his uncle's authority, when he went out into the world to battle his way alone and unaided; but the tie, more like brother and sister than cousins, was kept unbroken.

"I'll call for you at nine; you'll be ready," and the gay young fellow cleared the stairs with two light bounds, after he had gained Mabel's consent.

She was in just the mood for this scheme; she wanted to escape from her own annoying thoughts, and, lighting the gas, she summoned her little Scotch maid, Jeannie, and commenced her preparations. She was standing before the toilet glass, smoothing the folds of her bright airy dress, when she was conscious of some one in the shadow of the doorway. The door had been opened to cool the furnace-heated room; and, looking up, what was her dismay to see her father regarding her with his most withering displeasure and sarcasm.

"Where are you intending to go?" was his question, in icy tones.

Deception was not one of Mabel's faults, and she answered, boldly:

"With Walter, to Mrs. Dacre's."

By her father, with his stiff puritanic notions, this daring, dashing, dancing Walter, and his fashionable friends, were regarded with peculiar horror and dislike.

"You will remove these theatrical trappings, and remain at home," was his command.

But Mabel went. It was not the first time that she had disobeyed him; all the bitter defiance of her nature was roused at his overbearing restrictions; and Walter fully comprehended how matters stood when she met him at the hall door in her cloak and hood.

"Ay, but the lassie has the master's spirit!" said Jeannie, admiringly, to her fellow-servants, as she told them of her mistress's rebellion. "She looked as bonnie as a queen when he spoke to her sae cruel."

And bonnie as a queen she looked as she stood before her hostess. Mrs. Dacre thought she had never seen such a bright little fairy, and congratulated herself upon so charming an addition to her party. And Mabel entered into the amusements of the evening as enjoyably as if there never existed stern fathers or indignant lovers. She danced, and flirted, and laughed to her heart's

content. And the result (which she liked better than all) was a great sensation; she was the belle of the evening. With considerable pique she noticed one gentleman who seemed neither to remark this sensation nor its object. He was a handsome fellow, too—a serious, quiet, stylish-looking man, who talked as agreeably to the elderly ladies as he did to the belles on the opposite side. Mabel's vanity was roused, and, somehow or other, she determined to awaken this cold piece of humanity; fortunately for her design, an opportunity was not long wanting, for her hostess presently came up to her, saying:

"My dear Miss Van Vecton, will you favor us with some music? I have heard from Walter of your delightful singing."

Singing was Mabel's forte; that expressive face never looked more beautiful than when lit up with music's passion; those full, bright lips never so tempting as when pouring out the melody of her voice.

The cold piece of humanity never turned his head when she seated herself at the piano, and played the first low prelude to one of Schubert's divine melodies. He expected some of the usual school girl performances, and his tastes were cultivated enough to feel annoyed. But when that perfect voice, so sure and sweet, so full of compass, and yet so fresh, broke the gentle murmur of the rooms, he left his seat, and came and stood where he could see her distinctly. Mabel had succeeded; he could not help feeling some curiosity about the owner of such a voice. "Surely," he said to himself, "there must be natural genius there;" and he forthwith requested an introduction.

Walter presented the gentleman; in the confusion of many tongues, Mabel lost the surname, as her cousin, in his off hand way, addressed him with "Morris, let me make you acquainted," etc. A bright, burning blush passed over her face as she raised her eyes eagerly to his. He could not but notice it, and when she directly afterwards addressed him as "Mr. Morris," a sudden illuminating smile brightened his grave countenance, and bending towards her, he said, softly:

"You are thinking of Lincoln Morris; it is Morris Jackson now."

They understood each other at once; and though Mabel, with all her wild gaiety, could not help being a little shy at first, when she remembered what had passed, it wore off when she discovered that he understood the spirit in which it was done as thoroughly as herself.

Morris Jackson could make himself a very agreeable man if he chose, and he chose to do so now; and Mabel was soon talking to him in her frank, fearless manner, saying incredibly saucy things in a reckless way, which would have called down a frown upon her from Philip Kennedy; but her companion was really aroused out of his apathy into downright enjoyment. She seemed to have not the slightest respect for his position, or what subdued so many young ladies—his half a million—not she. She laughed at him; she contradicted him flatly; she ordered him about like a school-boy;—in short, she treated him like anything but a young gentleman of fortune and position—those accompaniments which usually, to his great disgust, heralded his appearance.

The evening's entertainments were to terminate in *tableaux*, the first of which was found to be wanting in one of its principal characters. The subject was taken from a Spanish picture—the "Unwilling Bride," and Alice Rodney, the lady chosen for the representation of the latter being absent, our Spanish-looking Mabel was solicited to fill the place; and she was a very embodiment of Spain's dark-eyed daughters when robed in the rich, peculiar costume. She emerged from the dressing-room into the presence of her cavalier companion, who, to her astonishment, proved to be Morris Jackson. Clapping her hands, like the little mad-cap she was, she said, laughingly, as she caught his eye:

"O how funny it all is!"

"What's funny?" inquired Walter; "I don't see anything very droll."

"Of course you don't; go away," and she gave him a push towards the door.

There was only one thing wanting to complete the arrangements—a species of hat or turban for the bridegroom.

"O, I know what will do!" exclaimed Mabel, as they were discussing it; and, dashing down her fan, she ran back to the dressing-room, and returned with a gorgeous scarf she had worn around her in the carriage. Pulling off her gloves, she commenced twisting it about his brow as carelessly as if he were a wooden model. Now her soft bare arms would encircle his head; now her perfumed curls would float across his mouth; now her jewelled fingers would push the locks away, and she all the time talking, laughing and scolding, giving him a push this way and that, or ordering him shortly to hold his head down or up, in the most natural manner in the world, until Morris thought he had never seen anything quite so bewitching in his whole life. He could scarcely help feeling sorry when it was over, and they took their places. Before the curtain rose, Walter whispered something to his hostess, which seemed to meet with great approval, and as the beautiful tableau was revealed to the admiring guests, she came forward, accompanied by a pleasant looking man, who, until now, had been deeply engaged at a whist table in one of the most distant rooms. Even now he seemed to be more mindful of his game than of the present company; for an absent expression rested upon his face as he stepped forward at a signal from Mrs. Dacre, and began a ceremony of marriage. Morris and his companion both looked up in surprise; but the intelligent smile and nod from Walter and the hostess kept them silent; they saw it was meant for a joke, and were too well bred not to carry it out. When it was concluded, and the curtain slowly commenced rolling down, for the first time Uncle Ralph, as he was called, seemed to comprehend the real state of affairs. He followed Mrs. Dacre and Walter out of the room.

"What—what, Lucy, look here!" he exclaimed, as they were alone; "was this all meant for sport? Didn't you know—good Heaven, Lucy!—didn't you know that I was made Justice of the Peace this very day?"

They were aghast.

"O, Uncle Ralph," cried Mrs. Dacre, in horrified tones, "why didn't you tell us?"

"Tell you!" he retorted testily. "How did I know you were in fun? There are so many new notions now-a-days. But how the deuce did you come to ask me, any way?"

"Because we thought you had previously been in that office some five or six years since; we had no idea that you held it now."

"Well, a pretty kettle of fish you have made of it, for they are married now by all the law in the land."

While this exciting scene was enacting, Mabel and Morris were gaily jesting and laughing in the little ante-room, wholly unconscious of the seriousness of the joke; but as quickly as possible, Mrs. Dacre and Walter entered and revealed the startling truth to them. Mabel was frantic.

"Married, did you say, Walter? Married to a man I never saw before!" she cried, in a frightened voice. "O, Philip, Philip!—what will he say? what shall I do?" and the poor child threw herself upon the lounge and burst into a passion of tears. The guiltless participator in this strange dream bore himself in a very quiet, manly way during the whole. He neither approached her nor offered any consolation; but, in a manner which Walter could not fail to admire, he said:

"Had I not better leave her presence?"

"No," he answered; "she is very much excited now. She feels everything so keenly. I will try to soothe her presently. 'Tis an unlucky affair for you both, Jackson."

Walter knew him only as the world knew him—as a gentleman of unblemished character, but rather eccentric and haughty; he had many misgivings, therefore, for poor Mabel's welfare. What was his surprise, as well as pleasure, when he said:

"Not for me, Lynn. I should not wish it otherwise," and, with a few brief yet eloquent words, he related the story of their correspondence, adding in conclusion: "But if she wishes the union dissolved, I am ready to do all she requires, and the law allows. Who did she mean by Philip?"

"She was betrothed to him."

"Poor child!" and, guided by a sudden impulse, he went over to where she was still weeping, but more quietly, in the farthest corner of the room, and sitting down by her side, he said, in the kindest possible tones, all that a true, high-souled man could say.

She lifted her tear stained face, and between little gasping sobs which went to his heart, and made him yearn to fold her to his bosom, she begged him to accompany Walter to her father, and acquaint him with the whole affair. He regarded her with some surprise, and Mabel, with that ready perception which was not the least quality of her nature, replied:

"It seems strange to you that I stay behind, but"—and a burning blush suffused neck, cheek and brow—"my father is very strict. I came away to night without his approval," and, drawing a long sigh, "I fear he will not easily forgive me." After a moment's pause, she looked up, again saying, with a confiding manner, which, spite of the words, gave him a thrill of pleasure: "Will you do what is proper to annul the tie?"

"Everything in my power," was his reply.

She regarded him sorrowfully.

"Ah! Mr. Jackson, must it be public?"

"Somewhat, I am afraid."

The tears commenced afresh.

"O how mortifying it will all be—this exposure!"

"I know of but one way to avoid it."

She started.

"And that?"

"To remain as we are." And, for the first time in his whole life, the barriers of education and habitual reserve were broken down, and in a resistless tide of eloquence he told her how much she had touched his heart. He did not plead with her to love him, he merely acknowledged how little of a stranger he felt towards one whom he had known for months through the familiar medium of letters, and very delicately set before her the sweet possibility of their happiness. Mabel knew at once, from the true instincts of a woman, that this was no ephemeral fancy, and that it was the only real avowal of love to which she had ever listened. O, Mabel! was it love you felt in your own heart as those earnest words met your ear? or was it but a tender gratitude towards the only man who had ever recognized what she had so long craved—her woman's heart and soul? If the former, let us give her great praise that, accustomed as she had been to gratify every impulse in the grand crisis of her life, she proved faithful to what she believed to be her duty, and bravely bade him go.

"No, sir; they that 'sow the wind must reap the whirlwind.'"

"But, uncle, 'tis a mere accident—the result of circumstances over which she had no control. You do not think your daughter would place herself in such a mortifying position purposely?"

"I cannot tell what my daughter would not take it into her wise head to do. She has pleased to disobey me from her earliest youth; she went from my house to night against my orders, and she shall never return to it! I have nothing more to say."

Walter made no further remonstrance, but hastened to rejoin Jackson, who was awaiting him in the room beyond, the door of which being ajar, he had been an auditor of the whole conversation. He had never met with such cold injustice, especially towards a young daughter, and his own high nature was roused within him.

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 410.]



CENTRAL PART OF PAWTUCKET, LOOKING UP MAIN STREET.

"Fifty years ago," says the author of the Reminiscences, "the Slater mill was young, and in vigorous operation, to the astonishment of the inhabitants and multitudes of others, who went down to Pawtucket to witness its magical doings, which consisted mostly in the manufacture of coarse yarns, to be wove by hand in all the surrounding country. These yarns sold at prices which would now astonish the natives of this or any other country, and yet, so great was the demand for them, that for a long time it was impossible to fill the orders which came from all directions. The goods made from them on the country looms, soon became the favorites of the country people, so much more durable were they than the old fabrics. From forty to fifty cents a yard were the ordinary prices for the coarse, heavy sheetings of this kind. No one then dreamed of looms to go by water power, and the first fixtures for that purpose were curious, high standing articles. The bleaching business was then truly in a state of nature, and the whole ground adjoining the old mill on the north side, where are now the omnibus stables of Messrs. Wetherell & Bennett, the leather works of Mr. Fairbrother, and many other buildings, was one great bleaching meadow, and Mother Cole, as she was familiarly called, was at the head of operations. Here this excellent and industrious old lady and her few assistants, with their watering-pots, drying-sticks, and other simple contrivances, toiled 'from morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve,' and by a slow, laborious process, the cloths and the yarns from brown to white began to turn." After dinner the editor drove me out to the Dunnell Manufacturing Company's Works, and introduced me to Thomas L. Dunnell, Esq., who very kindly showed me over the grounds, and through the numerous buildings, and upon my expressing a desire to sketch the establishment, offered me the use of sketches made by his artists, from which the picture below is drawn. The process of printing lawns is one of great interest, as indeed are all the operations of the concern, and I hope one of

these days to see a series of articles, illustrative of the manufacture of the staple commodities of this country, in your valuable paper. The works are situated one mile from Pawtucket, on Beveredge Brook, near the right bank of the Seekonk River, and is one of the oldest and largest establishments of the kind in the United States. It was founded, and for several years operated, by Jacob Dunnell, Esq., of Pawtucket; within the last five years it has become an incorporated company, with a capital paid in of \$400,000. The officers are Jacob Dunnell, Esq., president, N. W. Brown, Esq., treasurer, and Thomas L. Dunnell, Esq., agent. The company own about 100 acres of land, and sundry dwelling-houses for their help. The print works are very extensive, and in excellent order, comprising a bleach-house, dye-house, printing and calender rooms, engraving shop, with three steam engines, etc. The printing-room, which is one of the finest in the country, contains ten machines, which print annually 500,000 pieces of cloth; among these are the widely celebrated Portsmouth and Hadley lawns. The annual consumption of coal at this establishment is about 6000 tons, and there are employed four hundred operatives, whose weekly labor amounts to \$2400. From the print works we drove back to Pawtucket, and took a turn through Walcott Street, to view some beautiful private residences, which, like flowers on the prairie, seem to nestle among the surrounding foliage, giving occasional glimpses of a bay-window, a verandah with flowers, or a neat little porch, and giving rise to an envious feeling in the most stoical breast. Some few years since a Mr. Pitcher purchased a small farm hereabouts, laid it out in squares and building lots, and put up the neat little cottage shown in the picture, for his own use. The location was elevated and slightly, and soon attracted the attention of the more wealthy citizens, who settled around him, until he has become the centre of the neatest group of suburban cottages it has ever been my good fortune to see. Among the number is the residence of my

friend, the editor, and that of the Rev. Constantine Bennett, pastor of the Congregational Church, shown in the small illustration below. This church occupies a very commanding situation on the corner of Walcott and Meeting Streets, and as the traveller steps out of the coach, at the hotel, it looms up upon his sight to a majestic height. The fact that the street declines rapidly from the front of the church for three or four hundred feet, gives it the appearance of a greater elevation than it really has. Main Street was next sketched by taking a position within the doorway of a store which faces that portion of the street shown in the engraving. On the left, the street runs down to the bridge, after crossing which it turns directly up to the front of the Congregational Church, and there divides into Walcott and Meeting Streets. By the time I had finished the sketch of Main Street, it was dusk, and as this was the last of the series, I closed my sketch-book, and returned to the hotel in time for tea. The evening I spent in looking over the files of the Gazette and Chronicle, from whence I gathered many valuable facts to lay before your readers, and the next morning, after a refreshing night's sleep I took the cars at the depot (which is about three-fourths of a mile from the centre of the town), and started for Woonsocket, R.I. Hoping the perusal of my narrative will afford your readers as much gratification as the visit afforded me, I subscribe myself your artist,

NEUTRAL TINT.



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, PAWTUCKET, R. I.



THE DUNNELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY'S WORKS, PAWTUCKET, R. I.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 407.]

"O," he thought, "if Philip Kennedy give her up as easily, then my bird shall find shelter here!" and he folded his arms as if he already felt his treasure there. How his heart leaped with joy as Philip Kennedy's manly but decided answer fell upon his ear, after the strange story was related to him.

"In justice to her and myself, I must say," he said, "that we do not love each other sufficiently to warrant my claiming her now. I am as unfit for her as she for me; we have both felt this, I am sure, for the last few months."

The drive back to the now silent house of Mrs. Dacre was in total silence; both Walter and Morris Jackson felt the delicacy of their present mission, and as they entered the hall door, the former turned into the drawing-room with his hostess, leaving the latter to seek Mabel alone. The beautiful, bright hope which had been husy at his heart grew fainter as he met her eager, questioning gaze. It was a hard matter to begin, but it must be done, so he said briefly:

"We have been unsuccessful."

She comprehended at once the breadth and depth of these words; the color flushed painfully to her cheek and brow, then left it whiter than before, and with a voice tremulous with wounded feeling as well as mortification, she said:

"And for a trifle like this I am deserted in my sorest need, and I so young!" The tears, which pride would fain have repressed, dimmed her eyes, and she closed her heavily-fringed lids to crush them back.

"Mabel!" She looked up at the beseeching tone. He stretched out his arms to her. "Mabel, there is a home for you here—a home that shall never fail; will you come?"

She took one step towards him—only one, and with a glad tenderness which soothed her little, anxious, weary heart, he came quickly forward and folded her to his bosom.

Mrs. Dacre had foresight enough to conceal the real state of affairs from her guests when she rejoined them, after Uncle Ralph's startling disclosure. She merely repeated what he himself had told them—the fact of his recent accession to office. Her mysterious words and smiles were taken just as she meant they should be, and the whole matter was considered to be quite a skilful outwitting of a tyrannical father. Even the fact of the gentleman's introduction to Mabel was looked upon only as a cloak to veil their actual acquaintance.

"Poor thing!" said one, "Mrs. Dacre has told me that they have corresponded for ten or twelve months, and that he never had permission to enter her father's house; the old tyrant wanted to marry her to Philip Kennedy, and fairly drove Jane to refuse young Kennedy for that especial purpose."

Nobody contradicted this view of the case, and the subsequent marriage of Jane was but a confirmation of it. The love she had so generously refused for what she believed to be her young sister's happiness, and not at her father's command, she could now accept, though, perhaps, not without some regretful tears for the mistaken past.

Mabel made a better and happier wife, for the remembrance of what a gulf of misery her own daring rashness had hazarded, and the mercy which had spared her any evil consequences. That she was happy none could doubt, who saw the chastened expression of her bright face, and heard the softened tone of her merry voice. A reverent gratitude mingled with her love for her husband, and transformed the rebellious, wilful nature into a gentler but not the less ardent and playful one.

The stern father, when he saw the prosperity of his daring young daughter, and came to know the quiet, gentlemanly man who was her husband, and whose praises he could not help hearing, relented so far as to make them formal visits at regular intervals. These visits passed very tranquilly, for Mabel's will no longer made its turbulent defiance; disarmed by love and gentleness, it took a wiser, better form—that of ruling itself.

BENJAMIN WEST.

His talents were of a realistic tendency, and he may, in some measure, be looked upon as the founder of that mode of representing coeval history, of which Horace Vernet's works, in our days, are such brilliant examples. His "Death of General Wolfe" is a notable instance. To the right conception, however, of scriptural events, as the highest sphere of art, he never attained, and to this class belong his two chief pictures here (Marlborough House) of "The Last Supper" and "Christ Healing the Sick." The more we require in the representation of such sublime subjects, the more unsatisfactory, and even offensive, is the impression made by these pictures. The general and insignificant character of the heads displays a lamentable deficiency in knowledge of nature; the expression is affected or poor—the attitudes theatrical or unmeaning—the tone of the flesh brick red and cold—colors heavy and opaque—the total impression motley and scattered; and yet these pictures are considered by many Englishmen as true models of sacred painting, and I have often found a great number of admiring spectators collected round them. Considering the religious respect for the Bible so general in England, I believed at first that this admiration was paid to the subject rather than to the manner in which it was treated. But having since seen, in the apartment in Hampton Court, where Raphael's seven cartoons are hung, which also represent subjects from Scripture, and that in the most worthy and dignified manner, that persons of the same class spend no more time than was necessary to walk through it, I am convinced that, even in the great mass of what are called the educated classes in England, there is not yet any genuine feeling for the true style of historical painting.—*Dr. Waagen.*

ELOQUENCE.—True eloquence I find to be none but the serious and hearty love of truth; and that, whose mind soever is fully possessed with a fervent desire to know good things, and with the dearest charity to infuse the knowledge of them into others, when such a man would speak, his words, like so many nimble and airy servants, trip about him at command, and in well-ordered files, as he would wish, fall aptly into their places.—*Milton.*

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

DEDICATION.

To love, friendship, and truth, I dedicate
This book, that love may warm thy path through life,
And guide thee far from sorrow, guile and hate,
And cheer thee nobly in this world of strife;
That friendship may her social bonds entwine
Around thy heart, and ever give thee boon
Companions, bowing at a common shrine,
And then thy night of age shall be as noon
Of golden autumn; so that truth may pour
And mingle purest light with every thought—
Of all the wealth of man, the richest store,
A treasure ne'er inherited or bought;
May these immortal three be ever thine,
Then sweet as eve shall be thy life's decline.

THE HIGHEST PRIZE.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

THERE are few strangers who have ever paid a visit to our northern metropolis without devoting at least one day to the wonders and beauties of Nahant. On that wild and rocky promontory, projecting far into the blue waves of the Atlantic Ocean and opposing to their fury an impregnable barrier, the scene of the present story lies. Fear not, reader, that I am about to launch into a long-winded description of localities and mirabilia. I reserve that essay for a tour to Europe and a page of a London magazine. There, indeed, I may *flare up* with some most splendid exaggerations, and tell the wonder-loving John how Nahant Hotel, based on its throne of ever during rocks, tosses like a pin-nace on the surf whenever old Boreas and Neptune enact the "Tempest" for the amusement of the Nereids. But now, dear reader, I would appear only as the narrator of a simple fact.

In whatever direction you approach Nahant by water, your attention will be arrested by the proud eminence of its pretty hotel. The building is in keeping with the scene about. When it looms up through an easterly fog, it assumes quite a venerable air, and is clad in tints that might, but for its outline, stamp it as an antique coeval with its rocky seat. Well, I promised not to attempt description, and so, with a *scant* of the pen, behold me *in medias res*. (By the by, is not the style of the last sentence very pure, according to the last authorities?)

On a morning in July, 18—, a group of gentlemen were attempting to dislocate the limbs of their chairs on the easterly piazza of the hotel. They were all in those various uneasy attitudes which distinguish our *otium cum dignitate*, all in white jackets, and all whiskered, made up by the last tailors to the latest mode. They were talking about one of the late arrivals.

"This Mr. Templeton is a strange fellow," said Captain Goble, a corpulent officer of an independent company—"he never exceeds one plate of turtle soup, and I've actually known him to dine off one dish."

"A good judge of horses," said Mr. Snaffle, a member of the Long Island jockey club, "he drives a dashing team and rides like a Centaur."

"Manners not very *distingue*," said Mr. Ormond Fitzherbert, a young scion of nobility.

"Manners! none at all!" exclaimed two or three.

"But then he has *some* money," said a millionaire. The company listened in respectful silence.

"Well now," said Jack Daw, who passed for a wit among all foolish youngsters, "I'll wager you haven't heard the story of the servant and the brandy-and-water."

"No! no! The story! the story!" vociferated a dozen voices.

"You know," said the story-teller, "that all we know about this Mr. Templeton is that he is rich, vulgar and mysterious. Whence he comes, nobody can tell. Some say he's special ambassador from the Court of St. James—but that's all fudge. The man is nobody! The proof! Draw nearer, gentlemen; keep it secret, it's among ourselves—anybody near? The other night"—general curiosity—"a waiter"—murmurs—"entering his room"—expectation on tiptoe—"found"—suppression of breaths—"Mr. Horace Templeton sitting on a table, with his servant beside him, drinking brandy and water, half-and-half, singing the execrable verses of Jim Crow!"

It was a lovely sunset; the calm waters of the ocean glowed like molten gold away to the horizon. Here and there a saffron sail flickered on its yellow bosom. The much talked of Mr. Templeton was strolling along a rocky foot path with a "very interesting young man." Mr. Templeton was a middle-aged, florid, rather vulgar-looking man, with a green coat buttoned up to his chin, a white hat, white pantaloons and black gaiters. His companion was much younger.

"This is the air," exclaimed the latter, "to restore the bloom to a fading cheek."

"Umph! I'm afraid so," said Mr. Templeton.

"Afraid so!"

"Ay, sir, look at me—I'm in a plethora almost; nearly dying of too much health. Now, sir, I think there is something vulgar in this incessant health; it is an insuperable bar to success with the ladies, to distinction in fashionable society. The other day I woke with a very promising headache and hopes of an indigestion, but the confounded pure sea breeze restored me before breakfast. I've tried the wasting system, but I find I thrive on fish and vinegar. Ah! sir—if I could only compass a dyspepsia!"

"Strange man!" exclaimed young Clavers, for that was his name. "So much to be envied, and yet unable to enjoy your good fortune."

"My good fortune!"

"Yes. Had you my sources of disquietude, you might well complain. And since I have avowed that I am unfortunate, I will tell you all—for I believe you to be my friend."

"Your confidence is not misplaced," said Mr. Templeton, grasping the hand of the young man.

"Well," said Clavers, "know then that I have just arrived from the South in pursuit of a young angel, whom a dragon of a mother has snatched away from me. They arrived yesterday. You have met them at table."

"Possibly. Their names?"

"Honeywell."

"Honeywell! Honeywell!" cried Mr. Templeton. "O, yes! I saw them yesterday—the daughter graceful and beautiful, the mother amiable and kind."

"There you're mistaken—deceived," said Clavers. "She's a fury, and sometimes, in her paroxysms, even beats her servants."

"Beats her servants!" exclaimed Mr. Templeton, with horror—"say no more, young man; I hate her."

Clavers continued:

"This lady and my father were bitter enemies, and, in memory of that feud, she hates me. Not so the daughter; we are the Romeo and Juliet of the warring houses. The old lady will not listen to any of my amicable overtures, swears I shall never become her son-in-law, and has taken her daughter to this northern watering place to avoid the ardor of my pursuit."

"You shall have her!" exclaimed Templeton.

"My dear friend, can you assist me?" cried Clavers.

"I can—I will—that is, if the old lady will listen to the persuasions of a noted man—a millionaire."

"A thousand thanks!" cried Clavers.

"Stop, young man; answer me a few questions."

"A hundred if you please."

"What's your income?"

"About five thousand."

"Right. Your age?"

"Twenty-five."

"When married, shall you keep house?"

"Certainly."

"Shall you live with your mother-in-law?"

"Never."

"Right again. You will want a carriage, horses, servants—will you permit me to choose them?"

"With all my heart."

"The affair is settled. Your happiness is certain."

Let us suppose that some weeks have elapsed, that Mr. Templeton has won the good graces of Mrs. Honeywell, and that he is *tete-a-tete* with her in a little box in the second story of the hotel, which she calls her parlor. We will take up the thread of the conversation at a very interesting moment.

"Yes, madam," said Mr. Templeton, "I confess it—you and bloom have no charms for me. Some may like the violets of spring, I admire the fruits of autumn. Therefore, my dear madam, I lay my hopes, my heart and my hand at your feet."

Mrs. Honeywell endeavored to look amiable and innocent—she felt flattered and pleased; she accepted the lover.

"And now, madam as you wish to see your daughter married, permit me to choose a son-in-law."

With some difficulty Mrs. Honeywell's antipathies were vanquished, and Harry Clavers received by her with a show of favor.

The nuptials were to take place in the little church of Nahant, and the happy pair to start immediately on a matrimonial tour.

"But the carriages, horses and servants—could they be procured in time?"

This question was asked by Henry Clavers on the morning of the eventful day. Mr. Templeton, of whom it was asked, replied in the affirmative—it was his prerogative to provide them.

At the appointed hour a handsome carriage drove up to the door of the hotel. Henry recognized the carriage, horses and servants as belonging to Mr. Templeton. The liveries were neat and new—green trimmed with buff. But what was his surprise and that of the numerous spectators who thronged the piazzas of the hotel, when the eccentric Mr. Templeton sprang from the coach-box, where he had been seated beside the coachman, dressed in a new livery suit.

"How's this," cried Clavers, "tell me—what is the matter? Are you crazy?"

"No, sir," replied Mr. Templeton, touching his hat respectfully. "Ladies and gentlemen, my *real* name is Horace Stubbs. I was born in a kitchen, and reared in a kitchen, from a turnspit to a major domo. I was happy and contented, till, in an evil hour, a lottery ticket given me by a fellow-servant drew a quarter of the highest prize. Five thousand dollars gave me the means of living like a gentleman, and I have lived like one for some time. I discovered that five thousand dollars would last exactly three months; the period expires to-day, and I am without a cent. But what of that? I've made an estimable couple happy, I've sold this useless equipage, I've got a master for myself and for these honest fellows, once my servants, now my equals, and a good wife for myself—that is, if Mrs. Honeywell holds me to my bargain."

"No, no," said Mrs. Honeywell, in some trepidation, "I dismiss you."

"Thank you, ma'am, I'm very much obliged to you," said Mr. Stubbs. "And now, Mr. Clavers, the carriage is ready. Ladies and gentlemen, I am, in truth, your obedient servant!"

The bride and bridegroom entered the carriage, the steps were put up, the door put to, Stubbs sprang on the box, and the vehicle was whirled away.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

SONG—O, PLUCK NO MORE THE VIOLET.

BY W. L. SHOEMAKER.

O pluck no more the violet,
To wreath amid thy darksome bair;
For there it pales, and we forget
That once the flower was fair:
And on its stem leave thou the rose;
Its buds live ever on thy lips;
And on thy cheek such color glows,
As puts it in eclipse.

Leave gems to light the gloomy mine;
Thy beauty shines no more by them:
To deck a brow as fair as thine,
There wants no diadem:
Nor for the pearl's soft glow serene,
The toiling diver needst thou thank:
Thou smilest, and fairer ones are seen
Than Cleopatra drank.

There is such light in thy dark eyes,
As ne'er the purest diamond gave,
That e'er, 'neath bot Brazilian skies,
Set free the weary slave.
Thy neck and brow's clear white to aid,
O ask not thou for toys of jet;
For thy long hair, in artless braid,
Contrasts more darkly yet.

Nor nature's curious stores, nor art,
Can add a single grace to thee,
Whose brightest charm is still a heart
From error sweetly free:
So leave the flower upon its stem,
Nor sigh for gold or glittering stone;
Less beauties may be raised by them,
But thine enchain, alone.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

TWO KINDS OF PLEASURE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"He's a mean, niggardly fellow, and you can't make anything else of it," said James Pearce, addressing half a dozen companions, and speaking very emphatically.

"So he is," echoed another.

"Ay, a regular skinflint," added a third.

"I wouldn't ask such a fellow to go anywhere," chimed in a fourth. "I wouldn't have him at any rate."

"It's a pity that such a good-hearted fellow should be so mean," resumed Pearce. "I supposed he would be on hand for any kind of fun."

These were young men, ranging from twenty to thirty years in age, all fond of what they denominated *life*. They lived in a large suburban village, where sport was plenty, and the means of carrying it on abundant. They were none of them really bad youths, but they lived fast.

"What's all this?" asked a young man, who came up just as the last remark was made, and whose name was Landon Merritt.

"We were talking about Tom Thornley," replied James Pearce.

"And what about him?"

"We were speaking about his meanness."

"What do you find mean in Tom Thornley?"

"Why—everything. Here he is, right among us, just in the prime of youth, money enough, and yet he won't pay a cent towards any of our fun. Only this morning I went to him and asked him to subscribe towards our club, and what do you suppose he said?—He just very coolly told me he couldn't afford it. Now what do you think of that?"

"Well, I don't know," answered Merritt. "I think he could afford it if he wished."

"Of course he could. Afford it? Why, he not only has a salary of a clear thousand a year, but I know that he has ten thousand at interest, besides the splendid house his father left him. He's a mean chap, any way."

"How much did you ask him to put down?"

"I didn't name any sum, but I told him I had put down fifty dollars for the year, and most of the others had done the same. But he couldn't afford it! Bah! he's a miser—a regular young skinflint. Why, I supposed as soon as he got back from college, he'd make a glorious companion for us. I meant he should go to our races, join our boat club, put up a shilling at poker once in a while, and make himself happy generally. But now look at him. There he is, at home every evening, and afraid to come out lest he should lose a cent."

"Who's that, James?" asked a voice close at hand.

The party turned and saw Thomas Thornley himself, who had just come round the corner of the building before which they stood. He was a young man, not over five-and-twenty, and wearing the appearance of a true and intelligent man.

"What is it? Who is it that has thus merited your disapproval?"

All hands were silent for a few moments, but Pearce saw that his companions expected him to speak, and he did so.

"I'll tell you, Tom," he said. "We were talking about you. I won't say a thing behind a man's back that I wouldn't say to his face. I was saying that I was disappointed in you."

"Ah, how so?" asked Thornley, with a smile.

"Why, in your not joining with us in our sports, and bearing your share of the tax. But mind, we aren't anxious for you to do so, if you don't wish it."

"And I suppose it is my wish not to do so that you condemn."

"Yes. I thought, for a chap who had as much money as you have, it looked rather small to be hoarding it away like an old miser."

"But, my dear friend, you forget that every man naturally follows that which he thinks yields him the most pleasure. If you find the most pleasure in spending your time and money in boating, horse-racing, card-playing, and in wine suppers, I shall not find fault with you, though I sincerely believe you could spend time and money to better advantage."

"That's your opinion."

"It is."

"Well, 'tisn't mine. After sticking to business all day, I think we have some right to a bit of recreation for the evening. And once in a while, of a pleasant day, we'll trot a horse, or sail a boat, and hurt nobody."

"And you do so, do you not?"

"Of course we do."

"Then why find fault with me?"

"Because you keep from us that companionship we have a right to expect. If you were a regular Jack, we shouldn't care; but you're too good a fellow to sneak away from us in this fashion. You love fun as well as any of us, only—I speak plainly—"

"Certainly; go on."

"You're too miserly to pay for it; and that don't look well for one who has so much money as you have."

For some moments Thornley was silent. A single instant there appeared a flush upon his cheek, but a meaning smile soon took its place.

"Boys," he said, at length, "you do not fully understand me. But come with me to my home, and I will explain. Come, I cannot offer you wine, but you shall have some as nice fruit as this section can afford; and if I do not satisfy you that I am right, I will give you a hundred dollars for your club. Come, I will not detain you long."

As the young man spoke, he turned back towards the point whence he had come, and the others followed him. The walk was not long, for at a short distance from the dusty street they came to a cottage-like mansion, before which spread a wide park, with neatly gravelled foot and carriage paths, along the borders of which grew all sorts of flowers and evergreens. Thomas led the way up to the verandah, and under the shade of the trellised walk he stopped and pointed to some marble statues that had been recently set up near an artificial fountain.

"How do you like those?" he asked.

"Splendid," answered several.

"I take a great deal of pleasure in having them there; and though they cost me quite a sum, yet I do not regret it."

Next he led them into the house, and conducted them to a room which he informed them was his own place of resort. The apartment was spacious and airy, and the ceiling high and richly frescoed. Around the walls were hung several splendid paintings, together with quite a number of very richly framed engravings. At the angles of the wall were niches in which stood chaste and elegant statues and busts. One side of the apartment was wholly occupied by a library, within which were over a thousand volumes of good, substantial works. On a wide table were drawing, painting and writing materials, while in a recess, constructed on purpose, stood a beautiful house organ. Thomas was upon the point of speaking, when one of the doors was opened, and a female entered. She started back on seeing such a party, and would have instantly withdrawn had not the host called her back.

"Here, Susan," he said, "some of my friends have come to see our little cage—my wife, gentlemen."

The young lady turned back into the room, and with a sweet smile welcomed her husband's guests. She was a lovely, beautiful woman, and seemed just the companion for a man with such tastes as young Thornley displayed.

"Can we have some fruit?" the host asked, after his wife had saluted the company.

"I think I can find some," replied the wife; and thus speaking, she left the room.

"Now, boys," said Thomas, "you see here some of my sources of pleasure. I suppose the articles in this room have cost me not less than five thousand dollars. It is quite a sum, but I had the money to spare, and I laid it out after my own tastes. You see that painting there over the mantel. I bought that last week. It is either one of Murillo's, or a most excellent copy, but I think it is an original. I bought it of a gentleman who attended the sale of an estate in Seville, and this he obtained there. Did you ever see such exquisite touches?"

All admired the picture, and while they were looking around upon the others, the young hostess returned, accompanied by a servant bearing trays of fruit. There were peaches, pears, grapes, and some beautiful plums. The repast was luscious; and when it was finished, Thornley arose and asked his friends to follow him into the garden. Here they found about an acre of ground laid out into orchard, vineyard and tillage, and looking neat and tidy. Here and there were little trellised arbors, within which were mossy seats, while flowers and grapes hung overhead.

"Here," said Thornley, after they had walked through the garden, "I spend some of my leisure time, and I assure you I find much pleasure in the cultivation of my fruit. My wife attends to the flowers, while I see to the trees and vines. While the sun shines we find comfort here; and when the night comes we repair to our library, where reading and music give us pleasure and profit. Then again, I sometimes have leisure hours from my business when the weather will not permit us to work in our garden. We then write, and draw and paint. But come, let us go in once more, and you shall examine my library."

The party repaired again to the house, but they could not remain long, for some of them had engagements.

"And now," said Thornley, after his friends were ready to retire, "you have seen my sources of pleasure. Every industrious man with fair fortune may have the same, though many may not go quite so far as I have gone; but I only speak in general terms. If I could find pleasure in the sports you have tried to urge upon me, you may be assured I should not only join in them, but I should also pay my share of the expenses cheerfully. But such things have no real pleasure for me—not generally. Once in a while I love to sail, and I love social gatherings; but my fullest joy is here, with my wife, my books, my music, my pictures, and my garden. My home is open to you whenever you may wish to join me in my kind of pleasure, and you may be sure you will ever be warmly received. And one other thing I will tell you. I have subscribed a thousand dollars to the new Athenæum in the city, and whenever any of you may wish to visit there and see the splendid specimens of art there collected, I will give you a pass."

The party had reached the verandah on their way, but they hesitated, as though something should yet be said. At length James Pearce spoke:

"As I commenced the discussion which has led to this pleasant visit, I ought to speak what I think to be the truth now. Tom, you are right. Your pleasure is surely better than ours, for it has more wear to it, and—and—well, I may as well tell the truth—it's got more sense to it. I'll never find fault with you again; but one thing I will do—I shall accept your invitation to spend an occasional evening here."

All agreed with Pearce; and when they turned away from Thornley's home they were wiser than before. They had learned what they had not previously understood, and that was, that there was another kind of real pleasure besides that which they followed. Argument might never have convinced them; but one good look at their friend's home, and an understanding of his domestic arrangements, opened their eyes. Never again did they ask Thomas Thornley to accompany them upon any of their scrapes, but they did often visit him, and they were not long in finding that an evening spent beneath his roof, with music and sensible conversation, and a simple collation of fruit and nuts, was better by far than a wine supper, with its boisterous laugh and jest, and consequent depression and headache of the morning following.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIVES AND TIMES OF THE CHIEF JUSTICES OF THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES. By HENRY FLANDERS. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. 8vo. pp. 645.

The superbly printed volume before us contains the lives of John Jay and John Rutledge—men who not only won the highest honors in their judicial capacity, but were intimately connected with the political history of this country. The biographies are ample and written with great elegance, while they show proof of great industry in the collection of materials and an intimate acquaintance with the sources of American history. Mr. Flanders has furnished a contribution to American literature which will give him an enduring reputation, and we make no doubt that his labors will be warmly welcomed by the public. For sale by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

DIARY IN TURKISH AND GREEK WATERS. By the EARL OF CARLISLE. Edited by Prof. C. C. FELTON. Boston: Hieklings, Swan & Brown. 1855. 12mo. pp. 299.

The author of this book is well known in this country as Lord Morpeth. He travelled in Greece and Turkey just before the breaking out of the present sanguinary struggle between the Russian and the Western waters; and his record of the period which preceded the storm will, therefore, acquire an historical value. He has viewed the country he describes through the medium of scholarship, sympathy and intelligence. While imbued with the memories of the past, he takes a deep interest in the movement of the present. His diary is written in a simple style, and was not intended for publication, yet it does his reputation no injustice.

LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON. By WASHINGTON IRVING. Vol. I. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. 1855. 8vo. pp. 504.

It was fitting that the biographer of Columbus should also write the life of the Father of our Country. Yet we confess having felt a fear that our most elegant writer had deferred the task so long that it proved too laborious for his advanced age. A perusal of the first few pages, however, dispelled this apprehension. Every sentence is stamped with the individuality of genius. The same crystal clearness and muscular flow of language which characterize Irving's previous works, charm us in that before us. It has all the attractiveness and fascination of one of his romantic tales. His early life as a surveyor, his services as a provincial colonel, the bloody scene of Braddock's fight, Washington's courtship and marriage, are narrated with a spirit and elegance that cannot fail to interest those most familiar with the incidents described. The work closes with the reception of Washington at Watertown as commander-in-chief of the American forces. The volume is embellished by a magnificent portrait of Washington, which is full of character, though differing somewhat from Stuart's. The work is got out in splendid style. It will be completed in three volumes, which will be published during the present year. It is sold only to subscribers. Messrs. Frederick Parker & Co., 50 and 52 Cornhill, are the Boston agents.

THE RHYME AND REASON OF COUNTRY LIFE. With Illustrations from Drawings by C. E. DOPPEL, engraved by J. W. ORR. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 423.

This exquisite book was prepared for the press by Miss Cooper, a daughter of our great and lamented novelist. It illustrates the charms of nature, the months of the year, the atmospheric changes, the hours of the day, by the sentiments and ideas these features and periods suggested in the brightest minds of ancient and modern days. It is a perfect treasury of brilliant collated from the choicest sources; and though Miss Cooper disclaims a place for it on the library shelf, there is no library that would not be enriched by the volume. It is for sale by Crosby, Nichols & Co., in this city.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. 5 volumes. 8vo.

Mr. Peterson has done good service to the cause of literature by this cheap, handsome and correct edition of Charles Dickens's novels—works which have certainly indirectly accomplished as much for the cause of humanity at the present day, as many of the serious efforts of philanthropists and reformers. In fact, many crying public evils in England have been remedied in consequence of attention being called to them by Dickens's stories. But these works are addressed not alone to the English ear—they are cosmopolitan; they appeal to the human heart everywhere. There is no more seductive reading to be found in the whole range of English literature—no richer humor, and no higher purity. There is not a line in Dickens which may not be read aloud to a company of ladies.

ELEMENTS OF ASTRONOMY FOR SCHOOLS AND ACADEMIES. By JOHN BROCKLESBY, A. M., Professor of Mathematics and History in Trinity College, Hartford. New York: Farmer, Bruce & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 321.

A full, lucid and well-arranged treatise on elementary philosophy, amply illustrated. The derivations of technical names are given, and at the foot of each page are questions for students eliciting the subject of the text. We have given this work more than a cursory examination, and most cordially commend it to the attention of instructors and school committees. It deserves to be extensively adopted. For sale in this city by Sauborn, Carter & Bazin, Cornhill.

THE WATCHMAN. By J. A. M. New York: Long & Brother. 1855. 12mo. pp. 400.

An American novel, intensely interesting, full of incident, and abounding in vigorous sketches of character and manners. We are told in the preface that the hero is a portrait from life, and there is internal evidence of such being the fact. The moral story is designed to illustrate is kept steadily in view throughout, and the termination of the ingenious narrative is exceedingly appropriate and satisfactory. Though the book is published anonymously, we can hardly believe it is a first effort.

REV. EDWIN H. CHAPIN.

This distinguished Universalist divine was born about 1815, though he appears much younger than forty in consequence of the healthiness of his organization. Mr. Barry's portrait has presented the character of his head. His countenance is intellectual, open, calm and benevolent in repose; when excited by the inspiration of oratory, his expression is very animated. At present Mr. Chapin is settled in the city of New York, where he is exceedingly popular; he had previously been settled, respectively at Richmond, Virginia, Charlestown, Mass., and this city. Mr. Chapin is not a man who

"—thinks his Sunday's task
As much as man or God himself can ask."

The sentiment of the old Roman dramatic poet, "I deem nothing which concerns humanity foreign to my soul," and which provoked the acclamatory thunders of a pagan audience, finds a ready response in his conduct. Mr. Chapin sympathizes with every philanthropic movement of the age, and lends it the support of his burning eloquence. His discourses in the pulpit are not devoted to dull discussions of doctrinal points; he does not labor to separate religion from the business of life, but to carry the laws, the truths, and the support of religion into the busy walks of life. He preaches an active, energetic, practical Christianity. He never makes an ostentatious display of learning. His learning is an unseen stream that aids the natural fertility of his mind; it never challenges attention by its noisy flow. In the pulpit and in the lecture room, Mr. Chapin is persuasive, impressive, forcible—never dull. He is a man of marked independence of men. If his ideas do not always tally with the preconceived notions of his audience, they carry with them the stamp of sincerity—he is entirely above that trickery of mediocrity, which challenges admiration by persistent oddity—the cheap resort of inferior minds. As we have remarked above, Mr. Chapin's usefulness must not be measured by his pulpit labors. His numerous secular addresses are honorable proofs of his willingness to aid in every way the improvement of his fellows. The volumes he has published show that he holds the pen of a ready writer, though the voice is his happier medium of communication with the public. From one of his sermons to young men, and written purposely in a very plain and direct style, we extract the following passage, as displaying his power of forcible illustration: "A young man now, when he gets in town, is too great entirely to retain any regard for parental authority. His father is no longer such—he turns into the 'old man.' The mother is also carelessly treated, and those ties are weakened or broken which should never end but with death, and sometimes even then they scarce end; for when misfortune meets you, or disgrace comes on, what heart beats the truest for, and clings closer to you in disgrace, in ruin, in poverty, even at the



REV. EDWIN H. CHAPIN, OF NEW YORK.

verge of death, but the mother's? You, young men, should be careful of yielding to the first temptation, for it is in that the danger is. No one when he first took drink ever intended to become a drunkard, and yet we have seen intemperance so gain on men, that it narrowed and narrowed, till it encased them, as it were, in an iron shroud, which crushes and kills. I have read a very impressive tale of a young man who was confined in a dungeon having seven windows, but which were made of iron. On

the second morning after he went there, he found but six. He suspected something, and watched, and the next day there were but five, and his food and bed changed. So it went on changing from day to day, till he had but one window, and immediately the bells began to ring, and he then knew that he was fast enclosed in that tower by his enemy, in order to be crushed to death by a slow and tormenting process." In another sermon, suggested by the New Haven Railroad catastrophe, he thus speaks of the uncertainty of life: "I have shown that the Christian looks upon our present existence with no mean or gloomy vision. Many are the joys and blessings of life, and he who shrouds them with ascetic melancholy, is as ungrateful as he is unwise. But if, on the other hand, we are inclined to forget that tritest of facts—that all these joys and blessings are held in uncertainty;—that fact is forced upon us by calamities like this. What hopes, what associations, what schemes, went forth that morning in the crowded train! Upon what a wreck did that day's noon look down! what bright plans dashed into darkness! what bounding hearts stopped by the sudden flood! what dreams instantly breaking into the great reality! Ye cannot tell us now, who, but a week ago, sat side by side with loved ones in the quiet New England Sabbath, whose graves to-day will drink the Sabbath rain. Ye cannot tell who, ministers of healing to so many, had for yourselves such ghastly death-beds, and heard, it may be, the cheering of the festal hall blend with the thundering doom. Thou canst not tell whose marriage covenant was sealed with the kiss of death, and who came up from the waters with dripping bridal-robes. Sharp lesson of uncertainty, crashing upon our ears, and causing all the securities of our life to topple; out of whose confusion issues the solemn text, 'Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth!' Teach us, while we grasp our joys with due appreciation, to temper them with seriousness, and to live with prepared hearts." The above quotations, selected almost at random, scarcely give the reader any idea of the style of Mr. Chapin's pulpit eloquence—for it varies with the subject. There is scarcely a page of his published discourses from which more than one striking passage might not be selected. As a lecturer Mr. Chapin is one of our most popular speakers, and his addresses are always characterized by good taste.

Take him for all in all, he is a man who cannot fail to leave his impress on the age. Wherever Mr. Chapin appears he attracts very large audiences, and we know that he is solicited to speak far oftener than his engagements will permit him. It appears a wonder to those who are aware how much regularity and system will accomplish, that he is able to do so much, and maintain his florid health. We trust he has a long and successful career of usefulness before him.



AMUSEMENT OF THE ALLIED CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

[For description, see page 413.]

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.
LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

JOHN P. JEWETT & CO.'S BOOKSTORE.

This fine establishment, No. 117 Washington Street, is quite an ornament to that great thoroughfare, and a most attractive spot to book-purchasers and literary people. The great success of Mr. Jewett, the founder of the house, who commenced his career, a few years ago, on a capital of fifty dollars, is due to his energy, activity, hopefulness, untiring industry, and unblemished integrity. In his selection of works for publication, he has evinced both sagacity and boldness. It used to be said, that publishers were the only tradesmen who were profoundly ignorant of the wares they dealt in. The trade in this country, at least, are no longer open to this charge, and least of all the leading member of the firm under notice. As a case in point, we would only refer to "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the most successful book ever published. This was offered to and declined by more than one long-established publisher. It was rejected because they doubted its market value. Mr. Jewett accepted it, and the result justified his judgment. Thus far the sale of Mrs. Stowe's book has reached three hundred thousand copies! Miss Cummings's "Lamp-lighter" was another brilliant success. The MS. was readily accepted after perusal, though accompanied by no popular name—it being a first effort; 175,000 copies of this book have, up to this time, been disposed of. Among the recent publications of the house is the Countess D'Ossoli's "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," which is meeting with a great sale, notwithstanding the depression of the trade. The stock of books which line the lofty walls of the store, and are piled upon the capacious counters, comprises a great variety of publications devoted to a variety of subjects; and those which have the imprint of the firm upon the title-page are all of sterling value. An establishment like this confers honor on the city in which it is located.

THE PICTORIAL.

The present number will complete the eighth volume of our illustrated paper, and those whose subscription expires with the volume, will bear in mind the necessity of renewing their subscriptions at once, in order to secure the work complete. We shall be prepared to bind up the numbers of the past volume as fast as brought in to us, and return the volume, elegantly and perfectly bound in full gilt, in one week, at the regular charge as heretofore, of one dollar, supplying an illuminated title-page and complete index.

We would suggest to our readers to turn over the back numbers of the present volume, and observe whether we have not fully kept our promise of improvement and liberality. The present is universally acknowledged, by all parties, to be far the most valuable volume of the paper yet published. The paper is finer, the illustrations more elegant and expensive, and the reading matter by the best of American writers. The readers of the Pictorial have learned to understand that we make no backward movement, but that the paper is constantly improving with the facilities afforded by art and machinery, as they are better and more fully developed.

SPLINTERS.

.... Hon. W. L. Lee, chief justice and chancellor of the Sandwich Isles, lately visited this country; he was born in Troy, N. Y.

.... "Twelve shillings and sixpence a day!" is the cry of the stévedores in Quebec. The terms are somewhat high.

.... A fine shipment of early vegetables from Bermuda was sold here lately at a good profit.

.... Our street lamps are now lettered with the names of the streets which they enlighten—a bright idea.

.... Mrs. Hitchcock, wife of Professor Hitchcock of Amherst, is recovering slowly from the effects of her recent fall.

.... The land commissioners have confirmed Col. Sutter's claim to thirty-three square leagues in California. Good!

.... The recent rains following a period of excessive drought, have proved the salvation of the crops.

.... There is a scarcity of insects injurious to the wheat crop, in Bourbon Co., Ky. A good sign of the times.

.... Mackerel were and are very plenty this season—good news to fish eaters, and official.

.... The Spanish government has arranged the El Dorado affair satisfactorily. So much the better for them.

.... Six men were instantly killed by the explosion of a boiler in a steam saw-mill, at Albion, Indiana.

.... The summer tide of travel is setting northward in consequence of heat and sickness at the South.

.... The Ohio State Agricultural Fair is to be held at Columbus from the 18th to the 21st of next September.

.... In Nebraska they have wild turkeys weighing thirty pounds. It is possible to eat such fare when hungry.

.... The steamboat Amazon lately left Pittsburg with five hundred and eighty Mormons for Great Salt Lake City.

.... If the peaches are failing here, they have abundance in Kentucky—which is a great consolation.

.... The Winnebago Indians are moving farther west. Like poor Joe, they will soon ask, "where can we move to?"

.... They have lately been cutting down the fine trees in front of the Pratt estate in Summer Street.

.... It is said that opium eating is on the increase in this city. It is a most destructive vice.

DIAMONDS.

Rarity alone will give value to almost any object, however insignificant in itself, but it is not rarity alone that has raised the diamond to the rank it holds as the most regal of all jewels, the most splendid mineral production of the earth. This gem drinks in the solar ray, as the flower drinks the dew, and emits it again with the crystalline and perfect splendor of a star. Hence it has been eagerly sought for; the larger specimens have commanded fabulous prices, and monarchs have contended for their possession. A king upon his throne with a diamond like the Koh-i-noor set in its frontlet, seems twice a king, and blazes before the eyes of loyal subjects with the brightness of "Lucifer, son of the morning." The history of individual diamonds, written out in full, would abound with the elements of romance. To trace some of them from the mine to the hand of the unfaithful slave, from the slave to the smuggler, from the smuggler to the Jew trader, from the trader to the lapidary, and thence to the casket of lady fair, or sovereign prince, would be as difficult as to follow out the clue of a secret murder. Diamonds have sometimes undergone strange transformations—the gem pronounced worth millions, has suddenly been reduced to the value of a few shillings—for the enormous value of these gems is a constant prompting to fraud and robbery. It may console the lot of the begrimed charcoal-vender to know that the gems for which loveliness and royalty run mad, are nothing but pure carbon, and that diamonds enough to represent the whole wealth of the world, exposed to the intensest heat would yield a few cents' worth of charcoal, and the consumption of a few forests would yield a few dollars' worth of diamond dust. Unluckily it is much easier to reduce diamonds to charcoal, than to produce the gem from the charcoal.

Diamonds were known to the ancients, who were aware of their existence in the Ural Mountains, from which Humboldt has of late years received specimens. Those of India have been the longest known, while the mines of Brazil were discovered in the 16th century. When first found in the latter country, they were only regarded as curiously brilliant crystals, and the governor of Villa de Principe used them as counters at his card-table. In 1730 the diamonds of Brazil were declared the property of the crown, and measures were adopted to secure the monopoly by entirely isolating the diamond district, surrounding it by a cordon of troops and civil officers, appointing an examining board and inspectors, and instituting a series of severe regulations for its administration. No precautions, however, can prevent illicit traffic in articles so portable, valuable, and susceptible of concealment. It is very well known, diamonds worth a vast amount of money are annually imported into New York, and though they pay a duty of ten per cent., the revenue accruing therefrom is next to nothing—a fact which requires no comment.

The diamond uniformly occurs in a crystallized form, and the situations in which it occurs warrants the supposition that, in Brazil at least, it is of recent formation. They are either colorless, or a yellowish bluish, yellowish brown, black, brown, Prussian blue, or rose-red color. In its crude state, a diamond looks like a lump of coarse gum arabic. The most valuable are clear and colorless as water—and hence the expression, "a diamond of the first water." Its extreme hardness is such that it can only be cut by itself. The less valued specimens are ground together into powder, which is employed in the arts for polishing cameos and other purposes. The weight and value of diamonds are estimated in carats, one of which is equal to four grains. The application of a fine file to the face of a diamond is a pretty sure test of its genuineness; if it be true, the steel will not produce the slightest impression. A diamond the size of a pea is worth about sixty dollars; but one twice the size would be worth three times as much, for larger diamonds are extremely rare. There are very few as large as that in the sceptre of the emperor of Russia, which is the size of a pigeon's egg.

The diamond trade is almost wholly in the hands of the Jew dealers, and Amsterdam is the only city in the known world where the art of cutting diamonds is understood, and there the process is kept a profound secret. Though the art is of remote antiquity in India, it was first introduced into Europe in 1486, by Louis Berghem, of Bruges, who accidentally discovered that by rubbing two diamonds together, their surfaces might be abraded. The Russian diamond referred to above was stolen from a Brahminical idol by a French soldier, passed through several hands, and was finally bought by the empress Catharine for \$450,000, and an annual annuity of \$20,000. The Pitt diamond was sold to the Regent of Orleans for \$500,000. It is very evident that a man who has a pocket full of diamonds may safely be pronounced to be very well off—indeed, a lady might hold several millions of dollars' worth of these terrestrial stars within her tiny hand. A New York paper states that there is about a million dollars' worth of these splendid baubles in the hands of four regular dealers in New York.

A VILLAIN.—One of our late English papers gives an account of an attempt on the part of a fellow who had been paying his addresses to a young woman, to drown her. She was fortunately rescued. This is certainly a novel way of ending a marriage engagement. The criminal will undoubtedly be hung, a punishment which he well deserves.

BINDING.—Bring in the past volume to our office, and have it bound up at once in our uniform style, full gilt, for one dollar, the volume being returned complete in one week.

TOGETHER.—Ballou's Pictorial, and The Flag of our Union, which are sent together for \$4 per annum, supply a vast fund of elegant and refined literature and superior engravings, weekly.

AMUSEMENTS BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

Neither privation, hardship, nor imminent peril can extinguish the radical gayety of French troops, or the love of Britons for the turf. Wherever these last congregate, under whatever circumstances, provided the animals can be obtained, there is sure to be horse-racing. Beneath the burning skies of India, under the guns of Gibraltar, on the ice of Canada, English jockey clubs are sure to be established, and trials of speed to take place. Our engraving on page 412, represents one of the camp races that lately took place before Sebastopol, incidents well worth commemoration as illustrative of national character. These races were first suggested by the British officers; the French, who are quick imitators, and whose Anglo-mania has been rapidly developed by the alliance, readily fell into them. We are without a copy of the rules and regulations of the Crimean race-course; but we presume the competition was free to all horses and ages, with no prescription of weight—what in fact we should call a scrub race. The scene is quite spirited. A little midshipman has the lead, mounted on a horse with a hard pull, on whom it would be safe to bet, his weight giving him the advantage. An English officer, however, who has scared up a sort of jockey dress, is well up with him; while a Frenchman, who does not seem to have a very good bridle-hand, is yet making play pretty well. The rest of the field have little chance, though cat-gut and steel are at work. The spectators appear to be intensely interested in the sport. Even Oriental phlegm cannot contend with Oriental love of horseflesh, and some of the Bashi Bazouks exhibit as much admiration on the occasion as an Oriental ever displays. In the distance the tents and bivouac fires serve to localize the scene. These races form a singular episode in the history of the war.

OUR PAPER.—Doubtless there is not a single person in the regular receipt of the Pictorial, who has not had occasion to admire the beautiful and uniform quality of the paper on which it is printed. We have for years procured our full supply from the extensive house of Rice & Kendall, of this city, and embrace the present occasion to bear testimony to the honorable exactness of their business dealings, and the unusual extent of their facilities for the supply of all varieties of paper.

FLATTERING SUCCESS.—The first edition of our *Sportsman's Portfolio* is entirely exhausted, but another will be issued during the present week. Each one who encloses us twenty-five cents will receive a copy of this unique and elegantly embellished work, by return of mail.

OUR NEXT NUMBER.—Next week we shall commence volume nine of the Pictorial with a new head, and in new type throughout. Our immense edition requires us to renew our type very often, in order to present the typographical excellence which our illustrated paper is noted for. Now is the time to renew subscriptions.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Nathaniel Allen, of Chelsea, to Miss Sarah Jane Crook; by Rev. Bishop Eastburn, Mr. Charles L. Smith to Miss Ellen McLennan, both of Halifax, N. S.; by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Joshua T. Harding to Miss Sarah L. P. Smith; by Rev. Mr. Parker, Mr. Charles C. M. Lauthlin to Miss Mary Bacon, both of Watertown; by Rev. Mr. Banister, Mr. Charles G. Tibbets to Miss Elizabeth Jones, of Cambridge; by Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. William Brown to Miss Eliza Garvey, of Roxbury; by Rev. Mr. Shailer, Mr. Albion J. Tarbox to Miss Ann L. Wood.—At Cambridgeport, by Rev. Mr. Grafton, Mr. Woodward A. Webber, of Fitchburg, to Miss Hannah C. Norton.—At Watertown, by Rev. Mr. Riddel, Mr. Thomas M. Bearse, of Nantucket, to Miss Mary F. Swaine.—At South Dedham, by Rev. Mr. Colburn, Mr. Willard Fairbanks to Miss Mary Jane Kendall.—At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Dadman, Mr. Horatio N. Gates to Miss Atlanta B. Botton.—At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Carlton, Mr. Willard S. Vivaun to Miss Caroline Garrett.—At Scituate, by Rev. Mr. Barrett, Mr. Charles W. Soule, of Abington, to Miss Annie E. Manson.—At New York, by Rev. Mr. Gillette, Mr. Jacob N. Dinsmoor, of Windham, N. H., to Miss Ellen E. Moore, of Waltham, Mass.—At Rockford, Ill., by Rev. Mr. Stewart, Mr. J. Cheston Whitney to Miss Laura A. F. Otis.—At Mobile, Ala., by Rev. Mr. Leacock, George F. Reynolds, Esq., to Miss Mary F. Fallon, of Boston.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mr. Abel B. Shattuck, formerly of Pepperell, 54; Mrs. Fannie E., wife of Mr. Wm. H. Hutchinson, 27; Mrs. Elizabeth A. Simson, 28; Mr. Stephen N. Jackson, 35; Mr. H. Gates Hutchins, 20; Widow Elizabeth Hayward, 64; Mr. James B. Higginson, 45; Mrs. Elizabeth Harrington, 80.—At Charlestown, Mrs. Elmira C., wife of Mr. Peter Holmes, formerly of Kingston, 47; Mr. Eliphalet Vaughn, 46; Mrs. Sarah E. Drury, 25; Mrs. Betsey Burpee, 77.—At Cambridgeport, Mr. Benjamin Whitney, 45; Mr. James Grion Broad, 19.—At Somerville, Mrs. Hannah Daniels, 62.—At Dorchester, Widow Susanna Clapp, 76.—At Milton, Elder John Rand, 73.—At Watertown, Mrs. Catherine H. Jackson, 30.—At Waltham, Miss Lydia Pierce, 75.—At Quincy, Mr. Joseph Gould, 77.—At South Natick, Mr. Henry Rogers, 24.—At Lowell, Rev. Jacob Matthews, 74; Mrs. Lydia Tyler, 44.—At Holliston, Amos C. Leland, Esq., 65.—At Worcester, Mr. William A. Draper, 48.—At Salem, Mr. Daniel Twomey, 29; Mr. William Copp, 34.—At Beverly, Widow Molly O'bear, 89.—At Harvard, Mrs. Nancy Edgerton, 80; also, next day, Mr. Leonard Edgerton, her husband, 81.—At New Bedford, Mrs. Clarissa Foster, 75.—At Fall River, Mrs. Martha Jane Read, 28; Capt. George Munday, 65; Mr. George Dix, 69.—At Portland, Me., Capt. Samuel True, 46.—At Hollis, Me., Hon. Ellis B. Usher, 69.—At Ellsworth, Me., George Brimmer, 94.—At Enfield, Conn., Mr. John Olmstead, 90.—At Sanbornton, Mr. Nathaniel Holt, 87.

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This paper presents, in the most elegant and available form, a weekly literary miscellany of notable events of the day. Its columns are devoted to original tales, sketches and poems, by the BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS, and the cream of the domestic and foreign news; the whole well spiced with wit and humor. Each paper is beautifully illustrated with numerous accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and of men and manners, altogether making a paper entirely original in this country. Its pages contain views of every populous city in the known world, of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemisphere, of all the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service, with fine and accurate portraits of every noted character in the world, both male and female.

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EDITORIAL MELANGE.

The expedition for the relief of Dr. Kane, which recently sailed, consists of a new propeller of 250 tons, called the Arctic, in command of Lieu tenant Hartstein, and a barque of 327 tons, called the Release, commanded by Lieut. Simms, both of the United States navy. — The fellow who ran up a column of figures, on reaching the top, fell back wards and broke his promise. — Salvador Vidsea, a well known citizen of New Orleans, being about to die, willed a large portion of his property to his friend B. Paradedá. The latter visited the dying man, was taken sick on entering the sick room, and died of cholera the next day. The two friends were not parted in death, and both were buried the same day. — The shad fishers at South Hadley Falls, on the Connecticut River, hauled forth in their nets, a few days since, a sturgeon four feet in length. It was quite a curiosity for the fishermen. — Judge Bosworth's ruling in the recent libel suit brought against the New York Sun has the following among other notable passages: "The law allows a man to publish anything of another, providing it is true, and it is complete defence, that the article is true." — The Court of Common Pleas, of Steubenville, have pronounced the law of Ohio, which enforces banks to pay taxes on their capital, which is usually denominated the crowbar law, unconstitutional. — It is stated that Madame Lagrange receives four thousand dollars a month at the Academy of Music, which cannot be considered very extravagant pay, when her rare powers are taken into view, the years of toil the cultivation of her voice has cost, and the uncertainty of her "organ" continuing to retain its rare quality. A slight cold might destroy her voice forever. — The Commissioners of Emigration, at New York, report the total number of alien emigrants arrived at that port, since the 1st of January last, at 48,354—being about sixty thousand less than arrived during the corresponding period of last year. — Advices from St. Petersburg mention that for some weeks past no British subject has been allowed to leave the country. The refusal to grant passports was coupled with an intimation that cases having transpired of English mechanics having held meetings and refused to work, any repetition of such conduct would cause them to be sent into the interior. — At Valley Forge, lately, Mrs. Crampton threw a stone at an eagle, which brought him to the ground, where she killed the bird of freedom with a club. — Granville mountain, near Digby, N. S., is in an eruptive condition, ejecting smoke and stones, one of which was thrown into a house in the vicinity, causing the occupants to remove to a safer place. — Some workmen dug up a large rudder near the corner of Broad and Milk Streets, which must have lain in the ground more than fifty years. — Mrs. F. Prime had her pocket picked in Broadway, New York, of a check for \$136. She went immediately to the bank it was drawn upon, and gave information, which, an hour afterwards, led to the arrest of James Wald, who presented it to the teller for payment. — Several freight cars, 2500 cords of wood, and other property, were burnt at the Winda station on the Central Railroad in New York; loss \$10,000. — The catfish of the Mississippi are very peculiar animals. They have recently taken it into their heads to die off in great numbers, and in some parts of the river, particularly in the vicinity of Natchez, quantities of their bodies have drifted upon the shores. — Mr. Corbin, a farmer of Batavia, N. Y., fell under a heavy roller which he was using on his farm, and was killed. — A German Emigrant Aid Society has been formed in Milwaukee to protect emigrants from the runners, and those who prey upon them, from the time they land until they reach their Western homes. The society will have a herculean task to perform. — Mr. Center, who was shot at Ocala, Florida, lately, has never lost his reason, and is now rapidly recovering, with a bullet lodged in his brain. — A man living in Sidney, Ohio, nearly ninety years of age, has a bet pending with a neighbor that he shall live to be one hundred years old. The wager is a hundred bushels of corn, and the old man has adopted a course of dieting and exercise which he imagines will result in his securing the bet. — Mr. G. De Boilleau, Secretary to the French Legation, has led to the altar Miss Susan, youngest daughter of Col. Thomas Hart Benton, of Missouri.

OUR ADVERTISEMENTS.

As some persons have imagined that we published the advertisements of a work called "Danger in the Dark," because we sympathized with the author's views, we take this occasion to repeat what we said before, that we do not hold ourselves responsible for the sentiment embodied in any advertisement. Our advertising columns are open to all who are willing to pay our prices, while at the same time nothing objectionable will be permitted therein. We take no part in the controversies of the day, political or religious. There are controversial papers enough without our adding to the number.

GRAIN AT THE WEST.—The Chicago Tribune, to show that the West cannot be easily drained of her resources, says that the receipts of flour, wheat, oats, corn and rye, by the Galena railroad and by canal, for the twelve business days commencing May 15th and ending May 28th, amounted to 744,798 bushels! The Tribune adds, that the receipts by Galena railroad and canal are constantly increasing.

DAMAGES.—Dan Rooney, of New York, sued the Second Avenue Railroad Company for running over and "mashing" three of his toes. A verdict of \$2000 was awarded him. Exactly \$666 66 for each "light fantastic too." We know not exactly what a V-to is worth.

THE PAVILION HOTEL, on Tremont Street, is closed, and the lower story changed into a spacious auction room.

Wayside Gatherings.

The Canadian government has appropriated £5000 for the purchase of seed wheat, to distribute among destitute settlements.

There is a family living in Lancaster, Eng., consisting of a father and five sons, whose united lengths exceed 36 1-2 feet.

Mr. Buchanan writes that he shall leave London in September, and travel throughout Europe, previous to his return to the United States.

The summer dress of the New York police is to be as follows: black felt hat, Finch crown, linen frock coat, light color, and gray pants with blue stripe.

The Traveller is pretty sanguine that there will be a full crop of musquitos this season, and assigns the use of fresh instead of salt water in irrigating the streets as the cause.

Much excitement in religious circles, in Cincinnati, has been caused by the reception of Mrs. Peters, a Protestant, of that place, into the Catholic Church, at Rome, where she was on a visit.

A brutal fight took place at Staten Island, lately, between two emigrant runners named McCarty and Connolly, in which the latter was so badly beaten that he died. The survivor was arrested.

There is now lying in New York harbor a Russian built ship, the "Egyptian Queen," captured a year ago by a British privateer, and condemned and sold as a war prize.

The applications for pardon of convicts to the governor of New York average three a day, the year round. Gov. Seymour, in his two years, received and considered two thousand such papers.

Dr. Dick, the distinguished Christian philosopher, has received from the Lords of the Treasury a pension of £10 per annum. We trust the doctor will not be flattered up by his fortune.

The Louisville Journal says that the indications are that the peach crop in Kentucky, the coming season, will be most abundant. Similar indications are given in Maryland, and, indeed, from all sections of the country.

The General Assembly of Rhode Island, at its last October session, passed an act in relation to foreign insurance companies, so onerous that such institutions will be compelled to cease their operations in the State.

Dr. Crisp, of London, has been dissecting singing mice, and has found that they all, without exception, have a large worm in the upper part of the liver, and he supposes their curious music to be an indication of pain.

The London Herald calls the United States "the non religious nation." To become a "religious nation" we must follow Great Britain, and have its pious establishment, its titles, its crushed masses, its India and Ireland.

At the late session of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, a Ten Hour law was enacted. Operatives under the age 21 years cannot be kept at work for a longer average than ten hours per diem, on any kind of contract whatever.

The original rough draft of the Declaration of Independence, in the handwritings of Mr. Jefferson, Dr. Franklin and the elder Adams, is preserved, says the Washington Star, in the State Department, with great care.

In Winchester, Va., Mr. John Wysong informs the citizens that he has associated with him, in the mercantile business, his daughter Virginia, and that hereafter business will be conducted under the style and firm of J. Wysong & Daughter.

A halibut, weighing three hundred and ten pounds, was brought into the port of Salem, lately. It was seven feet four inches long, five feet broad, and one foot thick, and was pronounced the finest halibut ever landed in Salem.

Dr. Gideon B. Smith, in a published paper on small pox and vaccination, expresses the opinion that the preventive effects of perfect vaccination never wear out—an opinion confirmed by nearly thirty years' experience.

Thomas B. Macaulay, the great essayist and historian; Grimm, the grammarian; Ranke, the historian; Lepsius, the archaeologist, and other learned men of European reputation, have been elected members of the Royal Academy of Amsterdam.

In three months from the present time, it is contemplated that the Old World and the New will be within a week's hail of each other by telegraph; and, within three years, the two hemispheres will be within instantaneous communication.

A Michigan farmer, named Azariah Stout, was swindled out of \$950, in Greenwood Cemetery, by means of the "Patent Sale Game," a short time since. The transaction took place on the top of a grave. One of the rascals has been arrested.

A lady in Newport, while sitting at the window of her own house, narrowly escaped being shot by a blundering "sportsman"—that is the word, we believe,—who was trying to kill a poor robin. Some of the shot passed through the window, and came very near her, but none of them hit her.

Mr. Jeremiah Simonson, at Greenport, has put up nearly two-thirds of the frame for Commodore Vanderbilt's new steamship for the Havre line. It is said by ship builders that she has one of the best and prettiest frames ever put into a steamer. She is to be called the "C. Vanderbilt."

It is computed that the amount of the precious metals consumed in various ways is from forty to fifty millions of dollars value per annum. The quantities used in the manufacture of watch cases, pencil cases, plate, household materials, and in the arts, is enormous.

At the hearing of the Kinney case, in Philadelphia, Judge Kane remarked that citizens had a perfect right to associate together for the purpose of colonization, and even to carry arms to defend themselves; but it is when they propose to assail their own or another government that it becomes unlawful.

A white man was recently tried at Frankfort, Ky., before two justices, for petty larceny, and sentenced to receive ten lashes. The sentence was carried into effect, and he brought a suit for damages in the Circuit Court, and recovered \$500—\$300 against the constable and one of the justices, and \$200 against the other justice.

If adversity has its evils, it also has its benefits. The New York Courier says, a physician in large practice was asked by a stranger if New York was healthy at the present time. He replied: "Unusually so; the extravagant cost of provisions has checked the disposition for over-feeding, from which, ordinarily, we derive most of our practice!"

The Boston and Lowell Railroad Company recently made a trial with one of their engines, in order to test the respective economical merits of wood and coal, and found that while \$615 worth of wood was consumed, only \$219 worth of coal, with about \$45 worth of wood to light fires, is needed to perform the same work, showing the very handsome balance of \$350 in favor of the latter process.

Foreign Items.

Mr. Ruskin calls the new houses of Parliament "the most effeminate and effectless heap of stones ever raised by man."

An indignant correspondent of the London Record, calls attention to an iniquitous manufacture at Birmingham—that of Hindoo idols for exportation.

Zelpha Shum, a "lady of color," has been preaching in the pulpits of various Primitive Methodist Chapels in England. Her discourses are said to be much admired.

Photographic views of the Louvre have been obtained of a much greater size than any heretofore exhibited. They are 80 centimeters (30 inches) high and 60 broad, and as perfect at the border as at the centre.

Queen Victoria has conferred the rank of haronet, with hereditary descent, upon the lord mayor of London, in commemoration of the visit of the emperor and empress of the French to Guildhall.

For the second time the clergy of the convent of St. Sergius, near Moscow, one of the richest convents in Russia, have presented a sum of money to the emperor, for carrying on the war; their gift on this occasion amounting to nearly a million of francs.

The police authorities of Leignitz, in Prussian Silesia, have adopted a singular plan for putting an end to mendicity; they have published an ordinance declaring that any person who shall give anything whatever to a mendicant, shall be fined from one to three thalers.

Every shell thrown by the English at Sebastopol costs \$30, and a mortar well worked, will throw forty shells an hour, at an expense of \$1200. Each ball fired from a Lancaster gun costs over \$150. The three hundred guns which bear upon Sebastopol cannot be loaded and fired at a less expense than \$5 per time.

Sands of Gold.

.... An honest man is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not.—Shakspeare.

.... All other knowledge is hurtful to him who has not honesty and good nature.—Montaigne.

.... To be honest as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.—Shakspeare.

.... There are two stars, which rise and set with man, and whose beneficial rays encircle him, viz, "hope and remembrance.—Kozlay.

.... Men are almost equally difficult to satisfy, when they have very much love, and when they have scarcely any left.—La Rochefoucauld.

.... The end of learning is to know God, and out of that knowledge to love him, and to imitate him, as we may the nearest, by possessing our souls of true virtue.—Milton.

.... There is a life in the grave also. The effects of good actions and of virtues are proofs of life; the effects of idleness and sins are of death.—Kozlay.

.... Hardly any original thoughts on mental or social subjects ever make their way among mankind, or assume their proper importance in the minds even of their inventors until aptly selected words or phrases have, as it were, nailed them down and held them fast.—Trench.

.... The profoundly wise do not de-laim against superficial knowledge in others, so much as the profoundly ignorant; on the contrary, they would rather assist it with their advice than overwhelm it with their contempt; for they know that there was a period when even a Bacon or a Newton was superficial, and that he who has a little knowledge, is far more likely to get more than he that has none.—Colton.

Joker's Budget.

Women are seldom sailors, but they sometimes command snacks.

The first thought of a girl upon receiving an offer is about her wedding dress.

The greatest organ in the world—The organ of speech in woman; an organ, too, without a stop!

When a man had a headache, and says "it's the salmon," you may safely conclude that he has been "drinking like a fish."

In view of the fact that "Sebastopol still stands," a waggy fellow remarks that the Russian soldiers must be very repulsive!

The moment friendship becomes a tax, it's singular, at every fresh call it makes, how very few persons it finds at home.—Punch.

A printer out west, whose office is half a mile from any other building, and who hangs his sign on the limb of a tree, advertises for an apprentice. He says, "A boy from the country would be preferred."

A friend of ours said he would always have remained single but he could't afford it. What it cost him for "guts and ice-cream," was more than he now pays to bring up a wife and eight children. Bachelors should think of this.

"Hanse, where was you born?" "On de Halderbarrack." "What, always?" "Yaw, and before too." "How old are you then?" "Vy, when the old school house is pilt I was two weeks more nor a year, what is painted red as you go home mit your puck pelind you on de rite hant side, by de blacksmith shop, what stans where it was purnt down next year will pe two weeks."

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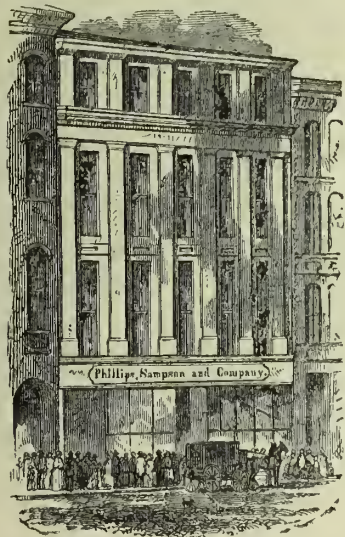
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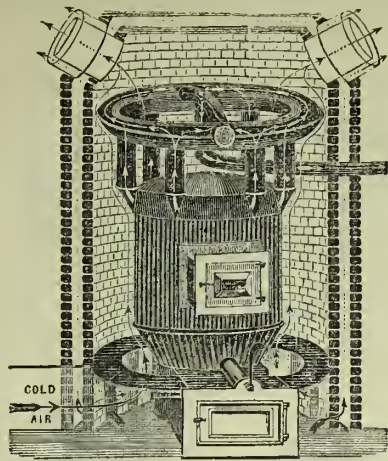
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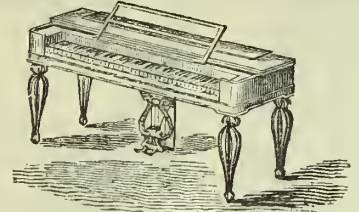
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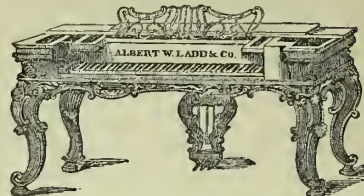
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mented liquors, and insulted the bride. His companions, instead of rebuking his behaviour, imitated his example, whereupon the Lapithæ offered them battle, and though the Centaurs had the advantage of two hands to strike, and four feet to kick with, they were worsted in the encounter, some of them slain, and the rest ignominiously driven from the field, and ultimately from the neighborhood of Mount Pelion. Another and earlier version of this affair makes Eurytion, the Centaur, the sole offender. This account states that he went to the wedding, violated the rules of sobriety, and behaved with great indecorum, upon which the other guests arose, put him out of the house, and as a token of their disapprobation of his conduct, removed his nose and ears, and dismissed him. The mutilation of their fellow horse-man aroused the indignation of the other Centaurs, and hence the war between the Centaurs and men. These people appear to have enjoyed an unenviable facility for getting into difficulties. When Hercules went in quest of the Erymanthian boar, he was very civilly and hospitably treated by the Centaur Pholus, but this led to another

fight between the hero and the Centaurs, in which the latter were defeated. Homer refers to the Centaurs, and calls them savages, or monsters covered with hair. Hesiod, in describing a combat of the Centaurs and Lapithæ, describes the latter as being furnished with armor, while the former had no protection of the kind. Upon the chest of Cryselides, mentioned by Pausanias, and upon which characters were written in the year 778 B. C., the Centaur appears half man half horse, but represented as a man leading a horse, rather than a cavalier mounted on horseback. The Centaurs are supposed in reality to have been a wild tribe of Thessalians, who first discovered the means of taming and riding horses. The more ancient sculptures represent them as persons who stood by horses to hold them, and in process of time, by poetical or picturesque license, they came to be represented as half men and half horses. It is quite curious to trace out the mythological and legendary stories of the ancient poets to their origin, but very few scholars arrive at the same result. In nine cases out of ten, these speculations are fanciful and unsatisfactory.

END OF VOLUME VIII.



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